YOU ARE SEX CONSCIOUS—SAYS MAE WEST

MARION MARSH
GOING STRONG AFTER 50 YEARS
1884–1934

I commenced dispensing medicines in January, 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more prescriptions than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world’s best doctors, and year by year the demand for them increases. Scores of thousands of happy people remember with gratitude the relief which these prescriptions gave them. What they have done for others they can do for you.

Below are examples of Shadforth Prescriptions most frequently in use at this period of the year. They are

The World’s Best Prescriptions

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

Give your heart this new lease of life!

Don’t be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as “Blue Lion Fox Nuts”) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don’t imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, rundown condition and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling.

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN’S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2457—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

DEPRESSION

NEURASTHENIA, BRAIN FAG

In “Brain Sparklers” you have the greatest of all brain nerve tonics. This is the Shadforth special prescription for Neurasthenia—the curse of modern civilisation. Ask for “Brain Sparklers” (Shadforth Prescription No. 476). Prices: 1/9 (50). Yes, it can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 476 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days and so on. (See No. 652 above). THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

No More Acidity, Gastritis or Pain after Eating

From now on eat and enjoy whatever you fancy in moderation without unpleasant “after-effects.” Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by this Shadforth Tonic Prescription No. 1077. Popularly known as “White Lion” Tonic. They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous “White” prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for “White Lion” Tonic.

Prices: 2/6 (144, over 3 weeks’ supply), 7/- (432 Tablets, over 10 weeks’ supply). Make your meals times happier! A trial will convince you that “White Lion” is the only remedy.

POSITIVEY The World’s Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

Boots, Tuckers, Timothy White, and leading chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days’ notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. P.C.14), 49 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.
DOLORES DEL RIO

As a result of her latest picture "Flying Down to Rio" Dolores emerges in the new role of one of the screen's best-dressed women. The lovely velvet hat strikingly frames her beauty in the larger picture. At the right she shows you the new "epaulette" pyjamas in coral satin.
3 good reasons why

'Mine's a Minor!'

1 Because these D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes.

2 Because a D.R. Minor smokes for a full ten minutes—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

3 Because nevertheless D.R. Minors cost only fourpence for ten.

DE RESZKE MINORS

60 for 2/-

ALSO IN HANDY CARD CASES CONTAINING 20 FOR 8d.
Fair Play
for
Mickey

Subordinated to "Symphonies"—Falling Off in quality—Les Miserables as Talkie—Star’s go Broke?—Joan Crawford’s "Strip Dance"—Soviet Cycle on Way.

I t is gratifying to hear from Mr. Kay Kamen, Walt Disney’s representative, who has been visiting these shores, an official denial of recent rumours current in the film world that Mickey Mouse, like lesser human stars before him, is in danger of qualifying for filmland’s well-known "all washed up" label.

Mr. Kamen even assures us that, so far from being dropped, there is a distinct probability that Mickey will soon be produced in all the guises of colour.

Personally, I was sceptical of reports that Disney contemplated a quiet burial of the world’s most famous cartoon character in order to concentrate on the more ambitious "Silly Symphonies."

The Richest Rodent

A part from the fact that I cannot believe that Disney feels he has exhausted Mickey’s possibilities, the little fellow is too valuable commercially.

Its creator at present is stated to derive more revenue from royalties on Mickey Mouse novelties than he has done from the films themselves.

Nevertheless, the future of Mickey has been causing me some anxiety of late.

A Temporary Lapse?

My own observations and the presence of an increasing number of complaints in the Picturegoer letter bag point to the conclusion that not only is the scintillating brilliance of recent "Symphonies" overshadowing the mouse star, but that the latter cartoons are definitely falling off in quality.

That, of course, may be a temporary lapse due to the fact that the cartoonist has been in the throes of experimenting with and perfecting the exploitation of the new three-colour process.

One hopes so rather than that it has been decided as a definite matter of policy that Mickey be entirely subordinated to his more spectacular stable-mate.

Mr. Disney’s greatest danger at the moment is being adopted by the highbrows who a few years ago invested Mickey with Freudian complexes and inhibitions and are, now that they have found a new love, camouflagiing for his extinction along with his "bourgeois barnyard" companions.

Room for Both

Very few screen artistes have survived the acclaim of the self-appointed intelligentsia. Mr. Disney, I hope, will not take their flattery as seriously as they take themselves.

There is surely room, indeed almost a need, on the screen for both the Silly Symphony in the form in which it is now developing and the roystering, rowdy, vastly amusing Mickey Mouse we have wanted to see.

I have already paid my tribute to the artistic brilliance of the new colour films, but in spite of the fact that one of our more learned critics has pronounced them the greatest pictures ever made, they are by no means above criticism from the point of view of the average film fan.

No "Belly Laughs"

The coming of colour has changed the form of Disney’s creations. One detects in most of the new "Symphonies" a temptation—probably due to the immaturity of the new medium—to paint "pretty" pictures, to tickle the palate rather than amuse, to give us a quietly and innocuously pleasant charm rather than hearty entertainment and a happy smile instead of the old "bally laugh."

And I am not at all certain that with all the modern improvements we are getting a fair exchange for the grandly rowdy irresponsibility of the Mickey Mouse cartoon of nights gone by.

Sufficiently uncertain, at any rate, to hope that Mr. Disney will accept our solution of the problem by providing us with both.

Two Guinea’s for Ideas

We have a fascinating new two-guinea competition for you this week.

The Picturegoer Weekly has, through its various departments, developed an unrivalled service of screen news, views and reviews for the fans, but we are not satisfied to rest there.

In accordance with our policy of giving the film public what it wants, we ask you to make your own suggestions as to what you want to read in your Picturegoer.

What new features would you most like to see? Have you any suggestions for extending the scope of existing ones?

Picturegoer will award a prize of two guineas for what in the opinion of the Editor is the best letter on the subject received. There will also be several smaller prizes.

Letters should not exceed 150 words and should be addressed to “Suggestions,” Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Gary’s Marriage

The marriage of Gary Cooper to Sandra Shaw will make life a little easier for the film gossip writers.

It also removes from Hollywood’s happy hunting grounds one of the few remaining eligible screen bachelors.

Ramon Novarro must be nearly the last of the species, although among the Reno widowers, Bill Powell, Richard Dix and one or two others arefoot and fancy-free at the moment.

In the meanwhile, Gary Cooper has received a gift from Charles Laughton that has kept him busy trying to think up the answer.

The other day the postman arrived with a large box bearing a British stamp.

On opening it, Gary found an elegant bust of himself and this note: “I found this while strolling along Piccadilly Circus. I think it’s revolting. Love, Charlie.”

“Les Miserables” Again

One of the most interesting production announcements of the week is the news that Twentieth Century is to tackle the Victor Hugo classic, Les Miserables, as a starring vehicle for Fredric March, one of the studio’s most recent acquisitions.

March is scheduled for the Jean Valjean role. Physically, he is not the one, I am afraid, the popular conception of the character, and only an outstandingly good performance on his part will convince me that it is good casting.

March on the screen usually gives an impression of sensitive intellectuality rather than the rugged brute strength one associates with the Hugo hero. Personally, I imagine picturegoers will recall the version produced some years ago by one of the French studios. It was one of the classics of its day.

Pauline Frederick “Broke”

While the Roosevelt salary axe hangs over the heads of the movie Midas, the news arrives that Pauline Frederick is “broke.”

Miss Frederick, once one of the biggest salaried players on the screen, occupied in her heyday the throne on which Garbo now sits. When she made pictures here in the early days of talkies she was “the highest paid star ever to have worked in British films.”

Now she is reported to be unable to meet debts of £100-.

Recently she has been playing in stock.

I don’t think it is generally remembered that Pauline started one of the feminine beauty fashions that changed the faces of the world’s women—plucked eyebrows.

Few Film Fortunes

Some of the big stars of other days—and days not so very far away—have managed to hold on to their money, but you could count the great movie fortunes on your fingers to-day.

(Continued on page 6)
The Girl on the Cover.

Britain's Latest Hollywood Import

The film career of Britain's latest Hollywood importation is a Cinderella story that has not yet contrived to catch up with the happy ending.

It really started when she was seventeen and almost unknown in the studios and John Barrymore chose her from sixty candidates to be his "Trilby" in Swangali because she looked like Dolores Costello (Mrs. Barrymore). She gave an excellent account of herself in that and subsequent offerings like The Mad Genius, The Road to Singapore and Five Star Final.

Her progress since, however, has been checked by two handicaps. The one was ill health in the last year or two and the other that she was rushed into stardom in Under Eighteen before she or the public was ready for it.

Marion was born on British soil—in Trinidad—but was taken to America, when she was ten. She attended the famous Hollywood High School, which has produced several famous stars, and got into pictures via the extra route.

She had risen to a small contract by the time Barrymore discovered her. Miss Marsh is now at work on her first British picture, Love at Second Sight—a comedy romance with music.

Her real name is Violet Kranth. Her mother has accompanied her on her present trip.

Some of the critics are rather fond of telling us how they discovered Jean Harlow's acting ability in Dinner at Eight.

Mr. Cohn and one or two other people, including The Picturegoer, discovered it a long time ago, when he rescued her from the fate of being a one-picture actress after she was "all washed up" at United Artists. One of the other that she was rushed into stardom in Under Eighteen before she or the public was ready for it.

Marion was born on British soil—in Trinidad—but was taken to America, when she was ten. She attended the famous Hollywood High School, which has produced several famous stars, and got into pictures via the extra route.

She had risen to a small contract by the time Barrymore discovered her. Miss Marsh is now at work on her first British picture, Love at Second Sight—a comedy romance with music.

Her real name is Violet Kranth. Her mother has accompanied her on her present trip.

--

Stories v. Stars

The latest studio to put its hand on its heart and make that annual resolution about concentrating on stories rather than stars is Columbia.

Such pronouncements are usually received with polite scepticism and quietly forgotten by everyone concerned.

However, the company whose fortunes are guided by Mr. Harry Cohn, one of the three most producers in the business, has always maintained a policy of good story value in its productions, and has never overdone star exploitation.

The present proposal, therefore, must be regarded as possessing some significance, particularly as Ray Long, one of America's most successful editors, has been installed as chief of the scenario department with complete supervision over the selection and preparation of stories.

Elissa Landi's Future

One interesting development is the possibility that Elissa Landi may appear in the leading role of a filmisation of her latest novel, as yet unpublished, Ancestor.

Those of us who have seen most of the films producers have given Miss Landi will sympathise with her belief in the theory that if you want a thing well done do it yourself.

The progress at Columbia of Miss Landi, one of the players who, despite a promising start, just missed greatness, is being watched with interest by the film world. The studio has a reputation for investing stars with a new lease of life.

The film city had largely lost interest in Barbara Stanwyck when Columbia put her in Forbidden. The recent Lady for a Day elevated May Robson, who had been playing small parts for years, to the front rank of screen names.

The company also brought Lee Tracy to success when that actor quarrelled with Warners.

Some of the critics are rather fond of telling us how they discovered Jean Harlow's acting ability in Dinner at Eight.

Mr. Cohn and one or two other people, including The Picturegoer, discovered it a long time ago, when he rescued her from the fate of being a one-picture actress after she was "all washed up" at United Artists. One of the other that she was rushed into stardom in Under Eighteen before she or the public was ready for it.

Marion was born on British soil—in Trinidad—but was taken to America, when she was ten. She attended the famous Hollywood High School, which has produced several famous stars, and got into pictures via the extra route.

She had risen to a small contract by the time Barrymore discovered her. Miss Marsh is now at work on her first British picture, Love at Second Sight—a comedy romance with music.

Her real name is Violet Kranth. Her mother has accompanied her on her present trip.

--

The Sex Cycle

A few weeks ago I predicted that 1934 would be a more sexy screen year. I was rather interested, therefore, to note that my views have been confirmed. Mr. Brien Chapman, a well-known Hollywood film writer in the current American Screen Book.

Mr. Chapman also advances the same reasons: the Mae West influence and the growth of the nudist vogue in the States.

Producers must make at least part of their forthcoming pictures hotter than ever," he writes, "or quit and close up shop. And stars—the ladies particularly—from Mae West all the way to Greta Garbo are entered into a vamping competition they can't stop.

"The one who cools off, or fails to raise her rival's latest antie simply loses her place in films."

Profitable "Nudies"

The American public, he adds, is forcing producers, against their will and judgment, to put out warmer stories, plots, situations, songs and dialogue.

The writer goes on to point out, as I did, that there are hundreds of nudist colonies now in existence in the States and that nudist pictures should "hit the right note to make people wonder if the fading film star may be the new sex symbol of the 1930's "he writes, "or quit and close up shop. And stars—the ladies particularly—from Mae West all the way to Greta Garbo are entered into a vamping competition they can't stop.

"The one who cools off, or fails to raise her rival's latest antie simply loses her place in films."

Soviet Series

One definite result of the new friendly political relationship between America and Russia will be a cycle of films dealing with life in the Soviet Union. One of the first and most important is Red Square, now in production under the direction of Lewis Milestone, which told me something of his plans for the picture when he passed through London on his return from Russia, where he shot considerable footage for the film, a few weeks back.

Over at Metro they have again got Soviet—a story they have had for some years and which has been announced at intervals as a starring vehicle for a player of widely divergent as Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow—down from the shelves.

Authentic Picture

Mr. Milestone, a Russian himself, is enthusiastic about Red Square, which is based on a novel called The Life and Death of Nicholas Courbos, by a prominent young Russian novelist named Ilya Ehrenburg.

The story, the director states, is a dramatic, sympathetic, but not ideated tale of an O.G.P.U. agent in the hectic days of the counter-revolution and foreign intervention made this sinister body so vital to the existence of the U.S.S.R.

The producers, I understand, have been given considerable assistance by the Soviet authorities. Laurence Stallings, of What Price Glory fame, who is doing the adaptation, also spent many weeks in Russia studying conditions.

These factors and the records of Milestone and Stallings make one hopeful that at last the screen will be able to give us a reasonably authentic picture of the world's greatest social experiment.

De Mille Disappointed?

Herein, Hollywood's attempts to portray Soviet Russia have been notable chiefly for some of the worst films ever screened.

I still have painful memories of The World and the Flesh, in which Mr. George Bancroft (now happily restored to the screen, after two years' absence, in Blood Money) did his heaviest-man act in the role of a Bolshevist sailor.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Nancy Carroll did Scarlet Dawn, which did not even have the merit of good melodrama.

The Old Master, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille, who weighed in with Forbidden Commandments, reversed filmy garment that will serve to satisfy those who object to nudity."
the Milestone process by making his film first and then going there to see if the Muscovites were living up to their film ideals. He was, according to unkind critics, terribly disappointed.

New Dix in Pictures

Jack Oakie started something when he persuaded Paramount to let his mother play the role of his screen mother. Murder! has been launched on a film career to play the part of Marlene Dietrich's child in new "Catherine the Great" picture.

And now it is announced that Mary Ellen, Richard Dix's little daughter, is to make her screen debut with her father in his next vehicle, Mary Ellen is about the same age as Baby LeRoy. Another newcomer with a famous name I am looking forward to seeing shortly—in Trigger—is "Nan Sutherland," better known as Mrs. Walter Huston.

When Mae West was Rejected

Mention of the name of Mae West causes a painful jar in the executive offices of the Burbank and Metronome studios. It appears now that a little while ago the services of the actress who has become the greatest money spinner in pictures were hawked round Hollywood and nobody would look at her. Charles Walsh, brother of Raoul Walsh, the well-known director, was so impressed by Miss West on the Broadway stage that at his own expense he made a screen test of her. With his can of film under his arm he toured the studios.

Fox, where brother Raoul was then working, did not even bother to see the "test" run through. Warners—consented to look at it but that was the last he heard.

Eventually they "sold" her to Paramount for that supporting role in Night After Night.

Gloria's Come-back

Gloria Swanson, I am glad to note, is not making the mistake of many former feminine stars in her new come-back attempt. Most of them can never forget that they were once actresses. The Motion Picture Relief Fund is at the moment supporting at least one well-known actress because she will not accept offers of mature roles.

Miss Swanson, however, is to play the role of a mature motion-picture actress in her new film Twentieth Century. Gloria, of course, is by no means old except in the sense that she has been on the screen for many years. The proposal for her to appear in a biographical film of Bernhardt appears to be hanging fire, but it has already inspired the wisecrack that Sarah Bernhardt acting the real story of Swanson's life would be rather more interesting than Gloria in the life of Sarah.

Short Shots

I da Lupino is now being described as a new rival to Harlow—Max Wel's fan mail, which has leapt in a few months to 2,500 letters a week, is now claimed to be the heaviest in Hollywood—Lewis Milestone has bought a 105-ft. schooner—Schonzo Durante has patented his name—Marie Dressler has just turned down a $40,000 offer for thirteen radio broadcasts—Anne Peakes has found a new screen sweetheart in The Big Shake-down in Bette Davis—Mrs. Borritt, the much-discussed woman announcer, is to appear as comedian in a series of shorts about B.H.C. personalities—The latest report on the Chaplin-Paulette Goddard romance is that they are to be married in England in June—Carbo is house-hunting because her address was made public in recent court proceedings in which a gate-crasher was charged. Lewis Milestone composed the music of the new song hit, "Brief Moment."

A New "Henry" Book

The Alexander Korda film has created more interest in the character of Henry the Eighth than all the historians have been able to conjure up in the last three centuries.

Some further revealing sidelights on the personality of the much-married monarch are provided by "The Love Letters of Henry the Eighth," a new book edited by Ladhroke Black and published by the Blandford Press at 25.6d. It is dedicated to Charles Laughton—surely the first film star to be honoured in this way.

Kinema Couples

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to James A. Jolison, of 30, Gilley Road, Tooting, S.W.7, for:-

The Fire Raisers
Tell England
Half-crown prizes are awarded to:-

Mr. A. Turner, 88, Palmers Road, New Southgate, London, for:-

Bloody Crazy
Men Are Like That

E. M. Doucy, 33, Hope Street, Sheerness, Kent, for:-

The Miracle Man
He Learned About Women

D. Nicholson, 7 X 5 Avenue, Blyth, North, for:-

Broadminded
The Good Bad Girl

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Beery as Barnum

It is now settled that Wallace Beery is to play the role of Barnum in the Twentieth Century picture of the great showman's life. The studio has secured its weakness for Wallace. "It borrowed" him from M-G-M. a little while ago to star in The Bowery and, incidentally, gave him the best part he has had for months.

Beery will not find characterising the ballyhoo king a new experience. He played Barnum with great gusto a few years ago in support of Grace Moore when the singing star did Jenny Lind.

"Mauve" Movie Cycle

The success of Little Women seems certain to let loose the inevitable avalanche of similar subjects, and for the next months the screens will be flooded with tender-sentiment. All the scenario chiefs are busy brushing the dust off the best-sellers of the "mauve" category.

Both Radio, which sponsored Little Women, and Metro are reading Little Men and Jo's Boys by the same author.

Over at Fox they are talking of Anne of Green Gables as the next Janet Gaynor vehicle, while another possibility is the fable, one imagines is Pollyanna, in which Mary Pickford charmed as back in 1917.

Will Rogers is already busy on David Harum.

Shock for Society Beauties

The exclusive society circles of Rio de Janeiro have a shock coming to them, as Radio's musical extravaganza Flying Down to Rio reaches Brazil.

For the exterior scenes of this picture, Roy Hunt, one of Radio's crack cameramen, was sent to Rio de Janeiro.

With the co-operation of the proprietors he arranged to film the cream of Rio de Janeiro society as they lounged and bathed on the beaches and terraces of the exclusive Hotel Copacabana.

Three naval aeroplanes were stunting overhead and Roy Hunt filmed the upturned faces as they watched.

In the completed film, however, the crowd will be shown watching the arrival by air, of Fred Astaire and his dancing girls called in the film "The Yankee Clippers."

But they were not aware of that when they so condescendingly allowed themselves to be filmed!

This Week's Great Thoughts

The doctors have told me that my particular brand of singing is due to a little unobtrusive growth behind my ear. I love music and I always have. I love Johnny Weissmuller because he is the only real, natural man in this town of Hollywood.—Louis Valea.

After I make my first Hollywood picture then I will talk.—Anna Sten.

Although I have been in the headlines more than any other star for the unexciting life than any of them.—Clara Bow.

You've got to be nice and naughty to make them like you these days.—Joan Blondell.

You needn't be alone; I can't have people about me in my leisure hours.—Sybil Sidney.

I did Sadie Thompson badly, I know it; I would have given anything to recall it.—Joan Crawford.

It's the John Barrymores who get the orchids, but we cowards put the punch into pictures.—Tom Tyler.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS
Miss Bergner continued:

"You would hardly believe what a fever for work possesses me and how excited I am to see whether I shall really be able to win over the British public.

"But please," continued little Elizabeth, almost in tears, "please don't talk to me about politics. Unfortunately, I have suffered too much through them during the last few weeks, and now I must concentrate entirely on my work."

Yes, it is true. Politics in Germany have, in the last few months, dealt very hardly with Elizabeth Bergner. She is a Jewess, and, as is well known, Herr Hitler no longer has any use for Jewesses, however valuable their services to Germany.

I can recall how, for many years, the Berlin play-going public, spoiled though it was through seeing the greatest actresses and film stars in the world, was at the feet of Elizabeth Bergner.

She drew tremendous crowds to the theatres and aroused the enthusiasm of men and women of all ages among the art-loving population of the capitol.

She made Shaw's Saint Joan, a huge box-office success, and through her Shaw secured a place among those authors whose plays are most often produced on the German stage.

All Germany flocked to the cinemas to see her films, of which Arias and Dreaming Lips are reckoned among the consummate achievements of German cinemacraft.

She made all her pictures under the direction of her husband, Paul Czinner, himself one of the leading producers in the German film industry and who is also directing Catherine the Great.

From the little, lovely, clinging young woman of Dreaming Lips—and through her great success in this she will be best remembered by the London film-going public—she has in her latest film suddenly grown into a dominating role, energetic, greedy for power, driven by the wild scourge of passion.

She plays the great Russian Czarina, Catherine. Elizabeth Bergner told me that she had become so wrapped up in her part that it sometimes seemed to her quite comical that she should have to speak in English.

"Russian," she said with a little laugh, "Russian is what I ought to speak. But I have to struggle a little with my English," she went on, "though what one learns in childhood is not easily forgotten.

"You see, we had an English governess at home, and what she taught me comes back now and helps me. I had to wait a comparatively short

time before I was able to start working in English.

"But every day I had an English lesson and even now I still continually have my lines heard, so as to perfect my English. At the same time I have to work at my part and to rehearse and discuss how we shall work it out with my partner here."

"Yes, yes, it's a hard life—but marvellous!"

I asked Elizabeth Bergner about her plans for the future, but at this she could not tell me anything about them. "It's hard to say," she told me. "And, as I have said, it depends very much on what success I have here in London.

"But now you must let me get back to my work; I still have rehearsals to-day, until late in the evening." And just like a little schoolgirl, with a look of real regret in her eyes, shyly and not at all like a prima donna, she gave me her hand.

"Good-by," she said, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

And rustling in her magnificent court robes she moved away.

But, fascinated, I followed her, and I will let you into the secret of what I saw. Just like a little schoolgirl, prim and demure, Elizabeth Bergner sat down on a hard little stool that happened to be there in the studio.

An elderly lady came up to her and Elizabeth Bergner began to go over her part. Over and over again.

Obviously the lady was her English teacher.

And the expression in Elizabeth Bergner's eyes was really quite pathetic when she had to go over her words again because her strict teacher had found some fault or other with her diction.

But both these women were as if in a different world; they were blind to the rehearsals and shots that were in progress all round them, they were deaf to the shrill signals and the shouting of the technicians.

The two women just sat there and went on with the English lesson.

Elizabeth Bergner was regarded as one of the cleverest actresses in Germany; and who can doubt that she will also succeed in making a conquest of the British public?

She has already made the first step through her performance in Dreaming Lips, with which she charmed London's film devotees. Catherine the Great may establish it.

One of Germany's most illustrious novelists, inspired by her artistry, made her the central figure of one of his most beautiful books.

In London a famous authoress has written a play especially for her. The tradition of admiration, interrupted for a brief space by the machinations of politicians, has been re-established.

C. B. Cochran has called the German artiste "the greatest actress in the world," and perhaps Elizabeth Bergner's art proves more conclusively than anything else that art knows no national boundaries—P. Wit.

PICTUREGOER Weekly
January 6, 1934

WILL BERGNER BE THE BERNHARDT OF THE TALKIES?

"PICTUREGOER" presents the first English film interview with the great German actress whose genius is now the talk of London's theatreland.
Above: Another visitor to Shepherd’s Bush was Lion Feuchtwanger, the author of “Jew Suss,” who is seen discussing the filming of his novel which is now in production, with Director Lothar Mendes. On the left is Paul Graetz, who plays the part of “Landauer.”

Miriam Jordan, the Fox player, wearing one of the new afternoon suits that shows the definite Cossack influence in style trend. It is made of black velour trimmed in baby lamb. The black leather belt is fastened with a chromium buckle, and the three buttons fastening the collar are also in chromium. A Russian turban in antelope completes this sports costume.

Left: Christmas is over, but Ben Lyon has devised this novel method of preserving the Christmas cards of his friends.

What a Life! This is the way a Hollywood dance director earns his living—and he gets paid for it. Larry Ceballos teaching some of the chorus girls in “Sitting Pretty” how to do a new step.
Left to right: Maurice Chevalier, London Film Productions; Conrad Veidt, Gaumont-British; Michael Balcon, production manager of G.-B.; and Jack Hobert, who appears for the same firm.

The outlook for British pictures this year is better than it has been for a long time. The old cry of "prosperity is just around the corner" had developed into the proverbial cry of "Wolf," but just as that call eventually proved true—in a somewhat disastrous manner—so is the former slogan proving true, with this difference, that people are ready to heed it and support it.

Last year saw the finest prestige picture that has been turned out of a British studio, The Private Life of Henry VIII. It has caused comment throughout the film world and it looks as though it is going to be followed up.

Again, Rome Express, which was released this year, and Channel Crossing show that our studios have nothing to learn in the matter of ingenuity of setting and imaginative camera work from the other side.

But more important even than these isolated examples is the fact that the technique of British pictures as a whole has improved immensely. I omit some of those quota "quickies" which are still something of a blot on production here.

And talking of quotas reminds me that exhibitors as a whole have far surpassed the legal percentage.

People are definitely going to see British pictures because they like them.

There was a time not so very long ago when the public had to be "talked" into it by the newspapers. Now a British picture is billed. All that is changed now, and while there is certainly still room for improvement—especially in story values—our product is progressing and becomes a competitive force with which to be reckoned.

Below, the production chiefs of two of our biggest studios detail their 1934 plans for you.

They are ambitious and far-reaching in effect. There is a wide diversity of subjects, and several are planned on a big scale which augurs well for the future.

My own impressions concerning the vital needs of British pictures generally are that more attention must be paid to story construction.

Technical qualities, settings and camera work are now on a well-established, standard, but story values and continuity are still apt to be weak.

We concentrate too much on comedies or drawing-room dramas. More vital themes are needed, stronger drama, and plots with a topical flavour.

The English countryside and towns still need to be put on the map. Pictorialism is more familiar with the skyscrapers of New York or Chicago than they are with the time-mellowed buildings of London or the spires of a cathedral town. They have lived, pictorially, more in the vast prairies of the West than in the soft pastures of the west country.

These things will, I feel, come true in time; filmgoers have been asking for them long enough to have their wishes acceded to.

Gaumont-British are launching forth on a large scale. They are varying their topics considerably, and judging by the titles in the list of subjects presented by Michael Balcon, there is something to suit all tastes.

They are beginning to line up stars and exploit them fully. One of the biggest assets in American studios has been the way executives have seen to it that stellar names counted.

Maybe one day we shall be able to dispense with such adventitious aids to office success, but, at the moment, there can be no doubt that "names" count very considerably.

If the stellar vehicle is not worthy of the star which appears in it, I agree that he or she may be ineffective, but given all things equal all round, stellar prestige plus production value is better than production value on its own.

It is merely a question of human nature. You create interest in some personality and we picturegoers are going to see that personality, quite apart from the other merits of the entertainment offered.

If we are disappointed we shall feel a little put out, but we shall probably go again to see if the defect has been remedied in the star's next vehicle.

If it is not, our depression, like the B.B.C. weather reports, will probably deepen, but we shall go a third time—just to see what it is all about.

After that the star, so far as his or her name is concerned, is finished—that is if we are once again let down.

That is the star system is working. If, on the other hand, we go to see a picture with players whose personalities have not been strongly brought to our notice, we see that picture and then if it is bad, we decide that we do not want to see the people participating in it again.

A case of once bitten, twice shy, and no love for anyone concerned to make us wish to go again and see if we shall be caressed instead of bitten.

This is all rather by the way, but I have felt the need of a discussion of some personal contact through the publicity department is one of the things that is sadly lacking in British films generally.

It is, I think, going to be altered. There is a distinct tendency to introduce us film fans to the people who work in our studios and make us conscious of their personalities; make us feel for them and like them quite apart from their histrionic ability.

And do not misunderstand me. If that ability is not there we shall not like them very long, that has been proved in dozens of cases from the other side. We may feel sympathy with their rocket-stick downfall, but we just do not go to see them.

It is ability that counts all the time; but ability plus personality is better.

London Films are introducing into their organisation several names which will draw us to see their productions. Apart from those mentioned in Alexander Korda's article there are, I believe, René Clair, the most successful of talkie musical directors, Milestone, the famous sponsor of All Quiet on the Western Front, and Lubitsch, whose Chevalier pictures have evoked world-wide enthusiasm, just as his brilliant silents led the way in technique and imagination.

These are directorial stellar names, and they have won their place in the front ranks by results.

Fans would do well to follow the directors of films rather than the stars in many cases, and these three provide a very good example of the reason why.

Meanwhile the accompanying programmes and aspirations as set forth by Michael Balcon and Alexander Korda make one feel that we are in for an entertaining and prosperous film New Year.—L.C.

What London Films Are Doing—by Alexander Korda

My chief aim and hope in 1934 is to continue to produce films of the quality or, if possible, better than Henry VIII and The Rise of Catherine the Great, which will further the prestige of the British film industry in foreign markets.

London Films has an extremely ambitious programme, and will produce six films of worldwide importance this year.

The first will be Éxit Don Juan, directed by myself, and will star Douglas Fairbanks in a very original story by Lajos Biró and Arthur Wimperis.

A brilliant cast will support Mr. Fairbanks and will include four young star girls under contract to London Films.

Following this, Douglas Fairbanks and his son will appear together for the first time in one film entitled "Z," based on the popular romantic screen figure, "Zorro," created in silents by the former.

This will be made on a large scale and will have certain exterior scenes made in Spain.
This Year looks like a bumper year for British studios. Below we publish "with an introduction" the aspirations and production plans of our two largest studios, written by Alexander Korda and Michael Balcon.

Alexander Korda, the presiding genius of London Film Productions.

Doug. Fairbanks, jun., as Peter III in "Katharine the Great," in which he appears with the great German artist, Elizabeth Bergner.

My brother, Zoltan Korda, will direct Kongo Raid, which will contain magnificent African sequences, and it is hoped that it will be one of the most sensational films of this year. This film is based on the late Edgar Wallace's famous character, Sanders of the River. H. G. Wells, undoubtedly England's greatest imaginative author, is writing a screen story specially for us which is based on his book, The Shape of Things to Come and other of his works. This film will deal with the world in the future, and will be a complete departure in technique from previous British productions. It will be planned on a big scale. I am not interested in producing a large programme each year. I want to make only a few films each year, but those will be of world-wide importance and cost not less than £50,000 each.

What Gaumont-British is Doing
—by Michael Balcon

The year 1933 for Gaumont-British and Gainsborough marked a stage of progress and consolidation in that progress. The next and inevitable development from this position must be towards a wider field, both of output and of interest, and our keynote in 1934 will be "expansion."

A glance at the programme we have scheduled for production will confirm this. During the forthcoming year our programme will include the following subjects: Chu Chin Chow, Brown on Resolution, Rhodes, Magnolia Street, Mary, Queen of Scots, My Old Dutch, Roadhouse, Brave New World, Little Friend, A Cup of Kindness, A Bit of a Test, Count Garden, The Camels Are Coming, and Soldiers Three.

Here is every variety of topic. The ground covered includes subjects that deal with the Navy, the Army, with the Empire, musical spectacle, history and with life at home—both in the light of drama and comedy.

Our object will be to make these pictures to appeal, not only over a wider range of interest, but also with an increased standard of entertainment within that interest.

For the first time a number of our directors will be going to various parts of the Empire to make pictures. Brown on Resolution will be made in Malta, and Walter Forde, on the completion of that picture, will go to India to make Soldiers Three.

Victor Saville will be leaving for South Africa to make a film with Cecil Rhodes as its subject, while Robert J. Flaherty, who made Man of Aran actually in the Aran Islands, will be going to Australia.

Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge have left for Egypt, to make their next picture, The Camels Are Coming, under the direction of Tim Whelan.

These facts, in themselves, justify our claim that 1934 will be beyond everything a year of expansion for Gaumont-British and Gainsborough.

The choice of subjects scheduled for production in the studios at home include an ambitious and spectacular version of the famous musical play, Chu Chin Chow, a film version of Roadhouse, more Tom Walls—Ralph Lynn comedies—including A Cup of Kindness and A Bit of a Test—and two sides of London life in My Old Dutch and Count Garden.

In Magnolia Street, from the famous novel by Louis Golding, there is a film with a particular appeal to the north of England.

It has been our announced intention to make a picture of the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, and this year will see the realisation of this.

This, then, is our programme and while the immediate work in hand is in progress, the films which have been made in 1933 will be finding their way round the world and will be part of our progress in 1934.

The progress in British films has been such that we can confidently look forward during 1934 to an even greater consolidation of the position we now hold on the screens of the world.
CLARA BOW

The "It Girl" returns to the screen in "Hoop-la," a new version of that early talkie success, "The Barker" and the latest contribution to the circus cycle. Clara, as you can see for yourself in this picture, has been on a "slimming" campaign, and the figure that used to delight the bald-headed back rows in the days of "It" and "Get Your Man" is likely to be one of the major spectacles of the coming season.
MAE WEST DISCUSSES MEN and SEX APPEAL

by Cary Grant

BIG masculine men of the not-so-handsome type make the best husbands—they have more male "it," according to the views and experience of the screen's newest sensation.

MAE WEST told me the other day that she hopes soon to fulfill an ambition to come to London.

She will probably make a personal appearance tour here and in Paris. It will be the first time she has crossed the Atlantic.

Her busy, struggling life has left her little time for recreation.

"A good many persons who have known me only since I have been acting for the screen seem to feel that success has come to me overnight," she told me wistfully one day; "that it was a case of being touched by the magic wand of Hollywood and, presto—the whole world knew me.

"That's not true.

"I have had the hardest kind of a struggle all my life. In fact, it is the literal truth that I have been working, hoping, planning and wishing for something like my present recognition ever since I was four and a half years old.

"That was the occasion of my debut as an actor. I have been acting, either in stock, vaudeville, musical comedy, or my own plays ever since.

"For how many years? Well—more than twenty."

MAE is perfectly frank about her battle for fame.

"I've never gone hungry, walked the tracks when stranded, or had to do any of the picturesque things other Thespians have endured for their art," she confesses, "but I have worked twenty hours a day, many times.

"I have rehearsed for twelve hours at a stretch, and then lain in bed for hours more repeating, improvising, even adding new lines and business.

"I have taken criticism from persons who sought to curb my originality and to repress my personality.

"I have sacrificed everything for a career, have passed up pleasure and good times, even travel, because I found myself on a fascinating merry-go-round and wanted to know where it would carry me.

"I believe in fate and destiny and things like that, but nothing has happened to me through accident. My whole life has been like an orderly, logical chain of events leading to the present."

"Even the new fashion vogue which the style magazines credit me with starting, after those Frenchmen saw She Done Him Wrong, was something I deliberately wished for, ever since, as a small girl, I used to admire the lovely gowns worn by Lillian Russell. Those Gay Nineties gowns, emphasizing the hour-glass waist, I wore in She Done Him Wrong were designed at my suggestion.

"Perhaps the most terrifying thing about fame, however, is the burden it imposes. One has to live up to it. I've found all my life that one can't rest on past laurels."

"Nevertheless, Miss West can now spare a little time for relaxation. Her European trip, for instance. It will have to wait a little while, of course.

"She has her new picture, If I'm No Sin, to complete, and after that she is due for a personal appearance tour of America. Recently the broadcast studios made her extremely tempting offers.

"One offered her £1,000 each for a series of thirteen fifteen-minute broadcasts. She has rejected all of them because it is her working creed to concentrate on whatever she is doing.

"She believes that you cannot do well two things at the same time.

"Mae West, although a charming and even fascinating companion, has never had her name linked with those of men—even in Hollywood, where, as everybody knows, the gossipers work overtime.

"There has, incidentally, never been the slightest suggestion against the conduct of her private life.

"But you only have to work with her to know how deep is her knowledge of masculine human nature. One reason for her detached attitude to men was her close attachment for her mother, who died three years ago after a long illness.

"My mother never seemed to like any of the men I cared for," she says, "and now I think she was right. I'd have probably been married and divorced a number of times if I hadn't listened to her. Then when I grew old enough to make up my own mind I took care of my mother."

*Mae West, however, has definite views about the type of man that makes the best husband, and it is not the "sheik" type, she declares.

"She has a preference for "big masculine-looking men of the not-so-handsome type."

"Those guys," Mae adds, "have more sex appeal. Besides, they're not so hard to keep."

"Mae West in real life is a smaller, daintier woman than you would expect to meet after seeing her on the screen. She is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 116 to 120 pounds.

"Her face is round and dimpled. She has a peaches-and-cream complexion, and beautiful teeth.

"She wears ankle-length dresses, and clothes which while being smart and up-to-the-minute are contrived to make the most of those famous curves."

Now let me tell you something about Mae West's future.

"Mae likes pictures and Hollywood very much indeed, and is flattered by the amazing success which has rewarded her efforts. She expects to continue in pictures indefinitely."

"She attributes her great vogue in part to the fact that talkie audiences have reached that point in their mental development where they are prepared to hear matters of sex, love and morals discussed in a frank but humorous manner. She herself believes in referring to a spade as a spade, and thinks that the public to-day appreciates this."

"Fame seems to have come overnight to Mae West, but, as a matter of fact, it has long been denied her. She has built on strong foundations, surely, and Hollywood expects her to continue her reign for many years to come, because she is the first movie "queen of sex" who also has been gifted with a sense of humour and real acting ability."
I 

DOUBT whether it is possible to film Lewis Carroll's two books at all satisfactorily, and I am certain that this mélange of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* and *Alice in Wonderland* put out under the latter title does not capture the spirit of clever nonsense which is inherent in both.

It was once mooted that Walt Disney should do a cartoon version of Alice's adventures with a central human figure; this, I consider, would have been eminently fitting.

Directly you attempt to bring Carroll's words and Tenniel's drawings into human shape with human artists in heavy disguise and elaborate robes you ruin the whole illusion. And you cannot for one moment divorce Carroll from Tenniel any more than you can divorce Gilbert from Sullivan.

This picture has the air of a hurried effort. It has certainly clever technical effects; the make-ups are ingenious but grotesque rather than familiarly ridiculous and worst of all Alice—and several of the long cast—speak with a devastating American accent which strikes a thoroughly incongruous note.

Carroll's essays into the ridiculous are put over—or rather they try to put them over—as wisecracks and they will not work that way.

The sins of omission—a lot has necessarily had to be left out and the theme and continuity in each book has been completely lost—are as bad as the sins of commission, where the director has sought fit to elaborate or emphasise on the author's original work.

It is definitely a question of "Alice Where Art Thou?" and the answer is very assuredly and definitely—in Hollywood.

As Alice, Charlotte Henry looks even if she does not speak the part; at times, indeed, when she is driven to the verge of tears she reminds one forcibly of Zasu Pitts.

She wanders in a haphazard manner through the mixed adventures with the chess characters of "The Looking Glass," the card character of "Wonderland," and the various beasts which are encountered in both.

I found that the director, Norman McLeod, had erred on the side of the grotesque. His "Duchess"—played by Alison Skipworth—was not just hideous, but thoroughly repulsive. *Tweedledee and Tweedledum* played respectively by Roscoe Karns and Jack Oakie, were also more grotesque than funny.

Incidentally the recital of the "Walrus and the Carpenter" was done in an indifferent cartoon; but it was a straw in the wind that showed that it is as a cartoon that Carroll's works would best take a pictorial form.

Neither the White Queen played by Louise Fazenda nor the Red, played by Edna May Oliver, seemed to approximate to childhood memories, while the Queen of Hearts of May Robson was a vague shadow of the original.

Perhaps the best character of all was the White Knight, played by Gary Cooper—he fell off his horse so well. But even he seemed to lack the "foolish gentleness" the part required, and his accent was a distinct handicap.

This same criticism applies to W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, while Edward Everett Horton as the Mad Hatter and Charlie Ruggles as the March Hare overdid the fooling by being thoroughly conscious that they were meant to be mad.

Altogether a not too happy effort, hurried in effect, lacking in even the coherence of the ridiculous.

Children may be pleased with it, but I think that any of those who are well acquainted with the book will be disappointed. — L. C.
January 6, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

all along, Great-Lover Gable gets his girl in the end. Joan Crawford, if still emaciated, excruciatingly made up and inclined to be soulful at the slightest provocation, is much more at home in this type of thing than she has been in some of her recent more ambitious flights into serious drama, and she gives us the most appealing Crawford portrayal we have had for many movie moons. The role, of course, also provides her with an opportunity to demonstrate her not inconsiderable skill as a dancer, although the simple "routines" she performed for the most part might make the captious critic sceptical about Jane's claims to Broadway stardom. The best work in this department, as was only to be expected, comes from Fred Astaire, who contributes several excellent numbers.

Most of the spectacle is reserved for the final reel, a logical and merciful device which prevents it getting entangled with and holding up the action. Moreover, it is some of the most strikingly and ingeniously effective "spectacle" I have seen. Clark Gable's performance in a role to which he was well suited, like the entire production, showed very few signs that it was interrupted by illness. Franchot Tone is engaging enough as the play-boy lover, although he appeared to be in doubt whether or not the character should be in a state of mild but permanent inebriation.

May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Nelson Eddy (of Culver City's "musical" white hopes) and Robert Benchley make the minor characters interesting.—M. D. P.

The World Changes

A film with Paul Muni and Aline MacMahon is always certain to have my patronage. It is also likely to make me super-critical because I cannot bear to see two such fine artists in anything but good pictures. I will first relate the story of the film before telling you of my own reaction to it.

Here is a version of the story of the film before telling you of my own reaction to it. 

Orin Nordholm and his wife Anna are two of those pioneers whose praises America—and rightly so—is never tired of singing. Their wagon is lumbering towards the West some time about 1854. Anna who is about to have a child, selects the spot on which they will pitch their tent—a magnificent piece of acting—and with the passing of time we see the log cabin and Orin II.

A meeting with Buffalo Bill gives young Orin an ambition to blaze a trail west. In a few years and in little time he becomes partner in a big Chicago packing business and marries Virginia, his partner's daughter.

We now arrive at the third generation. Virginia is a social climber and is ashamed of her husband's business, from which she has attempted to separate the two sons. One becomes engaged to Jennifer Clinton, the daughter of an aristocratic family. To impress the Clinton's, Virginia announces that her husband is retiring from business. Orin tells his wife what he thinks of her and she, flying into a rage, becomes insane. Orin, who is also the death of his wife takes all the fight out of him and he retires from business. He goes to New York and buys his son, Richard, a broker's office as a present.

The world again changes and we arrive at the fourth generation—the Clinton Nordholms. Natalie, daughter of Richard and Jennifer, is engaged to Sir Philip Ivor, an English baronet. The grandfather protests, because Sir Philip is a waster, twice divorced, and is told by his daughter-in-law to mind his own business.

Enter Anna, great-grandmother, who decides to visit New York, for the wedding, with her Selma, a granddaughter of the girl who was the first real love of Orin II.

The father of the bride is in financial difficulties, the mother of the bride has only $100 on which to live, the brother of the bride has embezzled a large sum of money. The only decent person is Orin III, the other brother of the bride, who appears worthy to bear his grandfather's name.

The marriage does not take place. While the bride is in church waiting for the ceremony, the groom commits suicide and, with this tragedy comes also the end of Orin II.

We end on the happy note of Anna, great-grandmother, and two great lovers Orin III and Selma III, down on the farm in Orinville. So really the world has changed very little, as far as men and women are concerned.

There is so much that is good in this picture, and there is so much that is better that it makes me furious to think how chances of turning out a superlative picture are thrown away. Personally, I would like to see more of Anna, because of the brilliance of Aline MacMahon. Her acting in the opening sequences is superb. An occasional scene in Orinville would have helped the film and been a contrast. I should like to have seen how that spook in the Great World had been fared all those years and how much it had changed.

I am certain we could have spared the insanity scenes, and the English baronet is the most absurdly long-kept alive for any reason that I came across. Just as ridiculous as one of the sons who is supposed to be at Oxford.

The marriage may have been stuck in to please the uninhibited American patrons, but it is an insult to the intelligence of an audience in this country. Of course, the producers and director may say that such people do exist, but that is no excuse for so deliberal a caricature. The gem is reached when the baronet, bolting from church, puts his fingers in his mouth and says "Lady!"

There were chances to include scenes that would have made this film a classic, but in Paul Muni's hands everything were thrown away for unreal melodramatic stuff.

Paul Muni, who plays Orin II, is really fine showing what a young boy he was in liner to his end as a tragic grandfather. But in his grandeur he repeats the impression of the producers to give him a great scene with his money, a role he plays as beautifully as he was Aline MacMahon.

Of Aline I have already said, that I cannot understand how one of the greatest of today's tragic actresses can be made to play a part of her afterwards picture.

The large cast includes such well-known names as Mary Astor (looking like a dishevelled Lady Macbeth in the insane scenes), Allan Dinehart, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir, O'Neill, Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, and Alan Mowbray (to whom I extend my sympathy for his Sir Philip).

In spite of certain severities in my criticism, I recommend you to see this picture. There's Muni and MacMahon.—M. B. Y.

Service

It is becoming increasingly more apparent that American producers know a great deal about service. It is a certain, queer-toppy state of affairs, but there it is.

You have only to cast your mind back to such pictures as Cavalcade, Berkeley Square, and so on to realise the truth of that statement. And now here comes a new stage play has been exceptionally well adapted to the screen with a wholly convincing English atmosphere.

Clarence Brown, the director, has, completely caught the spirit of the play. It is the dominant theme of this story of the managing director of an old-established store which is threatened with extinction in the slump, and is nearly bought up by an enterprising but cheap-jack firm.

How Service, with the help of his son and daughter-in-law, and the help of the honourable business their ancestors have built up, saves the situation by determining to carry on in face of all odds, is thoroughly interesting. But there is not much more than that.

It shows the love his children have for him brought out by adversity, and also depicts the life of a big shop with a wealth of detail and realism.

The employee's point of view is expressed through a steward who has been a servant of the company, who is discharged after forty years service.

In turn has to get rid of his daily help, so that the ramifications of unemployment are clearly expressed.

Incidentally, this is all of all work, unnamed in the cast, gives a performance that will bring a tear to the eye of the most hardened and cynical picturegoers.

Rex, who takes his dismissal hard but faces the facts, and with the help of his wife, his son and daughter, who also rally round him, starts a pancake-shop business which proves successful.

It is indeed partly due to his example,—and in spite of his treatment—unswerving loyalty to the firm that employed him that Service decides to carry on.

Another factor in his decision is the underground methods of forcing a sale used by the firm that is in the market to buy up Services.

Service, however, is not so lucky in his wife's business, and after many years of service after his first wife's death, spends her time at variance with her step-children and going out with a man-about-town. When she learns of the impending crash she deserts him.

A touch of romance is introduced with a love affair between Service's efficient but shy young secretary and her daughter.

As a whole, Clarence Brown gives us a microcosm of the world with its loves and hates, hopes and despair. It is a world to which people connected with the old-established firm.

At times the sentiment is apt to be over-stressed, and there is a symbolical ending—Service sees at the end of the film, the symbol of prosperity not only for himself but for the world—which strikes a note of bathos.

Fortunately, however, the picture is sincere and human and very well acted.

Lionel Barrymore, dispensing with his more frequent caricatures, gives a brilliant study of the elderly clerk. It is one of the best things he has done this year.

Muni is here more thoroughly and convincingly as Service, while Elizabeth Allan, who appears to be steadily on the starward path, is delightfully ingenuous and human as his daughter, Caroline. Colvin Clive is not well cast as Caroline's lover; he does not fit in at all well. Phillips Holmes, however, is good as Service's son. All the minor characters are well cast, and the location photography of Ralph W. Edwards makes the picture a wholly convincing and entertaining one.

—L. C.
LEWIS STONE

Adds another to his long and distinguished list of popular characters in "Service." We will see him next with Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina." Stone has hardly missed a single Garbo film since talkies.
January 6, 1934
PHIL LONERGAN sends it HOT from HOLLYWOOD

NASTY SHOCK for STARS

Are Mexican Divorces Legal?—Sequel to Mae West Hold-up—
Ramon's Good Deed—Alice White's Wedding—Romance for Joan
Crawford—Constance Cummings's Accident—Jean Harlow
Denies Divorce Rumours.

ANY residents of Hollywood are deeply worried, for the Mexican supreme court has ruled that quick divorces secured in that country, wherein one of the parties has not been granted a hearing, are invalid.

Filmland's celebrities have been in the habit of dashing gayly over to the southern republic and returning in a few days, triumphantly waving divorce decrees.

Among those who secured Mexican divorces are Sally Eilers, Zita Johann, Richard Dix, Lenore Ulric, Jack Holt and Max Baer. Sally Eilers recently married Harry Joe Brown.

Friend or Foe?

Los Angeles police are trying to determine whether Harry Voller is a friend—or an enemy—of Mae West. Voller was at the wheel of Mae West's car, when the actress was held up by two bandits and robbed of $3,400 in money and $16,900 worth of jewellery.

Voller and his wife had won the friendship of the star, and she was loath to believe that he could have had anything to do with the robbery. However, he was arrested in Chicago, and has been brought back to Los Angeles to stand trial with the two hold-up men, who are now in jail.

A Good Samaritan

A genuine human interest document, received by the city editor of a Los Angeles newspaper, has been forwarded to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

It reads: "A word of praise is sometimes considered cheap flattery, but I, as one in a party of four who were looking for employment, became stranded at Cameron, Arizona. All tyres were down in the last fabric. One gallon of gasoline was left. We had no money and were hungry. I want to show my appreciation in this way, as at present I cannot repay the money."

"Mr. Ramon Novarro, who is starring in Laughing Boy, was our benefactor to the extent of money, tyres, hotel, gasoline, and a smile that one could give. His only request was that he wanted us to pray for him, which was taken lightly by our party, but there was no doubt in my mind that he really meant it."

The letter was signed and a Los Angeles address was given.

Wedding Bells

Alice White has finally taken the fatal step. She recently became the bride of Sidney Bartlett, scenarist, at Magdalena, Mexico.

The ceremony was performed by a Mexican judge. Senor Rodriguez Galles, Governor of Baja, California, was one of the witnesses.

A Deep Secret

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have returned from New York, where they attended the premiere of the actress's latest production.

While Tone makes no secret of his affection for Joan, the latter will not admit that marriage is contemplated. Her divorce decree from Douglas Fairbanks, jun., does not become effective until next April. Every indication points to a marriage soon after that date.

Joan also declares that she was not in a private sanatorium in the East, under an assumed name, undergoing medical treatment.

Sylvia Wins

Sylvia Sidney scored a victory when her father, Victor Kosnow, withdrew a court action wherein he sought to set aside the adoption of the actress by her step-father, Dr. Sigmund Sidney.

The little star publicly defended her mother so emphatically and attacked her father with such energy that Mr. Kosnow decided to withdraw his action.

He said he undertook legal proceedings in order to demonstrate to Sylvia in open court that she was not responsible for the estrangement which separates him from his wife and daughter. He declares he withdrew the suit when he discovered his daughter's hostile attitude.

Hard Luck

Constance Cummings had an unfortunate experience at Palm Springs, where she was sojourning for a few days with her husband, Benn Levy, the noted English playwright.

While riding in the desert, she was thrown from her horse and several bones in her wrist were broken. The wrist was put in a cast, where it remained for two weeks.

A Devoted Wife

Irene Dunne has a very agreeable arrangement with the Radio studios, to whom she is under contract.

The studio is required to give her notice ten days in advance of the starting time of a production in which she is to appear. As soon as the film is completed, she is free to depart for New York, where her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, resides.

Irene always takes advantage of the vacation clause in her contract. She returned a few weeks ago from a reunion with her husband.

A Studio in Turmoil

Comedies sometimes fail to be funny, not only to audience, but often also to the actors.

The Educational studio recently started production on The Fur Flies, a comedy wherein excitement is caused by the appearance of three skunks in a certain scene. The animals were supposed to be minus their potent weapon, but, as in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' someone had blundered.

When the animals were released from their cage, one of them promptly went into action and soon the stage was filled with an odour almost as terrifying as the gas used during the World War.

Director, players and workmen fled madly from the stage. Eleanor Hunt, the leading lady, fell and sprained her ankle.

It was an experience the actors will not soon forget.

A Rumour Denied

Jean Harlow indignantly says that there is no foundation for stories that she and her husband, Hal Rosson, are considering divorce proceedings.

The actress and her husband have been married only a few weeks, and appear to be very devoted to each other. Miss Harlow has a handsome home at Bel-Air and an apartment, dividing her time between the two locales, which may account for the divorce rumours.

Hostile Pets

On her arrival in Hollywood, Pat Patterson, London musical star, under contract to the Fox studio, on invitation took up temporary quarters at the home of her friend, Heather Angel, also from London.

Miss Patterson brought with her a vivacious Scotch terrier, which immediately proceeded to attempt to make friends with Heather's two "Peke" dogs and her pet kitten.

The "Pekes", and the cat proved most inhospitable. The trio turned tail on their guest and fled for safety to a haven under a davenport.

At last reports they were still under cover, and consistently refusing to extend a paw of welcome.

A Sister's Chance

Joan Blondell is in the hospital, recovering from an appendicitis operation, so is unable to play opposite James Cagney in The Heir Chaser.

The Warner officials have taken tests of Joan's sister Gloria, and may assign the role to the latter actress, who is a most attractive young lady.

Something New

A trained steer plays an important role in Wheels of Destiny, Ken Maynard's latest Universal picture.

Ken discovered the animal on a ranch at Pawnee, Oklahoma, where he saw it jump over a fence. Upon inquiry he learned that a cowboy had trained the steer to do the "stunt."

The actor brought cowboy and steer to Hollywood, and both are now headed for screen careers.

Hollywood Says That—

— Lillian Harvey never uses soap or water on her face, invariably removing her make-up with a solution of a dry cleaning fluid recommended to her by a French beauty expert.

— Loretta Young observes her twenty-first birthday to-day (January 6). She was born in Salt Lake City.

— Edmund Lowe always wears yellow gloves, except with evening clothes.

— Spencer Tracy has played the leading male role in eleven talking pictures during the past twenty-two months.
Tod Newton (Franchot Tone), a society "play boy," who has helped Jamie (Joan Crawford), a burlesque show chorus girl to break into Broadway, tries to persuade her to throw up her career and marry him.

PATCH Gallagher (Clark Gable), the hard-boiled show producer, promotes Jamie to stardom and eventually succumbs to her charms after she has rejected Newton's offer of marriage and wealth in order to pursue her stage career.

Right: Jamie scores a triumph on the opening night of Patch's revue and justifies his faith in her.
JOAN CRAWFORD returns to her "dancing daughter" days in one of the best musicals of the season.

She has the rôle of a Broadway chorus girl who rises to stardom and rejects a society life as the wife of Franchot Tone, for a career, and the love of Clark Gable, as a stage producer.

Fred Astaire, the International stage star, contributes some excellent dance-numbers.

"Dancing Lady" was directed by Robert Z. Leonard.
SECRETS of the famous Hollywood name-making factories, that throw new light on the careers of some of the screen’s most popular players. The “inside dope” on a “racket” at which the American studios excel.

HOLLYWOOD, J ANUARY. . . .

Perched high in their mountain top observatories round Los Angeles, astronomers sit peering through telescopes searching for new stars.

Enshrined in their huge leather chairs, behind vast plate-glass covered desks in executive offices of Hollywood studios, producers pore over photographs and scrutinise “tests” in their ceaseless quest for motion-picture stars.

Picking prima-donnas is no easy task, and a vast organisation whose ramifications extend to the farthest corners of the globe, is constantly on the hunt for new faces, unique and unusual personalities, capable of exploitation to stellar proportions.

The development of a cinema star is no haphazard affair. It is not the offhand selection of a pretty face nor a well-turned figure, nor an attractive voice nor a graceful carriage. It is the choice of an entity embracing all these qualities plus a personality that can be projected from a strip of celluloid to thrill countless millions in motion-picture theatres all over the world.

It means the expenditure of perhaps a million dollars in preliminary training, beauty-enhancing processes, artistic culture, publicity and propaganda, then the eventual production costs of a suitably imposing vehicle to turn the budding starlet into a glamorous, irresistible planet.

Public taste is changeable. It veers, suddenly and swiftly from the flaming redheads to the raven locked brunettes; from golden blondes to glittering platinum Valkyries.

When sound was synchronised and “movies” became “talkies,” a new element was added and the velvety resonance of Miss Janet Gaynor’s low modulated voice started the vogue of the throaty, husky tones now so popular on the radio as well as the screen.

Female audiences are particularly fickle. One year they clamour for mystical, Oriental sheiks, dark, desperate and swarthy. Next they switch to handsome, fair-haired Romeros, and then about-face and centre their attentions on the cave-man type, the brutal domineering he-men of a whole cycle of pictures.

From that, the natural reaction is to the category of shy, timid, lovers whose boyish bashfulness arouses sympathy in the feminine theatre-goers’ hearts.

Hollywood is the world’s melting pot of feminine pulchritude. Like a giant, irresistible magnet the centre of the motion picture industry draws its satellites from all over the earth.

The powerful lure exerts its influence over the United States, across the Atlantic, surges over England and Europe, thrusts its urge into Asia and even Africa.

Its vibrations beat across the Pacific to the Far East, to the Orient, China and Japan, and against Australia; then radiate on to India, and the great frozen North beyond.

Girls and youths from the four quarters of the globe are attracted to this mecca by the siren call of glittering success in glamorous surroundings of fame and wealth and triumph, amid plaudits and recognition from the peoples of the earth.

From this premise, it would seem easy for the motion picture magnates, with their personnel, to find potential stars waiting on every restaurant table, serving at every soda fountain, on duty at every counter in every candy store.

Investigation, however, reveals that such is not the case. On the contrary, curiously enough, the diametrical opposite is true. A vast majority of the stars, present and potential, is gleaned from the distant byways, from regions far removed from the boulevards of Hollywood, and the golden hordes of dazzling girls who haunt the casting offices and agents’ bureaus in this sunshine flooded city.

Here in these studios which deal in feminine charms as a commodity, the old adage that “beauty is only skin deep,” has been tested and proven to be correct. An attractive face and a good figure are not considered sufficient assets to warrant the risk of a million dollars for the creation of a star.

Talking pictures have complicated matters and added a new requisite to the necessary factors which must go to make up a featured player. The talkies have added voice and the audible reaction of theatre-goers to the solemn essential of a pleasing appearance carrying visual appeal.

Besides the timbre of the voice, there must be careful enunciation, proper pronunciation, meticulous diction, and appropriate gestures to accompany the spoken word. There must be a suitable tone to the laughter: gleaming teeth and a cupid bow mouth are no longer sufficient.

But more than that, deeper than that, there must be innate artistry, a gracious deportment, with a fine elastic stride, a jaunty swing of the shoulders and hips; effortless play of the hands, and a proud carriage of the head, which training cannot instil, but merely develop.

Inevitably visitors to Movietone City remark: “Why, the waitresses in the restaurant on the lot, the secretaries and stenographers in the offices, appear much more pretty and attractive than most of the actresses on the sets.”

Just another common fallacy. Long, expensive experience has taught producers that lenses do not lie. Experiments with these who test them, too, that there are three different and distinct phases of beauty.

There is the natural form of beauty in life; the actual living and breathing person. Then there is the still photograph, the camera’s faithful portrait of that same person. Lastly, there is the moving film of that person in action, talking, gesturing, walking.

All three impressions are different. Not so

Myrna Loy, though born in no more romantic atmosphere than that offered by Helena, Montana, has become one of the screen’s most exotic stars.

Lilian Harvey, who won stardom in Germany and is now being glorified by Hollywood.
STARS are MADE

by Henry

WALES

marked to the layman, perhaps, without an explanation, but exceedingly diverse to the trained eye of the successful producer, who spots at once the elements lacking in the only process which interests him, the motion picture screen test.

Basically, probably, it's all a question of a radiation of personality. Personality is that intangible, almost indefinable charm which emanates to a greater or lesser extent, from a human being.

It is the aura which in proportion to its development, lifts the individual from the brutal level to the appealing, attractive, lovable and alluring type which can draw countless millions to pack theatres in any city in the world.

Certain persons are capable of projecting their personality from a still photograph, a portrait. Others, fewer in number, are endowed with the subconscious ability to disseminate this personality and arouse one's sympathy and interest, from a motion picture reel.

It is this last category that picture producers seek, persistently, and continually. These are they who draw indiscriminately Chinese coolies, Asiatic nomads, European peasants, African aboriginals to picture shows.

Winfield Sheehan, one of the most successful of Hollywood's producers in discerning the faint gleam in a potential star, estimates that the public rates its likings on a basis of 25 per cent beauty and 75 per cent. artistry.

This executive who is himself responsible for the discovery and development of more than twenty stars of the first magnitude, considers beauty in face, form and voice comparatively prevalent, that ambition and determination are fairly common, but that artistry, the ability to act naturally but convincingly, is extremely rare.

From his long experience in spotting box office material, Mr. Sheehan has come to the conclusion that Americans and English, and members of the Slav races are, generally speaking, most likely to achieve stardom.

Perhaps the mixture of blood from all the nations of the earth for long generations has contributed to fitting citizens of the United States for the requirements of the films.

To mobility of countenance and vividness of expression, the Slavs—Russians, Czecho-Slovaks, Poles and Hungarians—add, however, a singular ability to reflect soul and character in their countenances, he finds.

"Perhaps it is the result of centuries of suffering, of generations of oppression and misery in the turmoil of the Old World history that has left the stamp on the Slav, but certainly their artistry arouses sympathy, establishes a definite link and interest for the movie-goer."

Mr. Sheehan is careful to differentiate the Slav type from the Oriental, which lacks entirely in the appeal, and the allure of his neighbour. Natives of India and China are not photogenic, fail utterly to register satisfactorily on the films.

The mobility of their visage, the solid fatalism of their belief, is probably largely responsible for this absence of expression.

Technical and biological reasons have been advanced to account for this difference. The deficiency is ascribed variously to dullness of the eye, chemical composition of the facial epidermis, the missing voice, the slow or lethargic movements of the limbs.

The Slav type is more completely enshrouded with mystery than her more mystic Oriental neighbour. She emanates an elusive illusiveness, a sense of the unreal and unattainable, which stimulates the imagination as to the reality of the figure on the screen.

Janet Gaynor is an example of the American type girl which draws universally, not only among her compatriots in the United States, but to audiences all over the world, men, women and children alike. Miss Gaynor's great appeal is to the heart, to the emotions, through her naive wistful, sympathetic personality.

Myrna Loy is an example of the exotic Slav type. Almost Far Eastern in her characteristics. Actually she was a school teacher in Montana before going into pictures. Miriam Hopkins, despite her Nordic blondeness, exudes the suppressed glamour of the Slav type, although in reality an American girl of Yankee parentage.

Miss Lilian Harvey is a cosmopolitan. Born in England of Teutonic descent, she studied and appeared first in public in Vienna. Later she made pictures in Berlin, Paris and London, and finally came to Hollywood to complete her triumphs as a real, international star.

Two newcomers to Movietone City are Miss Pat Patterson and Mlle. Ketti Gallian. The former, an English girl, is from the town of Sunderland on the North Sea, bombed by Zeppelins and shielded by battleships during the Great War. Her golden hair is a reminder of her Saxon progenitors, themselves neighbours of the warlike Slavs.

Mlle. Gallian is a brunette from the Midi of France, a true Gallic type, with the alert, temperamental gestures of the Latin, the impulsive, vibrant voice so closely allied with the vocal characteristics of the Slavs.

With other gifted aspirants, these two girls will be put through an intensive course of training and preparation at Movietone City.

Candidates are groomed physically as well as in their speech. Teeth are made perfect for photographic effect—coiffeurs are arranged to harmonise with countenances. They are taught grace and carriage, walking with long, clean-lined paces.

They learn dramatic, the proper stance for speaking, the development of flexibility of the lips for proper, clear speaking, swift transitions of mood and expressive reactions.

One of the earliest of Mr. Sheehan's successes was Theda Bara, the original "vamp," who rose from fame as an unknown to the highest salaried screen-player of her epoch. A web of mystery was cast about this fantastic, mysterious creature which thrilled and hypnotised theatre-goers.

Charles Farrell was another "find," who shot like a rocket from the unknown to become an international matinée idol.

Paul Muni, destined to become the most compelling of all the widely contrasting characters so popular on the screen; the two glittering beauties—Barbara La Marr and Dorothy Mackaill; then Spencer Tracy the likeable "he-man" of to-day's sophisticated screen-plays; the dashing Helen Twelvetrees and the siren-like Dorothy Jordan; George Brent and the vivacious Dolores Del Rio; and the inimitable swashbucklers, Victor MacLaigen and Eddie Lowe, are among the other stellar talent discovered by Mr. Sheehan.
Tom Holmes, ex-private in the American Expeditionary Force, read agony in the eyes, the whole trembling frame of the man whom cowardice had prevented from doing his duty as a soldier.

"Nothing," he mumbled. "It wasn't your fault you got cold feet and stayed behind in that shell-hole. What did it matter who brought the prisoner in, anyway? Besides, I ought to have been killed. I should have been if it hadn't been for the German M.O. He got me through, though it took him two years in a prison camp to do it."

At that moment Tom thought it well worth while by a promise of silence to save a man's reputation, such was the relief that dawned in Major Roger Winton's scared face. "I'll see you're all right, for certain," Roger said. "My father's just been elected president of Nashville City Bank. You will not suffer if I can help it."

Tom did suffer. To begin with, he hadn't told Roger all. Hadn't told of the portions of shell left in his spine, causing him attacks of physical pain—undeniable pain that only morphine would relieve. "Take these tablets, one at a time, when you can't stand it," the German M.O. had bidden Tom in excellent English when he had said "Good-bye."

He did take them, hating to see how swiftly their number diminished, sensing they would be hard to replace.

As bank clerk, work for which he had little aptitude, since it lacked the human touch that was so essential to him, life was dull but bearable. When in pain he couldn't stand it. Under those terrific onslaughts, that drew sweat from every pore, figures recoiled, became meaningless, causing the despair of his superiors. Miserably right, too, he had been about the replacement of morphine.

Once, under an acute attack, he crept away from the bank in office hours; the local doctor proved adamant.

"My dear fellow, it's more than my place is worth. I don't issue morphine in that strength."

"But can't you see I can't stand this? I must have it."

"Impossible. I'm sorry."

Tom struggled back to the bank, where he found the President had sent for him.

Roger was in the room keeping his mouth shut, while his father rated Tom for inefficiency.

When the white-haired man of business said, "This isn't war time, you know; can't expect us to get on with peace if you can't work," Roger bent over the chair where Tom sat with staring eyes.

"He's been badly shell-shocked, don't forget, dad. I'll look after you, Tom."

"You will. Then tell your father what I did to save your disgrace. Tell him I went out and brought in a Hun prisoner and you got the credit for it. Tell him your red tabs and medals belong to me."

Ashamed of his outburst, Tom got out of the room. He was later thankful to find that Roger's father had attributed his accusations to temporary insanity. He had done with the bank, anyway. Followed two nightmare years for Tom in hospital, from which, after a complicated spinal operation, he was finally discharged, cured both of his pain and the morphine habit.

America knew many such, but no kindlier man than Tom on the date of his discharge. His father and mother had both died within the past year and, as newcomers to Nashville on the declaration of war, had had few friends.

When Tom stepped on to a Chicago station platform and into the streets to look for a job, there was not a voice within five hundred miles to give him a welcoming "Hello."

Liking the look of an eating house in 35th Street, he went in. The inscriptions on the colour-washed walls, "This is no Claude Place, but you can snooze for a while." No religious discussions allowed," and "Have you written to mother?" sounded a genial note. So, too, the dark-haired young woman standing by the urn who took his order. Appreciating the quality of the coffee, Tom asked for a vacant room. "We have one if Pop hasn't given it away," she informed, nodding in the direction of a kindly greybeard installed at the counter. "I believe in folk having a bite for nothing when they can't afford to pay, but Pop's awful that way."

She took him upstairs, extolling the merits of a spring mattress by practical demonstration, while Tom was more concerned with the prospect from the window.

"Bit dark," he frowned and was deciding that a brick wall blocking the entire view, was not, under any circumstances, to be borne, when there was a rustle on the stairs. A girl appeared retreating on fear of interrupting.

"Come along, Ruth. You may as well be introduced to our new lodger. I'm Mary," announced the would-be landlady.

Tom found himself staring at the most prettiest face he had ever seen.

"I'd better pay a week in advance, seeing that you don't know me," he observed, smiling for the first time in years.

The fact that Ruth worked at a laundry was deemed sufficient excuse for finding a post there himself and, having found it, to improve upon it.

In view of trade depression, no mere words but a devastating reality in Chicago, Tom, nevertheless, heard with dread that the manager wanted to see him.

Mr. Gibson, middle aged with the humanitarian's forehead, spoke from his desk.

"At a time when all my round men are losing business, your round has picked up twenty per cent. How is that?"

"Well, sir, I've started a bonus scheme. Say, Mrs. Jones recommends Mrs. Smith to the laundry, Mrs. Jones receives a voucher entitled her to groceries. I'm in (Continued on page 33)"

THE STORY OF THE FILM
by MARJORY WILLIAMS
At first, Tom's sense of personal loss was so great as to blind him to the consequences of the greater loss of a son. Tom's employer, Gibson's successor, was a commiserate type of capitalist. Inside six months he had probed the possibilities of Max's machines, installed them, and dismissed half his employees.

Tom, an employee, a simple word on paper or in the mouth of a political speaker, but representing a complicated group of men and women who could be awkward if roused! Several husbands and fathers who had been discharged put in an appearance at the brownstone house one eve—hanging about the pavement, awaiting Tom's return.

"You're the guy who introduced machines and lost us our jobs. What are you going to do about it?" was the gist of complaint shouted by some thirty hotheads. It was like being again in the trenches as Tom faced the mob from the steps.

"Listen, men. I'm doing nothing, because we're all in the same box. Raid the laundries; sack it; knock it to pieces!" came the angry report.

The crowd had swelled to formidable proportions. Really alarmed, Tom went into their midst in the hope of discovering an ally. A hundred impetuous feet, fifty jostling shoulders surrounded him. He was hustled along, his protests ignored, past twenty blocks.

Building in progress gave the insurgents their cue. The leader, snatching a scaffolding pole and pointing out a heap of flints, was quickly followed. Half the mob were armed by the time it was seen by a policeman, who left his beat to telephone.

Never for a moment had Tom abandoned his shouts to desist or his hope of stemming the crowd. He had forced himself on and was marching at the very forefront, bellowing threats and entreaties, while his own head was in definite danger from the missiles of those nearest him.

The laundry courtyard was reached. The vast, unlighted building heaved dimly out of a faint fog. Facing the mob, facing Tom, was a line of police cars, from which dark-blue uniformed figures issued forth.

One of the mob fired an automatic. A policeman fell. Pandemonium followed, laced with deadly spurs of the official machine-guns. Tom felt both arms seized. A couple of sergeants, determining upon his being the chief rebel, maintained their grip.

Frenzy overpowered Tom. He had recognised a face. His wife's face. He saw it distinctly below the tyranny of a man to his right. How could she be there? He was forced by his captors towards one of the cars. The mob surged back. He caught sight, in one horrific instant, of Ruth lying on the pavement, a trickle of red against her ashen face.

He was in gaol awaiting trial when he heard from Mary that Ruth had insisted on following him in a taxi when she heard where he had gone. She had died on the way to hospital.

Mary shed no tears when she visited Tom, who had been sentenced to a five years' term for dangerously inciting a mob to rebellion and with assault on police officers.

(Continued on page 24.)
People called it “Personality”

She was so natural, so different, so alluringly herself. Yet she was one of the crowd until KHASANA Blush Cream emphasized her own individual colouring.

You too can bring out all your natural beauty with KHASANA Blush Cream—it’s discreet colouring gives just that added charm which is so essential to every woman. Its cold cream base protects the skin and makes it easy to use effectively.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick gives beauty to the lips, emphasizing their natural shape and colouring, absolutely kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable. Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

**KHASANA**

Blush Cream 1/6. Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6. Trial Size 9d.

**BEFORE BREAKFAST**

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and bedtime and keep FIT. Price 1'6. Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

**& BEFORE BED**

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

**FREE 100-PAGE BOOKLET**

How to keep your dog in perfect condition. Send a postcard, mentioning that you have seen the offer in the "Picturegoer," for a free copy of "Guide to Dog Management," a 100-page illustrated book, which will help you give your dog the care and attention he deserves. Add your dealer’s name and state how you feed your dog. A fine new series of Classic Tributes with beautiful coloured illustrations of dogs, will then also be sent to you.

Spratt’s Patent Ltd., 58 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

GIVE HIM SPRATT’S OVALS—AND GIVE HIM FITNESS

**HEROES FOR SALE—Continued**

“Don’t worry about Bill. I’m taking care of him. He’s happy helping Pop mornings.”

“I wish I could say so, but the stuff’s been knocked out of me.”

With his second visitor, Tom, however, had an interview that opened his floodgates of speech.

Max, flourishing a bank book through the grille, was almost incoherent from excitement.

“See those figures. Credit balance fifteen thousand dollars and mounting every day. You’re a rich man, Tom. I’m a rich man. My invention; your introductions. We’re both rich men. When you leave here you will be able to do anything you like—anything.”

“Not me, Max.” Tom barely glanced at the passbook. Obviously he had already mentally dealt with the possibility of its staggering news.

“I can’t touch a cent of that money. There’s blood on it. Patent your machines in every country in the world, mark them where you like, but I won’t spend my share of the profits on myself. Let the account pile up. Will do that later.”

“Realising that steel bars were more malleable than Tom behind them, Max departed, sustaining a series of explosive exclamations. ‘Tchats-tschat’s, his favoured expression when flustered.”

Five years had gone by since Ruth’s death, seven since his coming to Chicago, when Tom, grey-haired, with the stamp upon him of manual labour, approached the eating-house. A queue was on the move outside, composed evidently of Chicago’s poor.

Gently putting aside a woman and her basket, Tom looked through the wide glass window to the bar. Mary was behind the urn. Further along the counter Pop ladled from an outside stewpan.

A nod from Mary and the street doors were banged to. A darkie janitor, peeping through the stove, announced: “No more now. That’s the last. Sorry.”

The broken tramp of disappointed feet passed Tom. “Listen, Mary,” his eagerness precluded explanations as to homecoming: “You that free eating-house or what?”

“Not free. Pop and I’ve taken to giving out the left-overs since the slump. I wish there was more. We turn away hundreds every night Tom . . . you’re looking well.”

“How’s Bill?”

“‘He’s great.”

“Good. Now, will you do something for me? I’m rich as Robin Hood. I get a credit balance somewhat in the five figures. I want you to use it—all—every cent—to feed these people.”

He let her talk, but, though he was glad to see her, he was on text-books, both fearing and hoping to see his son. Mary sent the boy to him in the gaily furnished sitting-room with clean face curtains where he and Ruth had courted and kissed.

“How’s Hallo, Bill? I didn’t think you’d remember me.”

“Course I do. Aunt Mary talks about you no end. Tell me what you’ve been doing in Alaska now, Bill. You’d better come home. I want to see you, Dad? I bet it snows there.”

They talked about Alaska, Tom drawing on the sketchiest acquaintance with the state to supply answers for Bill’s minute questioning. It was as though the first faint rays of sun were shining through a blizzard; then, with an incisive knock at the house door, cutting short a man’s voice and a boy’s chuckle, an icy chill descended.

A couple of plain-clothes men, pushed their way past Tom before descending to ask:

“Name of Thomas Holmes?”

“Oh.”

“This your permanent address?”

“I can’t say. tom turned to the discharge list from the State prison. Crime; inciting a mob to violence.

“Tell us you’ve got our eye on you.

“Don’t have any future trouble round here, you go.”

With spirits at zero, Tom turned to the staircase as the door closed. The meaning of two words became clear for the first time “Prison taint.”

For a month Tom found precarious happiness with Mary and Bill, a month during which the precious bankbook was transferred into Pop and Mary’s names, a month during which the hungry were fed free and the neighborhood was untroubled by mob outrage. Then with the first week of wintry weather Antonio Pesari was arrested, taken from his darkened and three children to gaol for getting up a “red” riot on Wall Street.

The same night two plain-clothes men put in appearance at Tom’s house door.

“We told you to be careful,” Pesari lives just one block from here.

“Don’t want excuses. We don’t care if you’re in the business or not. We’re asking you to clear out and not come back.”

Aware of the uselessness of trying to justify himself, Tom packed a suitcase. Mary asked him to kiss her. “Good-bye.” He did so, pleased, to have pleased her.

Not even thoughts of Bill worried him on his hundred-mile tramp from State to State looking for work. Morbidly anxious as he had been not to touch guilty money, he was now as determined not to let discomfort get him down.

In company with a dozen like himself, he had been turned out of a railroad shelter by a quarry pit in the pouring rain after dark when a familiar face loomed up in the light of a street match.

“Tom.”

“Roger Winton. I never thought.”

The harassed features of the wartime coward were very little altered. There was the same nervousness of manner; the same look in Roger’s eye.

“No, I’ve come to this all the rest. The slump broke up the bank and my old man. He committed suicide. Wish I had the courage. Seems to me everyone of us is going. America’s going.”

“Nonsense.”

In the darkness Tom gripped the younger man’s arm.

“Don’t talk like that. We may die, but America will go on. Remember what President Roosevelt said in his inaugural address. ‘You can’t crush a nation of twenty million souls!’

In Chicago, Mary was talking to her nurse by the eating-house where the hungry were fed for nothing.

“Never you listen to unkink talk about why your father went away. Bill. He’s a good man. Reckon in these times many more like him go unrecognized, kind of heroes for sale!”
GREAT BOOK OFFER
you must not miss!

IMPORTANT TO EVERY
Free Examination
PARENT

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD VIVIDLY RETOLD IN THIS GREAT NEW CHILDREN'S BOOK

Hundreds of illustrations—magnificent colour plates—the amazing story of the Heavens, the Earth, the pageant of Nature—wonders of Science—History—Wireless—Television—Legends and hundreds of other things told in simple language for the young.

ALL EXAMINATION FEES PAID, THIS BOOK WILL EQUIP YOUR CHILD WITH KNOWLEDGE—it has unlimited scope for learning in the most interesting way. The Golden Encyclopedia for Children, in two sumptuous volumes, is a treasure house of knowledge which every child should have. It is compiled throughout by experts and has a SPECIAL FOREWORD BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL. Fill in the Coupon now and learn more of this amazing offer of a great work for Id. a day.

THE CHILD'S WONDER BOOK
That all can understand
YOURS for 1? A DAY

THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"
BANISHED FOR EVER!
Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment for Nervous Disorders.

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little book which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking torments of worry, pessimism, and depression? Are you a "bundle of nerves," obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentiments? Have you an "inferiority complex" which causes you to endure continual irritation and sleeping disorders?

If you suffer from MORbid FEARS, WORRY, DEPRESSION, INSOMNIA, WEAk NERVES, TIMIDITY, BLUSHING, or any similar nervous disorder, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS—PUBLISHED UNDER A $1,000 GUARANTEE OF GENUINENESS

"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED"
I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself; it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvelous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature. I felt that I would have gone completely out of my mind, and, just at that time your treatment came. I thank my cure is wonderful in such a short time—just three weeks.

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD"
Many thanks for your kind and good advice, which has done me a world of good. I have been troubled with Self-consciousness more or less for 30 years. Would that I had seen your advertisement ages ago!

A copy of this absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive home treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Send for a copy and you will be delighted to learn how easily and quickly you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G.29), 40, Lamb Conduit Street, London, W.C.I.

FREE EXAMINATION
No charge and no obligation.


Please send me THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA (2 vols.) for free examination. It is understood that I may return it to you within five days without cost or obligation. If I keep the work I will send, on the fifth day, first payment of 3/-, and, beginning thirty days later, 11 further monthly payments of 3/-.

NAME______________________________________________

ADDRESS........................................................................

DATE..............................................................................

P.G.W.36.

DON'T MISS THIS!
A PAIR OF SHOES—FREE
—and a frock which is the most wonderful value ever!

£2 2s. VALUE FOR 16/6. Fashionable Autumn Model. Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill Back Velveteen. Modish Cut High Corsage waist. Raised Seam finish with Self Tie Belt, Stylish Button Trimmed Bow Front. The Skirt has full flare from Knee Line in the latest fashion. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Nigger and Black.

Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for free approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or Full Cash within 7 days or more only. All sizes and lengths. X.O.S. sizes 3/4 extra.

SHOES FREE WITH EVERY FROCK!
Every purchaser has Free of Charge 1 pair of our 12/11 Lady's Black Patent Leather Shoes, all sizes. 2 to 8 as illus.

Send to:
J. A. DAVIS & Co.
(Dept. P.G. 727.)
**EXCEPT** for a very bright British farce, *Orders is Orders*, and a novel and entertaining romance set in the Malay States, *Samarang*, the week is again an uninspiring one.

***ORDERS IS ORDERS***

*Gauymont, British, "U" certificate, Farce. Runs 85 minutes.*

Charlotte Greenwood, Wanda James, Glanister, Wagenmeyer, Cyril Maude, The Colonel, Thief, Curries, Dave, Percy Parsons, Zingbus, Cedric Hardwicke, Brigadier, Donald Culthrop, Fawzy, Ian Hunter, Captain Harper, Jane Cara, Patricia Raynor, Millan, Daxwood, Edwin Lawrence, Quartermaster, Ena Makeham, Mrs. Thompson, Hay Plum, Goff, Gerald Lowrie, Min Moreland, Wally Patch, R. M., Stephen Kratt, Princess, Directed by Walter Forde. Adapted from Ian Hay’s and Anthony Armstrong’s stage play.

This is one of the funniest farces made in this country and proves that Walter Forde is a director as he is a clever one.

The plot deals with an American film director who escapes to Malaya in a hurry and sets the soldiers in pursuit. When the pursuers catch him, he has to make his way through the bogs and the jungle to escape. The scene is set in a film studio and the soldiers are extras, and, since the director cannot make up his mind what sort of location he desires, the parade ground becomes in turn a square in India, the vaults of the Houses of Parliament in Guy Fawkes’ time, and an Arab city.

The Colonel, at times, gets annoyed and, at others, interested and interfering, and the end comes with the arrival of the Brigadier, who pays an unexpected visit and finds the Colonel in the midst of a wild mob of “Arabs,” “Legionnaires,” and dancing girls.

This ending is not a very satisfactory one, as it lacks a really logical conclusion. Another weakness is the length to which some situations are spun out. Sharpened up to run for seventy minutes instead of eighty-eight, it would be even better entertainment than it is now.

There is a strong novelty value in the idea of a producing unit invading the sacred domain of a peppery colonel and the incongruous happenings that transpire are farce at its best.

James Gleason makes a brilliant debut in British production as the hundred per cent. American director.

He makes the character an outstandingly funny one, yet avoids too much exaggeration of type. He carries a great deal of the weight of the picture on his capable shoulders. Charlotte Greenwood as his assistant is also very good and makes the most of all the opportunities she has; they are not, however, quite as frequent as they might have been.

Cyril Maude is admirably fitted to the role of the Colonel who falls for the blandishments of Charlotte Greenwood.

Excellent support comes from Donald Calthrop as a harassed author whose plot is changed every hour, Cedric Hardwicke as a brigadier, and a whole host of competent artists.

---

**SARANGAN**

*U. A. American, "U" certificate, Romantic Drama. Runs 46 minutes.*

Featuring all native cast.

Directed by Ward Wynn.

Novel and fascinating story which follows the pearl fishers of the Malay States. It is all very simple in plot, but very sincere and artistic in detail.

The theme concerns the love of a pearl fisher, Ahmgag, for a chieftain’s daughter. The risks he runs in order to dive for pearls in prohibited and dangerous waters, so as to earn the right to win her love, are shown in a thrilling manner.

The under-water sequences are exceptionally good, especially those which depict a fight to the death between Ahmgag and a shark.

Details of the life of the Dyaks, the natives of the Malay States, are varied and illuminatingly dovetailed into the romance, and the native players act without a trace of camera consciousness.

The whole thing is very well directed and one hardly notices the absence of dialogue in the picturesqueness of the production.

---

**THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE**

*SHANGHAI MADNESS*  

**THE BIG CHANCE**  

**DRUM TAPS**  

**VETERAN OF WATERLOO**

---

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children."

---

Una Merkel is her usual amusing self in "Midnight Mary."

Unfortunately, on the night of his flight, a peasant woman was out riding in the dark, discarding his representations from the German commandant, supported by Allison’s statement of his guilt, Digby is sent back to face a murder charge.

You see, Allison has found out about his friend’s affair with his wife and his uppermost thought is revenge.

Digby is saved from the firing squad by so many coincidences and after all that the prisoners, following Digby’s original example, seize aeroplanes and pose in that relationship, leaving Allison—who repented of his action—to hold off the prison camp guard with the only machine gun.

After that, believe it or not, is the story.

Technically, it is good, with sound camera work and well-oiled sets.

Leslie Howard is good as Allison, restrained and natural, but Doug. Fairbanks Sr., runs, tenders, times to times to over-act, and this is emphasised by the contrast between his methods and those of Howard.

---

**MEET MY SISTER**

*Pathé, British, "A" certificate, Marita, Digby. Runs 70 minutes.*


Directed by John Daumery.

An unpretentious picture which is well acted and has several amusing, well-handled situations.

Clifford Mollison is very good as the somewhat insatiable Lord Wilby, who has trouble in discovering his mistress, Lulu, before he marries Helen, an American heiress, a role adequately played by Frances Dean.

His troubles are complicated by the fact that one night he finds a girl in his bed, whose name is drenched with rain when she came to serve him with a bill.

Victor has to lie to his father-in-law to be, that the girl is his sister. He acquires another when his mistress, a wealthy, American, is engaged to be married.

Complications ensue and the girl’s family finds in Lulu love with the strange visitor, Helen marries the man of her choice, and her father finds his affinity in Lulu.

The treatment is lively and things keep going at a brisk pace without any annoying hold-ups.

---

Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, and Eugene Pallette in a scene from "Shanghai Madness."
January 6, 1934

Constance Shetter is most attractive in her support role as the young spinster who does as Luels, and FredDuprez is sound as Helen's father. As a straight-laced spinster, Helen Ferrers is excellent.

"MIDNIGHT MARY"


A "fallen woman" story, well directed, but entirely obvious and conventional in theme. Ricardo Cortez is poorly served with the unsatisfactory role of a gangster whose gunplay and planning makes the victim of his own ineptness and murder by the hero.

As the murderess, Loretta Young also has an unsympathetic part, but plays it with sensitivity which can only be found in her work.

Franchot Tone acts well in the conventional role of the young lover, and wealthy playboy who stands by the girl and is able to secure her acquittal at the cost of his own reputation.

The story focuses on the trial scene and flashes back to events in the accused woman's life as they pass disjointedly through her mind while she is awaiting the jury's verdict.

All this is quite ingenious, but one is left in doubt as to what is going to happen next.

"THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE"


A very sordid adaptation of a book with which the censor has apparently been busy, but from which he has failed to remove its unpleasant atmosphere.

Basically, it is the story of a wealthy husband whose wife, after discovering that she has herself voluntarily to a gangster of the most vicious type, although it is true that her husband is first stretchered against her inclinations.

Later on she pretends to care nothing for her decent lover in order to save his life and shoots the gangster with whom she has suddenly become in love.

The inevitable trial scene follows: a frankly incredible affair. She, herself, is not actually on trial, but is subject to the charges of murder by her lover, who is a barrister, in order to help clear a man accused of murder.

To Sir Guy Standing, the judge, her relation to the gangster and also to his murder.

At court, the recital the barrister, carrying his fainting witness out of court, remarks to his grand jury that the woman, his judge, that he should be proud of the girl.

Jack LaRue makes the barrister as repetitively sentimental as could be wished, while William Gargan is sincere and virile as the barrister.

Miriam Hopkins is very good as the girl, but it is a hopelessly degraded part.

"SHANGHAI MADNESS"

Fox, American. Adventurous romance. Runs 63 minutes.


The picture plays to obviousness, but is an interesting character study.

"THE BIG CHANCE"


John Darrow, Frankie Morgan, Marva Knelly, Mario Majno. Written and directed by Al Wax. Photographed by Ernest William. Sound by George Pickard.

Typical boxing drama, which exposes the American ring racket in an ingenuous but quite entertaining manner.

John Darrow is likeable as a boxer who fights for the sacked manager, but goes straight when he falls in love, while Mathew Blyth puts over a pretty girl adorably as the manager in question.

For heroine there is Merna Kennedy, looking pretty, and a child interest is supplied by Mickey Rooney.

For broad comedy relief there is Charles Halton.

Small-town atmosphere is quite good and the fights are well staged.

"CRUMP TAPS"


Ken Maynard, Ken Hartley. Written and directed by Harry Cohn. Photographed by George Ackerman. Sound by Henry Johnson.

Conventional Western dealing with a man's lone fight against injustice. The man is the one being Ken Maynard, who rides and fights with plenty of vigour.

Dorothy Dix supplies the feminine charm, and for the rest there is action and good scenery.

"VETERAN OF WATERLOO"


Jerrold Robertshaw


Jerrold Robertshaw struggles hard to do over this slight patriotic sketch, which is unduly padded with incidents and strikes an old-fashioned, out-of-date note.

Dorothy Dix is overblown, but one can find very little in it to recommend.
Will there be a COMEDY DROUGHT?


T
behoes us to think of comedy—and how we are to secure it. "How absurd," you will say (and with justification) "that with all our wealth of comedians and humorous writers we should have to worry our heads about it! All we should do is to sit down and wait for them to make us laugh."

I agree that that should be the case. If it comes to that, in a rainy and well-organised country like Britain it is absurd that country districts should be suffering from drought in mid-winter, just because we had a dry summer. Yet it is so.

Now we are threatened with a laugh-shortage, too, both from Hollywood and from our own studios.

Why? For the same reason that we have a water-shortage—lack of forethought.

There has been no organised attempt to discover and exploit new comedians or humorists in the manner that "straight" stars are sought and launched.

A Certain Sameness

We have, it is true, a few screen comedians whose names carry weight and turn the s.d. at the box-office into £ s. d.; but there is one snap about these people, which may prove fatal if we are not careful.

They are chiefly players who have made a stage reputation with a certain brand of humour with which they are identified and which they have brought to the screen with them—and they are apt to get into a groove.

Sydney Howard, however, has a "gag man," Jack Marks, who is as full of comic invention as a Marx brother. Whenever I see Syd Howard doing a particularly funny bit of work in the studio, I spot the diminutive form of Marks a few feet away, and I know that they've had their heads together just before the scene was shot.

Those Elstree Blues

Jackie bobbed up from behind a sandbag on the corner of a street scene in the British and Dominions studio this week, waved a hand at me and bobbed down again just in time to avoid being caught by the camera—for a gag-man's existence must never be apparent.

He was rather more than a gag-man in this, however, for he was being "noises off" from behind the sheltering sandbag, in a very effective scene in It's a Cop.

The studio was check-full of synthetic police, chief among whom was P.C. Sydney Howard. Syd, as a sleuth is destined to bring considerable joy into our sad young lives, I think.

Up-to-Date

Sydney is nothing if not abreast of the times, for he carries in his helmet one of those cunning little wireless sets with which the police of a provincial town are already provided.

What happens when, on the approach of the sergeant, he abscenlmindedly conceals his cigarette in his helmet is nobody's business—yet.

We have had police—in Jack the Boy; and we have had Chinese—in Jack Ahoy; but it has been left to the ingenuity of B. & D. to bring them together in one picture.

Nowadays they don't rig up an extra in a bald scalp, a pigtail and sloping eyebrows and call him a Chinaman. They go to everlastinig trouble to get hold of exactly the right types from Lime-house, Penzeyetials, and wherever Chinamen congregate.

Welly Tolly!

However, Maclean Rogers in directing this picture came up against a bad snag, which discounted all his best efforts at realism.

In an opium-den sequence, in which Syd., the Sleuth, disguised as a Mandarin, is canvassed by Chinese, he had a most realistic model of an opium-den constructed, and invited some of the Chinese extras to take their places on the bunks and puff at dummy.

"Welly tolly," said the Celestials, with true Oriental politeness. "No smoke opium.

"You don't have to," the director explained patiently. "Only pretend."

"Welly tolly," said the Chinese firmly. "No smoke opium."

After two hours of exhortation, threats, bribery, cajolery, persuasion, wheedling, and every other device short of plain violence, they were paid off and allowed to return to their peaceful Limehouse homes, where they would be out of the reach of temptation!

Back View Only

Consequently anyone you see smoking imagin- ary opium in this film will be an extra, and you will only see his back. Fortunately the Chinese had been used for their other scenes before opium-smoking was mentioned!

Sydney Howard, I am likely to surpass myself in this, disguised as Chin-Chin-Double-Chin the "Great Mandolin from the Land of the Cherry Blossom and Kiwi, a man of great polish."

On the very next set I found a policeman in uniform, and for a moment I thought he had wandered in to watch the shooting of Seeing is Believing; but I found that not only had they a policeman of their own, but they had also a gag man—and he was directing the picture.

Not so Gaga

Red Davis was at one time the only gag-man in British studios. Now he is a director as well—which saves a salary, as he points out.

He is making a cheerful little comedy in which Gus MacNaughton is playing a leading part... and do I have to tell you again that I consider Gus one of our funniest, as well as most versatile, comedians?

Opposite him is a newcomer, one Vera Bogetti—at least, not quite a newcomer, for she tells me she was in Mammies, which was made at Twickenham some time ago.

I did not see that film, so I can't say what she was like in that, but judging from her work in Seeing is Believing I should say she is a worthy recruit to the ranks of our screen comedienesses—probably furnished with worthy material.

That is very often the difficulty. The cleverest comedian in the world cannot do his best work when struggling with stodgy or banal dialogue and situations, as is so often the case in British studios.

In fact, I am inclined to think that our very weak department is the one responsible for dialogue.

Kindness to Birds

This week's Gold Cup for Kindness to Dumb Clucks goes to Ernie, the prop-man at Shepherd's Bush whom I found leading a couple of geese out of their cage by the wing to have a refreshing swim in the fountain.

They are figuring in Jew Süss, and the fountain stands in the market-place in Stuttgart, a remarkably realistic set occupying the whole of the enormous No. 2 Sound Stage.

I have a feeling that this will be even more impressive on the screen than the huge market-place scene in I Was a Spy, because that was so large as to be unwieldy—the camera had great difficulty in keeping it all in at once. This one is more compact and certainly no less realistic.

There was a thrilling moment when the populace, in the act of burning the Duke and Jew Süss in effigy, was surprised by both the Duke and Süss with a large body of cavalry.

Plenty of Scope

As Süss himself is Conrad Veidt, and the Duke is Frank Vosper, we are assured of some very fine acting in this costume drama.
January 6, 1934

There is any amount of scope for colour and movement in it (I saw the play, in which Matheson Lang played Sir John Falstaff), and taking full advantage of the opportunities offered. I found it fascinating to watch Lothar Mendes, the director, at work on this film. He was originally an actor himself, and when he is explaining to the players how he wants a speech delivered or a piece of business done, he goes through it all for his or her benefit, as well as theirs. But he doesn’t stop there. Even after the camera has started turning on the scene, he is still playing the part—from a safe spot out of camera-range.

I know several actors-turned-directors—Lowell Sherman, Maurice Elvey, Monty Banks, Lupino Lane, and Jack Raymond are a few who come to my mind—and they all have that same peculiarity of going through the part with the players, quite unconsciously.

Any Port—

After missing the Wild Boy unit week after week (when they’ve been at Islington, I’ve been out to Nottworth looking for them, and vice versa), I ran into them quite by accident this week—at Shepherd’s Bush, of all places.

As a matter of fact, they’ve been squeezed out of the Islington studios by the size and number of sets built for Princess Charming, and very glad they are they that they have spent the last few weeks doing “summer” stuff in the most rigorous weather we have had in England for some time.

I met Sonnie Hale in pyjamas; he was (in the pyjamas; I was wearing the winter uniform of a studio correspondent, buttoned up to the neck). He had just risen from bed—on the set—which he had been sharing with Mickey the Miller, the most famous racing greyhound of all time, who plays the title-role in this film.

This was occasioned by a bit of dirty work on the part of a couple of plug-uglies who are out to pinch the dog.

Sonnio, suspecting their intention, pinchès himself and hides him in his flat, where they come for him, and a most unholy fight ensues at the end of which Sonnie is knocked out with a knuckleduster.

The Miller Slumbers

Mickey the Miller, having perhaps heard about the kitten that went to sleep in a drawer in Princess Charming recently, followed suit, for when it was time for him to spring out of bed Sonnie found him fast asleep.

A good many owners would give something to be so completely at home in the studio.

Talking about dogs and suchlike animals, one

NEVER NEGLECT ANAEMIA

Warning You Should Read

So serious is the havoc wrought by anaemia to many girls in this country that a warning is necessary to every girl who finds herself assailed by depressing weakness, with a feeling as though every pulse of her energy had deserted her, frequent headaches or backaches, and a dislike for food.

If neglected, anaemia leads to even more serious mischief, with a general decline almost beyond treatment, may result unless prompt measures are taken. Although anaemia does not readily yield to ordinary dietetic treatment or effective natural treatment that has brought back the priceless gift of health to thousands of sufferers—girls who were once pale, languid and listless, but are now hearty, vigorous and full of the joy of life.

That treatment consists of a course of Dr. Williams brand pink pills, which have the special power of building up rich blood. This pink blood quickly banishes anaemia and imparts the rosy bloom of health to pinched pale cheeks. So take a course of these pills, and they will impart new life and vitality to your whole system.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 6d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

of them gave Elstree’s Bravest Woman a nasty jar the other day.

The heart of this honourable title is Faith Bennett, the pretty wife of Charles Bennett the playwright; she gained it by allowing a live mouse to crawl over her hand and then her leg in film at Elstree recently; but mice don’t bite . . . much.

Alsations, however, do. And as she was saying good-night to the owner of one recently, some

Nearly a Tragedy

However, fortunately, it wasn’t a very greedy bite—really just a nibble; and with a little skilful amputating she was able to make up the make-up for her part in Seeing is Believing that almost entirely conceals the damage.

But it might have been a tragedy.

By an odd coincidence, they have dogs galore in the other Elstree picture I mentioned—It’s a Cop. Sydney Howard has a bloodhound in the picture; and the bloodhound has been encouraged with a bit of rather elderly meat; and this also encourages all the other dogs in the town—dozens of them.

For this scene a call went out for extra owning dogs—five bob each per dog, per diem. When I passed the extra dressing-room I thought all Cruft’s had broken loose—but it was only an Irish terrier trying to consume a mastiff, with the rest of the canine extras taking sides.

An Aristocrat

But the most important dog to poke his whiskers into the studios this week (excepting, of course, Mick the Miller, who is the most important dog in the world) is an aristocratic lady named True Lass—not precisely beautiful according to cinema standards, but her ears are inclined to swing against her knees, and her eyes are perpetually bloodshot, but she is the ultimate apex of perfection as a bloodhound.

She is one of nine valuable “smell-daws” who are participating in British Lion’s “diggings deep”; they are all rather inclined to give themselves airs, but True Lass has very right to, for she is valued at one thousand guineas—a tiddy little sum for a dog to be worth in these days of depression.

The dog cannot claim parity with their fellow-players, Henry Kendall and Betty Astell, for any gentility there may be in their disposition (and their owner assures me they wouldn’t eat a wolf) is not apparent in their expression.

At least one prop-man who has wandered (hither from Elstree is pining for the nice, safe tigers they used in Red Wagon, that only fought each other.

The Tauber Talkie

Everyone has heard of the golden voice of Richard Tauber, famous tenor who started off the phenomenal vogue of “You Are My Heart’s Gift.” But how many people are aware that he is also a clever composer of music and has often sung his own compositions in public?

Tauber is to make a film for British International Pictures at Elstree—his first British picture—and he has already written specially for this the bearer of a few new musical numbers which he will sing.

The film, which will be directed by Paul Stein, who was a schoolboy friend of Tauber’s, will be based on an earlier version of The Life of Schubert and some of Schubert’s original work will, of course, be used.

The film is to be planned on a big scale.

Tauber paid his first visit to Elstree the other day and said he might have to wait until the spring before risking the cold country air of Elstree.

He takes great care of his throat and during the winter he moves in perpetual fear of catching cold. One cure has been known to cost him as much as £5,000.

He works very hard and estimates that he composes, plays the piano or sings for eight hours every day. He never sleeps more than five hours in twenty-four and sometimes only three.

I Hear That—

What Shall I Profess a Woman, featuring Valerie Taylor and Stuart Rome, has just gone into production at Sound City.

‘All my friends tell me that AMAMI makes my hair look wonderful—writes this London Amami Girl.

“My wonderful AMAMI has really made my hair look glorious,” writes Georgina Coleman, of 72, Elms Road, London, S.W.4. “I am for ever having it admired! Once it looked absolutely dull and dead ... but since I have been using AMAMI No. 5 it has always kept bright and full of life. I shall never use any shampoo but AMAMI!”

Can you say the same about your hair? No matter how dull or troublesome hair is to start with, AMAMI’S unique mixture of 47 ingredients (21 of them powerful Hair-Tonics) soon coaxes it into healthful beauty. And AMAMI Loveliness lasts—for it is loveliness that comes from the roots.

AMAMI No.1. With Henna. For dark hair 3d. & 6d.
AMAMI No.5. With Camomile. For fair hair 3d. & 6d.
AMAMI No.7. Camomile Application & Shampoo 6d.
AMAMI No.9. Tor Antisptic ... 6d...
AMAMI SPECIAL HENNA. Maker brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired 6d. ... and six other varieties. Also LIQUID SHAMPOO ... 6d. per bottle
"DEBUNKING" HOLLYWOOD

Do Fans Like the "Inside Dope" in Films

REGARD with mixed feelings the prevalence of films like Blonde Bombshell which purport to give the 'inside dope' on Hollywood. I have had all that I require of the 'what Hollywood is really like' stuff. "Hollywood has been 'debunked' itself so vigorously in the last year or two, that the public for behind-the-scenes disclosures must be thinning. "And are the producers of these films right in supposing that the public is so naive as to be shocked or amazed at their sensational revelations? Most of us had 'debunked' Hollywood long before film-magnates started doing it for us."—N. T. Flood, Tailor Dale, Knutsford, Cheshire, winner of this week's guinea prize.

{[His/her] films "debunking" Hollywood have not proved universally popular. Is the view expressed here the reason?}

A Male Reader's Plea

PICTUREGOER is an attractive and enterprising paper. I have, however, one fault to find with it. Its reading is 95 per cent feminine. The poor male doesn't appear to be catered for. "Apart from the film criticisms and pictures, there are seldom any features addressed to him. Surely he deserves better treatment. "We men would like to know more about the technical side of films. For example, an article on 'Stunts and Stunters in Films' would be appreciated. We are also keen on jungle, exploration and similar kinds of films, and would like articles describing how these are made and the adventures of the men who make them. "Couldn't you possibly allocate two or three pages a week to matters likely to interest your neglected male readers? I am sure your women readers will not begrudge such a small concession."—John L. Marden, 63 Raymond Street, West Bowling, Bradford.

{[Picturegoer] this week opens a competition in which readers are invited to submit their suggestions as to what new features they would like. You will find particulars on page 5.}

The Story's the Thing

JUDGING from a certain type of publicity churned out ad lib. by American studios, film audiences are largely composed of half-wits, whose interest in films is chiefly concerned with the personal idiosyncrasies of stars—which 'love team' is likely to be the latest 'rave', and 'the truth about so and so's love life,' etc., etc. I refuse to believe it. "Who cares two hoots whether it is the 'magnificent animal,' or the 'excuse my glove' type of hero, that exercises the widest appeal? Do you or I give a 'rap' if Garbo takes a number nine shoe? "No! What does matter is that instead of flooding the kinemas with perfectly photographed over-dressed and modernised versions of twopenny

novellates of thirty years ago, American producers should bestow a little of their well-known lavish treatment and technical splendour on stories that are worth while, based on themes that are ditto. "Banal publicity and cheap stories have too long been the curse of Hollywood. "It is up to the British film industry to create newer and saner standards, and it is my belief that it eventually will.—(Mr.) G. P. Wheeler, 10 Fox Court Mansions, N.1, who is awarded this week's second prize of 10s. 6d. [I agree that if Hollywood bestowed as much ingenuity on stories as it does on publicly fairy tales, the movie millennium would be near at hand.]

New Year Wishes

I wish: (1) That people would not bring their lunches with them to kinemas. There are plenty of eating places about, and how can one enjoy a film when there is a rustling of bags going on and a smell of oranges, etc., floating around? (2) That mothers would not bring very young children with them. A dark coal-ceilid would be just as beneficial, and less apt to cause annoyance. (3) That people would not argue with the usherettes. They do their best to find seats, but a kinema can be full at times. (4) That there were more films like The Virginian and The Young Man, and less like Blonde Venus and Strange People. (5) More stars like Wallace Barry, Edward G. Robinson, Miriam Hopkins and Wynne Gibson, and less like Joel McCrea, Dick Powell, Nancy Carroll, and Adrienne Ames. (6) And lastly: that smaller prizes were offered for the best and second letters each week, the money saved to be given in smaller awards to the writers of each letter printed. Say, 10s. 6d. first; 5s. second; and two or three 2s. 6d. prizes.—(Mr.) C. E. Taylor, 33 Cowper Road, Brixton, S.W.2.

Mae West Again

'You're right Mr. Hitchcock. One either has too many of the likes or none of the dislikes. Of course, she's the most talked-of woman in moviedom. Just as in the old days a particularly nasty divorce case became the rage topic of the day, just so does Mae West foist herself on the public by her very vulgarity. 'But for Cary Grant to call her the 'Queen,' as he does in his articles, is insult to the rest of the movie actresses en bloc. 'We swallow the divorce cases and we swallow Mae West, but do we acknowledge her Queen?' I should say we don't. 'She may suit the American taste, but to most English right-thinkers, the word 'Queen' stands for everything that is high and noble and gracious, not something that calls to our baser side and causes a surreptitious glowing in the dark. Hand this honour of Unqueendom to a Shearer or a Wynyard, but not to a Mae West."—E. Britton, Norwich.

[What have other readers to say about the marvellous star who has swept so devastatingly into prominence?]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

1s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to 'Thinker', 'The Picturegoer Weekly,' Long Acre, W.C.2.
Lose Ugly Fat
Yet eat 3 ample meals a day
Wide Choice of Delicious Dishes

It is not necessary to starve in order to lose weight. Of course, you can’t eat four suffocating meals a day with liberalMeasurements of fatty dishes, and with snacks in between, and expect the same rapid results in reduction with Kruschen as people who pay a little attention to their food. You can eat your fill. But intelligent selection of food is the big secret.

There is a wide range of appealing and delicious dishes listed in the leaflet wrapped around the Kruschen bottle.

Here is a convincing letter from a woman who has Kruschen Salts—sided by sensible food selection—to thank for the loss of 33 pounds of unwanted fat.

"I feel I owe you such a deep debt of gratitude that it is only fair you should know the result which is highly satisfactory, as I have reduced my weight from 13 stone 7 lb. to 8 stone 2 lb., my measurements before and after taking Kruschen Salts being as follows:

BEFORE
Bust . . . 40 in. Bust . . . . . 36 in.
Waist . . 35 in. Waist . . . . . 30 in.
Hips . . . . 44 in. Weight . . 12 st. 7 lb.
Weight . . 10 st. 2 lb.

Your helpful food selection chart enclosed with the bottle is the greatest help possible in weight reducing, as it does away one of the little schemers that make one’s food more inviting, but I most decidedly think that Kruschen Salts plays the biggest part, and helps to keep one fit while weight reducing goes on. I cannot express my delight at this, as I feel fitter than ever, and all my friends remark what a very great improvement there is in my health and appearance."

(Miss) A. P., Cirencester.

The analysis of Kruschen, which is printed on the label for everyone to see, shows that it represents the residual ingredients of the mineral waters from various European spas, natural aperient waters which have been taken from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemists' this holiday, and a man will take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HANDS
Anne Grey Shares a Secret.

Cold weather spells disaster to many otherwise beautiful hands. But, a new preparation has been discovered, by which rough hands or even badly chapped hands can easily be remedied. It is called VELDEW, and just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops into the hands—not a two minutes’ job. I think Veldew is a wonderful discovery," writes Miss Anne Grey, "just a few drops well rubbed into the hands last thing at night takes up so little time and keeps the hands soft and smooth as satin." Veldew is a beauty specialist’s recipe. A two months’ supply in a dainty flint bottle costs only 1/9; or there is the trial size at 1/3. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

Clarks New Year
VITA-Cleaning Offer

Here is a "sale-time" offer before our Spring rush starts. With any order of not less than 6/-, you can have one of the following articles—VITA-Cleaned FREE—HAT (Remodelled too), JUMPER, CARDIGAN, BLOUSE, PANNY SKIRT, TROUSERS or PLUS-FOURS.

Make up your order (minimum 6/-) from the list below and pin the coupon to the article sent for free VITA-Cleaning. Back in three days if remittance accompanies order.

VITA-Cleaned
Man’s Suit, Lady’s Costume, Plain
Frock or Long Coat . . . . . . each 4/-
Hat (Remodelled) . . . . . . 2/6
Jumper, Cardigan or Plain Skirt . . each 2/-
Lady’s Blouse, Man’s Trousers or
Plus Fours . . . . . . each 1/-

Clarks
Dye Works Ltd.

COUPON I have made up this order in accordance with your New Year Offer, and enclose remittance (not less than 6/-). The additional garment I send is to be VITA-Cleaned FREE.

NAME
ADDRESS

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 2/-
It must be pinned to the article sent for FREE VITA-Cleaning.

Clarks New Year
VITA-Cleaning Offer

POST TO
Clark's
Retford

HON TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- or £1 per month

SALE NOW ON
SMARTWEAR LTD.

ARE YOU PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR FINGER-NAILS?

If so, you should use Kraska Liquid Nail Polish, to be obtained in all the fashionable shades at the best stores and chemists.
IS HE MERELY A METEOR?

A GREAT artist or merely a meteor of the moment? Franchot Tone's qualifications have caused furor gloom in Hollywood. But even his critics won't deny that he is fine and handsome, characteristic shown to advantage in his portrait on a "Picturegoer" sepiya glossy postcard's new series. Put this daunting newcomer to Hollywood in your album and bring your cards up to date. Study the list below.

To "PICTUREGOER SALON"
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Please send me a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc. on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one doz. Postcards, and promise to fill in my order made to Free Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. 6d. extra to cover cost of packing and postage on my order.

Name
Address

P.O. No.
Amount

Choose your "Cards" from list below. New arrivals in rich sepiya glossy, 5d. each. Order now! Full list on request.

Franchot Tone

Let GEORGE Do It!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The Journal will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with handsome or beautiful ladies. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

an Advertiser of KALY (Childs Hill, N.W.2.), whose posters is being posted in U.S.A. on January 13, 1934. 5 ft. 5 in. tall; black hair, gray eyes. Meehan (mar. div.); (2) Kenneth Meehan. Write to Warburg, Neuman & Associates, 1, Broadwick Street, London, W.1.

C. A. R. (Leighton, E10.)—Constance Cummins will portray The Little Princess in Brighton for the Defence.

J. T. (London, S.W.1.)—I regret your previous letter has not been answered before, but all inquiries are dealt with in strictest rotation. Hereon the cast of Loyalties: K. W. Robins, M. S. Reuter, M. S. Macnaghten, and Orde. (3) Joel McCrea—One Man's Family. Written by Arthur Phillips, produced at the New Haven, Fox and Rio, and The Sea Girl. (3) The principal role will be played by Lester Matthews and Joan Marsh.

January 6, 1934

R. G. (Bristol).—See "Anne" in Your enquiry departments. The Journal will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with handsome or beautiful ladies. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

The Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.—See "Anne" in the advertisement above, for the postcard cast of Kalys, as Childs Hill, N.W.2.

CUBIDS EDITH (Walswold).—(1) Latest films as follows: Janet Gaynor—Padday the Fair Thing, Love Among the Mormons, Bed, Bread and a Baby, and Mandale: Joel McCrea—One Man's Family. Written by Arthur Phillips, produced at the New Haven, Fox and Rio, and The Sea Girl. (3) The principal role will be played by Lester Matthews and Joan Marsh.

C. A. R. (Leighton, E10.)—Constance Cummins will portray The Little Princess in Brighton for the Defence.

J. T. (London, S.W.1.)—I regret your previous letter has not been answered before, but all inquiries are dealt with in strictest rotation. Hereon the cast of Loyalties: K. W. Robins, M. S. Reuter, M. S. Macnaghten, and Orde. (3) Joel McCrea—One Man's Family. Written by Arthur Phillips, produced at the New Haven, Fox and Rio, and The Sea Girl. (3) The principal role will be played by Lester Matthews and Joan Marsh.
Evan Williams Shampoo... is recognised as the most perfect shampoo in the world and will bring even greater beauty to your hair, no matter how lovely it may be... it is inimitable... and possesses an elusive quality that keeps the hair young and healthy.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

Colgate's Removes All Seven

Everything you eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on your teeth—seven different kinds of stains, all told. Here's what causes them:

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains.

For all stains will not yield to any one action. Some can be removed by an emulsive action. Others respond only to polishing action. Colgate's gets all the stains off your teeth because it gives you both actions. As you brush it, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—safe powder such as dentists use—gently rubs away the stains that are left. The result... teeth far lovelier than you ever thought they could be.

Made in England

Gastritis and Ulcerated Stomach for 5 Years

Now Eats Anything!

Every sufferer who knows the agonies of Gastritis and ulcerated stomach will find amazing relief by following the advice of Mr. Fowler, of Devon, given in his letter below:

"It's no joke in a signal box all night when you're suffering agonies from Gastritis and ulcerated stomach. I did for five years. Often I couldn't even pull the levers. I'd even been in the Infirmary several times without getting better. A month ago the doctor put me to bed and for ten days the pain was so bad I could not stand it. Then I took Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and after the first dose I felt better. Now I can eat anything and it's marvellous."

You can get the same relief, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.
A FEW OF THE MAIN SECTIONS

Correct Behaviour on All Occasions

Good Form in Correspondence

The Complete Gardener

Everyday Legal Mistakes and Tips

The Art of Cookery

Three Hundred Delightful Recipes

His Majesty the Baby

Children in Health and Illness

The Schoolroom in the Home

Household Remedies

The Family Medicine Chest

The Handy Man About the House

The House Beautiful

Health and the Toilet

The Whole Art of Getting Married

Practical Keeping for Pleasure and Profit

Games to Play, Sports, Hobbies and Pastimes

Cleaning and Polishing: Easy Ways of Doing Difficult Tasks

The Care of Clothes

How I Built My House and Paid for It

Fashion in the Age of Etc., etc., etc.

SOMETHING NEW! The work every family has always needed. Here, for every reader of The Picturegoer, is a remarkable and exclusive New Year opportunity to obtain the greatest and most up-to-date treasury of modern household knowledge ever known—The New Illustrated Home Encyclopedia. And, what is more, this unique and invaluable book—which, if purchased in the ordinary way, would cost at least £1—will be dispatched immediately to your home for the special concession price of 5s. only (plus 1s. to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.). This vital work contains OVER 1,100 PAGES and is LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT, with over 200 monochrome drawings. Packed from cover to cover with THOUSANDS OF REFERENCES, arranged in over THIRTY SECTIONS, each carefully indexed, it forms the handsomest money-saving Home Encyclopedia ever produced.

There are two fine editions of this great work—the Ordinary Edition, bound in Red Maroon Art, Leather, embossed in gold; and the De Luxe Edition, bound in hand-finished Rich Blue Art, Leather, embossed in gold and with embossed design on front. This handsome edition also has cloth jointed end paper, head and tail bands, burnished dust-proof top edges, and contains a magnificent eight-page photographic supplement. Don't delay! The demand for this great work will be enormous. All applications must be received by NOT later than first post Monday, January 15.

---

POST THIS FORM TO-TOMORROW

NEW YEAR CONCESSION

ORDER FORM—£1 BOOK FOR 5/-

"THE NEW HOME ENCYCLOPAEDIA" (Illustrated)

To THE PEOPLE’S HOME LIBRARY (Dept. E.G.E.),

CASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

I wish to take advantage of your New Year Concession Offer. Please send me immediately the Edition of "The New Home Encyclopedia" so specified below.

ORDINARY EDITION.

I enclose Postal Order for £1, PLUS 5/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc., MAKING A TOTAL OF £1.6.0 IN ALL.

DE LUXE EDITION.

I enclose Postal Order for 7/6, PLUS 5/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc., MAKING A TOTAL OF £1.6.0 IN ALL.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

TOWN

COUNTY

P.O. No.

CONCESSION OFFER

IMPORTANT. — Fill in name and full postal address. This Order Form and remittances must be enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

Picturegoer, 6/1/34

---

I leave it to ANNE

Answers Correspondents

Readers who desire a quick reply by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope for their query. They will always a waiting list for answers in this column.

A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES

RIGHT, attractive eyes can redeem the plainest face. Nature has not been so bountiful as to endow us all with large, liquid orbs, but there is a lot we can do to improve her handiwork.

Surely that is not an attractive picture, but it is a comparatively accurate one of people that are not given to the optical assistance they need. Sometimes eye strain is purely a temporary condition brought about by illness or too much physical strain that needs attention. In these cases, when the root cause is cured, the eyes return to normal again.

So you see how foolish it is to refuse to seek advice on these matters. I cannot give it; it is a matter for doctor and oculist.

Daily Care

Many people also advise a repetition of what I have said often enough before. But it must be said again. The easiest and simplest way to brighten your eyes is by means of a proper eye-base. The girl who spends five minutes each morning by pinching the skin under her eyes will find that her haemorrhoidal pool in tepid boracic water will give an appearance of beauty, even if the eyes themselves are quite ordinary.

The eyes should have a slightly bluish tinge. If they are yellow or congested with tiny red veins, you may put down the cause to unwise diet, cold, dust, or smoke. Here, too, boracic water is the best cure.

Make your saturated solution of boracic acid by adding crystals to warm water, till the water will dissolve no more. Use this and use as required. When using, add an equal quantity of warm water.

Internal cleanliness is a sure way to sparkling eyes. If the whole system is sluggish the eyes are certain to be dull and puffy. Drink plenty of cold water between meals. I cannot emphasise this sufficiently. A quart a day is not too much. It is not only will give you clear, bright eyes, but will also help to clear up many of those troublesome complexion blemishes.

Never be tempted to use eye drops as a measure. You are taking better care of them than they deserve, except in the hands of qualified practitioners.

Eye Compresses

In a previous article I described the common eye trouble that can be remedied by compresses made from various well-known herbs. These have a beneficial effect on weak and tired eyes. Another compress that is beneficial is to steep pads of cotton wool in water for about 20 minutes, and then add a teaspoonful of common salt. These can be placed over the eyes and a tint test taken in a lying position. Leave them in place for 10 minutes. Warm milk is very soothing and may be used in the same way. A damp sponge wrung out over the eyes is also good.

Looking eyes, use a mixture of witch hazel and rose water, 1 oz. of the former to 2 oz. of the latter.

Almost Mother Nature ever made a pair of eyelashes as long and dark and curling as the screen variety.

When Mel Borus gets through working on Frances Dee the mill emerges as “Mag” of “Little Women.” Frances is just as popular as ever as Mel is in her screen appearance.

If you want such luxurious you will have to buy a pair. But if you are content with something a little less luxurious, than castor oil is your remedy. Apply, with a fine camel-hair brush every morning and night. It will increase the growth upon the lashes permanently.

A little patience will also induce the lashes to curl. Dissolve a few eye-balls into warm water. Placing an orange stick along the lash are the fashionable thing, and a dab of witch hazel afterwards will close the open end.

WORRIED (Bolsham, S.W.)—East liver at least once a week. It is rich in vitamins. Fry it very lightly or better still, place in a fire-proof dish, cover with a little stock, and bake in the oven. To make it more savoury, cover the liver with a slice of frankfurter, pour over the stock, and bake as above. Keep the dish covered.

MOTHER (Folkestone)—You can clean the children’s woolly nose this way : Make a thick lather with soap flakes. Allow to cool. Rub the lathed lather into the nose of the pet animal with a clean rag, changing the surface as it soaks. Take care not to wet the pet too much or it will lose its shape. Take a fresh cloth and wring out of clean water, wipe off soap, dry in the open air. Brush up with a wire brush.

WORMED (S.E.W.)—Your trouble is due to self-consciousness. Nothing you can take would make any difference. Go out as much as you can, meet as many people as you can and forget yourself. Be natural and try to remember that other people are noticing you far less than you imagine.

DELL (Liverpool)—You can certainly use a reducing cream for the purpose you mention. Inquire at any chemist. They are bound to stock it. Sorry, I cannot recommend named products in this column.

M.M. (Bosworth)—You cannot treat yourself for severe rheumatism. Consult your doctor. He may be able to make arrangements for you to attend the Red Cross Clinic for Rheumatism. This clinic the most up-to-date treatment is given at fees within the patient’s means.

O.L. (Goldsers Green).—Avoid over the

Orange lip stick. Cleanse your face, first by steaming and then rubbing the blackheads with a mixture of equal parts of soft soap and fine oatmeal. Afterwards apply an antiseptic. Live simply and drink a quart of cold water a day between meals.
The name CRAVEN on any brand of Cigarette or Tobacco guarantees constant, unwavering QUALITY

From a Leeds smoker of Craven "A": "I wish to tell you that I have smoked approximately 44,000 Craven "A", Cork-tipped cigarettes during the past five years or so and I have never during that time suffered any throat trouble."

"I have smoked 44,000 during the past 5 years and never suffered any throat trouble"

CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED 100% VIRGINIA
SEALED - FRESH 20 for 1s FOIL - PACKED in the BETTER way
Made specially to prevent sore throats
Happiness reigns supreme in the homes where young and old all regulate their health with Bile Beans. These safe vegetable pills soon put right the liver, stomach and bowels, and so banish pain and sickness. No griping—only a gentle, natural correction of the body's functions.

Throughout 1934, safeguard your own and your family's health with Bile Beans.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
It may surprise you to know

**THAT** although D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes—

**AND**

although they cost only fourpence for ten—

**YET** they smoke for a full ten minutes apiece—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

**DE RESZKE MINORS**

Also in handy card cases containing 20 for eightpence

60 for 2/-
One of the more recent recruits from the stage, this sound character actor's real name is Ralph Wuppermann. His first big screen appearance was in "The Devil's Lottery" with Elissa Landi and since then he has had varied character roles in such notable pictures as "Strange Interlude," "Rasputin"—in which he played the Czar most effectively—and "Power and Glory." Ralph Morgan is a keen sportsman and coxed his university crew in his freshman year at Columbia.
"Try this new LUNG SYRUP"

-it's made by BEECHAMS!

THE GREATEST NAME IN HOME MEDICINES

Only the unrivalled experience of the famous House of Beechams could have produced a remedy so supremely efficacious, so pleasant to take, so utterly safe, as this new lung syrup. It was designed to act in a new way—a modern way. It is the remedy of to-day to meet the needs of to-day; a remedy that will end, once and for all, the misery and distress of chest sufferers.

Only Beechams Lung Syrup brings complete relief, because only this amazing remedy has the "Five-Fold" action. Beechams Lung Syrup attacks every contributory cause of the trouble. First it stops coughing. Then throat irritation is banished—breathing is eased—feverishness and high temperature are reduced, and the system is cleansed of the harmful poisons generated by respiratory troubles. Don't delay. Keep yourself—your family—cough and cold-free this winter. Get your bottle to-day (1/3) and keep it handy!

 Hundreds Have Written

It wasn't long before the British Public discovered that Beechams Lung Syrup is the finest possible remedy for Winter Ailments. Here are just three extracts from the hundreds of letters received—

"I felt immensely better after only the first sipping dose, and with two bottles my frightful COUGH had gone for good and all!"
—W. G. BRADFORD.

"...I was in a terrible state. My BRONCHITIS seemed to get worse and worse. I was racked from head to foot by terrible attacks of Coughing. Then at last I tried Beechams Lung Syrup. One week later I was on my feet again, feeling fit as a fiddle!"
—(Mrs.) G. S. M.,
London, S.W.1.

"I should like to say that I have never met such a quick-acting and effective remedy. I have suffered from catarrh for the last three years. Of course, I have tried various things for it, but never until your Lung Syrup came along had I been able to cure it. The first dose brought relief—after six weeks the cure was complete!"
—D. G., Manchester.

PROVED in 1 MONTH!
as the Quickest and Surest remedy for
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH,
WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT,
CHILDREN'S COUGH and LUNG TROUBLES

It is a little more than a month since Beechams Lung Syrup was introduced, yet already it is keeping thousands free from dangerous winter ailments. Three of their letters are published above. If you are a sufferer—DON'T DELAY. Don't let your trouble get worse—go to your chemist at once and get your bottle of this amazing remedy. Its five-fold action is all you need to make you well—and keep you well.
HAL ROACH'S 20th Anniversary
—The Shortage of Children's Films—Why Not "Juvenile" Theatres?—Britain Starts 1934

The Biggest Smile Factory
From the little abandoned house in early Los Angeles, where the concerns started, grew the world's greatest laugh factory. It now occupies a two-million-dollar plant in Culver City.

The history of the Roach lot closely parallels the history of Hollywood, which goes back very little farther.

Among those who began their careers on the Comedy King's sound stages are Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not), Joan Harlow, Lupe Velez, Bebe Daniels, Fay Wray, Jackie Cooper, Anna May Wong, Theda Bara, Olive Borden, Sally O'Neill, Harold Lloyd, of course, and dozens of others.

He discovered and made the team of Laurel and Hardy.

Lloyd, the Money-spinner
On his last visit to England I asked him who he considered his greatest discovery. "Well, Lloyd made the most money for me," he told me, "but Laurel and Hardy are still going strong, aren't they?"

Most producers who started in the short subject field were not content to remain there, but branched out into ambitious feature-length films. Nearly all of them have since fallen by the wayside.

Roach, however, has made a considerable fortune out of two- and three-reel films.

The anniversary is being celebrated in Britain by special screenings of Hal Roach shorts all this week.

Stars Meet Disney
Among those who attended the Roach celebration festivities was Walt Disney.

Hardly anybody recognised him until a film journalist spotted him and introduced him to those present.

Disney goes out so seldom into the Hollywood social swim that few of the film celebrities know him.

He confessed that he got a tremendous kick out of meeting Harold Lloyd, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and the Marx Brothers, all of whom he caricatured in Mickey's Gala Premiere.

Children's Films
The success of the special children's programmes put on during the recent holiday season again raises the question of film fare for the youngsters.

Juvenile audiences were better catered for in the silent era, chiefly because the general standard of films in those days was more wholesome if less sophisticated and intelligent.

I should say at a rough estimate that in most weeks ninety per cent. of the pictures now on offer are unsuitable for children.

They cannot live by westerns alone and even the westerns are falling off in quality.

I seriously doubt, too, if such current serials as "Tarzan" and the new Perils of Pauline will prove such thrilling entertainment for the majority of younger filmgoers as did their predecessors for some of us.

The Difficulty
Under the present system, moreover, the prospects of an improvement in the outlook for the kiddies is far from bright.

Producers, who already work under the handicap of trying to appeal to every class of the community at the same time, can hardly be expected to attempt to include children as well. They cannot make pictures solely for children, except on a very small scale, for the simple reason that it would not pay.

And those pictures where they have deliberately aimed at a happy medium between the adult and child mind, such as Alice in Wonderland and Oliver Twist, have not been an unqualified success, though Little Women, of course, may have a fairly wide appeal among children.

Wanted : Juvenile Theatres
Nevertheless, I can see no practical reason why we should wait for graded theatres before tackling the problem of children's programmes.

The sooner a start is made in guiding the influence of the cinema on the coming generation into the right channels, the better.

(Continued on page 6)
I am satisfied after seeing the queues that lined to attend the special holiday showings that most large centres could support at least one small theatre with programmes mainly designed for juvenile consumption but not too naive to make it an ordeal for adult escorts.

Fare chosen from Mickey Mouse, the Silly Symphonies and other cartoons (many of which have shown considerable improvement in quality in the last year), discreetly selected comedies and good westerns would send everybody home happy.

Page Louisa Allcott!

We have heard about the movie mogul who wanted to commission originals from W. Shakespeare, but we now have it on no less authority than that of Mr. C. F. Millikin, the secretary of the famous Hays organisation, that after seeing the first run box-office figures of Little Women at least three producers have been trying to find out the address of Louisa M. Allcott.

He tells the story in the December issue of "Selected Motion Pictures," an organ sponsored by the Hays office.

The secretary of one literary agency approached, he relates, thinking the request was a gag, solemnly replied that he thought Miss Allcott could be reached "care of Jules Verne, somewhere on the River Styx."

Half an hour later the same company called him up again and asked what part of the country the River Styx was in.

**British Film Boom**

British studios are starting off the new year strongly.

In our last issue Alexander Korda and the Gaumont-British company outlined big "line-ups" for the coming months. This week a note from Mr. Herbert Wilcox tells me of the ambitious plans for 1934 of the British and Dominion studios.

The B. and D. pictures have for some time been released in America by United Artists, but now it is reported that as a result of recent negotiations there will be a wide interchange of stars and directors with Hollywood.

Following on the signing up by London Films of such stars as Chevalier and the Fairbankes, and directors like Lubitsch and Claire, the announcement marks another important step towards the internationalisation of film production with Britain taking its proper place among the leaders.

**Picturegoer** has for years been predicting that the trend of British film progress would move in this direction.

One of the first and most interesting of the 1934 pictures under the new arrangements will be Jack Buchanan's Sons o' Guns.

Lill Damita is to be his leading lady and Busby Berkeley is being imported from California to supervise the dance ensembles.

Berkeley is Hollywood's ensemble king. He was responsible for all those spectacular numbers in 42nd Street, Gold Diggers of 1933 and Footlight Parade.

At the time of writing the name of the director has not been announced but it is to be "an ace man from the United Artists or Twentieth Century roster."

**Pleasing News**

The latter news is particularly pleasing. Buchanan has never been seen at his best in home-made pictures.

Reviewing his last talkie, That's a Good Girl, I wrote: "With added experience, Buchanan has improved considerably as a film artiste and with stronger direction than he has been able to give himself he could undoubtedly be one of the biggest single assets of the British film industry."

Now it is possible that that belief will be justified.

Buchanan, it is interesting to hear, will also make a "reciprocal" picture in Hollywood as soon as his theatrical engagements permit.

**A Lucky Film**

Better Sweet has been a lucky picture for its players. Fernand Graevey, the leading man, has accepted an American offer.

The film also proved a transatlantic passport for Pat Paterson and Hugh Williams, who are already at work on the Fox lot in Hollywood, and Monckton Hoffe, who was responsible for the dialogue, has gone to Paramount on a writing contract.

Anna Neagle herself has had at least eight offers from the Hollywood studios.

Anna's new picture, Nell Gwynn, is also to be produced on a "lavish" scale.

An internationally famous star is to be brought over to play the role of Charles II.

**Gaynor-Farrell Reunited**

The best news of the week for many film-goers is the announcement that Prince Charm' ing Charles Farrell is to be restored to Cinderella Janet Gaynor.

Winfield Sheehan, the Fox production chief, states that they are to be co-starred in two productions to be made under his personal supervision.

In the year or so since the firm broke up the efforts to find a new partner for Janet's "world's sweetheart" act have met with little success and it was even whispered that her popularity was beginning to suffer.

Farrell, too, has accomplished little since he left the old homestead and went out into the film world to see-saw, while the studio has had many months to reflect on the memory that the combination was probably the biggest money-making team in Hollywood history.

Now that they are reunited everybody should be happy.

**How Farrell Started**

The story of how Charles Farrell got his start is one of the most curious of many curious stories of how actors who are now famous broke into the films.

Mr. Farrell was working as an "extra" when someone heard him blow a bugle and told Cecil B. De Mille, the famous director.

De Mille was then preparing to start The Ten Commandments and engaged Farrell at $2 per day to ride by his side and blow the bugle when he ordered it. That was the signal to start filming and to "cut out".

The actor worked for thirty days and saved $50, which he invested in a varied wardrobe so that he could demand better roles. The result was almost immediate and Farrell began to get bigger and better parts until at last there came along the rôle which took him to stardom.

**Back to the Land**

Janet goes back to the land again in Carolina, her new picture. It was formerly called The House of Connelly and is already being boomed as another State Fair.

She will be seen as the daughter of a pioneering farmer who introduces tobacco to America.

It is, I am interested to note from a bulletin from the Fox studio, her "seventeenth distinct characterisation" since her success in Seventh Heaven.

"Miss Gaynor's diversification of rôles has covered everything from German housewife in Murnaud's Sunrise to the girl of the French slums in Seventh Heaven," the announcement proceeds.

"She has been an Italian waltz in Street Angel, a trapeze artiste in Four Devils, a Dutch girl in Christina, a New York tenement girl in Sunny Side Up, a jilied girl of the East in The Man Who Came Back and so on down the line."

"She has been a Scotch girl, an English slavey, a princess, small-town farm girl, Irish girl and so on.

"Her variedget parts add up an amazing cosmopolitan total."

It only remains to further compute that if all her characterisations were laid out in a row they would—spell Janet Gaynor.

**And Gable and Harlow Again**

The personalities of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable merge so well on the screen that it is good news that they are to be "teamed" again in China Seas.

The combination proved even more happy in Hold Your Man than in the previous Red Dust.
The Girl on the Cover.

The Career of JOAN BENNETT

The baby of the Bennetts was born in Peshisade, New Jersey, on February 17, 1911. She came to England to "finish" her education and it was in London, when she was 16 years old, that she married her first husband, John Martin Fox, son of a Seattle, Wash., railway contractor. Now she is married to Ronald Colman, the actor, and living in Hollywood. They have a daughter, born to them in 1928.

Returning to the United States in 1928, she was offered a role in the stage version of "Jamaica," in New York by her famous father, Sally Rand. In her examination for the part, appearing throughout the entire first act and for two minutes in the second act.

Soon after, her slender blonde beauty and charming personality had attracted the attention of John W. Considine, jun., who induced her to go to Hollywood and embark on a screen career.

Her first film role was that of "Phyllis" in Ronald Colman’s talkie picture "Bulldog Drummond," and she scored an instant success. Although she has since been somewhat overshadowed by the more spectacular Constance, she has won a solid popularity. She prefers emotional roles. Insists that her little daughter is her only hobby.

Pastimes include swimming and horseback riding. Devotee of flying; makes frequent trips in airplanes. Reads classical literature and plays; likes Shakespeare’s works. Mildly superstitious. Admits she is temperamental.

Height, 5 ft., 3 in., weighs 110 lb.; has blonde hair and green eyes.

An open letter to Joan and Constance Bennett appears on page 8.

The announcement also finally dispels the rumours current a little while ago that Jean and Clark had joined filmland’s feudists.

China Seas has been mentioned as a Gable vehicle almost as long as I can remember and has been re-written several times.

The latest news from the Harlow-K. 11. D. front is that the Platinum Blonde has had her salary boosted from £300 a week to £700, which, when you come to think of it, is quite a nice little "raise."

Fashion Note!

Talking of dancers and the new broad-minded vogue in pictures, the best story of the week comes from the Paramount studios.

A studio executive, a well-known bore, was delaying Sally Rand in her dressing-room with a lot of superfluous conversation when Sally broke in with:—

"Sally, will you please get out of here. I’ve got to dress for my fan dance."

Sally’s famous fan dance, by the way, has now been shot. It was made under the close scrutiny of a horde of studio censors.

Poor Clara!

They never come back! Poor Clara Bow. I came away from the private showing of Hoop-a the other evening feeling as if I had attended the funeral of a great screen star.

The much-scissored Call Her Savage was by no means an epic, but it left the question of It Girl’s ability to rise to the heights open, but unless I am mistaken in my judgment of the new picture Clara will have a lot of extra ground to make up in her next one.

Miss Bow was ill-advised in accepting that old melodrama The Barker as a starring vehicle. It never was a good story even in former screen incarnations. It is more melodrammerish than ever in this sophisticated age.

Rival to Mae West?

Clara reveals most of the old It and, incidentally, most of what once was the most famous body in the world—the producers add a topical note by making her a fan dancer at the Chicago World’s Fair—but even these "added attractions" were not enough to overcome the general banality of the production.

Hoop-a, however, should not be a total loss. It at least made me wonder if it had occurred to her sponsors that in the new and more mature Clara Bow they have, if exploited properly, a logical and ready-made rival to Mae West.

Gordon Harker—in American

It is interesting to hear an acknowledgment from the other side that the scheme for "dubbing" British pictures with American voices is not working out in practice.

The latest film to be thus hybridised is White Face, the Edgar Wallace story which was made here something like two years ago.

Apart from the fact that to us, at any rate, the substitution of a Bowery twang for Gordon Harker’s gloriously rich Cockney is something altogether too painful to contemplate, New York reviewers complain that the general result is unsatisfactory.

It is fairly easy, theoretically, to "dub" English into American, because the lip movements are the same, but the critics are finding that actually the lip movements of the players suggest different intonations than those of the voices heard and the effect is unnatural and unpleasant.

Kinema Couples

This week’s half-crown prize is awarded to Miss B. Hawkwin, 7, Byerley Road, Shildon, Co. Durham, for:—

If I Had a Million
Ten Nights in a Bar-room
Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
James Joslin, 30, Gilbey Road, Tooting, S.W., for:—
The Tenderfoot
Dancing Partner
Mrs. Wotton, 4, Rifle Butt Road, Brightton, for:—
Mald Happy
Her Night Out
Miss R. Chivers, 51, Rosbya Road, Forest Gate, E.7, for:—
Gold Diggers of 1933
Love Among the Millionaires
L. Page, 4, Cochrane Street, N.W.8, for:—
The Blue Angel
Trouble in Paradise

One of the first stills of Marlene Dietrich as she will appear in "Catherine the Great."

PICTUREGOER Weekly

January 13, 1934

Ginger’s Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back

Recent court proceedings revealed that Dorothya Wick’s Hollywood salary is £55 a week—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are to be teamed again in Caddle, an original story about a hack-scarab driver.

Gordon Harker—in American

It is interesting to hear an acknowledgment from the other side that the scheme for "dubbing" British pictures with American voices is not working out in practice.

The latest film to be thus hybridised is White Face, the Edgar Wallace story which was made here something like two years ago.

Apart from the fact that to us, at any rate, the substitution of a Bowery twang for Gordon Harker’s gloriously rich Cockney is something altogether too painful to contemplate, New York reviewers complain that the general result is unsatisfactory.

It is fairly easy, theoretically, to "dub" English into American, because the lip movements are the same, but the critics are finding that actually the lip movements of the players suggest different intonations than those of the voices heard and the effect is unnatural and unpleasant.

Kinema Couples

This week’s half-crown prize is awarded to Miss B. Hawkwin, 7, Byerley Road, Shildon, Co. Durham, for:—

If I Had a Million
Ten Nights in a Bar-room
Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—
James Joslin, 30, Gilbey Road, Tooting, S.W., for:—
The Tenderfoot
Dancing Partner
Mrs. Wotton, 4, Rifle Butt Road, Brightton, for:—
Mald Happy
Her Night Out
Miss R. Chivers, 51, Rosbya Road, Forest Gate, E.7, for:—
Gold Diggers of 1933
Love Among the Millionaires
L. Page, 4, Cochrane Street, N.W.8, for:—
The Blue Angel
Trouble in Paradise

One of the first stills of Marlene Dietrich as she will appear in "Catherine the Great."
An
OPEN
LETTER
To
Constance
and
JOAN
BENNETT

Constance Bennett as she appears in her first picture for Twentieth Century, "Moulin Rouge."

Dear Constance and Joan,

I hope that you will forgive me for making this a joint offering and allowing me to hasten to remove any suspicion that in doing so I am actuated by any ungalant or parsimonious desire to kill two birds with one stone—or rather, hit two stars with one brickbat.

There are several reasons why I prefer to ask your permission to address both of you. For one thing, the possibility of writing to two "relations" in Hollywood who are on sufficiently good terms to share the letter presents an opportunity so nearly unique that I cannot resist it.

Yes, I know those stories that there have been, and are, serious rifts in the family lute and I know, too, that they are not true.

Your firm, though un demonstrative, devotion to each other has survived not only the professional jealousy that has broken up so many theatrical homes, but all the gossips of Hollywood as well.

You, Constance, have always been the star act of the Bennett outfit, but the fact that you have rather overshadowed the others has never made any difference to your relations with them.

I might add as another reason for making this a joint letter that if there is anything more interesting than one Bennett it could only be two Benetts.

However, my main purpose for this communication is the fact that you are both entering on new phases of your screen careers.

Let me take your case first, Constance. I have said that you are entering on a new phase of your screen career. I refer, of course, to your transference of activities to a new studio at the conclusion of the Radio Pictures contract under which you rose to stardom.

Your sensational climb to the topmost heights of the talkies began at the old Pathé lot. You went there as a promising silent screen ingenue who had thrown up her career to marry and had decided to "come back." It is, perhaps, not necessary to recall that the queen of the studio at that time was a film actress named Gloria Swanson.

Miss Swanson was about that time encountering very much the same sort of problem that you are in danger of coming face to face with now.

The trouble is that the more sensational the success the more impermanent it is. The public which can be faithful to the mere mortals tires quickly of the goddesses it makes.

Your change to another studio to-day is a rather less spectacular affair than it would have been a year or so ago.

We see the name of Constance Bennett less frequently in the headlines. There are fewer of those "$6,000-a-week-star" stories; reporters no longer sprint after you so vigorously in order to misquote your views on omelette. The legend that you spend £50,000 a year to clothe the Bennett body in the balmy climate of California has almost died a natural death; Mae West is now being boosted as Hollywood's headline fashion queen.

Perhaps you are glad of it. A lot of it was ridiculous and most of it was not your fault. And I know that while you have a shrewd sense of the value of publicity to a picture player, you have always maintained the right to your own private life even to the extent of acquiring something of a reputation among film journalists for snobbishness and temperaments.

When I say that you are now entering on a new phase of your career I do so in the belief that with your well-deserved reputation for common sense you will appreciate that your change to the Twentieth Century organisation means more than moving your make-up box into a new dressing-room.

For the past twelve months you have been poorly served with material and no star, however great, can survive poor material.

Now, I understand, you are to have greater freedom of choice in the matter of your starring vehicles, and I hope that you will insist on better stories. I think you will get them, not only because your talent is that of a Twentieth Century quality rather than mass-produced quantity but because you are one of the best "insistants" who ever occupied a star dressing-room.

Your genius for handling hard-boiled movie mojuls has passed into legend. The stories of how you met the Warner board of directors and so overwhelmed them that before they knew what had happened they had handed you that $6,000-a-week contract and of how tough studio executives dived down manholes at the first sign of a frown on that million-dollar-blow, have for long made picturesque reading in the film magazines.

At any rate, you carry my hopes (for what they are worth) that your new association will mark the beginning of a new lease of steady stardom and that it will be a long time before you carry out that threat to retire to the South of France.

And now I am coming to the end of my space and I still have a word or two to say to you, Joan. First, I want to congratulate you on your success in Little Women. It augurs well for your return to the screen.

The reason you are entering on a new phase in your career is a rather different one to that in the case of Constance. You are retiring temporarily in order to have a baby.

We shall miss you, but the announcement of your forthcoming "blessed event" is good news.

There are generations of acting talent behind the success of the Bennetts. M. D. P.
Right: For informal evening wear, Clara Bote chooses this smart frock of dull red crépe marocain, with velvet flowers of the same shade at the waist. A velvet turban, gloves and shoes in the same shade completed this chic costume.

Is my face black? Marion Davies in an unusual make-up for her latest starring vehicle, "Hollywood Party."

They're all oblivious. The bustle of a movie set means nothing to Jack La Rue and Ida Lupino, who've been seen together a lot of late. This picture was snapped as La Rue, in an idle moment, found Miss Lupino awaiting her camera call on the set at Paramount.

Here is Mrs. Bing Crosby who delights in flowers and always sees that her famous crooner husband's new home is well stocked.

Left: Out of the frying pan into the banjo. You always can depend on Gracie Allen to do some silly thing, such as baking a potato in a banjo. George Burns evidently thinks it's soup.
Pictures of To-Morrow

by George Arliss

As I walked along Broadway on a clear, bright day in mid-Winter, my heels clicked a lilting tune in keeping with my mood of expectation.

I was going, you see, to keep a rendezvous with Mr. Arliss.

I was to meet, for the first time, my favourite screen actor. At 49th Street I turned into the modernistic skyscraper which houses the offices of United Artists Pictures. No, I would meet was not Gary Cooper nor Clark Gable, nor any of the usual romantic types whose masculine beguilements stir feminine hearts to a similar state of excitement.

But you can see for yourself. The door opens and I am received with a gracious, kindly smile and we settle in comfortable arm chairs. The man opposite is small and grey and the likeness to George Arliss is captured.

His personality vibrations are built on a subtler key—charm, gentleness, and courtesy amounting to an old-world courtliness.

As he spoke, the rich, unburdened voice, the traffic beneath the windows diminished; the fret and turmoil of the workaday world were, for the moment, forgotten. Something of his own quiet calm and that old-worldliness lay behind the replies he gave to the interviewer's numerous queries.

"The trend in pictures? Above everything, I sense a tendency for more restful movies. Audiences have tired of the shrieking of swift movement. They would love to listen. They want longer conversations with the actors, not always having to do something. They want to give them a clearer and fuller understanding of the characters."

"But how would this affect the so-called popular movies?"

"I would make them more popular! For characterisation is really their chief factor. Popular pictures, you see, have their roots in human nature. You find something in a character that is in yourself, or is like somebody you know. This is the idea behind stories which fetch the widest magazine circulation and it is the same with the box-office.

"A picture is not really good unless it is popular. The public is the critic and teacher. If it refuses to accept a picture or a star, it has very sound reasons. From my own viewpoint, it has never been with me a question of art for art's sake, nor even of making money. I make the sort of films I do because I believe it's what the people like. So, after all, I'm very commercial. I believe you're not getting anywhere unless you make a financial success.

"I am convinced that a new value has been given to the films and I cannot too strongly stress that this value is literature. I feel certain that the time is not distant when we shall see the plays of Shakespeare brought to the screen, as well as the other classics."

He prophesies, also, a renaissance of the costume picture, ushered in by the tremendous popularity of Henry VIII. It was this which largely influenced him in the selection of his current film, The Rise of the House of Rothschild.

"Thus I saw that the "commercial artist" keeps in close touch with the happenings of Hollywood, even when vacationing some 6,000 miles away at his summer cottage in England.

"But your own picture, Mr. Arliss? It's predictable, isn't it? It's a character you've long wanted to do and that it's likely to be your favourite role."

"As shrewd as Voltaire in the "business of art" Mr. Arliss cannot be trapped into naming his best loved characterisation. Really, he prefers not to talk "shop." But he was persuaded to sketch briefly the highlights of the film and it was not difficult to see that "Rothschild" is a scenario that utterly charms him.

"The film opens with the head of the house of Rothschild in his money-changing shop in Frankfort-am-Main. Time about 1790. It is a dingy little shop with a door that rings a bell when it is opened. The story concerns itself with the Jewish family of famous bankers, old Mayer and his five sons. They become social leaders, friends of nobility. They are identified with the social and financial life of Frankfort, Paris, Vienna, London and Naples. You see it all in the scope of it."

"I could see the rich pageantry of the times and the presentation of a galaxy of historical figures—Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, King George III and Prince Talleyrand. I spoke of this.

"Yes, there's almost unlimited scope to it," he repeated. "Also magnificent costumes and characters who have their roots in human nature. Everybody is related in some way to the Rothschilds."

"You, of course, will play the part of Nathan, the English merchant?"

"Obviously," he smiled.

And, oh, is Arliss British? From the monacle on its smart black cord to the gold tipped cigarettes prepared for him by a tobacconist in London. He came to America to stay four months and has remained for more than twenty years. He has always intended to go back. But, by an ironical trick of the Fates, he has only once—in all these years—appeared on a British stage and this was when he played in The Green Goddess in the St. James Theatre.

But he's British, not only by birth, but by preference. He allows nothing to interfere with his holiday in England which is passed each summer at his cottage by St. Margaret's Bay on the white chalk cliffs of Kent. Here he lives quietly, simply and away from the clamour of the world. He is happy there in the large rooms among his books and pictures and collection of antiques, clocks, his dogs and "Dinky," the parrot.

Traits of nationality reveal themselves in his speech, his mannerisms, his mode of dress and in the leisurely tempo of his life. This love of his native land colours even his plans for the future.

"Are you likely to go back to the legitimate stage?"

"I may," he said simply. "Though I've been away four years I've never really felt that I've left the stage. If I could only find a suitable play! I haven't read one in the last ten years that appealed to me. There's a streak of vulgarity running through most of them, good or bad. Please don't misunderstand me," the thin, narrow hands were clasped in an earnest gesture, the sympathetic tolerance of grey eyes deepened. "I'm not early Victorian in my point of view. Really I'm not, but you know—"

I did know. And I suggested that perhaps it was significant that the outstanding hits on Broadway had none of the flagrant sex episodes which offended his artistic sense of values. Yes, he saw in it a definite indication of the passing of the bedroom drama.

But his own plan for returning to the theatre

"I'm thinking of organising my own repertory company. We'll give revivals of the plays that have been successful. I think the idea of the revivals is partly due to cowardice on my part. I shouldn't care, you see, to be a flop!"

"And will you take your repertory company to London?"

"Oh, yes! And to the provinces as well. I only meant to take an excursion into pictures. Then, when talkies came along I felt they were more to my liking. A new and interesting medium more allied to my job."

He dislikes nothing quite so much as being termed a "screen star." First and always he is of the theatre. Though he admits that there are many aspects of film making that are very much
WHO, in a frank talk with Gladys Baker, the famous interviewer, states that he senses a trend towards "more restful movies." Audiences, he says, are tiring of swift action. Among other things he discusses are screen stars' salaries and his own future plans.

to his liking. Even in Hollywood he manages to carry on his own life in the way of his established customs. He is one of the few great stars who has remained aloof from the pleasure-mad whirl of the kinema colony.

"As a matter of fact, there are many things I like about the film city. There's nothing more delightful than to be on 'location' in the country on a charming sunny day. In being able to settle in a home with lovely surroundings and have my friends around me."

Do you think that more and more of our stage celebrities will be won to the talkies?"

"It is inevitable. I consider it not only reasonable, but almost a duty for any actor of reputation to give a certain amount of his time to making pictures—whether he likes it or not."

I quoted a certain actor who told me that Hollywood wanted "new faces" and would hire young girls without acting experience. "It's good for the movies," he said, "but bad for the girl. A girl of whom a beautiful face but who cannot act may easily spoil what might become a good career."

And the essentials for a good career in the movies?"

"Sincerity and restraint."

Because the papers were full of it, I asked Mr. Arliss his opinion of the controversy in Hollywood which threatened to fix the salaries of the stars.

"The salaries of movie stars can never be kept down except to a minimum. These salaries are not as fabulously large as is generally believed, for the actors are paid off while at work on a film. Most of them make only two, or at the most three, pictures a year and their income has to be reckoned on. In my opinion, the stars are really underpaid and their salaries have got to be made higher. Also, film stars should be the highest paid of all radio entertainers. For the simple reason that they are better known by the greatest number of people. By engaging a movie celebrity for a programme the advertiser insures himself millions of listeners for the merits of his product. For such a service it is only just that the remuneration of the entertainer should be adequate."

Mr. Arliss returned with her husband from England and would accompany him to the coast not only to appear in the role of "Hannah" in the Rothschild picture, but because the Arlisses are seldom separated.

They've been married now for thirty years and theirs is one of the ideal romances of the Theatre. They met when acting in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company in London. Arliss was first attracted to pretty Florence Montgomery because she had "nice arms. He proposed when they were caught in a sudden rainstorm. With adorable gallantry he gives her wife credit for his success on the stage and screen.

According to this devoted husband it is Mrs. Arliss who makes all the vital decisions. Frequently she appears with her husband on the screen and will be remembered in Dasault and The King's Vacation. It is safe to say that if the script calls for a player of Mrs. Arliss' type she gets the role.

Knowing Mr. Arliss' true British reticence in discussing his personal life I sought not to peer too closely into his happy marital relationship.

But there was one subject of a quite personal nature which proved irresistible. I'd been wanting for years to ask him about it. Arliss is a vegetarian. Numerous and fantastic rumours have been put forth as the reason for his abstinance from meat—he is a Buddhist, a Theosophist, a believer in the transmigration of souls. Tentatively I told him of these reports.

He laughed. No, none of these reasons would do. "I'm sorry. It would make a much better story for you. But I abstain from flesh food simply because I do not believe in cruelty."

And it has nothing whatever to do with religion?"

"I think not. Though it seems to me that one of the tenets of all religions might conceivably be the avoidance of cruelty—to ourselves, to our fellow humans and to other living creatures."

Because he had responded with such good grace to the other personal query, I grew bolder. I told him that, in my estimation, he was the most romantic actor on the screen.

The bubbling whimsicality which seems always just ready to break forth crinkled the corners of his eyes; his smiling mouth prepared me for a facetious reply. "Are you making a matinee hero out of me? No, I wish I could believe that, but I can't. Even my most ardent admirers have to admit that I'm not much to look at. That doesn't matter so much on the stage, but it has always been considered a drawback on the screen. Then, too, the kind of parts I play offer no effective scope for the art of occlusion. My screen kisses nearly always have to be paternal or avuncular—never lasting more than the fraction of a second."

On and on this merry note we parted.

As I walked back along Broadway my heels clicked quite as lightly. For I had kept my rendezvous with Romance—and was not disappointed.
JEANETTE MACDONALD

The "Queen of the Musicals" is again in the news as a result of a reported screen breach with Maurice Chevalier. "Maurice," she is quoted as saying recently, "should give me credit for at least some of the success of his biggest talkie hits." In the meanwhile, however, it still appears likely that she will star in "The Merry Widow."
THE brilliant star who returns in Dancing Lady to the type of picture in which she first sprang to fame discusses Hollywood and her career frankly in this interview with a "Picturegoer" New York representative.

Looking as radiant as ever, Joan Crawford arrived for a brief vacation in New York and hurried to her hotel suite afraid that by the time she got there she might find a telegram calling her back to Hollywood.

Her trip to New York, the vivacious young star admitted, was made with the understanding that she would hurry back as soon as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials decided to start work on The Portrait of Sadie McKee.

This is the much-discussed magazine serial by Vina Delmar which has been selected as Miss Crawford's next film. Clarence Brown, who did Portaged, is the direct, and great things may be expected from the re-union of the two.

Franchoi Tone, who with Clark Gable figures prominently in Miss Crawford's newly completed Dancing Lady, accompanied the actress to New York. When the two were besieged by reporters asking for a statement on a possible impending marriage, Miss Crawford reminded them that she would be unable to make or consider any decision of this sort until her final divorce decree in April.

Joan Crawford makes it a principle to take an annual journey as far away from California as possible. Last year she went to Europe. This time she can't get as much time away from work. She feels that a complete change of environment is the most stimulating influence for any screen player.

"Out in Hollywood we get into such a routine that if it isn't broken it may affect our work," she said. "We get up 6:30 every day to get on the set by eight, lunch and dine at the same appointed hours, and do everything on schedule. It's fascinating work but it does require a complete change to keep your perspective. I like New York for that reason. It's absolutely different."

"I do all my visiting here. Out in Hollywood I hardly ever get around to see people, outside of the ones I meet every day at the studio. Then it's great fun seeing the new shows and visiting some of the clubs or restaurants I used to know before I started pictures.

"I'd love to do something on the stage. I think it's the best thing in the world for a film actor or actress to do a stage piece occasionally. I think you can go back to Hollywood with redoubled interest and incentive. Almost everybody has a secret desire to do something on the stage, but most picture people are kept so busy with their work in Hollywood they can't do anything about it."

Questioned about the value of a stage apprenticeship for anybody seeking a screen career, Miss Crawford said she thought it the best possible way to get started.

"There's so much competition in Hollywood now," she said, "that you have to take advantage of every opportunity. Movie officials are looking for people who have already done something to show their ability. It's hard enough to get a chance at best, but doing something on the stage first gives you a better chance. This is more important than a few years ago because of the importance of fiction and the speaking voice. Besides, there are more people than ever before trying to get into pictures. It's harder to start but the rewards are higher than ever."

"Dancing is a good thing for anyone trying to get started. Even if you do not intend to dance on the stage or in pictures, it gives you poise, and helps keep you in good physical condition. It trains a person to walk gracefully, and eliminates all awkwardness."

"There is some dancing in my new picture, Dancing Lady. I like to do an occasional picture with a musical background, if the background fits into the picture naturally, and I think Dancing Lady is the best thing in this vein I've ever tried. We had a lot of trouble with it, partly because of Clark's illness, but we had a tremendous lot of fun too, and I feel very happy about the results."

Questioned about her outlook on the future, Miss Crawford mentioned two potential story properties, Sacred and Profane Love and The Stamboul Quest. Neither is definite at the moment and in any case Sadie McKee will come first. These are all strongly dramatic stories.

I hope I haven't reached the peak of my career yet," said the actress, "I feel that I've just gotten to the point where I can do my best work. I've done some things I liked but now I want to concentrate on stories that have very definite appeal to me. I want to put myself, completely and without reserve, into every part. I don't mean that I should restrict myself entirely to dramatic roles, because I think that's bad for anyone. A lighter film every three or four productions helps you keep a proper sense of balance, just like taking a trip once a year away from Hollywood."

All the way to New York the picture star had a very special job to take care of. It wasn't a new novel that she'd been waiting to read, or some writing in her diary (though she does keep a diary). It seems that her sister-in-law is soon to become a mother, and Aunt Joan-to-be busied herself making several baby garments, which she air mailed to California as a present for the new arrival. Lucky baby.

Next Week -

Harley Knoles, the famous director, who made the original silent version of Little Women, takes you back to those glamorous days and traces the careers of several famous artists connected with that production in a revealing and most interesting article.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Filming the Frozen North

PETER FREUCHEN, the Danish explorer and author of the book "Eskimo," from which W. S. Van Dyke filmed this Polar epic, tells you of the difficulties which beset the expedition in Alaska and how they were overcome.

SIX feet six, the wooden left leg thumping firmly along, the heavy brown beard and brown hair framed by an old sea-captain's hat tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, Peter Freuchen breezed into New York with the freshness and openness of the Arctic regions where so much of his life has been spent. In his hotel suite the Danish author talked of Eskimo, the R.C.M. picture which has been adapted from his book of the same name.

"My own book," he began in a voice strangely gentle for so large and hearty a man, "treats of the Greenland Eskimos, whom I know and with whom I have lived; whereas this picture is a story of the Alaskan Eskimos.

"What is most amazing is that their customs are almost exactly alike. You see, there are only about 32,000 Eskimos altogether in the world.

"Most of them originally came from the North of the United States; and when they drifted northwards and separated in Alaska, Greenland and Siberia, they were speaking the same language and living with the same folk lore.

"For a thousand years now explorers and surveyors like myself have been able to go from one Eskimo community to another, separated by days and weeks of travel, and find only the slightest variations in speech or habits.

"In the beginning we thought of going to Greenland, since that, after all, was the place I knew best—but Greenland has four solid months of darkness during which it is not only dangerous to move about but almost impossible to do any photography.

"Furthermore, the rays of the sun are so penetrating that all our film would have been ruined in a short time.

"Though I'd known that the life in Alaska was pretty much the same as in Greenland, it was still surprising to find so many similarities. About the only serious difference was the extent to which the Eskimos in the North are civilized. This is, of course, the influence of the white man and, in particular, the missionaries.

"In certain cases we were shocked to find that the Eskimos had lost the habit of their own customs, so much had they assumed white characteristics.

"But it wasn't long before they became intensely interested in re-enacting the details of the life they had lived before the white man came and attempted to re-live them—and I should not be surprised if some of them have since abandoned the white communities and gone back to their own lives.

"Habituating oneself to the rigours and peculiarities of such a climate as Alaska's is a difficult enough task for transient visitors. But establishing semi-permanent and livable headquarters where all manner of special equipment can be stored is a far greater problem and one which presented formidable complications for the expedition when it arrived for nine months of intensive work at Teller Island, off the tip of Alaska.

"The result of these nine months of labour, and of eight further months of editing and retaking in the studios, is the ambitious film drama, Eskimo.

"When W. S. Van Dyke, the director, disembarked with myself and his company from the whaling schooner, Nanuk, it was late in June of last year—and Alaska, contrary to a general impression of all-year-round frost, has a season which they choose to designate as summer.

"Up around Teller Island this means a temperature ranging from 20 degrees to 50 degrees, and the habitations are not the famous igloos (which function only in the extreme winter) but tents of sealskin, later dismantled and preserved.

"Although we were eager to live in the same manner as the natives, partly to ensure friendliness and partly to be as comfortable as they seemed, the plan was not found to be feasible because we should have had to construct the tents on too large a scale.

"Too many sealskins would have been needed and, before the tents could have become really livable, we should have had to move out of them into our winter headquarters.

"Accordingly, we set up only a dozen tents of the more easily obtainable caribou skin, merely for sleeping; where we actually lived was in a series of wooden shacks and in a large old ware-
Above: The production unit on exterior location filming Eskimos in their native village in Alaska. Left: A giant polar bear, trapped by the expedition, is hauled aboard the "Nanuk.

House built of logs which had served as a trading centre many years before. "The real storehouse remained the Nanuk, where all the food and apparatus was put in specially made ice-boxes and deep holes. These were held in safe position by the surrounding ice floes. "When winter rolled by—and this was not long, since we arrived toward the end of June and the northern winter begins as early as mid-September—it was necessary to shift headquarters.

"Here, again, it was impossible to live as the Eskimos, since the winter igloos are made of stone, chinked and covered with moss and banked with snow, and built halfway underground.

The entrance is a long passage high enough to admit a man crawling on his hands and knees. The construction of these is a lengthy undertaking which scarcely seemed worth while in view of the fact that we were not scheduled to stay for more than four additional months or so.

"Bag and baggage, we moved over to the Nanuk and stayed there until February. "Living on the ship was hardly a paradise, since violent winds would periodically throw the vessel far out of its course and make the return a long and wearying struggle.

"Almost as frequently we would be completely frozen in and unable to move until the sun shone with sufficient intensity to break the ice.

"But there was a heating apparatus on the boat and a radio, and this made things a little more tolerable than they might have been in the heatless igloos.

"The only really native construction we were obliged to do came when we set about photographing the interiors of ice huts.

"With ice-saws, chisels and picks we bisected the tops of the spherical dwellings, then placed cameras opposite the opening, turned the lights into them and hung up the microphones.

"In addition to buying each such hut with bacon and other goods, the studio mechanics had to help the evicted owner build another.

"The manufacture of ice houses is not a very lengthy process. The form is hollowly circular and the material is nothing but snow.

"A roaring fire is built inside until the snow begins to melt and drip. The fire is stamped out, the door left open, and the midnight frost transforms the structure into solid ice.

These dwellings are not permanent; they are made only by travellers or itinerant hunters and serve simply as resting places when the weather makes movement impossible.

"They are so easy to make that often this task is entrusted solely to the woman or women of the tribe.

"If the members of the film expedition did not live as the Eskimos, they at least dressed like them, with underskins of fur and enormously cumbersome over-garments—but this failed to keep them as warm as they chose to feel, so that they kept running inside to the heating apparatus every ten minutes or so.

"For a picture taken so spasmodically and with so many atmospheric obstacles, Eskimo is at the very least an achievement in sheer continuity.

"The only actual troubles in filming the picture, were atmospheric; sudden sunlight would melt the ice houses; extreme winds would blow the vessel miles out of its course; intense cold

would freeze us in and make all travel impossible.

"Controlling our own men and controlling the Eskimos was about the most complicated concern we had. But Col. Van Dyke, our wonderfully careful director, attended to both of these points with his usual shrewdness.

"For those periods when work couldn't be done he created over a dozen engrossing activities for our forty-two people, ranging from cribbage to ice polo.

"And when the Eskimos became a little recalcitrant—such as the time when they decided out of a clear sky that they were going to strike for higher wages than $5 a day—Van Dyke knew how to show them either that they were quite dispensable or that they had a great deal to gain by staying; bacon, oranges, corn cakes and other foods they had grown to like.

"The result was that, by the time all our filming had been done, we were living in perfect harmony together and had to tear ourselves away.

I feel that it has all been well worth while and hope that when you see the picture you will agree with me.

"Mr. W. S. Van Dyke has certainly lived up to the reputation he has made with such features as White Shadows in the South Seas, and Trader Horn.

"He has brought vividly to the screen the life of these little-known people and invested the theme with a wealth of strong drama and romance."
FRANCHOT TONE

The New York stage actor who in the space of a few months has become one of the most popular leading men on the screen.

Franchot, whose name has been linked by the gossips in romance rumours with that of Joan Crawford, plays opposite her in her latest picture, "Dancing Lady."
EVELYN VENABLE’S father, Professor Emerson Venable, is a parent who lived after his daughter most conscientiously. He is responsible for a clause in Evelyn’s contract with Paramount, which provides that the 18-year-old actress must not be kissed by any of the male members of any pictures in which she appears.

The Professor chanced to be on the set when Fredric March, as called for in the story, placed his lips on Evelyn. A long argument ensued before Professor Venable permitted the scene to be taken in this manner.

Incidentally, Professor Venable is about the only father of a Hollywood movie actress who has anything to say about his child’s career. Mothers are usually the autocrats of the studios, as far as their offspring are concerned.

He Lost His Temper

Joel McCrea, who is now the husband of the charming Frances Dee, recently learned that he would have to work far into the night, taking make-up tests for a forthcoming role.

He decided to ‘phone Mrs. McCrea, and tell her that he would not be home until very late, but he could not remember the ‘phone number of his new home.

Unfortunately the ‘phone was unlisted, and the telephone operator very properly refused to give him the number, telling him, when he said he was Joel McCrea, that it was “an old gag”!

Joel irritably leaped into his car and dashed for home. On the way he was stopped by three police officers, vigorously reprimanded for various traffic offenses, and given three “tickets” calling for fines when he faces the judge. However, he finally reached home.

The actor now has his ‘phone number written on ten different slips of paper—one in every pocket.

All for Love

Dick Powell, one of the most promising juveniles in moviedom, is engaged in quite an argument with the Warner studio.

The officials desire to incorporate in the young actor’s contract a provision that he will not wed before the end of 1934, as they believe that a wedding in the near future might cause him to lose the favor of feminine fans before he has won stardom. He confidently believe he will achieve in the near future.

Dick has refused to permit the clause to be inserted. While he has no present intention of marrying, he does not care to commit himself for the future.

Amateur Extras

The depression has been exceedingly hard on the men and women employed as “atmosphere talent,” so it was scarcely surprising that these “extras” felt like anarchists when 250 “debs” and “stags” of Los Angeles society were employed in a very pretentious production.

The society people arrived at the studio in luxurious cars and created quite an impression, in more ways than one. Miss Deans, Dick Powell and stars were greatly flattered at the opportunity of mingling with the social elite. The displaced extras, many in dire need, were in a deeply resentful mood.

The society “extras” had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The regular “extras,” whose places

Punishing “ Spanky!”

Baby Le Roy, child star of Miss Fame’s Baby Is Stolen, was recently incapacitated by an attack of whooping cough, thereby holding up production and greatly embarrassing the Paramount studio.

The Board of Education, under whose jurisdiction all children are placed, decided that the fault lay with “Spanky” McFarland, juvenile star of “Our Gang” comedies, who worked in a sequence of the picture.

The Board believes that “Spanky” had whooping cough when he appeared for work at the studio, and has suspended his acting permit for 90 days, thereby punishing the child’s parents for negligence.

Roach studio officials are also unhappy, as the “Our Gang” comedies are delayed in consequence of the boy’s suspension.

“All for Love”

Dick Powell, one of the most promising juveniles in moviedom, is engaged in quite an argument with the Warner studio.

The officials desire to incorporate in the young actor’s contract a provision that he will not wed before the end of 1934, as they believe that a wedding in the near future might cause him to lose the favor of feminine fans before he has won stardom. He confidently believe he will achieve in the near future.

Dick has refused to permit the clause to be inserted. While he has no present intention of marrying, he does not care to commit himself for the future.

Amateur Extras

The depression has been exceedingly hard on the men and women employed as “atmosphere talent,” so it was scarcely surprising that these “extras” felt like anarchists when 250 “debs” and “stags” of Los Angeles society were employed in a very pretentious production.

The society people arrived at the studio in luxurious cars and created quite an impression, in more ways than one. Miss Deans, Dick Powell and stars were greatly flattered at the opportunity of mingling with the social elite. The displaced extras, many in dire need, were in a deeply resentful mood.

The society “extras” had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The regular “extras,” whose places

Punishing “ Spanky!”

Baby Le Roy, child star of Miss Fame’s Baby Is Stolen, was recently incapacitated by an attack of whooping cough, thereby holding up production and greatly embarrassing the Paramount studio.

The Board of Education, under whose jurisdiction all children are placed, decided that the fault lay with “Spanky” McFarland, juvenile star of “Our Gang” comedies, who worked in a sequence of the picture.

The Board believes that “Spanky” had whooping cough when he appeared for work at the studio, and has suspended his acting permit for 90 days, thereby punishing the child’s parents for negligence.

Roach studio officials are also unhappy, as the “Our Gang” comedies are delayed in consequence of the boy’s suspension.

“Big Chief” Novarro

Meet Chief Dine-Id-Loi!

Such will be the proper introduction for Ramon Novarro when he returns to Hollywood from the filming of Laughing Boy, the famous Indian classic, during which he was utilized as a fully fledged Navajo chief.

The ceremony was performed before 700 Navajos, dressed in all their tribal finery.

Chief Tuchene-Bege made the presentation for his tribe, assembled in a vast camp on the reservation near Cameron, Arizona, where they were performing Navajo dances and taking part in horse races for Novarro’s forthcoming film.

A Deep Mystery

A rumour around Hollywood is that George Raft and Gene Raymond indulged in fistic combat at the Brown Derby, and that, despite George’s prowess as a professional boxer, Gene emerged the victor. The row was reported to have centred around a well-known film actress.

Both actors deny that they participated in a fracas at the Brown Derby or anywhere else.

Poor Garbo

Greta Garbo is searching for a new home in a novel location which will not be readily discovered by her many admirers.

Some weeks ago a gentleman with a warped mentality appeared at the Swedish star’s home and endeavoured to secure an audience. Police were summoned and the intruder was taken into custody.

The newspapers, in their accounts of the affair, mentioned the star’s address, and then the fun began.

Countless people called at the home, myriads of letters were received in the mail, and the star was nearly frantic.

A suggestion for Garbo is to buy a submarine, or charter the dirigible which cruises over Los Angeles!

Cupid Wins

Fifi Dorsay, who has eluded matrimony for several years, although one of the most popular ladies of the film colony, has finally capitulated. She was recently married to Maurice Hill, of Chicago.

Unlike most of our celebrities who flee to Arizona or Mexico to have the knot tied, Fifi and Hill were wed in the rectory of St. Victor’s Church in Hollywood.

The bridegroom, a medical student, won a magazine contest as the handsomest man in the Middle West. He seems destined for a film career and, with the energetic Fifi to aid him, he is likely to attain his goal.

Thief Wears Wings

This comes under the head of almost unbelievable happenings.

While Jane Barnes, Fox actress, was strolling on the beach at Santa Monica, a huge seagull swooped down, boldly snatched her purse from her hand, flew out to sea and disappeared.

The purse, according to Miss Barnes, contained little of value other than her driver’s licence.
Jo (Katharine Hepburn), seeing that Aunt March (Edna May Oliver) has fallen asleep while she reads to her, seizes the opportunity to slip out on one of her girlish pranks.

At the gate of the March home. This is an exact replica of the Louisa Alcott home where the original story was written and which she describes so minutely in her book.
A characteristic study of Katharine Hepburn in the greatest role she has yet been given on the screen.

Amy is punished by her tutor (Glen Howland) in the good old-fashioned "dance in the corner" manner.

Jo comforts the "baby" of the family, Beth (Jean Parker) with the help of her sisters, Meg and Amy (Joan Bennett).
GANGSTERS INVADE SHEPHERDS BUSH

WHAT a curious lot of people we are!
For ages now we have pleaded, prayed, stormed, raved, and wept over how James Cagney and his brown-haired henchmen have taken themselves into a hundred and one righteously indignant attitudes at the mere mention of an American gangster picture.

Then along come Gaumont British and into their new musical Aunt Sally that they introduce a gangster plot, and they actually make them American gangsters imported from U.S.A. How the Americans must smile!

Why do we do it? Isn’t it possible to produce a musical talkie with an all-British plot and story? Isn’t it possible to be just a little ingenious?

It is such a great pity because there is much to praise in the actual production, but the story now becomes a little trimming for Cicely Courtneidge’s single act.

Mike Kelly, the night club King in New York, decides to operate in London. Rehearsals are in full swing for a spectacular cabaret. Enter Sally, who tries to look like Kelly. But she is a star. She is unceremoniously bundled outside and takes a job as a maid in Kelly’s house.

She discovers that he needs a Continental star. Disguising herself (not too much) as Mademoiselle Zaza, she gets a job and captivates Kelly. The gangsters who cannot muscle in on Kelly’s business leave the district, but that doesn’t worry us too much because we know perfectly well she will outwit them and will make her appearance right on the dot. And does she? We should say she does.

But the gangsters are not through yet. They knock out Zaza’s Apache dance partner, and substitute one of the gang with instructions to shoot Kelly. The dance soon develops into an all-in wrestling bout for the gun. The audience believes it is the dance, but when Zaza (or Sally, if you like) is triumphant, Kelly tells his audience what has actually happened. Cheers all round.

Three authors, Guy Bolton, Austin Melford, and A. R. Rawlinson, all with reputations, were responsible for the concoction. It’s difficult to believe.

The production and performances are fortunately superior to the story. Cicely Courtneidge will delight her many fans, but I would suggest that in her next picture some of her mannerisms be dropped. And the producers should know by now that some real acting from Cicely, and she can give it to us, would be most effective no matter how comic her role.

Sam Hardy is extremely competent as Kelly, and Hartley Power as Ben Weldon are two conventional gangsters. Enrico Naldi is good as the Apache dancer, and a word of praise is due to the chorus.

I must add, in fairness, that on the occasion I saw the film it was received with much laughter and much applause.—M. B. Y.

Jimmy and Sally
Bright, cheerful little picture, which opens in brisk comedy style, but later develops into slow, conventional romance.

However, as a whole it is quite entertaining and contains two catchy song numbers, “It’s the Irish in Me” and “You’re My Thrill,” the one put over by James Cagney and the other by Lya Lys—both effectively.

The former shows to very good advantage as a happy-go-lucky Irish public agent who is employed by the Marlowe Meat Packing Corporation.

He engineers a stunt which introduces a circus in a shop window and proceeds to add to its effect by releasing a mouse which causes an elephant to rampok.

He gets plenty of publicity, but not of the right sort: the damages against his firm amount to a sum which the employer is forced to fire him.

But Marlowe’s mistress, Pola Wenski, thinks differently, and he is engaged to act as her press agent, much to the disgust of his sweetheart, Sally, who acts as his secretary and believes that the press work is not all on paper.

Jed Prouty’s idea of a stunt for the actress is to publish the fact that Pola is secretly in love with a handsome gangster. This brings all the racketeers in town to her show and ends in a riot, in which both James and his employer are severely handled.

This time James is hired for good, and, having quarrelled with Sally, he starts to take life more seriously, eventually finding a job as a meat packer in another firm.

Late he decides to return to Sally, only to find her engaged to his rival. However, he uses cave-man methods on her instigation, and wins her and a job for himself.

It is this later part that is so banal, but the brisk action of what goes before it negatives its dullness to a large extent.

If Jed Prouty’s idea as James’s sweetheart, but she is inclined to appear a little hard in appearance and character.

And it’s a good character study as James’s employer.

The comedy situations are well handled. The cliche, much to the disgust of his sweetheart, other publicity stunt, when all the gangsters arrive at the café where Pola is appearing, each thinking that he is the handsome gangster who is secretly loved.—L. C.

The House on 56th Street
The apparent determination of the movie moguls to confirm the services of Miss Francis to themes of manufactured romanticism is a matter of growing concern to this Kay-conscious department.

The latest in the series introduces her as a “Follies” girl of 1905 who marries a wealthy young man about town, severing her relationship with a gentleman named Fiske, who is apparently her “protector,” in order to do so. After a species of Continental Cook’s tour honeymoon, introduced mainly, one imagines, in order to include a Parisian chorus of twenty-six and a half a la Cognac, the couple take up residence in a mansion on 56th Street, in which her baby girl is born.

Fiske again comes into her life. When she tells him that she will not see him again he takes a revolver, from a drawer and threatens to commit suicide. In the subsequent struggle for the weapon the gun goes off and she is accused of manslaughter and sentenced to twenty years’ imprisonment.

Her husband is killed in the war and on her release she joins forces with Ricardo Cortez in a profitable little card-sharping partnership. Believe it or not, but the house chosen for their operations is none other than her old home on 56th Street, now turned into a gambling hell, and the gambling room her own bedroom.

After that it was not difficult to digest the succeeding sequences in which her daughter, now grown up, in the belief that her mother is dead, loses £5,000 at the tables and, taking another revolver from another drawer, bumps off Cortez when he threatens to collect the debt from her husband.

Personally, I should be inclined to have called it murder, or at least manslaughter, but the producers (and the censors) were satisfied to put it down as good clean girlish fun, and the racketeer owner of the house obligingly disposes of the corpse and allows the temperamental young gambler to depart on a trip to Europe on the condition, one gathers, that her mother becomes his mistress.

The film is designed to demonstrate the stoic nobility of femininity in times of stress, but, although charming in the somewhat overstrained romantic scenes in the early part of the picture, Kay Francis failed to give the complete impression of a woman doomed to tragedy.

In view of the heights to which the star rose in the portrayal of tragic beauty in One Way Passage, the latter fault must be charged to the general theatricality of the character.

And despite the wealth of incident and the suspense support of some good gambling scenes, the story with its transparent basic superficialities fails to grip.

Gene Raymond gives a sympathetic portrayal of the husband and Margaret Lindsay, as the daughter, shines in her big emotional scene, but the rest of the cast is given few opportunities.—M. D. P.

Turkey Time
The Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn fans will give three cheers for their favourites in this picture.

Although there is a Christmas setting to the picture, the topicality will not interfere with the enjoyment of any Walls-Lynn audience.

The Stoots are having a small party to celebrate Christmas. Ernestine Stooit, wife of hen-pecked Edwin, is the boss. Louise, a sister of Ernestine, Max (Tom Walls), her fiancé from the wild and woolly West, and David (Ralph Lynn) complete the group.

Max, who settles arguments by k.o.s to the point of the chin, rescues Rose, a concert party artiste, from the unwelcome attentions of a scoundrel (played, of course, by D. A. Clarke-Smith; how many homes has he broken up and how many innocent girls has he lured to their downfall!)?

David falls in love with Rose, and complications begin. Max helps David and arouses Louise’s suspicions. Edwin is dragged in and receives the
full weight of Ernestine’s anger and her strong arm. And so on.

There’s no point in relating the story in detail. Either you will roar with laughter or you will say “We are not amused.” It’s just a personal matter.

The whole company throw themselves into the romp with plenty of energy. Robertson Harr is excellent as the down-trodden husband, and Norma Varden is splendid as the dragon wife. Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are their usual selves, and Mary Brough, Dorothy Hyson, and Veronica Rose (looking uncannily like Renate Muller) are well in the picture.

I have often criticised Tom Walls for directing the films in which he himself plays, so it is only fair to add that this particular picture does not in any way appear to suffer from being handled by one of the principal actors.—M. B. Y.

Sitting Pretty

Another addition to the musical cycle which contains several catchy tunes well sung and ingeniously presented. The other reason for seeing this picture is Jack Oakie.

I’ve never seen him put up a poor performance and here he carries most of the weight of the entertainment on his very capable shoulders.

The main reason for this is that the plot is a thoroughly conventional and also a very slight one.

It concerns a self-opinionated song writer, who goes to Hollywood and eventually wins through to success after having been vampied by a leading lady and got so swollen-headed that he was fired from his first assignment.

About the only claim to originality in the story is that Jack Oakie as the hero does not marry Ginger Rogers as the heroine, but loses her to the tried and trusted friend who writes his lyrics and sticks to him through thick and thin.

But even if the plot is transparently simple, there are a lot of amusing situations, capably handled by Harry Joe Brown and the catchy song tunes fill up those gaps where you might have been bored.

The way the song writer crashes the studio and interviews a movie mogul is very funny and has a touch of satire, while the sequence showing the adventurous pair hitch-hiking—that is caddish

James Dunn and Claire Trevor, who replaced Sally Eilers for the duet end of the title role in “Jimmy and Sally.”

liftoff—to Hollywood is also in a soundly humorous vein.

On the way they get a lift and a cheque from a man who says he is a certain famous producer—unfortunately, his car is driven to the Californian Asylum and the cheque comes back!

Jack Oakie’s foil is Jack Haley, who is quite good and puts over the vocal numbers effectively.

Ginger Rogers looks attractive but has little to do; incidentally, her singing voice is not so charming as her face and figure.

A good little character study of a theatrical agent is given by Gregory Ratoff and Thelma Todd makes a hit as the glamorous but ineffectual and temperamental leading lady for whom the bumptious song writer falls heavily.

There is a very well photographed spectacular fan dance to the picture which is set to the tune of “Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking,” and altogether you will find the show quite pleasantly entertaining.—L. C.

Hoop-la

Clara Bow appears as a side-show dancer in her latest picture, “Hoop-la,” adapted from the play “The Barker,” which was made as a part-talkie in the early days of sound.

and it was not too satisfactory in that form either. At any rate, the dialogue here strikes a theatrical and often a pathetic note, which robs the theme of sincerity in its depiction of paternal love.

It is the tale of a fairground “barker” who wants to bring up his son to be a lawyer, and is terribly distressed when the boy, during his college vacation, pays the show an unexpected visit and begs to be taken on to learn a little about life.

His father is persuaded to accede to his request, in spite of the fact that he is anxious to keep his relations to Chris, one of the show girls, from him.

Chris is relegated to the background and, fiercely jealous, she gets Lou, a tough side-show dancer, to vamp the boy for a consideration.

Lou does her work so effectively that she falls in love with him, confesses her original degrading idea, and agrees to marry him. When the father learns this he is furious and turns them out.

From that moment the “barker’s” luck turns, and a year later, almost down and out, he arrives at the Chicago World Fair and is offered a job to “bark” for a show there.

He discovers it is Lou for whom he is supposed to work, and he promptly turns it down even though he learns that she is working so that his son, her husband, may continue his studies and become a lawyer.

However, as he is turning away and hears the pathetic attempts of a substitute to intrigue the people in Lou’s act, he repents his action and climbs on the platform—full of his old vitality— to “bark” for her. He realises that she is carrying on the work he started successfully.

Clara Bow in the opening stages has a touch of Mae West which proves intriguing, but later she does not seem too happy in her part.

Richard Cromwell is too simple and innocent as the boy, but he acts the part feelingly enough.

It was a pity, I think, to have made up a young man to play the middle-aged role of the father. Preston Foster never seems to convince to any extent, although he, too, puts some sound emotion into some of the most dramatic scenes.

He is a humorous interlude in the capable hands of Herbert Mundin, but he is not called on to exercise his powers to any extent.

Generally the production is slow-moving and very obvious in Herbert Mundin, but he is not called on to exercise his powers to any extent.

January 13, 1934
Strangers Return

January 15, 1934

from my husband. What a scandal! Thank you for telling me. It was nice of you, but...

After that, what could one do but go to Guy and solicit him as partner?

"I asked you to dance. I had to," she confessed, and was thrilled to have him answer as though he meant it. "I can stand any amount of that, Louise."

Before Sunday dinner next day, at which Louise and grandfather at Storr Haven were to be guests of the Cranes, there was church.

Simon, the colour of macaroni, after the evening's prayers, brought round the Buck.

Grandfather, who hadn't missed a Sunday-morning service in years, waited for Beatrice and Thelma to appear.

Thelma's husband, a mild-mannered solicitor who travelled daily to Pittsfield by an extremely early train, was already in the car.

"If you hadn't made a hog of yourself with corn whisky you wouldn't have a headache," Grandfather admonished Simon. "Keep your eye on the road, now."

"I'll drive if Simon isn't well," Louise offered.

"No. You aren't dressed for it. Simon must do his whack. Here, have a cigarette. Maybe you'll feel better.

Church, with the well-known psalms and responses remembered after a long interval, was soothing to Louise.

Above Grandfather's venerable head, nodding during the sermon, she caught Guy's hazel eye and smiled.

Followed, cooked-by Guy's wife, one of those meals that honour the American country woman.

Nettie Crane was plump and gentle nearly gray, a woman but unequal to Guy in brains and education.

There was something wistful in the way she said, after the three (Grandfather had left early for home, walking across the fields) had talked books and theatres till dusk:

"I hope you'll come often and see us. Louise. It's a poor Guy to have someone like yourself to talk to. I never went to college and I'm always working in the house or farm, so Guy's Sundays are terribly dull."

Driving her alone in the Buick across the grass-grown track between the two farms, Guy suddenly let himself go.

"Louise guessed too late to prevent what was coming. But something about Guy's kiss, snatché forcefully like a child determined to grab a forbidden sweet, made it hard for her to treat it lightly."

"Should I seem amazed, afraid, insulted, or-what?" she stammered out with a reckless stringing of adjectives, the heart beneath the folds of flowered organdy beating uncomfortably.

"None of them. I meant to do that. I wanted to. It's over now," he returned, well, it was a thwarted look about the hazel eyes, barely recovered from their former mood; suggested the affair was only beginning.

"Do you always believe in getting your own way, you girl?"

"Mostly. Not always. Sometimes one's decision to have or do a thing generally supersedes the others."

"Suppose we reverse any future ideas that occur to us about—kissing."

Life for Louise Storr, since fleecing New York and the trade depression, became a colourful pattern woven about Grandfather, his relations by marriage, and—Guy Crane.

Grandfather stood out pre-eminently. He was eighty-five, as upstanding a man as ever owned and worked his farm for half a century in Iowa.

She had liked him for coming to meet her by the midnight train. Over their first cigarette together on the front porch of Storr Haven, the morning after her arrival, she knew that Grandfather liked her.

"You're a Storr," he said with satisfaction, while her forearm, that had never sustained the weight of anything heavier than a highball, was linked with his. "Those—" he dipped a silvery-beard towards the house where his step-granddaughters intent on being good hostesses, were dealing with the washing-up—"are no blood relations. You're my son's child. Well, see that field over there?"

He developed the subject of his property, its acquisitions, and potentialities. During the ensuing days while Louise accompanied his round of sheds and sties, watched him bully Simon, somewhat bibulous farm-hand one minute and the next offer him a smoke, she made a decision. She would stand by Grandfather in face of "those."

Beatrice and Thelma, his step-grandchildren, were definitely unsympathetic, hovering round the old man like flies, attempting to cut down his food. Grandfather, a splendid trencherman, enjoyed egg and bacon, steak and chops, pork and beans.

"You know, father, doctor said you were to eat very little meat," Beatrice would remonstrate, morning after morning.

Raising his head after uttering the brief grace which preceded each meal at Storr Haven, Grandfather would seize the plate of cornflakes provided as his start for the day, and convey it unalteringly to the chickens.

Just as uncompromising were his dealings with Guy Crane, neighbouring farmer. If it was the matter of a fence needing repair between the two properties, Grandfather didn't hesitate to speak his mind.

"You know perfectly well you ought to fix that fence; it's your job, young man."

"Well, I don't think it needs fixing."

"When a farmer says he thinks a thing doesn't need fixing it's pretty certain it needs fixing darn badly."

During ten minutes of this kind of thing, Louise, from the back of Nancy, the dappled mare, had time to look at Guy. So many things in and round Storr Haven were good to look at. The sweep, for instance, of the fields, broken only by the outlines of ash and willow and the sloping roofs of a farmhouse. The peaceful ducks waddling to the pond, the tangle of fuchsia and morning glory outside the porch, the golden beauty of the ripening corn.

Tired with a life of stress in the city, Louise found plenty to enjoy in Grandfather's home, the home which her father, speaking with the enthusiasm for days past, had been far from over-rating. It was disturbing to exchange the contemplation of ploughshares, geese, and baby chicks, for that of an unusually intelligent, good-looking farmer.

"Mr. Storr is glad to have you here. His bark's worse than his bite, as you've probably found out," Guy said, after admitting that his men were already halfway through the repair of the faulty fence. "Shall we see you at the Pittsfield dance to-morrow?"

Bathing lightly in Guy's arms as he guided her over the pitch-pine floor under the Chinese lanterns of the Riverside Park Club, Louise couldn't resist expressing a tribute to her unexpected enjoyment of the evening.

"Don't talk about clod-hopping. You walk divinely, and you know it!"

The musicians—violinist one, pianist one—stopped playing. Louise veered towards the bench occupied by Beatrice and Guy's wife. The former, tight-lipped high-busted high-principled, drew Louise aside.

"Don't think I'm criticizing; but you know, dear, in a little town like Pittsfield, people talk. You've danced half the evening with Guy and—"

"He's married and I'm separated

The CAST—

Grandpa Storr Lionel Barrymore
Louise............. Miriam Hopkins
Guy................ Franchot Tone
Simon.................. Stuart Erwin
Nellie............... Irene Hervey
Beatrice........... Beulah Bondi
Allen................ Grant Mitchell
Widdle............ Tad Alexander
Thelma............ Aileen Carlyle

(Originally based on the film The Stranger's Return by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., 19-21 Tower Street, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.)

See "On the SCREEN Now" feature, page 26, for Lionel Collier's criticism of this film.

Louise, the young girl, and her grand-father soon become fast friends.
WIN £20
DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Copy this Sketch and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the British and Dominions School of Drawing and is OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY. The only allowed to compete are those who have had Sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser. The competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.

PRIZES:
1st Prize - £20
2nd Prize - £10
3rd Prize - £5
4th Prize - £3
5th Prize - £2
6th Prize - £1
7th to 20th Prizes 10/- each

BEGIN NOW!

Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition. DON'T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £20. WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. Anyone is eligible to compete except past or present students or employees of the British and Dominions School of Drawing and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by January 30, 1934.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of envelope should be marked plainly "COMPETITION."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing with County. Competitors under 16 years must state age on the back of their sketch.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 in. high by 6 in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition, together with a list of the prizewinners. The British and Dominions School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a crossed postal order value 6d. (sixpence), in return for which each competitor will receive an illustrated book demonstrating the methods of artists in producing drawings. This will be sent with the results of the competition. Please do not send copies.
9. Sketch and postal order MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketch in one envelope and postal order under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 oz. for 1½d.)
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the British and Dominions School of Drawing as final and conclusive.
12. The British and Dominions School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1/10 (one guinea) for each sketch.

BRITISH & DOMINIONS SCHOOL OF DRAWING LTD.,
44, Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, LONDON, S.W.1.
were known to Grandfather, though he had never required their professional services. The third, portly and bald-headed as his colleagues, the judge, was provided with one of the parlour's least comfortable chairs. Grandfather, sitting opposite, had Louise in the rocker on his right, Thelma's husband on his left.

Beatrice and Thelma were nearest the door, in case of bells requiring attention.

Looking keenly round the group, Grandfather, who had spent the morning urging the dilatory Simon to get on with his job of carting ecru weft bobbins, observed:

"Gentlemen, I guess you've come to see an old dotard of nearly ninety to carry him off to the asylum, haven't you?"

"Not exactly." Dr. Spaulding, the spokesman, was prepared to be tactful. "We're wondering about your plans."

"Plans, eh? I'll tell you. I'm not mad. What I've been doing for the past week is just acting, a piece of bamboozle. I'm as sane as you, and I'll prove it. I want you, gentlemen, to sit and listen while I alter my will. Then perhaps you'll be so kind as to copy out the document for me." Without waiting to study the effect on his hearers of this speech, Grandfather handed the parchment to Thelma's husband.

"There you are, Allen. You can alter the paragraphs as I dictate and they can be initiated. Mind you do it correctly. I don't want the will contested."

Ignoring the solicitor's reproaches, Grandfather read with consummate ease and fluency, inter-polling fresh clauses so rapidly that Allen had hard work to keep pace with him."Remember seven," Grandfather amended. "I bequeath to my nephew's widow, Beatrice Storr, one thousand dollars, provided that she leaves Storr Haven the night of making this will. I bequeath to the husband of my stepdaughter, Thelma, my house in Pittsfield, provided that he and his wife occupy it prior to my decease, and immedi-
ately after his, to the making of this will."

"To my granddaughter, Louise, all other property whatever..."

"Paragraph ten. To my faithful, drunken employee, Simon Bates, one hundred dollars, probably to be expended on illicit corn whiskey, on condition that he is to be given advice and employment at Storr Haven by my granddaughter, Louise."

"Now, gentlemen, will you sign, or do you think I ought to go to the County Farm?"

Dr. Spaulding coughed. "For the good of the County Farm I think I'd better append my signature. What do you think, gentlemen?"

Louise, re-entering the parlour after enduring to breaking point Thelma's noisy sobs and Beatrice's dry-throated complaints, saw Guy at the French windows.

"If only you'd told me what Grandfather was doing, I could have borne it. It was all so terrible... hearing him like that.""He told Simon?"

"He had to. Simon would have drunk himself more than silly otherwise, and he's a good farmer. Some of the men are buying for him now. Louise. Grandfather saw

"Why, I bought it myself, Joan, out of my Commission."

"Your Commission, Madge?"

"Yes—I run a 'Worldwide' Club in my spare time and earn a good Commission and Profit-share."

"That sounds quite thrilling, Madge—could I run one?"

"Yes, of course you could; it's perfectly simple, and you don't need experience or capital.

"You would enjoy it—it's a really friendly hobby and with the extra money you earn you can buy lots of nice things. Why not send for their Catalogue and full particulars to-night?"

"Thanks, Madge, I will—I'm glad you've told me—I'll write to them now."

You can earn from £2 up to £5 and more easily and pleasantly in your spare time by organising a 'Worldwide' Club. No experience or capital required; no samples to carry or selling to do. Send the Coupon for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars (Free).

**POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

**WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES**

**Charles Street * MANCHESTER 1**

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name ________________________________________________

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss) ______________________________________

Address ______________________________________________

P.G.3 (Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.)

**STRANGER'S RETURN—Concluded**

January 13, 1934

"Oh! how lovely who bought you that Madge?"

"Why, I bought it myself, Joan, out of my Commission."

"Your Commission, Madge?"

"Yes—I run a 'Worldwide' Club in my spare time and earn a good Commission and Profit-share.

"That sounds quite thrilling, Madge—could I run one?"

"Yes, of course you could; it's perfectly simple, and you don't need experience or capital.

"You would enjoy it—it's a really friendly hobby and with the extra money you earn you can buy lots of nice things. Why not send for their Catalogue and full particulars to-night?"

"Thanks, Madge, I will—I'm glad you've told me—I'll write to them now."

You can earn from £2 up to £5 and more easily and pleasantly in your spare time by organising a 'Worldwide' Club. No experience or capital required; no samples to carry or selling to do. Send the Coupon for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars (Free).

**POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

To:—**WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES**

Charles Street * MANCHESTER 1

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the 'Worldwide' Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name ________________________________________________

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss) ______________________________________

Address ______________________________________________

P.G.3 (Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.)

**WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES**

Charles Street * MANCHESTER 1

24
"Why I prefer the Pond's method of beauty care..."

Thelma, Viscountess Furness

her own words...

"It seems to rest one's skin, keeps it fair and smooth and soft," says Thelma, Lady Furness, about Pond's Cold Cream. "I cleanse my face and neck with it several times during the course of the day, and I remove the cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues."

This is the exact Pond's method that Thelma, Lady Furness, uses to keep her skin beautiful—so simple that the busiest girl can follow it in her own home: Smooth Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck with a light upward and outward movement. Wait until the soft soothing oils have penetrated deep into the pores and floated the dirt to the surface. Then gently wipe off superfluous cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues.

Next, pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the skin and close the pores. Thelma, Lady Furness, uses Pond's Skin Freshener on her face, neck and arms, at least once every day. "Usually before dressing for dinner," she says.

You know how disastrous winter can be to your skin! Indoors, being aged by the dry air of warm rooms. Outdoors, coarsened and hardened by the cold. To shield your skin use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It contains ingredients specially chosen to keep the skin soft.

It heals roughness. Soothes away ageing little lines and wrinkles. Even one application softens a dry skin. And, "I find it more effective than anything else for keeping powder on," says Thelma, Lady Furness.

Guide your skin to beauty with Pond's Creams

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to: Dept. MP25, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Name...........................................................
Address...........................................................
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***THE STRANGER'S RETURN

RICHARD BARThELMESS—Tom Loretta young—Ruth ALINE MacMAHON—Mary Gordon Westcott—Roger Roger BARKETT—Max CHARLES GRAFTWIN—Pa Denis HErTON CHURChILL—Mr. Winthrop GRANT MITCHELL—George Gilberson JAMES MURRAY—Border Man. Geo. PAT COLLINS—Leader of Agitators. ROBERT MCGavin—Dr. Briggs EDWIN MAXWELL—Prev. of Laundry MARGARET SEEDON—Ella Holmes ARTHUR VINTO—Capt. Joyce JOHN MARSHIAN—The Judge DONO. DUMBELL—Chief Engineer TAmMey YOUNG—Depe Pedlar HANS FUERBERG—German prisoner ROBERT ELLIOTT—The Detective WILLARD ROBERTSON—The Sheriff WARD BENHAM—Red

Directed by William A. Wellman from a screen story by Robert Lord and the late William Miller.

A somewhat grim plot of postwar depression and the vicissitudes of an ex-soldier who seeks work and finds himself embroiled in an industrial revolt.

The story of this picture, freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of last week; so I will not go into it fully. I have done here.

It is notable for some good characterizations and, though the tone is sombre throughout, it holds the interest this sufficiently.

As the ex-soldier, Richard Barthelmess acts with restraint and yet rises excellently to the strongly emotional scenes he is called on to play.

Loretta Young is thoroughly convincing and wholly charming as his young wife, who is killed in a riot, while Aline MacMahon provides an effective foil as her sister.

**MAMA LOVES PAPA

CHARLIE RUGGLES—William Todd MARY BOLAND—Jennie Todd LYTIAH TASHMAN—Miss McKelton GEORGE BARBER—Mr. Kirkwood WALTER CatLETT—Tom Walker MORGAN WALLACE—Mr. Melibeth RUBE WARREN—Sara Walker ANDRE BERANGER—Berd Few Tom Ricketts—Mr. Pierpont WALTER RICHARD—The Radical FRANK SHEPHERD—The Mayor Tom McGUIRE—O'Leary

Directed by Norman McLeod from a story by KEN Thompson and DOUGLAS MacLELLAN.

Really good comedies are rather scarce these days; so that this one will, I am sure, meet with your approval, especially as Charles Ruggles is right on top of his form.

His particular brand of humour is particularly suited to the role of Wilbur, a shy clerk in a furnishing company who is induced by his wife to get out of the rut and cut a dash in society and elsewhere.

He leaves his old job for an appointment with the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment, who mistakes him in his new resplendent morning coat for a Children's Welfare Commissioner. All this nearly leads to the estrangement of husband and wife, but eventually things are straightened out.

While the general trend is farcical there is some sound psychology in the characters and they are very humanely interpreted.

*MAID HAPPY

CHARLOTTE ANDER—Lena JOHNSON—Frances MARJORIE MARS—Mary Loo PAT PATRICK—Sir George Kneller SYLVIA GROVE—Miss Walfordin H. SARTON—Swell GERHARD DAMMAN—Schmidt PAUL A. HUNTER—Mr. Bick MARIE AULT—Miss Woods

Directed by Mansfield Merriman

Very enjoyable if a bit insipid in nature, accompanied by some tuneful numbers and unsophisticated slapstick. There is some attractive Swiss scenery and a touch of artless romance.

Charlotte Andersen is quite appealing as a cabaret artist who is sent to a Swiss school and indulges in a number of gay escapades.

One leads to another—she receives a note from a young diplomat written indifferently on an important letter. The rest of the picture resolves itself into a chase to regain it.

Johannes Riemann is adequate as the young diplomat.

*THE RIGHT TO LIVE

DAVID BERKERY—Sir George Kneller PAT PATRICK—Sir John Little JENNY HENDERSON—Franny Thompson RICHARD BIRD—Richard Bird HARRIETTE SMITH—Roger Shoeman LAWRENCE ANDERSON—Hugh Lammer PATRICK THOMPSON—Mr. Bick Hedi BROOKES—Miss Davis

Directed by Albert Parker from an original screen play by Gordon Wong Welfare.

Mary Boland, for instance, is true to type as the ambitious but very sensitive gentleman, who has the spell of a psychologist and starts to fire her husband with ambition.

Excellent support comes from Lytia Tashman, Morgan Wallace, and Walter Catlett.

**UP TO THE NECK

RALPH LYNN—Norman B. Good WALTER CONROY—April Dawne FRANCES LISTER—Eric Warwick RICHARD POTTERT—Jimmy Cattell MARJORIE HUME—Veta Dane PAUL CONYERS—Henry Young MARY BROUGH—Landisday

Directed by Jack Raynor from the screen story by Ben Travers.

Ralph Lynn's numerous admirers will not be disappointed with this slight and familiarly gay farce, which has been written especially for the star by Ben Travers.

Certainly the role he has been given—that of a timid bank clerk who has stage ambitions—fits him admirably.

The whole thing is reminiscent of Marion Davies, put over in a broader manner without the underlying human note of that picture. Here the fun is fast and furious, but Malvoord is not called upon to strike a sentimental note.

Lilyan Tashman tries her takes on "Papa" Charlie Ruggles in "Mama Loves Papa." Mary Boland is "Mama."

What the asterisk mean—*** An outstanding feature. ** Very good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

January 13, 1934

Verna Hillie as you will see her opposite Randolph Scott in "Man of the Forest."

QUITE one of the best performances that Lionel Barrymore has ever given on the screen is that in The Stranger's Return, a picture which, for so pronounced a Weakness, is strong human interest, deserves a place amongst the best films of the year.

Barrmore is ably supported by Miriam Hopkins, who is also brought into such brilliant work in a sombre, but nevertheless interesting, picture, Heroes for Sale.

***THE STRANGER'S RETURN

For full cast and story freely based on the film by Margery Williams, see page 22.

Directed by King Vidor from a story by Phil Strong.

Written by the author of State Fair, this picture is another of those rural studies of America in which Hollywood production always seems to reach its highest level.

They are always sincere, and this one is no exception to the rule. The people of the countryside and the farmer, who feigns madness in order to test who is his friends, are drawn with an unremitting human touch and you live with them.

Lionel Barrymore has seldom done better work than he does here as Grandpa Storr, a man who has seemed to revel in which he sinks most of his mannerisms.

No less good is Miriam Hopkins as his orphaned grand-daughter, Louise, to whom he leaves his property in such a way that her romance with a neighbouring farmer is temporarily nipped in the bud.

The lover is sincerely portrayed by Franchot Tone, a likeable character. In fact, Tone is unusually; free of the conventional sex stuff and as such is refreshing and invigorating.

As a somewhat bibulous farmhand, Stuart Erwin supplies some first-rate humorous incidents and the supporting cast plays up extremely well to the leads.

It is all very simple, but sympathetically and skilfully directed, with a convincing atmosphere both in the country surroundings and in the characters who reside therewith.
**ROUGH HOUSEWORK HANDS**

*specialist tells how to get your soft and smooth*

**D**ry... Then rough... Then red... Hands that have housework to do are unattractive unless you take care of them. It's so easy to get yours soft and smooth — just half a minute regularly last thing at night with this simple treatment!

**FAMOUS DOCTOR ADVISES “VASELINE” JELLY**

Dr. Kromayer, of Berlin, the world-famous skin-care expert, says "The skin again becomes soft and pliable... with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly." It replaces naturally the oils your skin needs. Just rub well in, then wipe clean — no mess. Start tonight! Chesbrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

**Trade Vaseline Mark Petroleum Jelly**

**THE MOST PERFECT MEDICAL PROTECTION KNOWN**

Jars 1d., 6d., 9d.
ON THE BRITISH SETS
by E. G. COUSINS

January 13, 1934

"Dog Days" at Elstree

Another Greyhound Picture—Fuller Seeks a Mongrel—A Gag Goes Wrong—Mixing the Keys—A Little Steam at Twickenham—Bobbie Howes Comes Back

GOSH, you can’t get away from these dogs!

I thought last week just about touched a peak (no, no, not Peke! I’m surprised at you) where dogs were concerned, but we ain’t seen nuthin’ yet, apparently.

Or at any rate, we ain’t seen Leslie Fuller’s greyhound.

Of course, you mustn’t murmur the word “cycle” to the story department at British International.

No, sir! Every subject, theme, and plot is selected absolutely on its merits, with no reference to any other film or any other studio.

So it’s merely a coincidence that, with Gaumont-British just finishing their greyhound-racing picture, Wild Boy, B.I.P. should be just starting their greyhound-racing picture, The Outcast.

Plenty of Room

Anyway, there’s room enough for both, provided they are well done. I keep declaring, with my hand on my heart and my jaw jutting out obstinately, that the subject doesn’t matter two hoots provided the story is a good one and entertainingly told.

But that’s all the more reason why producers should not crowd each other round a handful of subjects that have already been used, for all the world like children playing musical chairs at a Christmas party.

The essential difference between this film and Wild Boy is that the latter is the story of an aristocrat of the dog world (I almost said the aristocrat, for the part is played by the famous Mick the Miller), while The Outcast, as its name implies, is about a mongrel, the True Friend—ain’t that the correct tailwagging expression—of Leslie Fuller.

The canine star for this film has not been chosen yet; he must have appeal, both comic and pathetic, and be a respectable performer on the track.

But for heaven’s sake, don’t bring your record-breaking mongrel to me. Write to B.I.P. about him.

First Come

The merry lads of Shepherd’s Bush were hugging themselves when I arrived there this week, because they’d thought of the greyhound business first—not with Wild Boy, mind you, but with Lucky Number, which Anthony Asquith directed at the Gainsborough studios some time ago.

Only, of course, there was very little racing in that, except the race between Clifford Mollison and nearly everyone else in the picture for the winning lottery ticket.

We shall probably (mark my words!) have Sydney Howard featured before long in Off for the Waterloos, or some such title. So far he has only been oop for two events—t’ Coop and t’ Derby, both visits being singularly hilarious occasions.

But poor Syd has had trouble enough with dogs this last week or two.

The excitement occurred when the couple of dozen hounds, of every breed from Newfoundland to Schipperke, with bull-terriers and triphounds between, who were engaged for It’s a Cop, began to do their stuff.

Or, rather, when they declined to do it. The idea was that when Syd produced a bit of meat to encourage the official bloodhound, all the unloved wolfhounds, rathbonds, and pughounds in the neighbourhood should flock round him.

The Gag That Slipped

A grand gag—not precisely new, but not as completely worked out as it is not some of the jests in daily use; but this time it came unstuck.

It would probably have been all fine and dandy if only the pack had not been kennelled all together in a dressing-room until required, where several private feuds developed. As soon as the hounds were unleashed for their first rehearsal, they set to work to adjust their differences. It took five minutes to unravel the tangle, and two hours to secure the shot.

I understand that Director McLean Rogers is not planning to include a dog sequence in his next picture. I wonder why?

Two Halves

There is likely to be another tangle to unravel at the British Lion plant at Beaconsfield; but it has nothing to do with dogs.

Nelson Keys, the comedian, has a brace of sons, one ginger-haired and called Keys, the other black-haired and known (for some esoteric reason) as Carstairs.

The latter has recently made a film at Sound City, called Paris Plane. (Personally, I think Paris Plane and Croydon Coloured would have been a chicer and snappier title, but no one seems to have thought of it.)

The point is that divers wits have from time to time referred to young Carstairs as “Half-Nelson Keys.”

Now I hear that the latest Beaconsfield production is to feature an ornament of the all-in wrestling ring, known as “Half-Nelson Keyes.”

Will this result in the all-in merchant directing the picture, and John Paddy Carstairs being thrown round the ring by “Roughhouse” King Curtis, the other all-in merchant?

If so, it will almost be worth the day’s journey to Beaconsfield to watch.

Warner Shadows

This new production is entitled Without You, and our delinquent friend, Henry Kendall, is playing the lead. With him are Margot Grahame and Wendy Barrie.

Whoever unfortunately finds himself directing the picture, it has been assigned to another old friend of ours—John Daumier, who for the last year or has been directing for Warner Brothers First National at Twickenham.

And this makes it practically a Warner First-Nat. production, for the story is an original by W. Scott Darling, who has been working at Twickenham for the past year or two writing originals.

And Kendall has been foregathering with the other two at Twickenham for a large number of pictures, so a Twickenham man wandering into the Beaconsfield studios now would feel perfectly at home.

Twickenham Races

Speaking of the Thames Valley, there have been dark and stirring doings at the Twickenham studio this week—and when I say stirring I am not thinking of puddings. No, marm.

Bernard Vorhaus, the brown-bearded young director who was responsible for two highly interesting films in Money for Speed and Crime on the Hill, is working on The Broken Melody.

I am used to seeing them through premises owned by Chinese, or Frenchmen; but they do not as a rule appear in the same film.

This time they are well and truly jumbled up together. No hint of the steam coming on them!

That seems at first blush a rather drastic way of maintaining order in the studio. Actually, however, it was for the mutiny scenes on board the convict ship bound for Devil’s Island.

From what I have seen of it, I expect it to be quite uncomfortably realistic. The wretched
prisoners are confined in cages on the ship—a real "hell-ship" of the most approved and brutal type—and being scalded with steam in a cage is a great deal worse than being drowned like a rat in a trap, let me tell you.

I haven’t tried it, but it looks abominable.

**Mixing ‘Em**

But it isn’t all brutality and butchery, this film. Vorhaus showed us in *Crime on the Hill* that he was skilled at mixing drama and comedy.

He has some light scenes in a Café Chantant in Paris (though, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing in France, for the expression really means a place in which coffee and cakes, strictly speaking, don’t sing), where the waif (Marie O’Reilly) sings for her bread-and-butter and gin-and-bitters, and where she meets the broken-down opera singer (John Garrick).

Garrick is one of the latest batch of imports from Hollywood.

He travelled in good company. Meet, for example, the So cosmopolitan M. Marcel Varnel, who was educated at Charterhouse, became a Parisian play-producer, went to Hollywood and made several films for Fox, including *Chandu the Magician*.

That film had one of the feebest stories that ever trotted out of Writer’s Row, but some wonderful trick photography just saved it and landed it in the Not-So-Bad Division.

**Influx from Germany**

I hope Director Varnel is not counting too much on using trick photography in England, because that is a department in which none of our camera- men seems to have specialized.

However, there are enough German cameramen in England now to provide a crowd scene by themselves, and they are very good at standing the cast singing café and making it shoot backwards at the audience.

Cameramen, yes, and directors, and actors, too, are flocking into our studios from Germany, as well as from Hollywood.

It’s fortunate for them that, now the Fatherland doesn’t want them, the Mother Country is giving them a job.

**Link With the Past**

Varnel is to direct a film of the Walter J. Hackett play, *Freedom of the Seas*.

Edward Sutherland, also from Hollywood, is likewise to direct for B.I.P. He is a Londoner, and was a Keystone comic in the days when that company’s droves of policemen caused practically all the laughter there was in kinemats. He has worked with Chaplin, and directed forty films so far, including *Sky Devils* and *Close Harmony*.

Then he got homesick, and here he is.

**Bobbie Back**

Look who’s coming back to Elstree! Bobbie Howes, no less.

Marian Marsh will be heroine of his new film, *Over the Garden Wall*, and I am inclined to envy Mr. Howes.

I saw Marian for the first time, this week, while she was playing in a comedy called *Love at Second Sight*, and I asked myself, "Why second?"

So will you.

David Manners, also, is liable to set a few hearts beating more vigorously this spring. He is a good-looking lump of a lad—the typical athletic, clean-cut, blond young Englishman, for all that his real name is Raff Acklum and he hails from Canada.

He also has a voice which makes the sound recorders go crazy!—heavy and utter little crooning sounds of satisfaction.

Keep an eye skinned for David—and an ear cocked, too.

**A Remarkable Set**

One of the most remarkable "sets" ever constructed for a film has been built at the B.I.P. studio at Elstree for use in the film *Contraband* in which David Manners, Greta Nissen, Clifford Mollison, Hugh Wakefield, and Camilla Horn have the chief roles.

It is a full-sized replica of a British destroyer and every detail has been worked out to perfection by Art Director Clarence Elder under whose supervision it was erected inside the large studio. In this huge building, 300 feet long and 100 feet high, the ship that will never be launched awaits the filming of big scenes showing the departure of an exiled monarch (Hugh Wakefield) who has supposedly been recalled to his throne.

**Discipline First**

Visitors to the studio this week have asked why it is necessary at such expense and trouble to build a destroyer when there is such a fine British Navy which might well be proud of a little recognition on the screen.

Apart from the fact that the filming of scenes aboard an actual warship is always difficult and hazardous, it is certain that so British film company could secure admiralty permission to film on board comedy scenes such as are invariably desired in films.

There can be no relaxation in naval discipline for the purpose of film making . . . not in the British Navy, at least.

So the complicated parts of this great destroyer—torpedo tubes, gun decks, cabins, huge funnels, boats and derricks—have all been made in the Elstree workshops and assembled on the spot.

**Greta’s "All Blacks"**

Greta Nissen apparently has not seen enough dogs at Elstree. At any rate, the other day she ‘phoned a Bond Street pet store.

With that sagacity which dog dealers seem to borrow from their dogs, a salesman arrived at the film star’s hotel—*I expect I’d never do it*.

A miniature Scotty named Drambuie and a cute little French pug named Napoleon—presumably after Bonaparte.

Both had such eyes and such a way.

Suspecting the weaknesses of the film star and sensing the joys of an early trip from Elstree to Hollywood, they set upon them instantly.

Miss Nissen looked them over and then again and again. "I can’t choose," she said.

"How do you expect I ever would," the salesman made no reply . . . just picked up his hat and the cheque for two little black dogs.

Now Miss Nissen already had a black kitten named Hannibal, the bigger of which had to attack her in *Red Wagon*. She also had an Irish maid. All Irish, too.

"I be either getting meseff a new job . . . film star or anything at all," she declared. And forthwith, being true Irish, she did.

So now Miss Nissen has an English maid . . . and a girl to take care of two black dogs and one black cat . . . and to teach Napoleon, the frowning pup, that the cushions and carpets in a film star’s dressing-room are not Waterloo.
DO WE WANT THE NUDIES?

"No Mystery or Glamour Left!"

T is amusing to read about the whole-hearted way in which Holly- wood is setting out to solve the problem of giving the public nudity.

"It will be even more amusing, soon, to read the letters of protest from the more moral of the fans, telling us that the public don't want nudity."

"As the producers of films can only make money by giving the public what it wants, the inference is that there is a demand for films about near-naked women."

This may be pardonable, but it is use-
less to blame Holly-
wood."

"Presumably there will be keen com-
petition among the female stars for the title of the least-dressed woman in films."

"It will be interesting to see whether the winner is able to retain her fan following. She won't have much mystery or glamour left, anyway."

"W. H. Montagu, 3d, Derby Road, Nottingham, who is awarded the first prize of £1: 1: 0.

Who do other readers think?"

Shedding Star Dust

"Do the countless stars who pass through the divorce mill ever realise just how much star dust comes off in the process?"

"Film fans, rightly or not, have romantic conceptions of many of these screen luminaries, conceptions somewhat shattered by the brutal divorce-court battlements."

"We were told recently that Kay Francis was having an 'amicable separation.' Whatever that may mean, I venture to say it caused considerable disillusion among the Francis devotees, to whom she had always been a lady sans peur et sans reproche."

"The Fairbanks split was a crushing blow at Hollywood glamour. As for the matrimonial gyrations of certain others, they are merely nauseating to the average man."

"I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that Garbo has kept much of her tremendous popularity by the sheer beauty of her screen image, which has always held aloof from the disgusting domestic scrimmages that keep Hollywood so constantly in the news."

"W. Burgess, 33, North Drive, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.

I fear this divorce controversy will never be finally settled. I am still being flooded with letters expressing opposing views on the subject."

Those Come-backs

"How sad it is to see a once great star striving to recapture the glory and power of the past!"

"To see that wonderful trouper, Gloria Swanson, making a brave display in the far from perfect Under- standing was incredibly painful to one who remembered her triumphs in Mansfield, Zaza and Sadie Thompson. Even more painful was it to see that fine actress, Pola Negri, dissipating her powers in the utterly banal Woman Chancellor, when one remembered her unforgettable performance in Passion."

"The great figures of the cinema come and go. Will Garbo and Dietrich occupy disputed thrones? Perhaps no one is aware more clearly than themselves that other claimants are already within the gates."

"Mrs. S. Hargreaves, 46, St. Anne's Road East, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs., who wins the second prize of £10."

Lifeless Advertisements

"What does the name cinema convey to us? A place of entertainment."

"Yes, it should be, but to judge from the continued display of lifeless advertisements screened in our cinemas without variation from week to week, a person is at a loss to understand what good purpose can be served if the proprietors have before them the best interest of their patrons."

"One often hears that advertising pays, but who are the recipients? Certainly not those who go for a night's enjoyment."

"Surely our proprietors have reached the limit in this respect; it certainly appears to me from the programmes I see nowadays that the average cinema-goer's patience has well nigh become exhausted."

"George Wolsely, 3 Hillview Street, Old Park Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

(Complaints have been made here about advertisements before. I am glad to air a long-felt grievance again.)"

The Comedy Slump

"The fade-out of the Comedy Kings of Holly-
wood was as certain as the crash of the money kings of Wall Street."

"Hollywood stocked up with buffoonery had figured that folk would keep laughing in the belief that there were no comedians."

"Chaplin is above criticism but wisely nurses a genuine talent."

"This is not to say that there are no other comedians in U.S. I could name several who give little chance because they are not anatomical curiosities. Alas for Hollywood's sense of humour!"

"J. Hari, Bristol."

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
People called it "Personality".

She was so natural, so different, so alluringly herself. Yet she was one of the crowd until KHASANA Blush Cream emphasized her own individual coloring.

You too can bring out all your natural beauty with KHASANA Blush Cream—its discreet colouring gives just that added charm which is so essential to every woman. Its cold cream base protects the skin and makes it easy to use effectively.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick gives beauty to the lips, emphasizing their natural shape and colouring, absolutely kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable. Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

**KHASANA**

Blush Cream 1/6. Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6. Trial Size 9d.

---

**Cuticural**

The Secret of Many Healthy Skins the World Over

Is found in the regular use of the Soap to cleanse and protect the skin, the Ointment to heal any rash or pimple, the Talcum to complete the toilet. Pure and medicated, they will do much to make and keep your skin healthy.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soap</th>
<th>Ointment</th>
<th>Talcum</th>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1s.</td>
<td>1s. 5d.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Preparations**

**EVERYONE LOOKS AT HANDS!**

Other ailments can be concealed, but you cannot hide your hands. That’s why it is so important to keep them beautiful. Too many people’s lives have been ruined because their hands were not “just so” at the critical moments—do not make the same mistake.

"KRASKA" specialises in a world-wide reputation and are used by Royalty.

"KRASKA" LIQUID POLISH. The ideal polish for all occasions. Gives a perfect brilliance, lasting a full week.

Made in

Naturale, Rosee, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Chinese Lake (Red), Orange, Blue, Black, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Green, Coral, Deep Coral, etc., etc. Prices 1/-, 1/6, 2/6.

Gold, Silver and Pearl, Prices 1/6 and 1/4.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER. Removes polish in a moment; put brush on the nails, then wipe the polish away. Price 1/2.

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. Prices 1/- and 1/9.

**The Girl With the Perfect Teeth**

She’s a Eucryl Girl, of course. Become one yourself. Eucryl quickly removes all stains and preserves the teeth.

**SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE TO**

EUCRYL LTD. (Dept. C. 152), SOUTHAMPTON

---

**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

the woman who dresses at corot deserves admiration...

... and gets it to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration from man and woman alike. That is why the best-dressed man has his clothes made in Savile Row, that is why the wise woman comes to corot...to bond street. Here fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result, at prices we can all afford, and on an instalment system that takes any strain off the bank balance.

Call at the corot showrooms and choose a model personally, or post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide and full details.

(dept. p.g. 237)

33, old bond street

**Free** please send, without obligation, latest fashion guide and details.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

---

**Meltis**

**NEW BERRY FRUITS**

with Fruit Liqueur Centres

---

**Officer’s Recovery In Ten Days!**

Send this Officer’s Tribute to the healing power of Zam-Buk Ointment. Nature’s own remedy for chapped hands, scalds, pimples, ulcers, burns, bites, nits, foot troubles, scrap-damage, cuts, tears, rashes, scabies, warts and infections of all kinds. Available in limited quantities in the Royal Edinburgh, 23, St. Alban’s, W.-I., London, W. 2.15, 15 week eng’s. The fact which brought it under some foreign matter.

Send for your sample:

In a few days doctors of mystery come back and operate my hand and work. They must have been very successful; ordinary doctors didn’t even look at the scenes. A specialist’s diagnosis was…an easy mistake.

"When I received this balsamic ointment, the soreness was less...the contact was almost instantaneous. In ten days it cured all ailments of the dancer and left me with a close, healthy skin again."

If you have any sore places or minor injury, a cut, a burn, a laceration or a strain, you should try Zam-Buk. 1/6 to 1/2 a box, from all chemists and dealers.

---

**ZAM BUK**

OINTMENT

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prices</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
When it’s MAE—You must

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both. Copy PICTUROGEO WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired, a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.


Nae Asther F. (Coulston).—(1) Write to Miss Asther F. c/o The Department Store, Culver City, California. He has made films since the beginning of this international idiom. Secure a permanent residence or matrimony which may form the medium of a "Picturoge" postcard (new series) for your enjoyment. Just as her score lover was "done right" by Mae in "The Day After," this postcard done magnificently right by this dainty darling from Brooklyn.

5 POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

John "The Picturoge" Postcard Club and all will present you free with a 50c Album handsomely bound in Art, Leather to hold 300 cards. To join, simply send an order for no less than one doz., new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 5c dozen. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as all Movie Club privileges. Choose your "Cards" from list below.

New arrivals in rich sepia glossy, Id. each—25c. Doz. on sale to all. Full Post on request.

To "PICTUROGEO SALON," 35 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of the "Picturoge" Postcard Club, and send me the optional card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, 3c each, 30c doz. Please include with your order your 50c. Free Postcard Album, 5c. Picturoge Postcard, 5c. Postage can be covered cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

P.O. No. __________________________
Amount enclosed ____________________
Cross P.O. and post to "Picturoge." 

Cheque P.O., draw on and make payable to "Picturoge."
Many are born BLONDE
Few stay BLONDE

Fifty out of every hundred English girls are born blonde and stay blonde until they are six years old. Eight remain unbleached blondes after they attain the age of 19. The rest of the fifty become either dark or what is known as fair. Science now makes it possible for every woman to retain the beautiful blonde hair of childhood without bleaching. Stablond used on children prevents the flames and gauze in the atmosphere from destroying the pigment that keeps the hair blonde, and keeps their hair beautifully colored. However, if your hair has already darkened, Stablond will bring back its former true golden beauty. Stablond helps the permanent wave to stay longer. Stablond contains no dye, benzo or injurious bleaches, and is free from camomile. Highly recommended for children's hair. Your money promptly returned if you are not more delighted with results. Get Stablond to-day, 6d. a packet, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores. Stablond is known abroad as "Nurblond" and "Blondex" and is the largest selling special shampoo in the World. Stablond is made in England. Stablond Laboratories Limited, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10

**STABLOND**
The FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

**BACK TO SCHOOL with Cash's NAMES**
to safeguard their SCHOOL OUTFITS

Mark every article with Cash's Names and so prevent lost and confusion. Easy to attach and guaranteed fast colours.

FROM ALL DRAPERS AND STORES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Doz.</th>
<th>5/</th>
<th>3/9</th>
<th>2/9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| (It is most economical to order 12 dozen.)

Note. Orders for marking School Outfits should be placed early in order to avoid disappointment owing to the largely increased demand during the school holidays.

Send coupon below for FREE copy of booklet showing all styles of Cash's Names.

**COUPON**

To J. & J. Cash, Ltd. (Div. N.K.9), Coventry. Please send me Free Copy of your booklet "Safety First with Cash's Names."

**NAME...**

**ADDRESS...**

---

New FACE POWDER SECRET

Gives "DULL FINISH" to Greasiest Skin

This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loneliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing. The secret is a new process, patented by Poudre Tokalon, by which "Mousse of Cream" is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. Even after a long evening's dancing in a hot room your complexion is as fresh and lovely as when you began.

The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.

**X-RAYED ELEVEN TIMES FOR STOMACH TROUBLE**

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind and digestion, and stomach sickness? If so, read the experience of Mr. J. Hurley, of Dudley, and follow his advice:

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly six years. I have tried hundreds of remedies, but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital a long time and they put me under X-Ray eleven times and gave me lots of medicine, but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly 6 years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Maclean Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/2, 2/2, and 5/2 bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

**SLENDERIZING**

Free Book Tells How You Can Become Slim

Many years ago I suffered terrible mental anguish and physical torture because of very stubborn excessive fat. I tried everything that I heard of to reduce, only to find my weight gradually increasing and my feelings those of growing despair. Then, after months of perseverance, study, and conferences with eminent men of science, I perfected a simple, yet highly scientific method that reduced my huge weight to normal and brought me happiness. But be sure to ask your chemist to-day for a bottle of Lavona.

**MAKE YOUR HAIR Your Crowning Glory!**

ELSIE RANDOLPH tells you how

O NE of the biggest secrets of charm lies in hair that is bright, healthy, and gleaming. If your hair is dull, lifeless, full of dandruff or is coming out, you lose nearly all your charm. You can, however, quickly end these troubles by regularly brushing Lavona Hair Tonic into your hair. Elsie Randolph says: "I must say that the hair really does become a 'crowning glory' when Lavona Hair Tonic is used. It helps healthy growth, and at the same time enhances the natural beauty and lustre of the hair." Don't let your hair spoil your appearance—ask your chemist to-day for a bottle of Lavona.

**LAVONA HAIR TONIC**
In elegant bottles, 2/3 and 3/6 (double size)

Hoarse? You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Coriander

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 8d. 4-ozs. 1/3

---

PICTUREGOER Weekly

January 13, 1934
THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"—BANISHED FOR EVER!

Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment for Nervous Disorders

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of THIS PICTUREGOER.

The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking terrors of worry, pessimism, and depression? Are you a "bundle of nerves," obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentiments? Have you an "inferiority complex," which causes you to endure untold humiliation and embarrassment through being timid and self-conscious?

If you suffer from MORBID FEARS, WORRY, DEPRESSION, INSOMNIA, WEAK NERVES, SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, or any similar nervous disorder, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS—PUBLISHED UNDER A $1,000 GUARANTEE OF GENUINENESS

"MY FEARS HAVE VANISHED"

"I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself, it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvelous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."

"THE CHANGE IS MARVELLOUS"

"Although I have only been treating myself for three days, the change is marvelous, and I feel, at times, the worst kind of fears, like going mad or committing suicide. I was even afraid to be left alone with the children, as I felt afraid I might hurt them. Your treatment is just the thing for a case like mine, and is, as I have said before, really wonderful. Thank you again so much."

"HAVE SLEPT EVERY NIGHT"

"I am pleased to say I am getting on splendidly. I have not known what it was to have a good night's sleep before I had your treatment. I have slept every single night and my nerves are much better. Many thanks for your kindness."

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a $1,000 Guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any sufferer. Send Coupon below (or a postcard) NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept.) 40 Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1

FREE BOOK COUPON—POST NOW

To Mr. H. J. RIVERS (Dept. P.C.30), 40 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "The Conquest of Fear."

NAME

ADDRESS

January 13, 1934

Leaving it to ANNE

Answers to Correspondents—Readers who desire a quick reply by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their query. There is always a waiting list for answers in this column.

A CHANGE IN HAIRDRESSING

I AM going to a dance next Tuesday, and I want to change my style of hairdressing," wrote a girl to me the other day.

A change in hairdressing is all to the good, for too often we are prone to go on doing our hair in the same old way for no other reason than we always have dressed it that way. But, it is not a thing to be left until the moment's notice. Rather is it a matter for trial and experiment; producing and improving on a beauty, till we have acquired the knack of doing it neatly, and made certain that the new style is really becoming.

Keep Your Own Personality

If your style of hairdressing is limited to certain extent inasmuch as it must be dictated by the shape and size of your face, then reason I would advise you to study your own features and develop your own personality. I mean that seriously.

Look around any tram, tube or train, and if you notice the hair you see there. Any average picturegoer will be able to recognize an assortment of imitation Garbo, Dietrichs, Carovos and other feminine stars who happen to be high in fashion at the moment. You may say that the particular style of beauty is worth copying—just so long as it is in keeping. I reply that it is better to be an imitation of a film favourite, you are bound to catch the eye of a hundreds of others who are seeking the same effect. It is far better to develop your own style of hairdressing which makes the most of your own personality. Better an individual, a tutorial, a crowd of imitators, I could say a lot more on these lines, but we should wander from our first theme, hairdressing.

Thin or Plump

I t is the girl with the long thin face that needs to be specially careful about her style of hairdressing! Not by any means is the Madonnina centre parting, nor yet the sleek head. Both make a long face longer. Neither can she follow a present fashion of turning up the hair in a knot on the nap of the neck. The mustache has a same sticking, left or right, whichever is the more horizontal, and the hair must be at or arranged so that it does not come below the level of the ear lobes. There must be no curling, either, in any of your hair. In this way the long lines are camouflaged and the slightly hollow cheeks appear full.
THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In every case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery.

GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, from 1/3 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Quilon Street, London, S.E.17

Witching waves and captivating curls... set while you sleep... at a cost so small you hardly notice it. "Wave-Set," your hair at night, and the waves your mirror shows you in the morning are waves a "professional" would be proud of. Simply a little AMAMI "Wave-Set"... a few pins and pinches...a tight cap while you sleep...and your future will be the envy of every girl who doesn't know your secret.

From all Chemists and Hairdressers.

CILOREAL

FOR DARK & LUSTROUS EYEBROWS & LASHES

Do not envy those with fascinating Eyebrows and Lashes. Permanently, it gives you CILOREAL, in a few minutes yours will look just as lovely. CILOREAL is guaranteed harmless and safe and affected by Sun, Rain or Sea Bathing.

Description folder sent on request to C. Nozile & Co., Ltd., Ciloreal House, 5 South Molton Street, W.1

Hard worked hands... but who would know... thanks to Snowfire Glycerine Jelly

K EEP a tube of Snowfire Glycerine Jelly handy in the bathroom and by the kitchen sink. Use it every time your hands have been in water. Then you'll banish redness and roughness from your hands—make them smooth and white. Quickly absorbs, it leaves no "stickiness" after.

BRITISH MADE. Of all Chemists, Coopers, etc.

NOBODY LOVES A FAT WOMAN

The old saying has it that "everybody loves a fat man," but it's probably truer to say that nobody loves a fat woman. Man or woman, excess fat is a handicap. And with many a woman it is tragedy as well.

A woman's charm is in a slender figure. Fat is the foe of beauty, the hallmark of middle age. And fat is unnecessary. Science has discovered a way to control excess weight. A simple, easy way that supplies the same normal element that the body itself uses. Thousands of women about you are using it every day.

They find it in Marmola brand AntiFat Tablets.

All you do is take four tablets a day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets and strenuous exercise are not necessary. Try them yourself. Take them as directed in the book that you will find in every package. And when you reach the weight you desire, it is so simple and easy that you will regret that you did not get rid of your fat months or even years ago.

You owe it to yourself to try Marmola Tablets. Why not start to-morrow?

Marmola brand AntiFat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 851), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

MARMOLA DISTRIBUTING AGENCY
(Dept. 851),
86 CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.I.

Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booklet, also guarantee form—FREE.

Name: __________________________________________
Address: ________________________________________
An Ambron New Year Dress Parade

All on Approval First Before you Actually Purchase

Ambron garments are not casual "ready-made" clothes. Every model is available in a number of graduated fittings, each carefully proportioned by experts from actual experience to "live up" to the luxurious quality of the material—the infallible, unexaggerated style that is just right.

ON APPROVAL. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

HAPPLING VELVETEEN


SMART SHEET COURT SHOES


SERVICABLE CARDIGAN


BLUET BELTED CORSETTE


NEW YEAR BARGAIN COUPON

(ONLY fill in details applicable to YOUR order)

Please send me on approval, model indicated, at present Bargain Price.

I enclose necessary deposit and postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the monthly installments stated above. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only. (A)

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON LIMITED

273, AMBRON HOUSE, 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

January 13, 1934

[Image of woman wearing a dress]
THE ROMANCE OF "LITTLE WOMEN"
To be beautiful to him is the wish of every woman. Make sure of your charm by gaining the skin beauty that every man admires. It's so easy when you use Snowfire Cream. Pure, fragrant, non-greasy, Snowfire Cream brings out all the natural beauty of your skin. It smooths the texture and makes it velvet soft and radiantly clear.

BRITISH MADE

Snowfire
VANISHING CREAM

Dainty Handbag Containers 3d., Takes 6d. Opal Jars 1s., 3d.

THE TORTURE OF “NERVES” BANISHED FOR EVER!

Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment for Nervous Disorders.

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below might never have experienced the glorious happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking terror of worry, pessimism, and depression? Are you “a bundle of nerves,” obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentiments? Have you an “inferiority complex” which causes you to endure untold humiliation and embarrassment through being timid and self-conscious?

If you suffer from ADDERED FEARS, WORRY, DEPRESSION, INSOMNIA, WEAK NERVES, TIMIDITY, BLUSHING, or any similar nervous disorder, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS—PUBLISHED UNDER A £1,000 GUARANTEE OF GENUINENESS

"MY FEARS HAVE ALL VANISHED" I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately to you. My cure means more to me than life itself, it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature. I felt that I would have gone completely out of my mind, and just at that time your treatment came. I think my cure is wonderful in such a short time—just three weeks.

"DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD" Many thanks for your kind and good advice, which has done me a world of good. I have been troubled with self-consciousness for at least 30 years. Would that I had seen your advertisement years ago!

"I GAVE UP HOPE OF EVER BEING CURED" Your course is wonderful. I have lost that dreadful fear I had. I think I have been blind to this world. I used to be dreadful, always in fear. My family are more than surprised. I am sure there was nobody worse than I was. I gave up all hope of ever being cured.

"SUFFERED MISERY FROM CHILDHOOD" I felt I must write and tell you how greatly I’ve improved during the first week of your wonderful treatment. It is remarkable how different I feel. I don’t have that weak nervy feeling now and I do not tremble. To think I had suffered the misery from childhood. I only wish I had known of your treatment earlier.

Copy this Sketch and send us your Drawing. The Competition is being held to advertise the British and Dominions School of Drawing and is OPEN TO EVERYBODY WHO LIKES TO TRY. The only persons not allowed to compete are those who have had Sketches purchased by a newspaper or advertiser. The competition is confined strictly to Amateurs.

BEGIN NOW!

Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down and try. First of all read the Rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to the competitors at the close of the competition. DON’T MISS THIS! SOMEONE WILL WIN THE £20, WHY NOT YOU? Send in your sketch to-day.

RULES OF THE COMETITION
1. Anyone is eligible to compete except past or present students or employees of the British and Dominions School of Drawing and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by January 30, 1934.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of envelope should be marked plainly "COMPETITION."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing with County. Competitors under 16 years must state age on the back of their sketch.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 5 in. high by 6 in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition, together with a list of the prizewinners. The British and Dominions School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a crossed postal order value 6d. (sixpence), in return for which each competitor will receive an illustrated book demonstrating the methods of artists in producing drawings. This will be sent with the results of the competition. Please do not send coins.
9. Sketch and postal order MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketch in one envelope and postal order under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 oz. for 1½d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the British and Dominions School of Drawing as final and conclusive.
12. The British and Dominions School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1/10 (one guinea) for each sketch.

BRITISH & DOMINIONS SCHOOL OF DRAWING LTD.,
44, Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, LONDON, S.W.1.
"JUST A GIRL
THAT MEN FORGET..."

To which type of woman do you belong?
Are you attractive to the opposite sex—or, in the words of the old-fashioned song, are you just a girl that men forget? If you have made up your mind that you belong to the latter class, forget it! Any woman can be attractive to-day.

SECRETS OF CHARM: Even if you were not born beautiful there is no reason why you should not be attractive. But you cannot be chic and charming if your skin is sallow and blemished. A good complexion goes a long way towards earning you a reputation for good looks, and no matter how neglected your skin may be, you can all achieve complexion beauty. Here is a beauty hint, once the cherished secret of the famous beauties of stage and society. Instead of ordinary night creams and skinfoods, use a complexion wax to keep your skin smooth and supple. The wax does even more than this; it gives Nature a helping hand in shedding the ageing outer tissue and keeps the skin ever-youthful. And its name? Just ask your chemist for Mercerized Wax, but see to it that you get the genuine article, sold only by registered chemists.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR: Another secret of feminine charm is lovely hair. Whether you are blonde, brunette or red-head, you can all have well-burnished hair, gleaming with lights and shades. Try doing your hair a new way. Choose one of the new flattering fashions, but prepare your hair for the fashionable wide waves and small, tight curls by using a washing shampoo. Stallas is the one I have in mind. Just a teaspoonful of its magic granules dissolved in a cup of hot water makes a shampoo which literally washes loneliness out of the most neglected tresses. Just ask your chemist for Stallas, and see to it that you get the genuine article, sold only by registered chemists.

GOOD GROOMING: Many a girl is unattractive simply because she is careless in matters of personal cleanliness. Perhaps she is foolish enough to allow an ugly shred of dark down to disguise pretty lips, or she forgets that the prettiest dance frock loses its appeal if she has neglected her under-arm toilet. Natural reluctance to resort to the use of toilet razors or drastic depilatories is sometimes the reason for this carelessness, but to-day there is no need to adopt such dangerous methods of removing unwanted hair. Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, removes hair adequately. Just get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply this to the unwanted hairs, and as the paste dries they will shrivel away, leaving the skin satin-smooth and unblemished. Sipolite must be recommended with perfect confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

Free Book Tells How You Can Become Slim

Send 2d. for postcard to-day for a free copy of "Reduction Without Drugs," which describes a simple yet highly scientific method of becoming slim without strenuous exercise or starvation diet.

MRS. WINIFRED G. HARTLAND,
Dept. 506, 18, Baldwin’s Gardens, Reeder, London, R.C.I.

STOMACH SUFFERER FOR 20 YEARS

If you are a victim of stomach trouble; if you know the agony of indigestion, wind, and sickness in the stomach read what Mr. Joseph Kelly, of Granville Square, London, writes:

"I have been a sufferer from stomach troubles over 20 years—during the War and since. Some time ago, I had an operation for the stomach trouble—Ulcercated Stomach—but the old trouble came on I have tried all sorts of remedies—Bitters, Tablets, Magnesia, and different kinds of so-called Maclean Powder—but since I obtained a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I shall use no other. For the last nine weeks I have had no indigestion or sickness in the stomach and I can thoroughly recommend it to anybody suffering from any kind of stomach trouble."

Follow Mr. Kelly’s example, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature “ALEX C. MACLEAN.” It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

"PICTUREGOER Weekly"

...all for
6 d.

British-made MANICURE

AMAMI

SOUTHALLS

Protective Lingerie

As dainty as any of your prettiest things yet affording perfect protection with your most fashionable gowns—Southalls’ hygienic lingerie is an essential part of every woman’s wardrobe.

CLARK’S GLYCOLA

FOR BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS

Make rough hands smooth
Beautiful the complexion

PREVENT
CHAPPED HANDS AND CHILBLAINS

Glycrola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Mass a little on hands, arms and face before applying powder.

TRRY IT FREE

A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:—

CLARK’S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.),
Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2.
Obtainable of all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc.
1/2d. (handbag tube), 6d. and 5/- Jars.

Yet She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in overheated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturer, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon Mousse of Cream Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Couple Sokalon Skinsticks for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 329P), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.
Just when the picture gets exciting, throat noises are most annoying. Get some Zubes and ensure your own comfort and that of your neighbours. To protect your throat and chest...

Go... Suck a ZUBE

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

After Slimming
an actress writes:

"I really have had most gratifying results."

That is an extract from one only of the innumerable testimonials we have received from grateful users of the "Slinte" slimming process. Many have used it successfully after all other methods had failed.

Slimming—while you drink real, refreshing fragrant tea—could anything be more simple? No troublesome preparations, no dieting, no tiresome exercises or restrictions—merely tea as you drink it every day. You enjoy the "Slinte" and—you lose superbious fat.

"Slinte" is a process which, combined with real tea, is absolutely tasteless, not affecting the delicious flavour of the tea itself. It reduces adipose tissue and promotes its utilisation and elimination by normal bodily processes. You have no bother, but gain the graceful, slender figure you so ardently desire.

You will like "Slinte"—everybody does. Besides slimming you, it will generally benefit your health as, by relieving your system of accumulated fatty tissue, it restores the muscular and circulatory tone and alleviates the strain on the heart. "Slinte" not only reduces excess of adipose tissue, but prevents it from forming. Slim women, therefore, take "Slinte" to keep themselves slim.

Ladies are invited to consult Nurse Stewart, c/o Slinte Ltd., regarding their use of the "Slinte" Process, who will be pleased to advise them on any point desired.

Trial box, 3d. plus postage, 4d. Usual price, 5d. Cash with order or C.O.D.

Write or phone to-day for explanatory brochure, containing full particulars of the "Slinte" process to Nurse Stewart, c/o Slinte Ltd., 84, Baker Street, London, W.I. Telephone: WILbeck 6297

"Slinte" will be demonstrated at Selfridges Grocery Dept. for week commencing 15th January.

Palmolive cleanses, soothes
and beautifies because of
its OLIVE OIL content

Safeguard your beauty with natural soap and water cleansing, night and morning. That is the unanimous advice of 20,000 beauty specialists. "But," they add, "be particular about the soap—it must be an olive oil soap... Palmolive!"

In Palmolive Soap the abundant natural oils of the palm and the olive combine to make Palmolive lather so soft and velvety that it cannot irritate the tenderest skin. On the contrary, by its emollient effect, it strengthens and feeds the living tissues—it beautifies and soothes while it cleanses. Follow the advice of 20,000 beauty experts—let Palmolive preserve for you "that Schoolgirl complexion." Except in I.F.S.

ZOX is invaluable for reducing a high temperature, relieving bad Headaches, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains. Send 1d. stamp (cost of postage) for two free powders now, to: the Zox Mfg. Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.I. (Dept. 4)

Zox Powders 2d. each or 1/6 and 3½ per box.

ARE YOU PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR FINGER-NAILS?

If so, you should use Kraska Liquid Nail Polish, to be obtained in all the fashionable shades at the best stores and chemists.

So MANY LOVELY WOMEN USE POND'S CREAMS

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d. in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to: Dept. MP25, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Name

Address

Why not follow their example and become lovelily, too? Send for free samples.
The Passing of the Comedy "Short"

Sennett's Failure—Dance King's Ten Commandments—Two "Great Lovers" for Price of One—"Merry Widow" Complications—More Garbo Retirement Rumours—Mary Nolan in Sensational Film.

In his good fortune, he turned to his brother Sid and said, "I think I'll go and buy myself a whole dozen neckties."

Last Stronghold

Sennett himself attributes his failure to the changed public taste and the advance of the cartoon. Then the "short" field has been neglected for so long and film fame has become so much a matter of ballyhoo that it has been able to produce few new personalities who could compare with the comedy giants of other days. Again, two-reelers which used to cost anything from £5,000 to £8,000 to produce cannot compete with cartoons which can be made for a fraction of that sum. Hal Roach and Laurel and Hardy represent almost the last stronghold of the comedy "short."

Chance for English Beauties?

I wonder if when Busby Berkeley comes over here to direct the dance ensembles for Jack Buchanan's new picture he will enforce his Ten Commandments for Berkeley Glorified Chorines.

Most of his choruses in his Hollywood pictures are hand-picked. For Gold Diggers of 1933 he interviewed nearly 10,000 girls before selecting the 200 who appear in the picture. True feminine beauty, he says, is the rarest thing in the world so far as the screen is concerned. "You can call it charm or It or 'that certain something,' but a girl either has that on the screen or she hasn't it and without that the prettiest girl in the world is a flat failure," he adds.

No Feminine "Teams"

So far, this generosity has not spread to the feminine side. However, we may yet look forward to seeing Marlene Dietrich and Mae West sharing honours in a film or Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow competing for the same man. Fox might even consider giving us a Janet Gaynor-Lilian Harvey co-starring vehicle and Radio could team Katharine Hepburn and Ann Harding.

In the meanwhile the Dietrich-West feud goes on. Studio officials anxious to heal the breach for publicity have been making frantic efforts to get the stars to pose in a "friendly" picture together, but so far without result.

(Continued on page 6)
The Merry Widow may also bring Eric von Stroheim back to the screen in the role of the heavy. He directed the silent version of the film in 1915 with Mae Murray as the star. That production is still regarded as one of the most tumultuous in the history of Hollywood.

Will Garbo Retire?

With Queen Christina on the way the rumours are now being revived that Greta Garbo is again contemplating retirement. According to current reports, the Swedish Goddess will 'definitely abandon her professional career when she completes her present contract.'

It is in further stated to have finally "O.K.'d" the plans for a castle-like home to be erected on the estate she recently purchased in Sweden. However, there is no need to worry unduly yet awhile. Greta's contract calls for three pictures after Christina and has over a year to run.

Mary Nolan Again

The latest development in the move towards the sensationalisation of pictures is the news that Universal is finalising the engagement by Paramount of Sally Rand. Universal is negotiating with Mary Nolan to play in a film based on her own life-story, plus the lurid "dope" angles that have been part of her recent serialised "confessions" in the American yellow press.

Miss Nolan, you may remember, wrote her modified biography for Picturegoer some time ago and it was far from ideal film material even then. The logical next step is obviously the frank cashing in on notoriosity that has hitherto always been rigidly barred by the Hays organisation.

Elastic Prices

Several complaints from readers have reached me recently objecting to the practice that is being pursued in some cinemas of putting up the price of seats when a big special feature is being shown. Some big West End cinemas are not the least offenders in this respect.

When I say the prices are raised I mean that the number of seats available; say, for the 4d. patron are reduced and several rows added to the 3s. 6d. accommodation.

This is extremely unfair to the regular cinema-goer, who probably has paid good money several times to see poor pictures, only to be politely informed when he tenders his 2s. 6d. to see a room that is outstanding that there is standing room only and when he enters to find that his habitual seats have been included in the higher-priced seating.

A Bad Policy

Not only is it unfair to the regular patron who is, after all, the backbone of the box office, but it is also a very clever way of making enemies of those who wish to be the cinema's best friends.

Exhibitors who practise this particular form of "smart" business would do well to bear this in mind.

The remedy so far as the cinema-goer is concerned is simple. Just go away from theatres which treat a regular customer in such a cavalier fashion.

Horrors in Shorts

When I saw the ingenious new short, Mascot, which animates dolls in an entirely lifelike manner, I particularly noticed an undertone of the macabre running through it which produced an unpleasant atmosphere and rendered it unsuitable for children.

Now, this picture which, except for this atmospheric, would be excellent juvenile fare, is not an exception. Cartoon shorts have a most unhealthy knack of introducing the macabre into their composition in a manner that seems only to warrant a pathological explanation.

Skeletors, weird, ghostly figures, are all part and parcel of the cartoon film's stock-in-trade and their effect on children, for whom they seem otherwise ideally suited, must be definitely bad.

I hope that film cartoonists will forget the graveyard for a little while and emulate the freshness of Disney's Silly Symphonies which hitherto have steered clear of such incidents.

And Questionable Sub-titles

There is another tendency in shorts suitable for children chiefly of the interest and natural history variety—which also needs checking.

That is the inclusion of questionable remarks and wise-cracks. I do not say they are to be found in every subject, but every now and again they crop up and recently they have become much more frequent.

The Monster

It was inevitable. I mean someone sooner or later had to get a cine camera and go hunt the Loch Ness monster.

I saw the result at a trade show recently and it was not impressed.

It is a very short film which shows you the lake and its surroundings and also one of the trees which have been suggested are really the origin of the monster. But something long and black well away in the background which you are asked kindly to consider as the genuine monster him- (or her-) self.

Missed Chances

It seems to me a chance has been missed here. If one's legs are to be pulled it could be done much more effectively and the subject simply asks for it. Perhaps some kind producer will give us a short comedy on this burning topic; I'm sure it would be popular and pictorial art—which is what it is and must be in essence.

Silence, Please!

Seeing a silent picture, Thunder Over Mexico, the other day, the first I have seen since Tabu, I was surprised at the way I failed to notice very acutely the absence of talk.

Sub-titles were produced rather a jarring effect, but the action generally was perfectly self-sufficent to express all that nowadays is contained in dialogue.

I felt that as a change I should like to see a few silent pictures, for I am convinced that the addition of sound has very seriously hindered the progress of the silent/pictorial art—which is what it is and must be in essence.

For the Love of Mike

In training the mikes brought a flood of speech and a tendency to photograph stage plays with no further imagination than the new mechanical devices allowed.

It helped to stifle, at least temporarily, the gradual development of telling a story with pictorial detail.

I do believe, however, that the scope of the screen is again being realised and that the prevalent torrent of talk will again make way for action and camera opportunity.

At any rate, it is a very good idea if directors had to make a silent picture now and again with the aid of the fewest sub-titles possible. It would be excellent training.

Latest "Chiller"

The "chiller" season is starting again. Unicinema are doing The Invisible Man with The Golem, another classic among "horror" tales. Boris Karloff is to be the star.

The stage fame of The Golem is world-wide. Unicinema companies worked on the play originally, but it has since been translated into other languages and performed in virtually every country on the globe.

The history of The Golem extends back into the Middle Ages. Rabbi Low, of Prague, in what is now Czechoslovakia, is said to have actually
created this monstrosity and endowed it with life.
 Each succeeding generation has added its
embroidery to the story, until to-day "The Go-1en"
is a legendary figure.
Karooff appears to be due for another exciting
course with the make-up men. "The Goem" is
reputed to be twelve feet high and propor-
tionately built.

The "Alice" Coifure
The latest feminine fashion to be started by the
films is, I am told, the "Alice" coifure.

The girl who started the vogue is Charlotte
Henry, Miss Greer, who plays the title role in
"Alice in Wonderland."

For the picture she tied a simple blue ribbon over
the top of her blonde hair so that it caught her
long tresses off her forehead and ears—and a new
mode was created.

Among the Hollywood stars who have adopted it
are Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford, Claudette
Colbert, Sylvia Sidney and Dorothy Wieck.

Leslie Howard's Hollywood Plans
Feminine fans will be pleased to hear that
Leslie Howard is back at work in Hollywood
to fulfil his screen engagements with Radio and
Warner and, presumably, to live down The Lady is
Willing.

The proposal that he should do The Scarlet
Pimpernel has apparently been temporarily shelved and his first new picture is to be a Radio
film version of the Maugham novel Of Human
Bondage. This is to be directed by John Cromwell.

It should be intriguing to see how the combina-
tion of a star whose attitude has always been
mildly contemptuous to the "pictures" with an
actor whose dislike of Hollywood is well known
will work out.

On his present visit to the screen capital Howard
has for the first time committed himself to a
contract.

He has not had the best of luck on his last trip
down. His stage play was not an unqualified
success. Lady is Willing, the film which he made
here, is reviewed on page 20.

Short Shots
Mr. Sidney R. Kent, chief of the Fox studio,
has been warning American producers that in
view of the quality of recent British pictures
they may no longer get away with it. Johnny Weissmuller is to
be an Indian in his next picture, Red Man, and
his wife, Lupe Velez, is an Indian squaw for
Laughing Boy—Mary Pickford earned $2,000 a
week and a percentage for her recent vaudeville
appearance in New York—Clark Gable and Carole
Lombard are to be teamed again in Shoe the
Wild Mare—The title of M-G-M's Transcontinental
Bus has been changed to Fugitive Losers—Tish,
the famous Mary Roberts Rinehart story, may
be Marie Dressler's next starring vehicle—A recent
survey among exhibitors by the Hollywood
Reporter revealed that the five biggest feminine
box-office stars in America are Marie Dressler,
Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Mae West and
Joan Crawford, and, among the men, Clark Gable,
Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers
and Fredric March—Gloria Stuart and her
sculptor-husband, Blair Newell, are trying the
Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster experiment of
keeping up separate houses—Garbo has been heard
singing "Who's afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf."

Sally Blane in English Studios
Sally Blane has interesting things to say in
comparing film-making in Britain and America.

In England," she declares, "players do not
live, eat and sleep motion pictures as they do in
Hollywood. They are interested in their work, of
course, but English actors and actresses rarely
talk about motion pictures. Even the stage hands
and electricians are prone to discuss the art
very casually."

"Making a picture over there is like spending a
charming week-end in a kindly friend's house. There
is little excitement. And such things happened
to me as having a prop boy come up and say,"I hope
you're enjoying your stay in our
country, Miss Blane."

"But I was so happy to get back to Hollywood,
to the tempo I was accustomed to, to, where youth
and excitement reign. I know the English players
have more repose and deeper cultural pursuits.
But in Hollywood we live on the top layer of
civilization and are interested in what is happening
to-day—and to-morrow."

Kinema Couples
This week's prize of ros. 6d. is awarded to
J. Roberts, 54, Mallory Buildings, St. John's
Street, E.C.1, for:
Way of a Sailor
Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:
Miss A. F. Thompson, 444, New Chester Road,
Rock Ferry, Cheshire, for:
Cure for Love
I Lived With You
Marion Simms, 671, Fredonia Drive, Holly-
wood, California, U.S.A., for:
Broadway Through a Keyhole
The Big Bluff
Miss Barbara Jones, 9, Peter Street, Regent
Street, London, W.1, for:
My Wife's Family
Accidents Wanted
M. H. Angell, 21, Causeway, Grimsbury,
Banbury, Oxon., for:
The Private Life of Henry VIII
Women of All Nations

A Studio's Electricity
Are you interested in film studio figures—the
arithmetical kind, I mean? Here are a few
compiled by the mathematic department at
M-G-M.:
"Evidence that the motion picture industry is
"geared in high," and going at a pace which passes
any record in its history, is indicated in a report
from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios relating a
great gain in its consumption of electrical
power.
"A few years ago the Culver City plant con-
sumed 5,500,000 kilowatt-hours a year. Currently,
with so many productions under way, half a
million kilowatt-hours a month are being used,
or six million a year."

"With the average for home consumption set
at 600 kilowatt-hours a year, this means that this
one Hollywood studio could furnish light for
9,983 average homes, or a city of more than thirty
thousand."

Katharine as Joan of Arc
Despite the preponderance of historical and
semi-historical films in the current production
schedules, the best news of the week is the an-
nouncement that Katharine Hepburn is to become
Joan of Arc in the not too distant future.

According to present plans the film will follow
her impersonation of Queen Elizabeth in The Tudor
Wench, the first picture she will undertake at the
conclusion of her current New York stage season.
I have always hoped that Garbo would give us
the Maid of Orleans. However, Hepburn should
provide a memorable characterization.

A New Woman Director
It has always been one of the mysteries of movies
that an entertainment whose appeal is concen-
trated on the feminine customer should have
produced so few feminine film makers.

It is interesting to learn, therefore, that Wanda
Tuchock has been promoted to the direction of the
new Radio picture Just Off Fifth Avenue.

Miss Tuchock thus becomes Hollywood's second
woman director. She has been working at the
studio for several years as a script writer and was
elevated to the more responsible post after having
completed the script for this picture.

Dorothy Arzner is the only other woman direc-
tor in the film capital. She has just completed
Anna which introduces the long awaited Goldwyn-
Glorified Anna Sten.

Pepping Up Elissa
A new screen personality, it is announced, is to
be created for Elissa Landi.
She is to be given sex appeal and there will be
no more of the cold, dignified roles in which she
has appeared in almost all her previous Hollywood
pictures.

The Columbia Studio is at the moment negoti-
ating with M-G-M for the screen rights of Congai
as a Landi vehicle.

Congai was originally bought to star Jean
Harlow!

Temperamental Comedians
The latest development in the "all-star" vogue
is "all-star" comedies.

Paramount has rounded half-dozen funsters in
Six of a Kind—Alison Skipworth, W.C. Fields,
Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, Gracie Allen and
George Burns.

Comedians are notoriously temperamental, and
Six of a Kind has produced more "scenes" and
headaches for those in authority than all the aristo-
cratic predecessors that brought the giants of screen
drama together, like Grand Hotel and Dinner
at Eight.

However, undismayed by Paramount's difficul-
ties, the Radio studio has followed the fashion by
pulling another six comedians, So You Won't
SING, Eh? They are Zasu Pitts, Edward Everett
Horton, Pert Kelton, Ned Sparks, Lucien Little-
field and Billy Griffiths.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS
DEAR CLARK,

Lend me your ears. Metaphorically speaking, of course.

On reconsideration and in view of what the Hollywood humorists have to say...on the subject of the Gable ears, that is, perhaps, not the most tactful of openings.

However, I'm not going to withdraw it. For one thing, I rather like those ears.

They are real, honest-to-goodness man's-size ears.

They have contributed to, and they are part of, the Clark Gable legend of rugged, dominant masculinity.

They stand out like giant land-marks on the moving picture scene as proof that screen idols need not necessarily be young Apollos with god-like beauty of face and form unapproachable by the ordinary man.

They have helped set a new fashion in film heroes—made them more human and more logical.

I would sooner hear about your ears than read some of the publicity stuff they are now sending out about your "flashing dimples."

If I were you I'd put on my best he-man look and go down and interview the publicity department about it.

Seriously though, Clark, your greatest danger now is of becoming "soft."

I am not suggesting for a moment that you are, mind you, but the danger is there just the same, and it will make itself increasingly felt in the coming months.

The personality which now makes you, I am told, the answer to ten million maidens' prayers, was moulded and built up in a hard school.

You have told us yourself how you threw up a manual job at $2 10s. a day in the Oklahoma oil fields to take a gamble and $4 a week on the stage. You were twenty then, and you had been supporting yourself since you were fourteen.

There followed hard trouping work, one-night stands, odd jobs labouring in lumber camps. You even worked as a collector for a telephone company because work in the theatre was scarce and you had to eat.

Your friends have told me, too, how you met your first wife, Josephine Dillon, and how with her expert help you studied the real technique of acting and found new encouragement and ambition.

The story of how you hawked your talent and personality round the Hollywood studios and found no buyers is history now.

You told me you went out tramping round the casting offices for extra work is good training for a potential star. It helps to keep your feet on the ground when you "arrive." It has certainly done so in your case.

After disappointment and discouragement you made up your mind to "make" Broadway or bust. You had set it as your goal, you had saved your money to get there—and you did.

When you went back to Los Angeles to play on the stage as Killer Mears in The Last Mile it was the studios who came to you this time.

You are still modest and level-headed enough to tell us that you were lucky, that stage players were in demand as a result of the coming of talkies, that you "just happened to strike Hollywood at the right moment.

You cast opposite Joan Crawford in Dance, Fools, Dance.

I was your big chance and you took it. After the film was completed Joan Crawford went on record as saying of you: "He is the greatest find, the most outstanding personality, the screen has had for years." It was the beginning of your fame.

I have mentioned all your heart-breaking struggles and battles, the hard road you climbed to success, because it was those struggles and battles and hardships which went to create the rugged, vital character which sweeps the film world off its feet to-day.

You see, the pitfalls which you face to-day are not those that have faced many other idols who have been sky-rocketed to overnight fame.

You have demonstrated that you have no intention of losing your head. Few stars who have achieved your eminence have worn their honours with such modesty. Your background accounts for that, too.

What I am afraid of is the effect of success on your screen personality. Will luxury, security, easy living, yes, and flattery, undermine the natural brute "toughness" that is your screen stock-in-trade? If they do you will become just another actor.

When you attribute your success to luck you are right to a certain extent, because luck must always be an element in great film fame.

At the time you emerged from the racket, the talkies, just getting into their stride, were clamouring for a male idol that if the vacancy left by the silent "rages" who had failed to survive the great revolution.

In a world full of gawling young men wooing their lady loves with heart-broken, apologetic croon songs your forceful restoration of the dominant male to his proper place in the scheme of things hit us like a bombshell.

The hour had found the man.

I must confess that we here were a little bit doubtful about you. America was bailing you as a sensation when we had only seen your few appearances as a gangster, and we wondered what all the shouting was about.

To-day you are as popular here as you are in America. We like you in the sort of roles you have in Hold Your Man and Dancing Lady.

I hope, nevertheless that if you ever believed those stories that as a great romantic lover you could give point to Casanova, The White Sister and Strange Interlude have cured it.

The public likes you tough, and you will have to stay tough.

I read an interview the other day in which you were quoted as saying: "I'm bored. I'm fed up. I've lost my ambition. I just work here now. I do my work as well as I can, but I don't worry about it. I used to read everything that was written about me, but now I don't care what they say. Motion pictures are just a job to me—just the same as any other job."

That's the sort of thing I mean. Yes, I know that "I want to get away from it all" stuff is a stock Hollywood story, but it does not sound so good coming from the great conquering he-man Gable.

Neither does that talk of retiring when you have grabbed yourself enough money from the movie racket.

You say you do not care what the writers say about you.

Nevertheless, I hope you will read this because somebody ought to tell you that in this competitive age the public quickly loses interest in the people who are not interested in their jobs or them. Snap out of it.

Best wishes,

M. D. P.
THROUGH OUR LENS

John Barrymore in the new starring role of proud father. An unusual domestic study of the star with his wife (Dolores Costello), John Blyth Barrymore, jun., and Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore.

Dorothy Wieck and Gary Cooper recently met on the Paramount lot. Here they are seen in conversation between scenes of their new pictures.

At home with Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe does not relish a forced “header” into the water any more than anybody else.

For informal street wear Heather Angel chooses this gray shorn goat-skin coat, made along simple lines, with a slight fullness in the sleeves below the shoulder line. Popularity is predicted this season for the small round muff.

Do you recognise the girl in the centre? It's Baby Peggy grown up. She is seen here with Barbara Barondess, who plays with her in “Eight Girls in a Boat,” and Marshall Duffield, a famous American athlete, who is assistant director.
The March family in the talkie version, Katharine Hepburn, (M) and Frances Dee (Meg) in foreground. Left to right at back: Storing Byington (Mrs. March), Sam Hinds (Mr. March) and Joan Bennett (Amy).

The author of this intriguing article, which takes you back to the glamorous days of the silent film, was the director of the original screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's classic story.

I

HAVE just celebrated the hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Louisa M. Alcott by seeing the talking picture of her world-famous book "Little Women." This is the finest picture that has yet been seen on the screen.

This was part of a talk by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, a modern Columbus, relayed over four thousand miles from Minneapolis, and as I sat here in London listening, such a flood of memories swept over me that I am afraid I heard little of the remaining broadcast.

It is just fifteen years since the silent version of Little Women had its world premiere at the Strand Theatre, New York.

Produced and financed by William A. Brady, released on the Art Craft programme by Adolph Zukor, sales controlled by Al Lichtman and Sidney Kent, first presentation by Joseph Plunkett, cut and edited by Josef von Sternberg and directed by myself.

Brady was the most colourful showman in America—what C. B. Cochran is to the English stage Brady was for many years to the American stage and screen, only more so; and, by the way, they are great friends, Cochran and Brady—a friendship which dates back many years before Cochran was known to London theatrical circles.

Forty years ago Brady managed and seconded Jim Corbett when he fought and beat John L. Sullivan for a world Heavy-Weight Championship, and then with uncanny judgment he sought out, became manager to, and seconded Jim Jeffries when he, in turn, beat Jim Corbett in one of the most spectacular fights in the history of the ring; and yet this simple story of American home-life—Little Women—with its pathos, sacrifice and tragedy, appealed greatly to Brady.

He it was who had this story dramatised and then produced it on the stage, revived it on several occasions, on one of which his daughter Alice, who looks like earning greater laurels as a talkie star than she ever achieved in the silent days, played Meg.

Brady, who had been in full charge of the film activity of the United States Government, under the Wilson regime during the war, had completed his mission.

He had also resigned his part-time position as Director-General of Productions of the World-Brady-Selznick at a salary of £100,000 a year. I had been associated with him for three years and had just received from him a special bonus of £1,500 over and above my salary for doing twelve feature pictures in one year at a cost of less than £30,000 per picture.

B

 Brady wanted to sponsor a picture himself and his choice fell on the story he had always keenly interested in—Little Women.

Conrad Nagel, who was under Brady's management, had just become established as a leading stage juvenile on Broadway and he was Brady's choice to play Laurie. This, by the way, was Nagel's first picture, and the commencement of a screen career which must have netted him nearly a million dollars. The part of Marmee was played by that dear person, Kate Lester.

What a perfect Marmee! beautiful, digni-
Concord, Mass., is not only the birthplace of Louisa M. Alcott, but it is steeped in tradition. Here it was that the first shot was fired in the revolutionary war which was to gain America its independence, "the bullet which was heard round the world."

I took the whole cast along with me to Concord and after two weeks' hard work we returned to New York, confident that we had been successful in obtaining a lovely background of exteriors for the picture.

Here stalked tragic disaster. On the first day of work, at the studio I was called off the floor with the ominous message "Jo Sternberg wants you immediately on the telephone." (Sternberg was in charge of the laboratory where the film was being developed.)

There I heard from him that our two weeks' work had gone for naught and, incidentally, one-third of the budget allowed for the picture had been spent without result. The camera mechanism had been faulty, and every foot of film was wasted.

I hurried over to Brady's office at once. He had heard the news, however, and was standing outside his theatre, The Playhouse, calmly smoking his cigar, with his hat pulled well over his eyes. "Better fire your camera-man," he said. "I'd rather keep him, I replied. "I wouldn't, but you're the boss," said Brady.

And that, as far as he was concerned, ended the incident; but my hat was off to a great sport.

The company worked like Trojans to make up lost time, and on the last session in the studio, we worked for eighteen hours without stopping, and reeled off eighty scenes. We set off on our second visit to Concord "wiser but sadder men."

We wanted spring and autumn scenes in the March orchard; we had missed the blossoms and the apples had not yet begun to grow; so my property man went to Boston and bought up every artificial apple blossom that could be found, and then, with five crates of apples, we transformed that orchard; one side of the trees was hung with blossoms, the other side with apples.

The effect on the screen was so amazingly realistic that no one would believe the story, and thought it was just another publicity stunt.

The picture was finally finished and ready for cutting and editing and this gave rise to Jo Sternberg's problem. He was a laboratory manager who had, for two years, done two men's work; in the daytime he had attended to his laboratory duties and in the evening he had worked on my pictures, cutting and editing them without salary, partly because he loved the work, and partly because he wished to gain all the experience possible.

I finally persuaded Jo to make the plunge from laboratory to production. Jo resigned his position and became my cutter and editor.

I fixed up a cutting-room at my summer home and there Jo lived with me during the weeks we spent cutting, editing and preparing for the New York showing.

The picture was finally shown at the Strand Theatre, Broadway, New York, and on the second day all records were broken; fifteen thousand people paying for admission, and the takings for the week equalled the total cost of production.

Adolph Zukor bought the picture and put it on the Art Craft programme along with the Mary Pickford and other super pictures, some of which had cost nearly ten times the amount spent on Little Women.

By loyal co-operation of my Company and hard work I had been able to keep inside the budget by about £200 and a figure which Brady had set before starting production, at £5,000.

It was hailed by many critics as the finest adaptation of a novel that had yet been transferred to the screen.

The photography was declared beyond praise, and that great showman, "Roxy," who saw it on more than one occasion and unashamedly wept each time, declares to this day that it is the best picture I ever made.

Jo Sternberg, shortly after, was called to take up technical duties at the Military College in Washington, where he helped to put the War Film Department on a proper basis.

I didn't see him again until just after I had completed the silent version of Carnival, when one day he arrived unannounced at St. Margaret's studio. I assigned him to supervise a production in which Gladys Cooper was the star, and then he helped to cut and edit The Bohemian Girl.

But that is another story, as is the one that, during all the years of our association at my home, at my club, and at the studio, Jo never once gave me an inkling that he was no other than Josef von Sternberg, who was, in later years, to startle the film world by his vast knowledge and skill.

The talking version of Little Women, with its wonderful cast, including the glamorous Katharine Hepburn, is sweeping America like a prairie fire; but I shall always consider that the man who made it possible was the man with the vision, who had the story dramatised, produced it on the stage and then transferred it to the screen—William A. "Bill" Brady.
The American wireless star, who is well-known to gramophone enthusiasts in this country, is now being glorified by Hollywood. She appears in Eddie Cantor’s "Roman Scandals," and also supports Wheeler and Woolsey in their latest—the new "song and girl" extravaganza "Hips Hips Hooray."

**Ruth Etting**

The American wireless star, who is well-known to gramophone enthusiasts in this country, is now being glorified by Hollywood. She appears in Eddie Cantor’s "Roman Scandals," and also supports Wheeler and Woolsey in their latest—the new "song and girl" extravaganza "Hips Hips Hooray."
WHAT the ORIGINAL ALICE THINKS of her SCREEN SELF
by Mrs. Alice Hargreaves

MRS. HARGREAVES is to-day the closest link with Lewis Carroll and all his associations, for it was to her, then Alice Liddell, that the author told his immortal fantasy on warm summer days by the Thames.

It was solely to amuse this real Alice and her two sisters that the story was begun. An intimate friend of Lewis Carroll persuaded him to write it down and give it to a publisher, and so Alice in Wonderland was given to the world.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. Hargreaves, who is now eighty-two, and her little grandchild, Mary Jean Hargreaves, saw the Paramount film version of Alice in Wonderland at their home, "The Breaches," Westerham, Kent.

And now Mrs. Hargreaves gives her impressions of the production to the Picturegoer, and we reproduce them here for the benefit of our numerous readers who hold dear the memory of the greatest children's author of all time:

"After seeing this film I was filled with delight, and am now convinced that the talking picture is the only possible medium for the interpretation of this best-loved of books."

"Even though I was fortunate enough to have the incredible adventures described to me by Lewis Carroll himself, I was still forced, like everyone, to rely almost entirely upon my imagination—to re-create within myself the analytical continuity of the happenings."

"But in this film version I saw Alice—the Alice described to me by Lewis Carroll, the Alice of Tenniel's incomparable drawings—go down the rabbit-hole and set off on her topsy-turvy adventures exactly as I pictured it many, many years ago."

"I actually saw Alice changing from a midget to a giant, and that unfortunate baby slowly resolve itself into a pig."

"I saw a grin hang in the air long after the Cheshire Cat had vanished, and the little oysters hurrying thick and fast along the sand."

"The epic battle of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the fall of Humpty-Dumpty, the kitchen scene—all these things were captured for me and made tangible."

"The film meant a great deal to me, for, although the book has been adapted frequently for the stage and beautifully illustrated by many artists, I always think of Wonderland as inhabited by people who speak Lewis Carroll's words and look like Tenniel's drawings."

"And here the costumes are wonderfully done and the words are not maltreated or changed. I could see that every care had been taken to adhere, as nearly as possible in dress, words and action to the great original."

"It could not have been an easy task. Any fantasy, by its very nature, must necessarily put up almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of material treatment. And Alice in Wonderland must be the most difficult of them all."

"There is perhaps no critic so savage as a lover of Alice in Wonderland, but I feel sure that this film version of Paramount will satisfy everyone."

"I myself, am glad to hear that an edition of the book is shortly to be published with illustrations from the film, for these 'living' characters would stimulate the imagination yet leave untouched those dear illusions."

"The film is one that represents a great revolution in cinema history. It is very gracefully and charmingly done and not only will it grip present kinemagoers, but it will convert those few people who are still anti-screen to the art of the talking picture."

"You will understand that I cherish the hope that this picture will have a wonderful success."
FilM stars are like women and omnibuses; if you lose one there is always another along in a minute. At least there always has been another up to the present.

One can, consequently, view without serious misgivings the reported current short-age of what are known in the inner councils of the picture industry as "new personalities to stimulate the box-office."

One can even contemplate dry-eyed the anguish of the movie kings in the travail of producing spectaculars, fresh names to save the last few million dollars in their old oak chests. I think we can safely leave them to their birth pangs for this week, take a holiday from star-gazing and pay a long-overdue tribute to the people who are the real atmosphere and backbone of the movies.

They earn no million-dollar salaries. Hollywood's publicity flood passes them by. Their love lives never reach the front pages or their names the electric lights. Indeed, you probably do not know their names at all, although their faces are as well known to you as those of your friends.

They are the "bit" players. They are indispensable to pictures. They supply the "atmosphere." They "feed" the Dietrichs, the Garboes, the Westas and the Gables.

The life of most of them, unsung by the ballyhoo factories, is the life of the average professional or business man who lives in "the suburbs."

The financial rewards of most of them are on about the same scale. They earn anything from £2 a day to £100 a week—when they are working. Some of them are kept busy.

They live in modest little suburban villas within easy access to the studios, to which they drive in modest little cars when they are employed on a picture.

Their evenings off are spent by their own firesides, the homes of friends, a theatre and, yes, even "the pictures."

For most of them employment is regular enough for them to live this steady, comfortable, pleasant existence amid the glamour and glamour of the great Hollywood show, although only very few are put on contract by the studios.

Sometimes some of them rise to the dignity and security of fixed agreements or even to featured billing and minor stardom, as George E. Stone did recently and Guy Kibbee did before him.

Even so short a time ago as The Crooner I saw Kibbee playing the bittiest of "bits" as a "drunk" in a short cabinet sequence.

But most of them are content with their lot. They have brought the best traditions of the theatre to the making of films. They are proud to be known merely as "actors."

Some of them have been on the screens almost as long as I can remember.

Little Arthur Hoyt, for instance. Don't tell me you don't know Arthur Hoyt because even if you are an irregular picturegoer you must have seen him on the screen dozens of times.

There is a picture of him here. Arthur is the actor with the spectacles and insignificant moustache who is sent for whenever a casting director wants a timid, apologetic little clerk, a hen-pecked husband or a diffident, indecisive official—"any blasted weak little shrimp," as he himself puts it—but mostly the hen-pecked husband.

Let me tell you something about Arthur. The screen's most hen-pecked husband is not married! He has never married. He lives a bachelor existence at the Hollywood Athletic Club. He does not earn a spectacular fortune, but he makes about as much as if he had achieved success in another profession.

Off the screen he is a very different person to his usual screen characterisation. Before he went on the stage, round about 1901, he followed the he-man occupation of mining. He went to Hollywood by accident in 1915 and has been there ever since.

Everybody must know lovable old De Witt Jennings. De Witt has been acting for forty years, of which he has been in Hollywood for fourteen. Now he plays mostly big-hearted detectives, police chiefs and prison wardens. His life to-day is very much like yours and mine. He lives in an unpretentious but cozy bungalow in what the estate agents would describe as a "quiet residential district," attends lodge meetings once a week, belongs to committees, plays golf or tennis at the week-ends and takes "mother" to the movies.

Great stars from Marie Dressler downwards are happy to call him friend.

He deserved great fame. He turned in a performance in Beggar on Horseback that, had he been favoured by fortune, must have won him the recognition he deserved. But Lady Luck was looking the other way. Beggar on Horseback, a fine picture, achieved no sensational popularity and De Witt went back to his "bits."

But he is satisfied. The "bit" players are the happiest people in Hollywood. Extras years for fame, the stars who have had disillusionment and worry. The bit players have their acting, their smoothly running lives—they alone are content.

Most of them can, if given the opportunity, turn in a first-class acting performance any day of the week. Take J. Farrell MacDonald, for instance. He was educated at Yale and he, too, has been acting for something over forty years. He has probably appeared in as many pictures as any star in the game to-day.

Usually he does little bits as a police official, a small-time politician or a boxer's manager. A few years ago Universal made a lavish football epic called, I think, The Spirit of Notre Dame. It was to feature Knute Rockne, America's most famous coach, and it was a big part. Rockne met a tragic death in an airplane crash while on the way to Hollywood. MacDonald was rushed into the rôle and gave one of the finest performances I have seen since talks.

He did very well in another sizeable part as Marion Davies' father in Peg o' My Heart.

There are two artists who, no matter what their rôles, have only to step on to the screen to "get a laugh" in almost any picture house in the country.

They are Zaou Pitts and—Henry Armetta.

Henry excels in the portrayal of the excitable, gesticulating foreigner or the explosive Italian small shopkeeper with the heart of gold. Comedy or pathos, he can give us both.

Armetta is, in point of fact, an Italian. He arrived in America as a stowaway and practically his first glimpse of the New World was through the bars of the cell to which the unsympathetic authorities consigned him. He still, he once told me, has an inferiority complex about policemen.

Subsequently odd jobs led him to the Lamb's Club in New York (America's best known
Everybody knows the features of Henry Armetta.

BUT NOT THEIR NAMES

Miss Patterson is a veteran stage trouper. She has scored triumphs in Shakespeare on Broadway. Now she plays bits of varying sizes and devotes her spare time to her hobby of collecting antique furniture.

Others that come to mind easily are dear old Clara Blandick, who has been in films for twenty-five years (she played Walter Huston's wife in The Wel Paradox), Blanche Frederici, who portrays society "dragons" and granite-faced mothers-in-law, Emma Dunn and one or two others. Not all the "bit" players are old trouperseither.

One day some producer is going to wake up to the possibilities of Sterling Holloway.

Hollywood is the awkward, lanky, ginger-haired youth with the long, mournful countenance and voice who usually plays younger brothers (he performed that function for Joe E. Brown in Either the Great) or the butt of the party generally. He will probably best be remembered by the fans for his moving portrayal as the sailor trapped in the submarine in Hell Below. He has been acting in films since he left school, which is several years ago.

Holloway may never be a really great star, but I expect to see him achieve at least the eminence of featured players like Stuart Erwin in the comedy field.

He has, incidentally, a delightful "bit" as an author going through the agony of having his play "pruned" by the producer in Dancing Lady.

AN overdue tribute to the unsung players who are the real backbone of the screen.

No list of the "backbone" artists of Hollywood will be complete without mention of the negro actors who as porters, liftmen and servants contribute so much to the humour of the Californian product. One of the best known of them is Clarence Muse.

Clarence has never achieved the popularity earned by Steppen Fetchit (now, by the way, essaying a come-back), but he is one of the most versatile artists in his line.

He drifted to films from vaudeville, musical comedy and stock in 1928 and the studios have kept him busy since.

You will know his face instantly when you see it on page 14, but so little publicity has been given him that very few people know that he composed When It's Sleepy Time Down South, one of the most popular songs of recent years.

Yes, Clarence is not so dumb as he looks on the screen.

Oscar Apfel usually plays toughs, chuckers-out, broken-down pugilists and gangsters. He was the man Warren William punched on the jaw in the big court scene in The Mouthpiece. He was also the bullying chain-gang camp warder in Hell's Highway.

J. Farrell MacDonald, who can turn in a good performance any day of the week.

Allen Jenkins, who sometimes steals the honours from the stars.

Arthur Hoyt, the screen's most hem-picked husband, is not married in real life.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Apfel was once one of the ace directors of the old Edison company. Before that he was well known on the American stage as a producer. Another familiar portrayer of toughs is Matt McHugh, in real life a Varity man.

One of the finest actors on the screen to-day is Sidney Bracy, but with the exception of one or two of the Poverty Row studios nobody gives him a chance to play anything but butlers. I have seen him turn in some brilliant acting performances in the Hollywood quickies.

Bracy is one of the tragedies of the star system. He lacks that indefinable quality known as "box-office personality." He has been in films for nearly a quarter of a century. Before that he learnt his job on the stage in drama, musical comedy and even Gilbert and Sullivan.

Now, because he was born in Australia, they think he should portray English butlers! Another Briton in exile among the "bit" players is Eric Mayne, whose dignified figure and bearded, distinguished features are often seen in doctor and lawyer roles. Mayne started as a star from the English stage. Now he lingers on in Hollywood in the small-part ranks. His wife is dead, he lost his son in the war. "There's nothing to go back to England for," he says, "I may as well stay here."

I wanted to write, too, had I space, of Burton Churchill, the distinguished-looking American who can lend dignity to the portrayal of great statesmen and soldiers and be equally as good as the snub, hypocritical businessman as he was in The Little Giant and Private Jones, Robert McWade, Paul Porcasi (what will he do now that there will be no more movie2 speakakesies to run?), Allen Jenkins, Robert Emmett O'Connor, Clarence Wilson (he always plays villains), Charles Sellon, Augustine Tollaire (who plays French mayors and washes his magnificent white beard in milk every night) and many others whose names give me as much pleasure on a cast list as those of the major stars.

They share little of the glory or glamour, but they are the happiest people in Hollywood. They are satisfied to be "actors."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

NEXT WEEK

The Story of

"Little Women"

EVERYBODY is talking about "Little Women"—the picture which has proved the sensation of the new screen season.

"Picturegoer" has secured for its readers the exclusive "Story of the Film."

Make sure you do not miss the first instalment next week.
One of the stars who has lived longest in popular favour, Warner Baxter, with his work in "Daddy Long Legs" and "Daddy the Next Best Thing," has ensured himself a further long lease of popularity. He is a keen fisherman and was proud of the trout which he caught in Northern California while on location for his new picture, "As Husbands Go."
WHILE the Warner Brethren are busy getting court injunctions to prevent Joan Blondell changing her name to Barnes, the studio is seeking a new first name for Ginger Rogers.

Studio officials, believing that "Ginger" stamps Miss Rogers as a comedienne and does not conform to the new personality which they desire to create for her as a straight dramatic actress, are appealing for the co-operation of movie fans everywhere to suggest a more suitable name for the popular screen favourite.

Ginger agrees with the executives. She points out that for a while she could use her new name with the "Ginger" in parenthesis, much in the same manner followed by Charles (Buddy) Rogers a few years ago.

In this way she would not lose her identity as Ginger Rogers. Eventually, they believe, people would become accustomed to the new first name and then she could drop the "Ginger" entirely.

A Child's Holiday

Baby Leroy enjoyed his first merry-go-round ride a few weeks ago, and became a motion picture extra for the first time.

Having a day off from the Miss Fan's Baby is Stolen production, he was taken for a visit to the carnival set for Good Dame, co-starring Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

Once he spied the mechanical horses, he howled to be placed aboard, and when the company was ready to start work, yelled in protest at being taken off until an assistant director had to let him ride throughout the scene.

A Huge Success

If Bolero draws in the theatres as it did on the set where Sally Rand's famous fan dance was being filmed, it will be a box-office triumph.

Sally was all unconscious of the future she was creating, but not so the harassed guards who tried to enforce the "No Admittance" signs posted to keep sufficient space clear on the stage.

A Surprising Secret

Hollywood was amazed when Miriam Jordan, the pretty young English film actress, recently admitted divorce action, thereby revealing that she had been married for seven years. No one thought that Miriam had ever been married, which proves that a woman can keep a secret if she so desires.

The husband is Joseph Davis, described as a resident of New York and London. Miriam has been separated from her husband for four years. She claims that he is lazy and permitted her to support them both.

The little screen actress leads a very quiet life, rarely attends any of Hollywood's social affairs, and has shown no interest in any of the colony's eligible young men.

A Plucky Girl

Sue Kellog, a young actress who played on the London stage, was one of the candidates considered for the title role in Alice in Wonderland. Charlotte Henry, however, was given the role.

While Sue was disappointed, she was not discouraged. She asked for the position of Charlotte's "stand-in," and her request was granted. (A "stand-in" is a double who takes a player's place while lights are being tested and cameras placed in position.)

"Standing-in" for a star is a thankless task, but Sue isn't a bit jealous of Charlotte. "Shottsyy, " is her best friend. They lunch and work together, and have even been known to sleep together between scenes on a set. We will not see Sue's name on any "cast and credit" sheet in the near future, but we may see her in electric lights in a year or two.

Real Thrills

Those who believe that stars always have doubles to take chances for them should be interested in this story.

Victor McGlaglen, Edmund Lowe, and a staff of cameramen and sound technicians were taking scenes on a raft when a strong sea broke the rope which was attached to a tow ship, and carried the movie party far out to sea.

The castaways had to cling desperately to the insecure raft for an hour before the tow ship overtook them and was able to effect a rescue.

Canine Warfare

Male members of the film colony frequently indulge in combat in hotels and prominent restaurants, so it is nothing unusual when such a fracas occurs.

However, an unusual argument took place in the lobby of the swanky Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog and Rudy Vallee's chow were the warriors, and a hot "chewing match" ensued for several minutes before Jeanette and Rudy were able to separate the animals.

Up in Smoke

Ben Lyon is one of the most enthusiastic flyers in the film colony, and was never happier than when he was up in the air in his favorite "ship."

I say was, because the 'plane was destroyed by fire in its hangar at a local aviation field. Up to the time of writing the cause of the blaze has not been discovered.

So Ben is preparing to purchase a new 'plane.

Another Separation

Kay Francis is one of the best liked members of the film colony, and appeared to be getting along most amicably with her husband, Kenneth McKenna, a successful actor and director.

McKenna left for New York last fall, and Kay departed for the Eastern city shortly before Christmas, saying she intended to spend the holidays with her husband.

Like a bolt from the blue came the news that Kay and Kenneth had decided upon an "amicable separation." So far, no one seems to know the reason for the rift.

Future Stars

The Paramount Studio is training its youthful talent so as to give the youngsters every opportunity to achieve film fame. A series of short plays will be presented each week on one of the sound stages, utilising studio props and equipment. The casting director and his staff, as well as directors and producers, will view the performances and gain added insight into the capabilities and versatility of the young players. The studio diction coach will be in charge of the performances.

The roster of students includes Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Kent Taylor, Toby Wing, Lona Andre, and many less known to film fame.

A Romantic Lady

Alice White exploded the theory that the bride should wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue."

She was in Mexico and decided on short notice to marry Syd Bartlett at that particular time, so had to wear her red dress to the altar.

Alice has always believed that marriage is a solemn occasion, so she was wed in a four-hundred-years-old town hall, using the double-ring ceremony, with a long religious speech to bind bride and groom.
THIS film brings us a new screen star, Margaret Sullavan, and one need not be no prophet to predict a great future for her. She plays the part of Mary, a girl who loves once, but who is forgotten by the man who means everything to her.

The picture has been finely directed by John M. Stahl, and the cast includes John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Benita Hume, Edna May Oliver, and a host of feature players.

A New Year's Eve celebration which becomes memorable to Mary (Margaret Sullavan). The other woman facing the camera is Billie Burke, seated next to Reginald Denny.

Uncle Reginald entertains Jim jun., but appears less successful with Aunt Julie. Jim jun. is splendidly played by Jimmy Butler.

Rina Dumambl (a girl) impersonates Jim jun., to whom his mother (Mary) has dedicated her life.
Mary and Jim (John Boles) meet at a dance in Virginia. He is her ideal for whom she has yearned all her life.

The arrival of Jim's aunt, Julie, splendidly played by Billie Burke, visits Mary in hospital.

The night Mary and Jim met. She gave herself body and soul to the young lieutenant, believing he, too, loves her as she loves him.
HIS week the Columbia studio gives us a curate's egg offering of three new talkies, one of which—The Lady is Willing—marks, somewhat inauspiciously, I am afraid, the company's entry into the field of British production.

In Man's Castle, however, Frank Borzage, Filmland's Fairy Tale King, has devoted all the loving care of a fine craftsman to a film that just missed mass appeal.

More sophisticated, more in tune with life itself, more logical than Seventh Heaven, to which it is hailed as a successor, and possessed at times of much of the same simplicity and charm, it lacks only its great emotional appeal to be an equally memorable production.

In Seventh Heaven Borzage drenched romance from the sewers of Paris, and in Bad Girl he found it in the hum-drum lives of the humble middle class.

Here he extracts from it the most tender and unlikely source of them all—a dilapidated, miserable "shanty town" of the sort that, since the depression, has come to resemble a poison fungus on the faces of America's cities. It is to a filthy hovel in this squatter "slum" that Bill, roving, irresponsible, little more than a common tramp, takes Trina, a girl he has picked up starving on a park bench, to live with him.

It is a bittersweet ground which is leveled by the strange, sometimes almost grotesque, inhabitants of this reeking half-world, that the story is set. Their intimates are Ira, the night watchman, religiously devoted and benevolent to others, gin-soaked and cynical; and Bragg, strangely evil and covenous of Trina.

Lawrence, Trina's brother, one feels, is not so much a story as an episode. In essence, it is the eternal and psychologically sound one of the man who does not settle down, who feels restless every time he hears a train whistle, and the woman who wants to hold him.

Spencer Tracy turns in his finest performance to date, and boiled over with the story of his love for Loretta Young. But the producer-director is the real star of the piece.

Mr. Borzage makes life very, very difficult for his characters, but the atmosphere of reality and intimacy with the characters he creates in which pleasantly to insinuate his most flagrant descents to hokum on us. Some of the things which impressed us on the screen seem pretty awful when you emerge to the cold light of day and face your typewriter.

Only a Borzage can charm something like beauty out of such a setting and make it live. Only Borzage could make the down payment by Tracy of a house for his shanty town mistress, who seems like a moment of poetry. Or do it again in the final sequence in which we see them riding away together "hopping" a goods train, when Loretta wistfully regrets leaving "home" because "it was such a beautiful stave." There is a beautifully directed scene in which Trina tells Bill that she is going to have a baby, an actress rival played by Glenda Farrell, a melodramatically introduced burglar and murder and a "wedding in the sight of God". It is a first-class piece of acting.

Through it all one feels the paternal caressing touch of Borzage. Loretta Young, giving an inspired portrayal and appearing more faun-like and very appealing even than in Zoo in Budapest, is presented in frequent, softly lighted Gauynorese close-ups gazing angelically at the heavens. Some of the faces of the big birds and the beckoning stars are used with subtlety and effect to proclaim that the hand of the old master has lost none of its ancient cunning. Moreover, he has learned some new tricks. There are several delightful moments of almost rowdy humour. No villain since talkies have been more repulsively yet convincingly villainous than the sinister but restrained Bragg of Arthur Hohl and I hope that Marjorie Rambeau's representation of the drink-sodden Flossie will not be overlooked amid the brilliance of the others.—M. D. P.

The Lady is Willing

Here is one of the mysteries of the film industry. The cast of this picture includes Leslie Howard, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Binnie Barnes, Sir Nigel Playfair, Nigel Bruce, W. Graham Browne, and Claude Allister.

"Excellent," you will say.

The screen play is by Guy Bolton based on the work of Louis Verneuil, French dramatist. Again you will doubtless approve.

I must add that this is Columbia's first effort in a British studio, and, remembering the excellent standard set by this company in America, you will be anticipating a real entertainment.

Alas! Rarely have I seen so much talent wasted. Too many on this without the slightest resemblance to that work which gave Columbia its reputation. It has the imprint of the amateur. I am afraid that Gilbert Miller, one of the really big men in the theatre, has much to learn as a director of pictures.

Was it really wise to entrust so precious a vehicle to Mr. Miller? After all, one may produce world-famous plays on the stage, as Mr. Miller has done and still does, and yet have a lot to learn so far as the screen is concerned.

The atmosphere of indeliction throughout the picture which appears to have affected the artists. One could almost hear them saying, "What do we do next?"

In the second scene for Leslie Howard and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, men whose ability is known, and who can really act. They seemed infected with this disease of indiscernment and amateurishness. They could not have had any faith in the parts they played.

And now let me tell you the story, which bears the name of Guy Bolton.

Dupont, a crook, financier, has ruined many people. Three of the investors in the fraudulent company engage Latour, a detective, who has been ruined by Dupont, to recover their hard-earned money.

Disguised as a window cleaner, Latour discovers that Dupont has a pretty wife, a mistress, and is negotiating to sell some valuable property belonging to the wife.

Latour, disguised as a doctor, offers to buy the property at a large price, and is invited to a party at Dupont's house. Latour, who has already made the acquaintance of the wife, decides to kidnap and hold her to ransom.

Aided by his three clients, the wife is carried off to a castle where she is kept prisoner. The husband is in no hurry to pay the ransom and Latour, disguised as the doctor, suggests that Latour, the detective, should be hired. Dupont agrees. Latour arrives as his real self to negotiate the ransom.

In the meantime the wife has discovered a secret panel (yes, it's a fact!), escapes, and arrives just as Dupont is paying a million or so to Latour.

Does she expose him? Certainly not. Because even though I haven't told you, you guess that Latour and the wife are in love. She learns why she has been kidnapped and engages Latour, professionally, to prevent her from being robbed by her husband.

Dupont, anxious to complete the deal now that his wife has returned, phones for the doctor, and the real man, ignorant of Latour's work, is drawn into the negotiations. Latour puts him wise, fifteen million francs—in cash—are handed to the wife by Dupont, a general mix-up follows, the "escaped lunatic" gag appears—and all that sort of thing.

Anyway, the fall of the curtain—or the final black out—sees the investors with their money, and Latour waiting for the wife to be divorced, as obviously "The Lady is Willing."

Well, that's the story and I have told it in some detail in order to show you that much better films have been made with much worse stories. Give Lubitsch half that plot and the artistes—well, do you remember Trouble in Paradise?

I have already referred to the principal actors. Leslie Howard is Latour and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is Dupont. It would be a kindness to forget that they played in this film. And will producers please stop casting Hardwicke for the part of crook financier?

Binnie Barnes is the wife. Once again I must record that her pronunciation of certain words amuses me.

Sir Nigel Playfair, Nigel Bruce and W. Graham Browne try to make the three investors life-like. Kendall Lee appears to be miscast as the financier's mistress.

I am sorry I am unable to write more kindly of Columbia's first effort in this country. But what is the use of fooling ourselves? It is as unlike the real Columbia pictures as anything can be. Maybe there will be more serious preparation next time—If there is to be a next time.—M. B. Y.

Shadows of Sing Sing

There is an ingenious idea behind this rather conventional melodrama, Columbia's third offering, concerning a police officer's son who falls
in love with a gangster's sister and is accused of the murder of her brother who intends to stop the marriage at all costs.

The ingenuity consists of the way in which the identity of the real murderer is established by aid of the police photographic department. The accused man's impressions of a person he had met leaving the apartment before he himself entered and was surprised by the police, are noted down and a composite picture formed.

Through all this the assassin is found out to be someone whom the audience is not likely to suspect. But, in spite of this ingenuity, the picture as a whole tends to be slow and dull. Characterisations are sketchy and the broad outlines of the plot too entirely obvious to intrigue one at all deeply. Phil Rosen has not managed to make the theme a vital or even a very strongly dramatic one, and there is a leisurely air about the whole proceedings which precludes any real interest being taken in the fate of the characters.

As the wrongly accused man, Bruce Cabot is youthfully virile and pleasant, while Mary Brian makes an attractive enough heroine.

Grant Mitchell is effective as his father, and the gangster is well portrayed by Harry Woods.

Other gangster types are effectively acted by Bradley Page, Irving Bacon and Dewey Robinson—the last two introducing a humorous note.

One thing I did particularly notice in this picture was the low-toned mumbling of some of the artistes—notably of the gangster characters, which was often inaudible and at times unintelligible.—L. C.

The Scotland Yard Mystery

It seems to be a curious axiom of British production that if technical qualities are good, story values are weak; and if story values are strong, production qualities are poor.

This picture is, at any rate, an instance of the latter, for the story is a sound one, but it has not been at all well exploited.

It is of the thriller order and should have been played in a melodramatic vein instead of in the rather anemic and stilted way it has been presented.

Here is an outline of the plot which will show you that the material is all there to make a first class thriller.

An insurance company holds a board meeting to inquire into a curious coincidence—the death from heart failure of five heavily insured policy holders within the space of a few months.

Yet the company's doctor, Dr. Freeman, had certified all of them as fit.

Freeman is censured and his fiancée, the daughter of Chief Inspector Stanton, gets her father to take an interest in these very suspicious events.

Then another heavily insured person dies and he takes up the matter wholeheartedly, enlisting the help of Dr. Charles Masters, the Home Office pathologist at Scotland Yard, who also has a practice in the East End of London, which he runs, he says, as a hobby.

Stanton has the deceased policy-holders exhumed and in each case finds the coffin full of books. He tracks down the undertaker and discovers who ordered the coffins and thereafter gets on the trail of a Dr. Floyd who had signed the death certificates.

But before he can interrogate him, Floyd is poisoned by the man who is the root cause of the whole mystery—Dr. Masters.

I am not giving any mystery away by telling you the name of the arch-criminal, because you are aware of his identity quite early on in the picture, and the interest is sustained, not by dragging red herrings across the trail, but by the manner in which he is trapped.

After Floyd's murder, Stanton manages to get hold of a youth who poses as the adopted son of the last policy holder who had died so mysteriously.

As he is putting him through a sort of third degree examination, Dr. Masters enters the room and at Stanton's suggestion gives the terror-
It had to be cut in Hollywood and it has been cut exactly according to the scenario which Eisenstein submitted.

It is a silent picture with a musical setting by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld and starts off with some very interesting historical shots of the remains of the great Maya and Aztec civilisations and also a comparison of the modern types with the sculptured effigies of antiquity.

Then comes the story proper. A young peasant— that is the virtual slave of a big property owner— takes his intended bride, according to custom, to be inspected by his master and get his consent to the marriage.

She is raped by one of his guests and her fiancé, having attacked her seducer, is told to report after a festivities that is about to take place in honour of the hencado's, or owner's, daughter whose engagement has just been announced, while the girl is shut up in a cell.

While the feast is at its height, the peasants enlist the aid of his fellows and they attack the house. They are driven off and chased into the fields by the employer's men and his guests on horseback— even the daughter takes a part in the man hunt; which goes to show there is nothing to choose between a man and a female capital! A Western chase with gunplay ensues, the rebels are captured, but not before the hencado's daughter is shot dead.

Retribution follows in the revolting spectacle of the punishment by horses which I have mentioned above.

The enraged fiancé visits her mutilated lover and there comes revolt.

This is shown in a few scenes of super-imposed men chasing and finally a scene depicting the new Mexico with its well drilled troops and its modern machinery.

It is all very ingenious, very slowly developed, with much use of static poses to express grief and other emotion.

The types of natives are excellent and the beauty of the colouring, with a little exception, is fully exploited, but even with these, the film as entertainment leaves a lot to be desired.—L. C.

Oh, What a Duchess!

The producers of this film have refrained from placing themselves with a label—it is you do see it—you may call it a farce, or a farce with music, or anything you please.

It is difficult to say why this kind of film is evident by the laughter that greeted parts of it when I saw a special show.

This sort of product is comparable with the cheaper twice-nightly revue, and until we have the specialised theatres prevailing in the music hall system, there is bound to be dissatisfaction among many audiences who may be forced to witness Oh, What a Duchess!

That there is a purpose of this kind of film is evident by the laughter that greeted parts of it when I saw a special show.

Well, there is plenty of melodrama about all that, but it is all taken at much too slow a pace and there is an atmosphere of artificiality about the whole proceedings.

The way Freeman is shadowed is ludicrously ingenious and generally the continuity is skinny and lacking in the detail which should have built up tense situations.

Sergei M. Eisenstein is hailed by the intelligentsia as the alpha and omega of screen direction art. Lavish are the praises sung in his honour and his "montage" is acclaimed as the acme of artistry.

It would be nearer the truth, I think, to say that Eisenstein is a cameraman of exceptional ability and that he has a fine artistic conception for grouping and for pictorial effects.

Also that he is obsessed with the idea of propaganda for the proletariat as represented by the U.S.S.R.

Thunder Over Mexico shows no signs of any master genius' touch. It is beautifully photographed, it has finely artistic grouping but boiled down to its bare bones, it is a sort of emasculated Western with a theme which seeks to show the revolt of the down-trodden Mexican peasants against the rule of the capitalist as materialised in the person of Senator Diaz.

All the cast and the whole of Mexico had been envisaged it would have proved of compelling interest, but actually this is only hinted at, the main footage o' the picture being taken up with the treatment meted out to a poor peon who is eventually subjected to a dreadful death.

This scene, by the way, is perfectly revolting. A long sequence shows some condemned men being buried alive up to the shoulders and then being ridden over by their executors until the horses stamp the life out of them.

It seems that the censor forgets his spectacles sometimes as well as his ear trumpet.

In this instance one cannot perhaps blame Eisenstein entirely for the dramatic feebleness of his picture.

It was sponsored by Upton Sinclair, who, before the film starts, appears on the screen and in a little sale talk on behalf of the production.

It appears that Eisenstein took some 200,000 feet of film, about thirty-five miles in fact, and to see it all you would have to sit in a cinema for about thirty-five hours.

It is, of course, a moot point whether such prodigality of lens activity shows the master hand at work. My own opinion is, that it is distinctly the reverse.

However, the main point is that having filled two hundred cans with celluloid Eisenstein was recalled to Russia and Upton Sinclair was left with the task of reducing them to a picture of usable length.
To Lilly, aspersions against her dead father were as stones cast at a crucifix.

"He was a good man," she breathed.

"Very likely. It's too late for supper. Get undressed. I'll show you the bookshop and your duties there in the morning.""Lilly obeyed by taking off a woollen skirt and four petticoats. From the interior of the striped bundle she withdrew a nightgown, brush and comb, and Bible with clasps. Her black hat, skull-crowned with back brim as large as a plate, had been carefully placed on the bed. Tante Rassmussen sniffed. "If that's all you've got, you'll cost me something."

"But I'll work hard. Father's not to blame. He was a good man," Lilly repeated. SITTING up in the narrow bed, hungry, she completed her litany of praise by reciting verses from Solomon's song that her father liked best.

Next day she was initiated in her tasks. She grew to like her aunt's frothy shop, full of dust and the smell of leather. She liked the books, though she lacked time to improve her peasant ignorance by reading them.

Not, however, that education would have helped her when, one morning, the "ping" of the doorbell was followed by the entrance of a young man who asked if she could sell him an inspiration or two.

"What book is it you want, sir?" She was wearing the costume discarded by Aunt Rassmussen, with billowing cambric sleeves. Her fine, honey-coloured hair was massed in plaits over her head.

"Inspiration I want. I'm a sculptor. My work's at a standstill for want of a spark of divine fire." Her interlocutor picked up a volume or two and put them down. Lilly thought she had sent him before through the window of a studio opposite. The room behind the plaster casts ranged on the sill had seemed to her full of strange, interesting things. All at once its owner studied her from the professional angle.

I wish you sit for me at once. What's your name? Then, Lilly, can't you come to my studio to-night at eight?

She excused herself on the score of Aunt Rassmussen while a thousand delicate tremors cursed up her spine. Actually, at the hour a girl was/going to the studio breathless between haste and agitation.

Inside five minutes, Waldow von Mayer had put her at ease and she was talking to him on the topic that was still dearest.

"You should have liked my father. He was an artist in his way. He read poetry to make you cry; it was so beautiful.""What poetry?"

She repeated the chosen verses from Solomon's song her eyes on the ceiling, her face transfixed.

"Hold that!" Waldow almost shouted. "It's a marvellous pose. Inspiration, Lilly. You've brought it. Take off your clothes."

Effectually brought to earth, she stammered.

"My clothes! Oh I can't do that, Mr. von Mayer!" "Waldow's my name and I defy you to use a profan. Here's a girl, there's nothing in posing to an artist without clothes! Don't think of me as a man. I'm looking at you as a sculptor."

He meant what he said. When Lilly, yielding, after infinite hesitation, to his practical entreaties, appeared from behind a screen, clad only in a wrap of his providing, she had nothing to fear, either from the satisfactoriness of her figure or his attitude towards it.

Aunt Rassmussen, she discovered, due to contents of certain concealed bottles in the parlour, tended to be drowsy after supper. With this advantage, Lily's visits to the studio grew frequent enough for Waldow to harness his inspiration. By the time the statue of Lily was finished, she was not only used to seeing herself in the nude, but could enjoy the image that very slightly flattered her. Waldow had caught her ecstatic pose well. In the idealised lines of the young girl's figure, with uplifted head and palms turned outwards, he had expressed innocence in marble.

"My patron not only thinks so, but wants to meet you," were the words with which Waldow ushered in a fine-looking man with military moustache, one evening as Lilly was on the point of leaving the studio.

Baron von Merzbach, very much Waldow's mentor and patron, fixing a monacle, uttered several compliments. Later, following his private conversation with Waldow, Lilly said, twinking: - "If the Baron is so anxious to make me a present as you say, tell him I'm extremely partial to gin."

Von Merzbach took him to task. There duly arrived at the bookshop, borne between two servants wearing the castle livery, a galloon jar, the contents of which she found their way into Aunt Rassmussen's tea.

Secure in the certainty of her aunt's somnolence after 8 p.m., Lilly continued her visits to the studio. Notwithstanding the urgency of the task, her capacity for emotion was taxed to the uttermost in her growing love for Waldow. She clung to him, and he adored her. That was tragedy. A delicious happiness in feeling, after weeks of waiting, the pressure of Waldow's arm was torn by the agony of knowing that he cared for her as he did for everything except his art, lightly.

One heavenly day in spring, culminating triumph of deceiving Aunt Rassmussen as to her whereabouts, Lilly yielded to Waldow's kisses, as she had often done. Certain of a subtle difference in his caress, she flung herself face downwards on the grass of the hilltop, crowned by budding birch trees.

"I must be quite close to earth. Don't you want to press yourself against it to feel our love?" she murmured.

He lay beside her, but did not quite reach her mood. When she scrambled up, smoothing a crumpled muslin and looking for a cast-aside wide-brimmed hat, he spoke with a touch of the sculptor in which, extraordinarily, Lilly was able to pour a double (Continued on page 24)
He would never know how she had longed for this moment. Yet she had no fear, confident in the knowledge that KHASANA Blush Cream gave her natural beauty, discreetly alluring, irresistibly right.

KHASANA Blush Cream gives the cheeks a natural, healthy glow, changing on the skin to the one colour most suitable to your individual complexion.

In a similar way KHASANA Lipstick emphasizes the natural colour of your lips.

Both have a cold-cream base which makes them easy to use and protects the lips and cheeks from cold winds.

KHASANA Preparations are kiss- and water-proof, and non-detectable. An essential to every woman's make-up.

KHASANA


Trial Size 9d. Trial Size 6d.

choose your frocks at corot and pay for them the modern way.

Inexpensive, exclusive models may be chosen from the amazingly varied range now being shown in our delightful bond street showrooms, in an atmosphere of courtesy and personal attention. or post the coupon below for a beautifully illustrated fashion guide, containing about 80 illustrations of the latest models, which will be sent with full particulars of instalment plan.

"the youngest of three"

a smart novelty woollen weave frock with a draped satin belt and satin bow at neck. 

... ... 

10/6 cash 3½ gns. monthly.

M uch more in this strain was said before Lily yielded. Hers was the last nature that should have given way to the caresses of the head. Her heart was heavy, unresponsive as stone, throughout the wedding ceremony, and the long drive to the feudal fortress that for generations had belonged to the von Merzbachs.

One face among those lined up in the entrance-hall to receive the Baron and his bride called forth in Lily a faint gleam of warmth. Walter von Prell, recently attached as equestrian to the Baron's staff, possessed both youth and a dreamy profile. Lily's beauty, outstanding above huge puffed sleeves and over-ornamented bodice, wedding fashion of the nineties, acted on him like the home thrust of the fendy stage.

He started, blushed at meeting her eyes, and recoiled. Though she was scarcely visible, his intensity of feeling, expressed in one burning moment, was the one live thing she encountered during her first weeks of marriage.

The baron, pompous and high-handed in public, missed the mark every time in winning Lily's affection. His servants, all of whom but Walter elderly, were so many automata. One Miss von Schwartz-fegger, a housekeeper, though far from mechanical, annoyed Lily by constantly fawning on her. Middle-aged and on familiar terms with the Baron, her manner of veiled authority towards his bride made Lily feel she was at school.

"My dear," the Baron told his wife of the baron's bounty. She caught her niece making an undignified exit by the window and proceeded to impart a piece of her mind.

"Wicked girl. I know all about you. Trickling me night and day, going out with a man—a sculptor, too. You, with your demure looks and religious ways. Living with him, are you? Then you can't live here. Out you go—now—this minute!"

Through despair at losing a home, Lily felt a current of joy. Waldow surely wouldn't turn her away. He might offer to marry her.

Consumed with excitement, she was almost inside the open studio door when she realized a change had taken place. Plaster casts had gone, curtains been taken down.

The statue of innocence was shrouded in a dust sheet.

She needed no note of leave-taking as she roamed through the darkening rooms. Plainly, Waldow had gone.

She was roused from passionate sobbing by a man's touch on the shoulder.

"Ah, Baron von Merzbach! Waldow's not here... Where is he?"

"Gone to Paris. Went last night."

"Didn't I leave a message?"

Gradually, raising her drooping body from the floor, and unexpectedly gentle, holding her chilled hand in his, von Merzbach explained.

"Lilly, my child, Waldow's been playing with you. He found himself becoming something more than a casual lover and he was afraid. He dislikes marriage. Told me so himself. He ought to have gone away weeks ago or made things right with you."

"He oughtn't. It was stupid of me. I love him."

"Lilly, he's not worth your love. He won't offer marriage. But I do. Be my wife. Be mistress of my home. Titled women would be pleased to own it. And I don't only offer that; I offer my sincere love. Surely you will consider it."

R iding she was taught by Walter von Prell who, once she showed an aptitude for the saddle, threw prudence to the winds. Dismounting with her for a rest, he started to make violent love.

To Lily, after hours of study, punctuated by his unwelcome demonstrativeness of an elderly man with a monocle, it was faintly attractive at first to listen to a boy's tale of undying devotion. The subjects once gripped, she rapidly acquired a smattering of French, music, and art, and drank in with more than a smattering of music.

Continuing—

after their first dinner together, "you are even more lovely to-night than you posed for Waldow. Your hair is marvellous and I have never seen feminine complexion in the raw more flawless. I'm ambitious for you, my darling. In three months you'll rival any woman guest of the von Merzbachs."

As the result of the baronial complacency, she very literally was put to school.

A series of masters and mistresses, linguists, and artists were engaged to take up most of Lily's day. Depression helped in time to make her mostly talkative. The subjects once gripped, her Ck rapidly acquired a smattering of French, music, and art, and drank in with more than a smattering of music.

Riding she was taught by Walter von Prell who, once she showed an aptitude for the saddle, threw prudence to the winds. Dismounting with her for a rest, he started to make violent love.

To Lily, after hours of study, punctuated by his unwelcome demonstrativeness of an elderly man with a monocle, it was faintly attractive at first to listen to a boy's tale of undying devotion. The subjects once gripped, she rapidly acquired a smattering of French, music, and art, and drank in with more than a smattering of music.

Riding she was taught by Walter von Prell who, once she showed an aptitude for the saddle, threw prudence to the winds. Dismounting with her for a rest, he started to make violent love.

To Lily, after hours of study, punctuated by his unwelcome demonstrativeness of an elderly man with a monocle, it was faintly attractive at first to listen to a boy's tale of undying devotion. The subjects once gripped, she rapidly acquired a smattering of French, music, and art, and drank in with more than a smattering of music.
THE SONG OF SONGS

Waldow hurled on, "She was good enough as she was."

"For you, possibly. Artist's wife and title, Senem's wife's are two different things. As a matter of fact, I thought at one time you and Lilly—well, she was under the impression you didn't love me. I shouldn't have had the courage to propose if you hadn't stood almost to the door time you went suddenly off to Paris and said you left Lilly as a present?"

"Except—unless you'll stay and listen to this. I'm going."

With a sob, Lilly left the table, hurrying through the door and down into her sitting room in the garden. The rush of cool air on her bare arms and neck saved her from complete revolution. She was on the verge of hysteria when Waldow came up behind her.

"Lilly, what is it? Don't send me away. I swear what the old man said was wrong. I never could understand you marrying him. Now I can. So he told you I'd gone to make way for him. He told you I—"

"Never mind what he said; it's too late."

"Nonsense. The whole thing's wrong. You've got to listen to my side. I never went to Paris to give you to that swine in there. That was his tale. He makes you believe I was a rotter."

"Why did you go without leaving anything, now? You knew me."

"God knows! I must have been mad. Honestly, Lilly, I believed then I was getting too fond of you. I thought we were getting between me and my work. I hadn't money enough to marry. I thought it was right to go. If I told you I'd done wrong."

"You did. You must have. Didn't we pledge our love for each other hundred times?"

"I didn't love you then as I've learned to love you, Lilly; as I love you now."

"How impossible she would have thought it an hour ago to turn from such an utterance of his. Sunk in a surge of guilt, she followed to the door and stood.

"That's my only lover. I'm going to him now."

Stumbling across the lawns, she came to the back door of a four-roomed hunting lodge. The light in a window was transferred to the hall. She put her hand in his hand, opened to her knock.

"Barons!" he exclaimed. Happiness and understanding dawning on his weak, boyish face. "At last...I knew you'd come to me."

Putting down the lamp on the sitting-room carpet, Waldow seated her. "By any straw that would keep her drifting out of his reach.

"May I have thought I loved you, but I found I don't know."

"Lilly, look me in the eyes before you say that."

"I have, I do say it."

She petted her hair, right glimmering through the trees surrounding an ornamental lake.

"That's my only lover. I'm going to him now."

Through blinding smoke, von Prell carried her back to the open door. Four or five servants in the wake of the banns were not far off, but one figure already blocked them. Miss von Schwartzfeger might be fond of authority and jealous of Lilly, but let it be known on record that she could be magnanimous.

Clasping Lilly's arm, she urged her down a path through the shrubbery. "The Baron won't see you here. Fly!"

Lilly had no choice. She hurried along and out of a latch gate unpursued. She under-estimated the barriers of education for his art. She had, she might have forgiven her, for he was getting old and her beauty might have weighed with him more than her faithfulness.

Lilly never gave him a chance. His deception, her own, and Waldow's searching words led the castle hideous. She sought out the greatest possible contrast to its mediavilms and austerity.

The winter found her the doyenne of an establishment such as the 'nineties was known to many and talked about by few. The life did not appeal to her, but she had chosen it and there was finality in the choice.

Sometimes, under the wide-brimmed hat smothered with ostrich plumes, while allowing table companions to light her cigarette, she would recall the girl in the cambric nightdress who knew verses by heart of Solomon's song.

The songs she sang in the Berlin night club were not exactly poetic, but, put over in a husky contralto, they pleased patrons and she was prepared to pay for more than food and drink.

She had finished one such song when, glancing at the gallery above the diners, she saw Waldow and another man.

Five minutes later he was talking to her.

"Lilly, I think I've been to every restaurant, every bar in every place of employment in Berlin."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I knew she could keep a living? Besides, night and day for two years I've been studying your character; without anyone you can't interrupt me. Now I've found you, I hate this place. You hate it. Let's go."

"Nonsense. I belong here."

"You belong to me."

"Not now. If I came to it you would be no use."

At least you'll come to the studio—just once, Lilly—for old times' sake.

Bruised and overpersuaded, she allowed him to have his way. The statue of herself was in its accus- tลงon. Waldow discovered a covering sheet and revealed innocent ecstasy expressed in marble.

She overheard, Snatching Waldow's axe from the floor, she hurled it at the image, burying the blade in the marble trunk. Blow upon blow followed. Waldow paid no heed. A perfect understanding of Lilly's mental state, inspired by his love, enabled him to make the wreckage of his cherished work without uttering a word.

He was exhausted by the outgoing of a very demon of misery, she collapsed fainting, his arms, but not the blow that went round her.

She opened her eyes.

"From now on we start together all over again. Is that right?" he asked.

The new Lilly achieved the ghost of a smile.

POOR HAIR ruins your whole appearance—makes old and care- warts Accept Free Offer TO-DAY!

FREE Offer

TO ALL WITH DULL, THIN, LIFELESS & FALLING HAIR

If your hair is dull, thin, lifeless and falling out you must start practising "HARLENE-Hair-Drill." See how quickly this wonderful hair toilet exercise will make your hair return to health and beauty. Test its marvellous results FREE. Send the coupon at once for Special Free Samples of any 3 of the "HARLENE" Preparations described below.

Choose Your Own Hair Health And Hair Beauty FREE GIFTS

1 'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER & TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bell Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye.

Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1&1/2, 5/9 and 4/0 per bottle. From all chemists.

2 'GREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial quality lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burning Rinse. All chemists. 1/6 per Box of 7 Sham- poos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form, 1/1&1/2 and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin. "Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of Price. Past Free within the British Isles.

GOOD HAIR makes you look young, attractive

SPECIAL FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Send coupon at once for a special Free Sample of..."HARLENE"...

1. 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion
2. 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash
3. 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorer. 3/6 and 5/6 per bottle. Popular Size 1/9

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1 1/2d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "HARLENE-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent free in the United Kingdom. State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER’s quick reference index to films just released

**THE SONG OF SONGS . CURTAIN AT EIGHT . WANTED**
**GOOD-BYE AGAIN . THE MAYOR OF HELL . SECRETS OF THE BLUE ROOM**
**THE LONE AVENGER**

What the asterisks mean—** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

**THE SONG OF SONGS**

Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN from the story by HENRY DE WALL. Produced by HOWARD SHIELDS.

Marlene Dietrich has not acted better in any picture since her sensational success in *The Blue Angel.*

It is a new Marlene, too; quite different from the pseudo-sphinx-like creature of von Sternberg, who invested her with artificial glamour. Here, under the direction of Mamoulian, she becomes human and, in the opening scenes, appears as a simple little German girl, wonderfully fresh and ingenious.

But, if her acting is good, the story, unfortunately, is very commonplace and obvious. It has been produced once before as a silent, when Pola Negri appeared as the little orphan who falls in love with a sculptor, for whom she poses in the nude and contracts a marriage out of pique with a wealthy and noble rival.

As in most of the pictures in which she has appeared, Fraulein Dietrich is made to slide down the moral scale; I cannot see why it was necessary, for, having introduced this lapse from grace, it makes the happy reunion of the lovers in the finale rather strained and unconvincing.

Actually, it is the opening sequence which contain the most charm. The star’s love-making is irresistible and she exercises her fascination in a manner which makes one overlook the possessive instinct of a mother, who cannot bear to see her son taken from her by another woman almost ruining his marriage and happiness—in an interesting one.

Another point of interest is the brilliant acting of the late Louise Closer Hale as the mother. She gives a subtle interpretation of the character; the type which is at heart completely selfish, but covers it up with a continual expression of long suffering and martyrdom.

I do not know that one is very keenly concerned in the ultimate fate of any of the characters, but, at any rate, one is quite well interested in them.

Helen Hayes is good as the son’s wife who exhausts all her tact in trying to reconcile her husband’s family, but in the end is forced to show fight and determination to win her happiness.

There is one particularly good scene she has with her husband’s young nephew who has fallen violently in love with her. She has only her sympathetic understanding of his aspirations that had given the illusion of the grand passion to his immature mind.

Robert Montgomery has to keep his unusually brilliant spirit in check and does not appear too happily cast. Somehow, he did not convince me that he was sincere.

Tilly to herself, but in the end is forced to show fight and determination to win her happiness.

The rest of the types in the family are very well drawn, especially that of the inevitable practical joker, who is liable to get on everybody’s nerves and make the wrong comment at any given moment.

Helen Hayes scores an individual success in *Another Language.*

It is played by Hall Dawson. The action is practically confined to the young married couple’s and the mother’s apartments.

**GOOD-BYE AGAIN**

Directed by ROBERT MERRICK. Produced by JOHN H. WILSON.

*Good-bye Again* is the acting honors in a cast which is very definitely a notable one.

He supplies most of the laughs as the complacent husband of a woman who is encouraged by a philandering novelist to believe that she inspired his most successful book.

Divorce looms in the distance, but is kept at bay by the novelists’ secretary, who is genuinely in love with her employer.

It is all frankly farcical and often completely crazy in its situations, but it manages to keep you well amused all the time.

Warren William puts a good deal of vital and fascinating effrontery into his rôle of the novelist, and Joan Blondell is also sound as the hard-boiled “secretary.”

As the wife, Genevieve Tobin is provocative and definitely alluring. Although there are only two or two dull patches, the general atmosphere is one of joyous irresponsibility.

**THE MAYOR OF HELL**

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

Just another Hollywood exposé, which deals with the reformatory system and shows up its abuses and suggests remedies for curing them. It is all very mawkishly sentimental and sentimentalistic, but rarely sincere or convincing; in fact, the suicide of the governor of the
reformer when his charges revolt, after the cruel treatment meted out to one of their number, is more likely to raise laughter than tears. James Cagney, on the side of the angels this time, as a gangster who becomes a reformed, does quite well, and Madge Evans strikes one of the few sincere notes in the otherwise artificial and dull proceedings.

Dudley Digges is well in character as the governor, and Frankie Darro gives a fair representation of the juvenile American tough.

**SECRETS OF THE BLUE ROOM**


Lionel Atwill...Hippolytus
Glenda Stuart...Helen
Paul Lukas...Mr. Mackay
Edward Arnold...Dr. Stanmore
William Janney...Thomas
Russell Hopton...Max
Elizabeth Patterson...Mrs. Stanmore
Muriel Kirkland...Betty
Robert Barrat...Butler
Andrew van Straten...Sheriff
James Durkin...Foster's Assistant

Directed by Roy Rowan from the story by Ericc Phillips adapted by William Herzog.

Conventional haunted castle background to a familiar type of thriller, in which murders occur with alarming frequency in a room that is supposed to be haunted.

Suspicion, as usual, is cast on all the characters assembled, and the solving of the mystery is kept to the last few feet. It is quite competently put over of its kind and the acting generally is sound.

**THE LONE AVENGER**


Ken Maynard...Cal Westmon
Morris Gough...Baker
James Marcus...Joel Winters
Al Bridge...Baron
Niles Welch...Martin Carter
W. N. Barlow...Morgan
Ed. Brady...Nip
Dr. Mac...Jack
Jack Rochwell...Sheriff

Clarence Gessford...Doctor

Directed by Alan James.

Story of bank thieves fooled by the astuteness of one man, with the customary fights, rides, and gunplay.

The story runs as follows: Cal Weston returns home from finding his father, the local bank president, dead. Suicide to cover defalcations is suggested by the returned Carter and his associates, but to Cal the circumstances point to murder.

Joel Winters, Weston Senior's partner, supports this theory and their suspicions are confirmed when Carter's gang are found at the bank robbing it.

Carter informs the town that the bank money is missing and is铝ossing their feelings against Cal, who is led away to be lynched.

But eventually catches the gang red-handed in the bank vaults.

John Maynard does well in a typical rôle, in which his horse, Tarzan, assists.

**CURTAIN AT EIGHT**


Dorothy Mackaill...Lola Crenshaw
Little Audrey Smith...Jim Hanvey
Paul Cavanagh...Wiley Thorton
Ruthela Stevens...Doris Manning
Russell Roff...Merrill
Sam Hardy...Gallagher
Hale Hamilton...Mr. Manning
Marian Shilling...Annie Crenshaw
Jack Mcullar...Cary Weldon
Natalie Moorhead...Alma Jenkins

Directed by E. Mason Hopper from a story by Octaveyes Roy Corden.

Aurey Smith appears in what is, for him, a rather unusual rôle—that of a humane and sympathetic detective who investigates the murder of a matron who was an incorrigible philanderer.

He finds the culprit from the list of suspects, which includes the dead man's wife, younger sister of a girl whom he had driven to suicide; her fiancé; the father of her leading lady, with whom he had planned to elope; a racketeer; and an ape.

How he does it proves quite good entertainment of its kind. Treatment is brisk and, though the action is rather involved, there is a sound suspense element.

Acting is good all round.

**WANTED**


Nina Svcovitch...Daisy
Merna Kennedy...Evelyn
Lila Lee...Mary Kane
Mary Cash...Stella
Lester Mcgill...Professor George
Warren McDowell...Sammy
Robert Ellis...Cleon
Eddie Phillips...Hyde
Harry Myers...Steward
Ruth Peck...Ellwood
Charles Stevens...Bandit Leader

Directed by Philip H. Wilmott. Story and adaptation by Norman Keen.

Simple pretentious drama, dealing with a young boxer who, thinking he has killed a man, boards a boat to Central America.

There he joins a scientific expedition in love with the leader of the party, and succeeds in ousting a rival who is later killed in a fracas with adventures.

He returns to learn the man he had struck has made a remarkable recovery and married his sister, who, before had resented his attentions.

It is all rather ingenious, but characterization is fair and the acting satisfactory.

**THE LAST TRAIL**


Georges Abbott...Tom Daley
Claire Trevor...Patricia Carter
Edna May, Myrna Loy...Mrs. Landers
Mctt McGu...Looney McGann
J. Carroll Naish...John Ross

Irene Vanbrugh's fine stage talent is, unhappily, not displayed to advantage in this unconvincing drama, which suffers from very novedelethal dialogue and indifferent production.

She is cast as the wife of Porter, a stubborn aristocrat who tries to fight Bill Stanmore, the young head of a rival steel corporation, but fails through lack of experience.

He refuses to sell his trade mark and patents to Stanmore and his stubborness results in his family and himself becoming destitute.

In desperation he secretly takes a job as a night porter at Stanmore's works and whilst on duty arrests his own son for attempted burglary.

This brings him into contact with Stanmore for the first time, and, common sense prevailing, the two merge their interests and the former, daughter cement the partnership by marrying Stanmore.

Except for John Stuart and Roland Culver, the cast over-acts, and, generally, the whole theme of social snobbery suffers from lack of dramatic force and exaggerated absurdities.

**THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS**


Pat Paterson...Doris Eliot Makeham...Gregg
Tessa joining...Theophilus
Derrick de' Marney...Captain Vidal
Harry Hall...Benjamin
Jean Milville...Mabel Gregg
Marguerite Reynolds...Bertie Grell
Minnie Taylor...Elizabeth

Directed by Anthony Beresford from a story by H. F. Malby.

A Cinderella theme in a very light story with obvious humour and romantic qualities. The dialogue is weak and tends to hold up the action and the artists have rather a thankless task in their respective roles.

The story concerns a priggish woman, Mrs. Gregg, who picks on Captain Vidal, the wealthy friend of her son Bertie, as a husband for her daughter, Mabel.

Mrs. Gregg's household also consists of her henpecked second husband and her penniless niece, Doris. Her matrimonial plans, however, go astray when Vidal falls for Doris and her troubles are increased by her husband foolishly buying a house at an auction sale.

The investment, nevertheless, turns out to be a good one and old Gregg, and Vidal departing, leave Mrs. Gregg and her daughter in the family flat.

There is a good deal of charm about Pat Paterson's interpretation of Doris and Eliot Makeham is amusing as the shy but likable Mr. Gregg.

The supporting characters are not too good and the entertainment generally is well below the average.
ON THE BRITISH SETS by E. G. COUSINS

Betty Balfour is Back

When Sound Comes in at the Door—A Complicated Story—
Asses and Authenticity—Evelyn Laye Sings in a Storm—
The Censor Gets His Second Wind

Gracie Fields; but both of these have some distance to go before they achieve the universal popularity that was Betty's.

In my book, "Filmland in Ferment," a year ago, I wrote of her: "Her retirement deprived the British screen of one of its consider that they are both Jessie Matthews at heart.

Well, anyway, the daughter becomes an actress, and people mistake her for her mother, so a clever young publicity-agent conceives the bright idea of passing her off as Jessie Matthews rejuvinated—a kind of super-Fanny Ward.

But, unfortunately, he and Jessie supply the heart-throb in the film, so he has to dissemble his love for the blonde.

And here we have Jessie pretending to be a girl who is pretending to be her mother, as well as Betty pretending to be the mother herself, and pretending not to . . .

Moisten the lips and start again.

Jessie is pretending . . . I say, do you mind working it out for yourself? I've never been quite the same man since the three New Year parties I attended not long ago.

All Very Period

Betty Balfour is the actress-friend of the mother in the first part (and see them singing a duet on the supper-table at the Café Royale, only see it!), and the much-oldger-friend of the daughter in the second; so, you see, our Betty has a real character part; and does she make the most of it!

Then, while Midst of Wax candles and mutton-chop whiskers the revels go forward, to our great content. The height of devilment when I was born was to drink an actress's health in champagne out of her shoe, and this is done with great verve and abandon.

I expect this film—directed by Victor Saville, who knows how—to add very materially to Jessie's laurels, for she has an arduous part which she is handling very well.

And as to Betty, it is that since the gents (and, in this case, they deserve the title of intelligents) who control the destinies of Gaumont-British have seen the rushes of this film, they have decided to star our Miss Balfour in a revival of My Old Dutch.

'Tother Chevalier

I'm glad to hear this. It was a great film originally, with Chevalier (no, no, not M'tree: he wasn't thought of, then; this was Albert, and no relation) in the male lead.

And, while all the world chuckled, Uncle Carl Laemmle decided to remake it at Universal City, with Larry Trimble, who had directed the British version, directing again.

Imagine Larry's embarrassment on hearing a row on the set like all hell's angels fighting in a tin box, and discovering that the nearest approach the production executives could make to Hampstead Heath donkeys were a couple of dozen tearing, kicking, biting, squealing, rip-snorting, wild jackasses, from the desert!

"O.K.,” said Trimble, weakly (he had laughed himself weak), “turn 'em loose, and we'll make a comedy sequence of it!"

It was that kind of a production.

I hear that Sinclair Hill is to direct. I had almost rather it had been George Pearson, who was associated with Gaumont-British in the production of The Good Companions. No director on earth has a better line on Betty's comedy years, and Betty and George are still very good friends.

Getting it Right

At all events, we are extremely unlikely to have any such bad break made at Shepherd's Bush as Uncle Carl's with his wild mokes in the remote San Fernando Valley, for there is at "the Bush" a
highly efficient research department, headed by a brainy Irishman named Hugh Gray, whose job it is to discover and report on the width of Cleopatra's shoelaces, what indoor games Ekkimos play in the six-months-long winter evenings, how the sardonically disdained and the saron is fastened, whether sapodilla-fruit is edible in the rainy season, whether King John used a waterman and with what waterman, in their turn, used to row Charles II to Greenwich.

And so on, and so on, ad headachum, precisely as any other affords the information.

But Hugh doesn't get rattled. His calm of bearing inspires confidence, and when he says the ornithological paradise has a bill like a duck and feels like a badger, no one bats an eye; it goes into the film like that.

**Can It Be?**

But I wonder, is it possible that the good Gray eye has been crossed with my own era? I heard Jessie and Betty singing "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you" in the Naughtiest Dog and a Cat with the same rafter; retentive pair of ears I heard that jittery, stingy, sweeping Britain with all the magic and power of a brand-new thing... in 1903 (or, possibly even '60).

The worst of it is that I have so much respect for Hugh Gray's efficiency and erudition that I don't even tend to talk about it, for fear he should prove wrong; and then I should lose your respect, my great and valued Publicity, for ever.

I can't face that so early in the New Year.

**Cradle of the Deep**

Let Hollywood stars have their temperament, and be blown to them. Our actors and actresses behave themselves.

There is a dog spirit of "Come-on-let's-all-pull-together-and-get-the-job-done" in our studios than I have seen elsewhere; and it was never better exemplified than at Islington this week.

They are just finishing Princess Charm, and they have been their heads in the film so carefully that it will never be filmed. They have just finishing Princess Charm, and they have been their heads in the film so carefully that it will never be filmed. They have just finishing Princess Charm, and they have been their heads in the film so carefully that it will never be filmed.

The hero, captain, is Harry Wilcoxson —so she doesn't barge him over, he being both hefty and strong —and the heroine, Viola, is gettin into her lovely eyes and tip-tilted nose.

I can picture a half-baked, jumped-up, over-publicized Hollywood star floozin out of the studio in furious indignation. Not so Evelyn. She stuck to it till she overcame the elements and produced as dainty a piece of trash-music as any in Illyria.

**Pitch and Toss**

It wasn't exactly in Illyria, by the way, but fairly near it. Actually, it was on board a rocking, pitching, storm-tossed cruiser (the only vessel of the Allied Naval Fleet), which had been sent to Turkey to bring home the Princess Elaine (Ad Laye).

She is married—quite temporarily, and purely for convenience—to the commander of the vessel, and she has fallen for him quite as completely as she falls into his arms across the bridge when the vessel rolls.

The hero, captain, is Harry Wilcoxson —so she doesn't barge him over, he being both hefty and strong —and the heroine, Viola, is gettin into her lovely eyes and tip-tilted nose.

I can picture a half-baked, jumped-up, over-publicized Hollywood star floozin out of the studio in furious indignation. Not so Evelyn. She stuck to it till she overcame the elements and produced as dainty a piece of trash-music as any in Illyria.

**Sad Sea Waves**

But the platter laurel-wreath for devotion to duty must be shared by the third Sad Sea Wave from the bow on the port side, which had a stream of water dripping down his neck from the deck above every time it rolled in his direction.

These waves were working like Trojans. Their names, in their ordinary capacity as carpenters and propmen, are Alf, Bill, Ernie, Albert, Jack, Harry, Ernie, and Ernie.

Ha! You thought only electricians were called

Ernie, didn't you? That just shows how little you know about the studios. Call yourself a fan? There is an official in the Gaumont Publicity Department of whose life I am the bane, because he imagines you are all quite convinced that Maurice Elvey would take Evelyn Laye and Harry Wilcoxson and the orchestra and the microphone to the grey North Sea on a dirty night to film the scene there.

He thinks I am giving the show away—blowing the gaff, in fact—every time I mention how a scene is really done.

And the more he groans about it, the more I do it, which just shows that I haven't nearly the sweet nature you all thought I had.

**Swab That Blood!**

And, talking about sweet natures, our merry little friend the film Censor has kept, or wriggled, into the news again by having a little private side fight with Sound City, no holds barred and the devil take the hindmost.

First he hung his magic ban on a line in Colonel Blood—"Thieves in the Bloody Tower!" Gehena's bells and buckets of coconuts, didn't he ever hear of sanguinary Mary at school?

Now he dislikes the title What Shall It Profit a Woman, and I agree with him. But I think it's merely clumsy, whereas he finds it irreverent... or something.

Also he has vetoed a smash-and-grab raid in the same film. The old rule—"Methods of crime open to imitation—seems to apply here. And will you please tell me what method of crime is not?

I saw in a paper the other day a photograph of a home-made incendiary bomb, consisting of six matches, a cigarette, a rubber band, and a strip of celluloid; and nobody objected to that.

I should love to watch the Censor's face when he sees the licentious sight of Patrick Ludlow drinking fizz from Betty Balfour's shoe.

**Soft, lovely hair!**

The modern artist hairdresser can do wonderful things with your hair. But all your hair needs cannot be supplied in the beauty shop. You must help at home. And that's where 'Danderine' comes in. 'Danderine' is so simple and easy to use. Each time you arrange your hair just put a little of this delicately perfumed liquid on your brush. As you draw it through the hair, 'Danderine' removes excess oil, cleanses, brings out the natural colour, and gives your hair an amazing new lustre.

Used consistently, 'Danderine' dissolves every particle of dandruff, keeps the scalp comfortable and healthy; stops falling hair; helps your hair to grow soft, silky, and abundant. Your hair is so much easier to arrange and stays in place when 'Danderine' is used. Waves "set" with it look nicer; stay in longer. Five million bottles used a year!

Sold by Chemists & Stores, 1s. 1/3d. 2/6d. 4/6d.

**'Danderine'**

The One Minute Hair Beautifier

Made in England

**BREATHELESS & DISTRESSED**

How the Anemic Girl Suffers

The anemic girl suffers in many ways, not her least distressing trouble being breathlessness. The smallest effort, even only to go upstairs, seems too much for her. Often she has to rest half-way, panting for breath, with her heart pounding, and aching round the base.

Another thing which distinguishes the anemic girl is the pallor of her face and lips; then again, she usually has a poor appetite and feels weak and languid.

Remember this, you pale anemic girls, only one thing can banish anaemia—new rich blood.

The one medicine which can be relied upon to provide this is Dr. Williams brand pink pills. That is the reason why so many girls and women wear by them, for these pills actually create new blood.

You can readily prove this by looking into your mirror after you have been taking Dr. Williams brand pink pills for a little while; the new blood will show in your pink cheeks and in the lining membranes of your eyelids. So banish your anaemia by taking a course of these pills now.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 6d.). This remarkable blood enquirer and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

**for HOARSENESS**

Ingredients of Vick brand

Vapour Rub in the form of a sweet.

Pictured: A woman's hair before and after using Danderine.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

"THRILLERS" that DON'T

Movie Mysteries are Becoming Stereotyped

How stereotyped and unoriginal screen thrillers have become. I do not mean the deliberate 'horror' film, starring the Boris Karloff of pictures, but the ordinary 'mystery' melodrama, in which the lights are mysteriously extinguished, doors slam, and so many screams and shots in the dark are heard, is becoming familiarly wearisome.

"Why must there always be a murder? Producers should realise that a very good mystery drama could be made of a blackmail case, a robbery, or some other form of crime.

"But the incessant murders of old men (usually wealthy, on the eve of the reading of the will) is becoming very tedious."—A. A. Bates, 4 Albany Road, Old Windsor, Berks, who wins the second prize of 10/6.

I agree that the lack of good thrillers is becoming serious."

A Kinema "Courtier's" Defence

"Has it ever occurred to the kinema 'Grundies' that the 'courting couples', so despised by kinema audiences, have their pet grous as well? If not, it's time they were enlightened. Here are one or two:

1. It may be discomforting to have two heads barring one's view instead of one, but it is also considered polite not to pass rude remarks about other people. The chief offenders in this respect are children, who seem to make a point of sitting behind couples and giving a running commentary. So those rude adults (very few, thank goodness) we can but say that we sit as near the back as possible, so as not to obstruct the view.

2. To The Censor. The shy young man may blush when, on taking his first girl friend to the pictures (having plucked up sufficient courage to do so), he hears a jolly good actor like James Dunn tell Sally Elklers that the reason he doesn't do any private petting is because he's 'the kinda guy who believes in carrying accident insurance.'—(Mr.) I. C. Watson, 49 Mill Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

[At the risk of being accused of encouraging the practical use of the cinema for the blossoming of one's young dream, I must award you this week's guinea prize for your stout-minded and ingenious defence of a well established modern custom.]

The Ideal Programme

I agree with your correspondent, Dorothy Johnson, who condemns double-feature programmes. Oddly enough, I have had to sit through the type of film I detest to see one I want, or see only half the show. My ideal programme is as follows: News Bulletin (say ten minutes), Travel Talk or 'Cinemagazine', Screen Snapshots of stars in their everyday life, a short lesson on some game, sport or new dance, varied every two or three weeks with a fashion parade, then the star film and finishing with a cartoon or Silly Symphony."—(Miss) Joyce L. Corletti, "Benchau", Selborna Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man.

I disagree entirely with your correspondent who states that supporting pictures in double-featured programmes are "invariably boring American tommy-rot.

"My own experience of double-featured programmes is exactly the reverse as these examples show, regularly shown at local cinemas, will show:

1. (a) He Learned About Women, (b) The Law Goes West.
2. (a) A Farewell to Arms, (b) Under the Tonto Rim.
3. (a) Airmail, (b) The Famous Fagan Case.
4. (a) Summer Lighting, (b) Hello Trouble.

In each of these cases the supporting picture was quite as good if not better, than the 'star picture', and I could name others, if space allowed."—Layton J. Layberry, Peas Pottage, Crawley, Sussex.

May I strongly corroborate the opinion of one of your contributors that, showing a distinctly vulgar picture in the same programme as one of real merit is bad policy. One such recently shown was revolting.

"A perfect programme to me would be a first-class picture featuring Colman, Veidt, or any other dignified and fastidious actor, a Walt Disney cartoon, current news, and a travel picture, with beautiful scenery."—(Miss) M. Brown, 90 Broadwater Road, N.17.

The present generation of filmgoers, brought up on a diet of two-feature programmes, will not easily take to any suggested changes in this system.

"There would be far less grumbles against this if cinemas, instead of scrambling to book two 'epics' from the small selection of general releases for the current week, secured one new film and then endeavoured to find a supporting picture of fairly recent origin, that provided an excellent contrasting feature."—(Mr.) C. H. Blatch, 183a Archesway Road, Highgate, N.6 [The double-feature controversy is raging. The letters published here are representative of many I have received.]

Sub-titles: An Expert's View

"Your correspondent's letter advocating the restoring of the sub-title struck a responsive note with many film fans.

"After all, it is primarily the director's job to plot his millions of patrons through the avenues of his story and the occasional introduction of a helpful sub-title undoubtedly wise and avoids puzzling the audience as to what period has elapsed or the reason for a particular action on the part of the principals.

"Many films are sadly lacking in this respect, and to leave too much to the imagination detracts from the enjoyment of the story.

"As a writer of scenarios for the old Hepworth Company of Twickenham, I was always very careful in this respect, at the same time keeping my sub-titles short and without puzzling the audience as to the sequence."—L. Morris, 34 Mill Street, Sutton Coldfield.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to 'Tinker', The Traveler Weekly,' Long Acre, W.C.2.
AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cassell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO, my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained a handful of hair. I had used many preparations; in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition.

You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, my hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair, which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped and dandruff eliminated. The KOTALKO treatment is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair, or other hirsutal troubles.

KOTALKO is supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all Chemists and Stores. per box 5½d. and 12½d. KOTALKO Soap 1½ per tablet.

SAMPLE OFFER—If you have dandruff, falling hair or baldness, send 3d. in stamps for a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap to J. Hart Brittain Ltd., 32 Percy Street (104 A), London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Ask your husband why

Is it true?

Can a man tell at a single glance? Are men really inspired to love at first sight by a beautiful skin and lovely complexion?

A woman cannot afford to risk her chance for a happy marriage when she can so quickly and easily double the loveliness of her skin and complexion with the new Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains prodigal daisy cream and olive oil. Its nourishing, whitening and astringent effect tightens enlarged pores, does away with blackheads and wrinkles of fatigue. It gives indescribable new skin beauty in 3 days. Try this new Crème Tokalon and watch results in your own case. Nothing so stirs the heart of a man as a clear, smooth, rose-petal complexion.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month

Open a Credit. Account 5½-day. No Deposit, no Return.
WHY NOT EARN EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

Wouldn't you like a hobby which may bring you in from £2 to £3 or more a week? A "Worldwide" Club offers good commission and Profit-share as the reward for an enjoyable spare-time occupation. No experience or capital required—no samples to carry—and "Worldwide" bargains almost sell themselves. Send the coupon below for illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars (Free).

The cost of Salzer's Deal Book: Jonesy—Jack Oakey; Duke—Virginia Osborn; Murphy—George E. Stone; Slim—Lincoln Steffens; Elrington—Max Hoffman; Jini—Kay Whitney—Gertrude Michael; Mr. Whitney—Hunley Gordon; Atletta—Marlene Sutton; Butler—Charles Coleman.

J. E. W. (Penarth)—Herewith the details you requested of Teaker at Court of King Arthur—Will Rogers, William Farnum, and Maureen O'Sullivan. sunset—Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, and David Torrence; The High and the Mighty—Lieut. Lura Traker, and Victor Varconi; Ben Hur—Ramone Novaorro, Frank Morgan, and Mary McAvoy; Beau Ideal—Lester Vail, Ralph Forbes, and John Alveda; Her First—Ada Lupon, Arnold Riches, and George Curton; The Rogue Song—Lawrence, Catherine Dale Owen, and Nancy O'Neil; The Mysteries—S. D. McAlphee, and The downfall of Dc. F-Chance—Warner Oland, Jean Arthur, and Sally Hamilton; D. F. (Fred) McGraw appeared in a film called Night Angel—is this the one you mean?

C. R. (Penrith)—A centre spread of Arronmouth appeared in the March 12, 1932, issue of this magazine. We published an art plate of Ronald Colman on October 29, 1932. (3) You can obtain back numbers of this magazine from the Publishers, Odhams Press, Ltd., 8 Edool Street, Lon- don, W.1. (4) We have already published a centre spread of The Clue of the New Pin.

J. A. (Wolverham)—Fredric March's "changed face" is Dano Hofvif and My Hyde with the aid of make-up only. Write to him c/o Paramount Studio, 5151 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

J. E. P. (East Shen, W.14.)—(1) Joan Crawford appeared in the film Our Dancing Years with Robert Montgomery. Herewith the full name—Joan Crawford; Connie—anita Page; Frank—Dorothy Sebastian; Tony—Robert Montgomery; Raymond Hackett; Marty—John Miljan; Mel—John H. Helda; Mary—Monique Pantoise—Albert Combi; Mr. Munsey—Edward Barton; Mrs. J. O'Connor—Evelyn Woodford—Martha Joannes: (2) Joan Crawford things in her new picture Dancing Lady. Thank you for the most wishes which I heartily reciprocate.

J. E. M. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne)—(1) Address Anne Grey—Sumo City Studios, Shepperton, Middlesex. (2) Anne was born in London, in 1927; brown hair and eyes; 5 ft. 6 in. tall; married Lester Matthews. (3) Her latest film is Colonel Blood—the leading man in this film is Frank Crisler. I think you will find a list of her films handy, but the film—Mara—John Miljan; Vincent—Max Vento; Madyr—Mary Neill; Rachel—Cecile Oates; John—Robert Montgomery; John—Richard Hale; Unknown Knight—Coward—Joanne Eastwood; Paul—Beaudriquet—Anna Mayne; Bomeurd, Prince of Tarentum—Bartholomew Wills; Dshbar—Hector Abbas; De Beauchereau—Dennis Hodge; Godfrey—Doug of Normandy—Coward; Battadore—Conrad Veidt; Olalla Quintana—Peggy Ashcroft; Juan—Alexis—Frederick Sullivan; Ferara—Felix Aylmer; Castro—Ivor Barnard; Zapportas—Abraham Soffer; Janet—J. B. Roberson; Robert Gilbert; Second Monk—Conway Savage.

W. H. W. (London)—(1) I think Alexander Korda would have a photograph of himself if he asked nicely. (2) He may be a small man but I cannot tell you the correct amount, if any. Address him c/o Paramount Studio, 5151 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. (3) We have already published a centre spread of this magazine. (4) Film Club Notice—Readers can obtain full particulars of their film club from V. Cushman, 56 Golding Terrace, London, E.1.

CUT THIS OUT

For a free copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard" and form for free advice. (Strike out insipid words.) I am a Beginner, Elementary, Advanced player.

NAME
ADDRES5

Mr. R. BECKER, (Dept. 171), 64 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
“George” and “Anne” are your company’s departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household beauty hints. Write to them both c/o The Picturegoer Weekly. When a reply is delayed, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Howard; David Adams—Clifford Jones; Chitamian—Jimmy Leong.

A MAURICE FAN (Brentwood) — (1) Write to Maurice Chevalier c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Carl Brisson’s latest film is Two Hearts in Waltz Time.

Tori Vo (Manchester)—I regret I am not in a position to answer this question. (2) One of the tallest women in America — the screen is Charlotte Greenfield; she is 5 ft. 9 in. tall.


PICTUREGOER: the Zelma ft. position silent Endell perfect 10 Russell—

PALM OIL costs 4¢ per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5¢/ per lb.

New oil is easily seen why Zee-Kol

ALMOND OIL SOAP

Beautiful and Thoughtful Women’s Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst oil into three nights into most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the perfect oil, Almond Oil, which is used in Zee-Kol, which is the whole price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps, for most of the Almond Oil, which is the $1.64 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol, which is the 1 lb. of Almond Oil.

New oil is easily seen why Zee-Kol

New oil is easily seen why Zee-Kol

ALMOND OIL SOAP

The perfect oil, Almond Oil, has been blended into a soap, and is to be seen in soap at all.

All Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world as marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most wonderful of all perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap, and it will prove the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil it is thoroughly cleaned and the skin keeps firm, smooth, and beautiful.

1/4" LARGE TUBE 6 D.

$1.00

100 TUBES

$29.00

1000 TUBES

$250.00

5000 TUBES

$1000.00

10000 TUBES

$1800.00

Manufacturers of Almond Oil Soap, Zee-Kol

Salome was the beautiful dancer of Herod Antipas, the husband of Herod’s sister Herodias, the wife of her daughter, and the mother of the head of John the Baptist.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

However sallow you may be, I guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most remarkable of the most remarkable perfect that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains no artificial oil and does not grow hard; it keeps the skin and takes away all marks, all blacknesses, and leaves the skin smooth as a child.

It was taken from an Italian Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. Doge Cream will make the worst complexion fair, and for a sample see our marvelous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not harm the skin. It keeps the skin firm, and youthful.

Would you have the Society women or important ladies always look their best in all their beauty treatments, but over a thousand of the best

PER POT 1/4

LARGE TUBE 96

$1.00

$29.00

$250.00

$1000.00

$1800.00

MRS. SIDDONS

Mrs. Siddons was the greatest actress. She always explained that it was the Almond Oil she used which made her skin so perfect. She always used the Almond Oil to feed the skin and gave her face the young of a younger girl. It kept her wrinkleless always.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream Per sample of Doge Cream will cost 5¢, plus postage. 10 samples of Doge Cream is $1.00, plus postage. 100 samples of Doge Cream is $5.00, plus postage. 1000 samples of Doge Cream is $45.00, plus postage.

Gainsborough

PRESERVES

ALMOND OIL

Gainsborough

In the past it has taken years to know how to blend the oil in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at 1¢. If you prepare your order—write for a sample of 1 lb.—Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oil in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at 1¢. If you prepare your order—write for a sample of 1 lb.—Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

This was for her even more than any other beauty

Leonard, he arranged for beautiful actress, and her beautiful skin. The oils we use were doge cream and doge cream and doge cream.

It was in these days. Cosmetics and clothes were rented without oil, but oil in soap was used in those days as they are in the Zee-Kol Deep tube.

IT is now easier seen why Zee-Kol

ALMOND OIL SOAP

The perfect oil, Almond Oil, has been blended into a soap, and is to be seen in soap at all.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not harm the skin. It keeps the skin firm, and youthful.

Would you have the Society women or important ladies always look their best in all their beauty treatments, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of those. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

However sallow you may be, I guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most remarkable of the most remarkable perfect that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains no artificial oil and does not grow hard; it keeps the skin and takes away all marks, all blacknesses, and leaves the skin smooth as a child.

It was taken from an Italian Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. Doge Cream will make the worst complexion fair, and for a sample see our marvelous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not harm the skin. It keeps the skin firm, and youthful.

Would you have the Society women or important ladies always look their best in all their beauty treatments, but over a thousand of the
Why Noel ran away

NOEL FRANCIS was born on a cotton plantation "Way down in Texas." She should have been named in the "Follies," became a star and ... click! was captured in magic mood by the camera-man and her lovely profile ensnired on a sepia glossy postcard (new series). She is lovely, isn't she? But trust this series of postcards to bring out every lovely feature to perfection. Put this "beauty" in your album. Make a full selection from the list below.

5'/ POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5'/ Album, handsome bound in Art Leather to hold your choice of postcards in a simple tincture of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen. Postcards, new series, glossy finish, price 25. 6d, dozen. Please include with my order your 5'/ Postcard Album. I enclose 4s, extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name ........................................

P.O. No. ....................................

Amount ..................................

Address .....................................

To "PICTUREGOER" ALBUM, 85 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.

Please send me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me membership card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, new series, glossy finish, price 25. 6d, dozen. Please include with my order your 5'/ Postcard Album. I enclose 4s, extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Choose your "Cards" from list below. Rich sepia glossy postcards, E. each—25. 6d. on sale to all. Full list on request.

AUGUST 15th, 1934

[Postcard list]

Improving the skin

Many women and girls suffer from imperfections of shoulders and back. Blackheads and pimples, enlarged pores and excessive greasiness are often troublesome.

These conditions are sometimes— though not always—alleviated with dandruff of the scalp. Cure the dandruff and the skin improves. In these cases the remedy is obvious.

But here again, with deep skin troubles, uncomplicated, too little excitement or too little exercise, seek the bottom of the trouble. My regular readers probably think by this time that I am a water fanatic. But as long as I write these beauty notes I shall continue to emphasize that copious draughts of cold tap-water taken between meals make the royal road to skin beauty.

Leave it to ANNE

SIZE your pen and, without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

ATTRACTIVE SHOULDERS

SHOULDERS are much in evidence, for most evening dresses are cut with a line that is high in front and wide and deep at the back. I know of nothing more unattractive than shoulder blades that protrude and knobbly spines. Yet, on the other hand shoulders that are too fat are not beautiful whether worn or displayed.

Shall we take the too thin shoulders first? A feeding cream applied with massage will improve their contours. But it must be consistently applied. It is useless to try it for two or three weeks and then cease, complaining that there is no improvement. Carry on for several months, and then you will notice the difference. Enlist the aid of your sister or your mother, for you cannot massage your shoulders properly yourself.

Any good skin food will serve, or you can make your own cream from the following recipe: Take 1 oz. lanoline, 1 oz. white wax, and a 1/2 oz. spikenard from a corner. Place the lanolin in a jam jar, and stand the jar in boiling water till the contents have melted. Add 4 oz. olive oil and a teaspoonful of rose water. Beat with a wooden spoon till the consistency of cream is reached, then add 1/2 a drachm of orange flowers. Add only a few drops at a time and beat in between. Keep in a covered pomade jar.

Use the palm of the hand, liberally smeared with the cream, for the massage. Let the movements be in a circular direction, and very firm. Just as massage with a feeding cream will cover thin shoulders, so will massage of the deep kind allied to a greaseless reducing cream take off superfluous flesh on the shoulders.

You can buy a reducing cream at any of the large stores, and it should be applied with a kneading movement. The flesh should be lifted, knadeded, and "wrung out" with the tips of the fingers and the knuckles.

An exercise for the reduction of the flesh is also helpful. Stand from feet together and hands on hips. Then rotate the upper part of the body and head. If this is done correctly, it feels as though the flesh were being rolled away at the back of the neck. Make six movements in one direction, then reverse. Go slowly if any giddiness is felt.

Correct daytime make-up demonstrated by Marie! Elkes with absorbent tissues. She removes all cleansing cream, always working up on neck and face. Circles the eyes lightly, cleansing out from nose, over lids and under the eyes, making a complete circle.

Correct daytime make-up demonstration by Marie! Elkes with absorbent tissues. She removes all cleansing cream, always working up on neck and face. Circles the eyes lightly, cleansing out from nose, over lids and under the eyes, making a complete circle.

One of the dressing-room scenes from the new Wheeler and Woolsey feature, 'Hips, Hips, Hooray,' which supplies an adequate reason for the title.

Answers to Correspondents

REGULAR READER (Bishops Stortford.)—Use Medium Pompeian Bloom, Sung powder and Dark Pompeian lipstick. Your colours are the lighter shades of green, cream, bright browns, navy blue.

L. Braizer (Willesden)—You can do nothing to make growth cease.

B. H. (Hanlow)—The white spots on your finger nails and the presence of the powdery chalk between the fingers indicate rachitic tendencies. You should see your doctor.

M. B. (Surrey)—Cutting very often causes fair hair to get darker. Use camomile shampoos or any of the other brightening shampoos advertised in this paper. Do not use peroxide of hydrogen in the way you mentioned. It will ruin your hair.

CURIOSITY.—I am afraid it is impossible to grant your request.
BY USING
CUTICURA
REGULARLY
Cleanse your face thoroughly every night with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of Soap. Rinse with tepid water and finally with cold. When the skin is irritated, gently smear with Cuticura Ointment. In five minutes bathe as directed above. Sold at all chemists.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

THIS LOVELY FROCK

On Approval First Before you Actually Purchase

CAPTIVATING VELVETEEN

BARGAIN COUPON
Please send me, on approval, model K.321, at present Bargain Price of 15/11.
I enclose deposit of 2/- and postage 6d., and will pay balance of 13/11 either in one sum or by monthly installments of 3/6. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.
Enclose Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus //. Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only. (A)

Colour
Size
Length
Hips (No. 273, Picturegoer, 13:1:34)

Post your Order to—
AMBROSE WILSON
LIMITED
273 AMBON HOUSE
60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE
ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

MAKE THE MOST of limited space

If your home is a tiny one, make the best possible use of every inch of the space. The “Ideal Home” Magazine will show you what to do!

This beautiful home journal will tell you how to give the living room an air of spaciousness by using the right decorative materials, fabrics and furnishings . . . how to drape an awkward little window in such a way that its awkwardness is forgotten and friends say “How charming!” . . .

The “Ideal Home” will tell you how to make a small garden every bit as interesting as the “broad acres” of bigger gardens . . . how to create an impression of spaciousness by careful arrangement of borders, paths and lawns with many hints that help to show the small garden off to better advantage.

Small gardens are a special feature of the February “Ideal Home” Magazine, on sale January 25th.

Order your copy to-day of

The IDEAL HOME
★ SMALL HOME AND GARDEN NUMBER ★
On Sale—January 25th
ONE SHILLING
It may surprise you to know

**THAT** although D.R. Minors are made of exactly the same fine Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive hand-made De Reszkes—

**AND**

although they cost only fourpence for ten—

**YET** they smoke for a full ten minutes apiece—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

**MINORS**

also in handy card cases containing 20 for 8d.

60 for 2/-
"LITTLE WOMEN" - EXCLUSIVE STORY OF FILM

PICTUREGOER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
and BEN LYON
3 good reasons why
'Mine's a Minor!' 

1. Because these D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes.

2. Because a D.R. Minor smokes for a full ten minutes—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

3. Because nevertheless D.R. Minors cost only fourpence for ten.

DE RESZKE MINORS
60 for 2/-

ALSO IN HANDY CARD CASES CONTAINING 20 for 8d.
Good Luck Away

Picturegoer

Heather Angel.
THE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY and LADY SMILEY

Blonde and Brunette alike share the same Beauty secret.

Enchanting brown eyes... soft dark hair and a flawless skin—this is the charming COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY

Cornflower-blue eyes... beautiful golden hair... skin as smooth as velvet—this is the much admired LADY SMILEY

The Countess of Galloway and Lady Smiley, like many other Society Women, share the same beauty secret—Pond's. This is the method they use:

Spread Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Wait a few minutes until the soft oils have penetrated down into the pores and floated the dirt to the surface, then gently wipe away with Pond's, soft Cleansing Tissues. Next pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores and tone up the skin.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to keep the skin soft. It heals roughness. Soothes away little lines and wrinkles. Keeps the pores fine. This is the reason why thousands of women use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. It gives your skin such a soft, flower-petal texture that your powder will last for hours.

Other distinguished users of Pond's:
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON • PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE • LADY MILBANK • LADY ASHLEY • THE COUNTESS OF WHARNCLIFFE • THELMA, VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

Guide your skin to beauty with POND'S CREAMS

The Great Flavourite for Gravies, Soups, Stews—

Beef at its Best

you cannot improve on the corot models or the corot system of payment, the most practical method of monthly instalments. visit our showrooms and you will be convinced of the truth of this statement, corot are now showing an unequalled range of models, at prices from two guineas.

or post the coupon below for a very fascinating and illuminating fashion guide, complete with order and measurement forms and all details. remember, corot are popular west end dressmakers, and not a mail order dress factory.

“my dear” a crepe matelasse afternoon frock shows a cleverly simple line and achieves much chic by reason of its slightly draped neck and cartridge pleating on the sleeves. 9/- cash 3 gns. monthly.

post this coupon to corot to-day corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.
free please send latest corot fashion guide and full details.

name...........................
address......................................................p.437
HOW THE STARS STAND

PRESENT Box-office rankings—
German Players and Hitler—Will Dorothy Wick return?—Stars wearing
ing more Clothes—Meet an Elstree stunt man—Florence Desmond’s first
Hollywood picture—Janet Gaynor welcome back Farrell

HOLLYWOOD has been making its
annual census of the studio status of
the stars and has discovered that
the players whose personal draw
at the box-office to-day means
something that can be relied on to sell
a picture can be counted on the fingers of
one hand.
Moreover, those stars who “draw” in
good pictures cannot to-day draw in a
“dud.”
The official box-office ranking of the
stars contains some surprises.
The team of Dressler and Beery heads
the list at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, al-
though Joan Crawford “tops” both
stars individually.
They are followed by the Jean
Harlow-Clark Gable team, while
both Robert Montgomery and
Lee Tracy are rated above Ramon
Novarro and Helen Hayes.

Mae West’s Throne

At Paramount
Mae West leads
against all comers
by a mile. Some
surprise may be
caused here, how-
ever, by the fact that second on the list is Bing
Crosby. Fredric March and the Marx Brothers
follow, with Marlene Dietrich fifth.
Gary Cooper, George Raft, Miriam Hopkins and
Sylvia Sidney bring up the rear in that order.
Katharine Hepburn is already the biggest
money spinner on the Radio lot, while Wheeler
and Woolsey and Ann Harding have been drawing
more money into the box-office than Constance
Bennett or John Barrymore.
Irene Dunne, Richard Dix and William Boyd
follow.

Gaynor Still Queen

Janet Gaynor is still the box-office queen of
Movietone City. Her closest competition
comes from Will Rogers. Warner Baxter is next
and Clara Bow is ranked fourth. (The It Girl
can still pull them in.)
George O’Brien, Spencer Tracy and Lilian
Harvey follow.

At Universal City the Slim Summerville-Za
Pitts comedy combination makes more money
than all the “glamour” stars, although Margaret
Sullavan should soon be giving them some
opposition.

Little Dorothy Lee is re-
united with Wheeler and
Woolsey in “Strip, Strip,
Ho ho!”

“The year 1913,” observes Variety, “hung crêpe
on the star market and unless the producers come
through on the development phase this year there
will be a considerable further shrinkage.”

The Champion Directors

Those many film-goers who, judging by their
letters to me, follow films closely, will probably be interested to hear that the six leading
box-office directors of the day are:

Mervyn Le Roy
Wesley Ruggles
Lloyd Bacon
John Cromwell
George Cukor
Lowell Sherman

That list probably has something to do with the
fact that six biggest money spinners of 1933 were:

She Done Him Wrong
Tugboat Annie
Gold Diggers of 1933
42nd Street
Little Women
State Fair

Dorothea Wick’s Future

The possibility I predicted here some time ago
that Dorothea Wick would return to
Germany shortly has now become a probability,
according to my Hollywood correspondent.
Franke Weick’s first picture, Cradle Song, was
not the sort of material likely to boost her to
sensational stardom among American fans.
The German star, moreover, is in a somewhat
difficult position. Hitler is by no means uni-
versally popular in the film industry and Miss
Weick’s husband is editor of a Nazi paper in
Germany.
It is understood that she feels that she should comply with the German Government’s order that
German stars should do their shining for the sole
glory of the Fatherland.

Marlene and Hitler

So far Hitler’s decree has produced little result.
There was a fantastic story a little while ago that the Herr Adolf had ordered Marlene
Dietrich to return and promised to make her a
Czarina of the German film industry.
The mystery of why Marlene never went to
Germany on her recent trip to Europe has never
been fully elucidated.
When questioned about the situation, Marlene
herself evasively declares, “I am actress, why ask
me about politics.”
(Continued on page 6)
by comparing the influence of fashions in motion pictures in 1926 and the influence of fashions in motion pictures to-day.

**Ousting Paris**

"In 1926 fashions for the screen were all dictated by Paris and other fashion centres of the world. Miss Wakeling continues, "To-day the reverse is true. Motion pictures influence the fashions from Paris . . . not all, by any means, but more than before," and Paris certainly cannot claim to have originated the gay '90's styles. The fact that we are now occupying a more prominent position in the fashion world accounts for more and better costumes in pictures.

"Of course, we are able to-day to purchase materials for gowns much cheaper than ever before," she declares. "This gives us an opportunity to use the very best. The current trend in fashions is more toward the type of costumes we used in The Browery. Although The Browery is a picture of the gay '90's period, I find that the gowns for Loretta Young's current production are very similar in many ways."

As proof of the studios' interest in costuming their perly, Miss Wakeling cites that the various companies in their wardrobe departments have raised the standard of costuming in their other studios.

**Maidstone's New Super**

The Granada, Maidstone, the new super cinema recently opened, is the first link in the chain of provincial theatres which are being erected under the control of Mr. Sydney Bernstein.

The next two theatres will be at Shrewsbury and Bedford, and the fact that all three theatres will have the same designer who has a new and modern stage equipment is an indication that Mr. Bernstein has in mind stage productions. Let us hope the standard of pictures will be so high that his patrons may even grudgingly spend one week a month to the legitimate stage.

It's a fine thing for a comparatively small county town like Maidstone (I hope the natives will forgive me) to have a cinema comparable in every way to a London super. Although the fact that Maidstone is the headquarters of seven country omnibus services is one very good reason.

**And a Free Cloak Room**

An interesting sidelight on cinema finance is provided by the announcement that the British Railways who, resembling the star in height, colouring and general appearance, takes the place of the star while the set is being "lighted," will be paid £4,000 for the new set, the stage manager, director and technicians know exactly where the lights and shadows will fall on the stars face and figure.

"They often have to stand for more than an hour for a scene, which, when all is ready, takes the stars five minutes.

**£5 a Week Salary**

They wear a cheap replica of the star's gown and they wear what they choose. Many of them are more beautiful than the great players they stand in for, but they seldom get a chance to let themselves go. Even when the cameras start working.

They often go through the whole action of the scene with the leading man and other members of the cast. They earn about £5 a week and overtime, but the best known of them are steadily employed.

In many studios they have little more standing that the stars and the girls in the studio is not always pleasant for them. That depends a lot on the star.

**The Retort Courteous**

In a British studio not long ago a stand-in for a leading lady, who was required to wear the actual gown which the actress had to wear in the scene.

It was one of those very delicately cut costumes.
Our Cover This Week.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and BEN LYON

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, who has been one of the successes of the past movie season, was born in Paris, but went to America in her childhood. Stopped art, but began acting career more or less accidentally at a tea party at which she met Ann Morrison, the playwright, who offered her a job. That was in 1924.
Made her screen debut in Love of Mike, and wished she hadn’t. However, persevered and found that “third time is lucky” when she was cast opposite Maurice Chevalier in The Smiling Lieutenant.
Since then has advanced to major stardom. Scores a big success in I Cover the Waterfront. Is in danger at the moment of being too closely associated with Cecil B. De Mille epics. Has completed Sign of the Cross and Four Frightened People for the old maestro and is to be his Cleopatra next.

Ben Lyon is one of the most popular leading men on the screen and one of the most likeable of all screen. Rose to film fame from the extra ranks and has had leading roles in over a hundred pictures, including some of the most spectacular successes of recent years.
Made a host of friends in Britain during his recent visit, who hope that he will keep his promise to do more pictures here shortly.

and it was necessary so that the lines should not be spoiled so that it should be worn with the close-fitting underwear specially made for it.
The star was furious when she discovered that her stand-in was wearing her “undies.”

“I hope,” she said heatedly, “that you batted before you put on my things.”

“No,” replied the stand-in girl, “but I shall bathe when I take them off.”

There was a vacancy for a stand-in for the next scene.

The Difference

One of the best paid stand-ins is Rosita Fourcher, who acts in that capacity for Constance Bennett.
Connie went to the front office and insisted that Rosita should have £2 a week.

Janet O’Neill, who is so nearly like her that even the world’s sweethearty close friends sometimes mistake the stand-in for the star.
She is Mary Jane Irving. In active experience she is as well equipped as Janet. She started when she was two and in the days of Bill Hart and Bessie Barriscale she was a famous child star.
She earns about £5 a week and Miss Gaynor earns thousands.

Florence Imitates the Stars

Florence Desmond does a delightful imitation of Katharine Hepburn in Mr. Slick, her first Hollywood film.
It is, I think the best in her repertoire.
Mr. Slick also offers the unusual spectacle of victim and impersonator in action at the same time.
In a scene with Zasu Pitts, Florence performs a merciless “take-off” of the popular comedienne. Lupe Velez and the Garbo are among her other impressions.
One wonders, nevertheless, why she should have taken the Fox people so long to put Miss Desmond to work. She has been in Hollywood for months and the explanation of the delay was that they were looking for a vehicle for her talents. Now in Mr. Slick her act is dragged in by the heels.

Short Shots

Frank ("Bring ‘Em Back Alive") Buck has completed his second jungle picture, Wild Cargo—Colin Clive, who has been appearing in support of Katharine Hepburn in The Lake on the New York stage, is going back to Hollywood at the end of the play’s run—Paul Muni is on his way to Russia for a two months’ holiday—John Gilbert's come-back performance in Queen Christina has had a mixed press so far—Hoot Gibson, who once earned thousands, has been sued for a £500 debt—Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald may make a joint concert tour of Europe this year—It is estimated that Three Little Pigs will make a profit of $500,000—Telephone bills in major studios run from £1,500 to £2,000 a month—Greta Garbo declines to work after six in the evening and is as punctual in “clocking out” as George Arliss—There is a rumour in film circles that Katharine Hepburn went to the casting office incognito and secured a job as an extra in Queen Christina.

Bobbi Howes’ Rest Cure

D’Urso is laughing at Bobby Howes’ latest touch of comedy. The famous musical comedy star has announced that he is to give up the stage for a year and concentrate on films...

“just for a rest.”
At Elstree, where he is making Over the Garden Wall, the studios never close. Nearly always, day and night, someone is working... often whole film companies keep at it from nine in the morning to as late as eleven at night with only the midday break and two short “breathers.”
Bobbi Milton, who has been directing big scenes on a full-sized model of a British destroyer for his new film Continental, made an average of eleven working hours each day from January 1 to January 8.

In an adjoining studio Marian Marsh was called at 2 a.m. one day to complete her first British film, Love at Second Sight within the twenty-eight days’ schedule.

What Americans Found

Only the most careful advance planning made it possible for the film to be completed in this time, and then one day the fog hindered things so that the company had to work all though the last night to get matters finished.
Both Marian Marsh and Greta Nissen tell me that D’Urso works much harder than Hollywood, and the Californian film colony has always been regarded as a community of hustlers.
Bobbi Howes is certainly going to take a change, and some say that a change is as good as a rest. That in all probability is what Bobby meant, for he has worked in film studios before!

Janet is “Happy”

“I’m very happy about it.” Janet Gaynor told my Hollywood gossip when asked how she felt about her reunion with Charles Farrell.

“Very well together in many pictures,” said Janet. “Following our screen separation there seems to have been a continued demand that we reappear together. I’m very happy indeed.”

Janet and Charlie were “separated” 14 months ago, and since then Janet has appeared in productions with Lew Ayres, Henry Garat and Warner Baxter. Robert Young plays opposite her in the current production, Carolina.
The first of the two Gaynor-Farrell productions will, I hear, get under way in February.

Kinema Couples

This week’s award of 10s. 6d. goes to Mrs. J. Haley, 26, High Street, Teddington, Middlesex, for the following pictorial sign of the times:
Home, Sweet Home
Payment Deferred!

Prizes of 2s. 6d. have been won by the following:
Mrs. V. Dawney, 39, Courtenay Gardens, Upminster, Essex, for this expression of topicality:
The Monster
The Whole Town’s Talking
To F. Cole, c/o 52, Kingsway, Hayes End, Middlesex, for a brief study in nudism:
Broadway Melody
Strip! Strip! Strip! Hooray!!!
To E. Gutteridge, 9, Farnham Road, Stoke Poges, Bucks, for a penetrating insight into the insurance racket as depicted in recent American films:
30,000 Witnesses
A Successful Calamity
To Sadie O’Neill, 128, Grove Park Street, Glasgow, N.W., for a somewhat cynical sidelight on the present generation:
They Just Had to Get Married
Maybe It’s Love

May I remind intending entrants for couple honours that the only rule is that all attempts must be submitted on postcards—no letters will be opened. Address to M. D. Phillips, Kinema Couples, c/o Picturegoer Weekly, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Gable as Extra Again?

The latest report from The Merry Widow front is that Clark Gable has asked the studio to permit him to appear in the production as an extra.
There are sentimental reasons behind the request. Gable was an extra in the silent version six years ago.
The earlier Merry Widow won fame for Roy D’Arcy, whose name has passed from the lists of major stars now, and Clark is at the other end of the film see-saw.
At the moment of writing there is very little prospect of the Metro moguls acceding to his request.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen teamed in “No More Women.”
DEAR FRÄULEIN,

In your walks abroad in Hollywood you may have heard that it is a matter of mathematical record that three bad pictures in succession if, or not, laid end to end, can kill the career of any star.

Since Shanghai Express, which, if no epic, at least achieved a reasonably high standard, you have given us Blonde Venus and Song of Songs.

Well, even a girl as beautiful as the Dietrich should know her elementary arithmetic.

Add it up for yourself.

In the meanwhile, we will be holding thumbs and wishing that The Scarlet Pageant will break the spell.

In it you return to the directorial guidance of Josef von Sternberg and, while admitting that the experiment with Rouben Mamoulian in Song of Songs was not an unqualified success, I am sorry.

Mamoulian has yet to turn in a completely satisfactory Hollywood picture. So, with due respect, has the Herr von Sternberg.

But there are other directors on the Paramount pay roll—some of them very distinguished directors.

With a little co-operation on your part there is, I am sure, no reason why they should not be given an opportunity to develop a more versatile and less "typed" Dietrich.

By "co-operation" I mean some sort of assurance that the mere suggestion will not result in the undulyifying storm of walk-outs, writs and recriminations that followed the appointment of Mamoulian in the case of Song of Songs, or that marked the production of Blonde Venus.

Your career in Hollywood has, incidentally, been stormy.

Only the other day you marched textually to the front office to do battle against the studio schoolteacher on behalf of your daughter, Maria, who appears in your new film (because, according to your own statement, "Von Sternberg wanted her"). The studio schoolteacher is a comparatively humble person where the great Dietrich is concerned, but few people will quarrel with you for that action.

Outraged motherhood is at least an honest emotion and honest emotions in Hollywood are as rare as honest publicity men.

Moreover, as you pointed out, Maria has never been to school, her education being left in the excellent care of private tutors, and it was sheer red-taped officialdom that demanded that, although she was only actually working for two days on the picture, she should be forced to attend the studio school.

And, while we are on the subject of storms, what about this recent feud with Mac West?

We are quite prepared to accept your explanation that you were misquoted in that famous "I never heard of Mac West" interview, but the incident was unfortunate.

It has added to the growing legend started by the great Blonde Venus revolt that you are "difficult."

And it is because we understand the truth that we hope that you will let the public see you as you really are, rather than the impossible creature of the studio "Subbles Siren" myth.

We can appreciate your point of view here.

Your life in Hollywood, although it has given you wealth and fame, has not been one of unmixed happiness.

First of all there was that unfortunate "Second Garbo" publicity, which horrified you at the time and proved a serious handicap to your career.

Then your first American picture was not made under the most tranquil of circumstances.

Gary Cooper, naturally, resented having to costar with a newcomer who, because she was being "built up" into a headline star, was given all the "meat."

You and Gary are the best of friends now, which is a tribute, not only to your personal charm, but the fact with which you can handle a difficult situation. It was unfortunate, too, that that million-dollar alienation suit by Rita von Sternberg should have come along so soon after it.

You were not used to American custom in these things. In Europe, affairs of this sort are settled quietly and not made a Roman holiday for anybody with five cents to buy a newspaper.

You had no guilt to hide. You were, in fact, subsequently exonerated of all blame for the break-up of the von Sternberg's marriage. Disguised with it all you retired into your shell, went out very seldom and refused to see interviewers.

All that was misunderstood. Even now the Hollywood gossips make life difficult for you.

You were soon once or twice at Hollywood's show places with Maurice Chevalier.

You are both from Europe; you have much in common; you enjoyed each other's company, but time has proved that there was nothing more in it than that. Yet when the Chevalier divorce came they even tried to drag your name into it.

Similarly, when you were given Brian Aherne as your leading man in Song of Songs, the gossipmongers got busy again. We were regaled with stories of how you used to bake German cakes and take them to the studio for him.

Again they were disappointed. There were of course no serious results unless it was indigestion, a possibility that I cannot regard seriously in view of your reputation as a housewife.

Your greatest worry, however, has been those gangster threats to kidnap Maria. You have to go everywhere accompanied by a bodyguard.

You have recently increased it from seven to eight by way of doing your bit for "N.R.A."

Yet, despite all this, your friends have told us of how, in your private life, you are one of the most charming companions in filmland. Must you always be tragic and exotic on the screen?

Can't you restore to the gay, laughing Dietrich of The Blue Angel?

I hear now that you may leave Hollywood after one more picture and work in Europe. Perhaps you will come here. We hope so.

M. D. P.
Mr. J. W. Dulanty, High Commissioner for the Irish Free State, recently visited the Gainsborough studios to meet the fisher folk who are the stars of "Man of Aran."

William Gargan (back to camera), Claudette Colbert, and Herbert Marshall "on location" in Hawaii for "Four Frightened People."

"One never knows," says Fred Astaire, as he puts the final touches to his make-up before a scene for "Flying Down to Rio."

Dorothea Wieck spent her holiday after "Miss Kane's Baby is Stolen" at her new Hollywood hill-top home. She is seen here on the sun porch.
A FEW months ago I wrote an article pleading for a return to costume drama, on behalf, as I maintained, of thousands of filmgoers who had enjoyed this type of picture in silent days. Well, now I have been granted my desire; but I must confess not in just the way I could have wished.

In England we have already had The Private Life of Henry VIII, The Wandering Jew, Dick Turpin, Catherine the Great, Colonel Blood, Mary, Queen of Scots, and Rhodes to come. In addition, Douglas Fairbanks promises to make Exit Don Juan and another Zorro story. America’s quota is Queen Christina, The Scarlet Pageant (the Dietrich version of Catherine the Great) and The Tudor Wench. I asked for historical romance, and they have given me, for the most part, history.

When I read of the great pains taken by the makers of these films to get details, architecture, costumes, cutlery, weapons and likenesses absolutely correct, I feel that I could forgive a few errors in those departments if they would only make sincere attempts to present fair and complete views of the chief characters, when they are people who actually lived.

There is a kind of faith to be kept with the past. There is something which tells us that we ought, in re-creating the lives of these great ones, to give a fair estimate of their qualities, good and bad. This, I fear, is what the producers are not going to do.

We have already seen the Henry VIII picture. Now the private life of that gross monarch has been public property these last three hundred years. It is probably the most familiar
I needs hope the do-well-thrilling have completely finer passage "The value, the whole I it have past. dramatic have You smuttier the history. their for public and people cannot in public more..."
This Swedish actor is beginning to come more into his own since he achieved a personal triumph in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." He has shown that he is a clever artiste and not just the "Great Lover" as which he was first hailed in Hollywood. His latest pictures include "Storm at Daybreak," "Hollywood Party," and "By Candlelight."
"I'd Run Away Again"

Ann Dvorak

WHO sacrificed stardom for Love and a European trip and tells you here why she has no regrets.

If Ann Dvorak could live her life over again she would run away from Hollywood again for at least one year, just as she did.

Looking back on her world-circling honeymoon to Leslie Fenton, an adventure which seriously interrupted, and which might, conceivably, have ended, her motion picture career, Ann has no regrets.

She would repeat it under similar circumstances.

"It gave me a chance to catch up with myself," Ann says. "I had time to think."

What Ann thought about during those months was love. What she enjoyed most was the freedom from routine. What she gained was a sense of values which she can never lose.

"Nearly everybody thought I was foolish to run away as I did," explains Ann. "Once in a while during those months I got panicky too, wondering if I had completely lost my chance at a career in Hollywood. But I never actually regretted my choice.

"So much had happened to me in the year before Leslie and I went away together. I had been given a chance in pictures after three years of heartbreaking disappointments. I had fallen in love and I had been married."

"It wasn't quite enough to ask me to go on with all of these—career, love and marriage—at the speed at which they had started. I had to get away to get my life and my thoughts straightened out."

"I'm glad I did."

Ann has been back in Hollywood long enough now to count the cost of her year's holiday. She knows well what it means to go away as she did, and she has been hard to her progress toward stardom.

She knows that a year is a long time for an actress to be away from the public—that other players move in favor during that time, and that Hollywood itself has the shortest memory in the world.

Even so, she is glad she ran away.

Before she left Ann and Leslie lived in a more or less typical Hollywood manner in a typical Hollywood house just on the edge of the film centre itself.

Almost in spite of themselves it became the centre of activity for a group of younger players who knew and liked them and who could not pleasantly be denied admission.

They ran away from that situation successfully when they deserted films for the time being and started around the world.

Now the Fentons live on an estate in the San Fernando valley, seven miles, according to their count, from the nearest movie actor.

They are too far out of the whirl of things in Hollywood to be visited as often as they were when they were first married. Their interests have changed and multiplied. They have become strangely independent of Hollywood since their year away from it.

Another thing that Ann and Leslie ran away from was the bugaboo of Hollywood marriage.

Their whirlwind romance and elopement had scarcely left the front pages of the newspapers before they began to hear the inevitable reports of impending trouble between them and probable divorce.

They left those rumors behind them when they slipped away to Europe. No one in Hollywood today suggests that the Fentons are unhappy. Ann's early choice between quick stardom and a year's honeymoon with her husband put the quietus on reports of that nature.

In two ways, then, Ann's year's vacation proved profitable to her. The big chance she took was with her career.

When she and Leslie started back for Hollywood the question was whether or not she had sacrificed that by the very means and at the same time that she had permanently cemented her happiness.

She wasn't sure. The studio to which she had been under contract, and which had admittedly intended to star her in short order, was strangely silent.

"I didn't know whether I had a job or not," recalls Ann, "or whether I could get one. And while we weren't exactly broke, we did need jobs."

A little dubious, Ann called on the studio casting office if she was going away as she did, and she was slowly toward stardom. She was left first to another company to play a supporting role and then returned to First National as the feminine lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Massacre."

She couldn't complain. In fact she welcomed thechange in studio attitude and the announcement that she would again have to earn the right to stardom.

She set about earning it as best she could, playing opposite Barthelmess and then a second lead in "Heat Lightning" with Alina Mac Mahon, for Warner Bros.

A year before, the postponement of a promised stardom would have broken Ann's heart.

But now it actually suited her plans and she was satisfied to have a new chance to prove her worth.

Meanwhile the letter-writing public had almost deserted her. Her fan mail had grown by leaps and bounds during her first few months in pictures until, by the time she left Hollywood, she was running everyone at the Warner First National Studio a race for honors in that department.

Ann Dvorak with her husband, Leslie Fenton.

Her sudden departure brought a storm of protest and likewise a flood of approval. Her mail doubled and trebled for a few weeks and then faded away. At the end of the year, when she returned to Hollywood and pictures, her fan correspondence had dropped to almost nothing.

She couldn't be certain that the public hadn't actually forgotten her.

But her reappearance in pictures soon set her at ease on that point. For the past few months her fan mail has increased until it is again at a respectable figure.

It is not, however, as heavy as it was. But it is growing. And most of the letters not only welcome her back. They either "forgets" or approve of her long absence in the interests of married happiness.

So, altogether, if Ann Dvorak had it to do over again she would run away from Hollywood with her new husband, just as she did. She would pay the penalty of delayed stardom and diminished popularity in order to gain the happiness she believes she has securely in hand now.

"Nothing can take my year of happiness away from me," she says. "Nobody needs to feel sorry for me. I just took time out to catch up with myself."

"I'd do it again under the same circumstances."

NEXT WEEK

WHAT WOMEN HAVE TAUGHT ME

By WARNER BAXTER

Warner Baxter, who has made love to the most glamorous star on the screen tells you what he has learned from his screen experience.
January 27, 1934

FORGIVE me, folk, if I become a little lyrical in talking of this film.

We, who see almost everything that is screened, have a right to shout with delight, and are given an entertainment that it would be absurd to criticise. Too often we regret the hours we spend watching worthless pictures, so that when a film like "Little Women" greets us, it deserves a great welcome.

Radio Pictures, who claim modestly that they have re-created Louisa May Alcott's famous book, took their cue from the book.

When they published she says to her mother, "What can there be in a simple little story like that to make people praise it so?"

"There's truth in it, Jo," says Marmee, "that's the secret. Humour and pathos make it alive."

And that is the secret of the great success that this film has already had in America and will have in this country.

Everybody concerned in the production deserves praise. Rarely, if ever, has a picture been cast so perfectly. Rarely has it been directed with such a sure touch.

George Cukor, who was responsible, had many opportunities to offend, but he had not been gifted with that nasmy touch.

He could have made the film very "Christmas-cardy." Or he could have strained to make much of it financially. Let us be thankful he made it as he did! And please put the name George Cukor on your little book reserved for those people you want to remember.

Into that book, too, must go the name of almost every artiste who played in this film.

At the top of the list and in large capital letters put Katharine Hepburn. When this splendid actress made her screen debut in Bill of Divorcement we decided, while many critics were wrangling about her, that a new star had appeared and "had come to stay."

She has made justified everything we said about her. She has definitely established the fact that she has talent and is "a flash in the pan," as so many sceptical critics termed her.

Her playing of Jo is perhaps the most memorable thing in Little Women. You take her to your heart immediately. She is sheer success from the start to finish of the end of the film you are hugging her to yourself very lovingly. You hate saying "good-bye" to her.

The other three players are played to perfection by Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg, and Jean Parker as Beth.

Joan is a revelation to those who were unaware of her acting. She is already the author of that little notebook of merit, since we have more than once called your attention to her. Jean Parker, a newcomer, certainly wins her laurels as Beth. Not an easy part by any means, and beautifully played.

My next tribute must be paid to Paul Lukas. I cannot recall any of his "home-wrecking" parts that matches his Professor Bhaer for acting. The tinest false step and he would have been out of the picture like a puff of smoke.

I could write eulogies of everybody who contribute to the film, but space prevents more than a mere mention. Mary Boland (splendid, as ever), Henry Stephenson (lovable old grandpa), Douglass Montgomery, John Lodge, Samuel S. Hinds, Cordell, Nydia Westman and Spring Byington (make a note of the name), whose Marmee is a beautiful piece of acting.

I have been spared the pleasant task of having to tell you that Picturesque has been privileged to serialise it for its readers and the first instalment appears on page 23.

I go to Little Women at the first opportunity and take the whole family with you. — M. B. Y.

Duck Soup

The only time the Marx Brothers have really amused me to any extent was in their first film Coconuts—that is until I saw them in Duck Soup, which is without doubt their most hilarious picture.

It approximates more to Million Dollar Legs than anything they have attempted; it is another essay into the sublimely ridiculous with plenty of clever nonsense put over at a rapid pace and avoiding old gags to a very large extent.

Some people, I know, will have none of this comedy team; to enjoy them you must have an appreciation of the nonsensical and also a love for clowning.

It is quite hopeless to try to describe the situations which are engendered by Groucho Marx becoming the president of a Rutarian country and eventually embroiling it in a war with its neighbour because his relations with the ambassador of that country become strained.

They would not sound nearly so funny set down on paper.

Groucho is right on the top of his form and delivers his rapid-fire speeches with his usual nonchalance and autocratic ease.

Harpo and Chico are very well served with slap-stick material as two spies in the empty wartime Groucho's enemy and they have several "turns" together which demonstrate honest-to-goodness clowning at its best.

Incidentally, I am pleased to say that the action is not held up to allow Harpo to perform on his harp nor Chico on the piano.

Excellent as each one of them is in this particular respect, the introduction of their individual talents into a picture has begun to become a little tedious.

Usually, I find war comedy needlessly boring, but the comic opera in this picture are a sheer delight and provide an hilarious climax to a production that is packed with laughs from beginning to end.

The whole thing, too, is set on a lavish scale with excellent Rutarian court scene and well-handled crowds and chorus singing.

The book and music is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who have introduced a melodious and appropriate tune here and there.

Leo McCarey, the director, has handled the whole thing so capably and given the Marx Brothers every chance to put over their stuff to the fullest advantage.

Rael Torres appears briefly but beautifully as a vamp.

This is a picture which should appeal strongly to juveniles as well as the grown-ups, but I think the makers will find it more amusing than the gentle but less Marxian-minded sex. — L.C.

Counsellor-at-Law

John Barrymore gives us one of his most controversial portrayals in a film that has many claims to distinction.

The role it offers him, that of George Simon, a successful, self-made Jewish lawyer, educated in the university of life, absorbed in his work, conscious in his relations with his "society" wife that he is "not a gentleman," yet beloved and admired by his staff and a sort of patriarch to the people of the humble East side ghetto, from which he came, is obviously far from the well-beaten Barrymore track.

The part was, incidentally, created on the stage by Paul Muni, who not only possesses the advantage for the purpose of the role of being a Jew, but is in general appearance and studio manner a great deal less handicapped.

The scion of the Harrymes, at any rate, early in that affection all attempts to "act down" to the character and concentrates his attention on putting over a super-Harrymore show.

The reviewer is likely to give rise to much conflict of opinion. By sheer perfection of technique he contrives convincingly to suggest Simon's sharp legal mind, his generosity, his dread of being debarred when a political enemy gets the goods on him for faking an alibi and his blind love for an unworthy wife, while the spectacle of Barrymore in full erection at least makes the personality vivid and interesting, which is all that matters, I suppose.

For the rest, Counsellor at Law is so neatly produced that it overcomes the fact that it is a latecomer both to the lawyer-hero cycle and the Grand Hotel story-telling vogue.

It was adapted for the screen by its eminent stage author, Elmer Rice, and one imagines that he permitted few liberties with his brain child. The camera never leaves the boundaries of the lawyer's office. Nevertheless, and here it is an object lesson to translators of similar types of plays, there is always a sense of pace and action and, when the time comes, proper suspense.

In this respect it reminds one more of The Front Page than any picture since.

The office is a little world in itself, ruled and dominated by the great "G. S.," as he is known to his admirers. Through its doors come head-line murderers, politicians, criminals and the "social register" wife who deserts her husband at the first sign that he is in trouble and the suave, blackmailing adventurer with whom she runs away.

Ruth Chatterton at "the big business woman" in Female meets her cave man in the person of George Brent, who is also her real husband.
The office atmosphere is brilliantly created and sustained and the "types" deftly sketched and impersonated. There is the amorous clerk, the garrulous telephone operator (played by Isobel Jewell, whose chief claim to fame before this is being Lee Tracy's girl friend), and the silently adoring secretary, a part to which Bebe Daniels devotes her usual flawless performance.

The action moves smoothly and surely to a good climax, when Simon, by methods which would no doubt cause some head-shaking in the headquarters of the Bar Association, triumphs over his enemies, but loses his wife, and a sound enough curtain.

If it is largely a one-man show, the standard of acting throughout is high. Doris Kenyon makes the unsympathetic characterisation of the wife convincing and Melvyn Douglas renders efficient service to the pièce as her paramour.

_Counsellor at Law_ may not be sure-fire box-office material, but filipinos who enjoy brightly dialed and briskly put-over psychological drama should keep an evening free for it.—_M. D. P._

**Le Petit Roi**

Those of you who have seen _Poil de Carotte_ will remember the brilliant performance given by the juvenile French star, Robert Lynen, in that exceptionally clever and moving picture.

The success he achieved is reduplicated by his acting in this picture, which definitely establishes him as one of the most brilliant child actors on the screen to-day.

He plays the rôle of the heir to a Rutarian throne. The kingdom is in charge of a Regent, the people are restless and threatening revolt, and the young king, in constant danger of assassination, is kept a virtual prisoner in his royal palace.

To add to the poignancy of the situation in which the boy finds himself, his mother, whom he is told is dead, is actually in exile, driven from the court by the former cruelties of her deceased husband.

I am not going into the details of the story, for there is a strong interest in following its development as well as in the psychological study given by Robert Lynen.

It is sufficient to say that an assassination is attempted and that events work out in a logical and wholly convincing manner.

Actually, the production does not attain the same dramatic heights as _Poil de Carotte_, but it is nevertheless very good, imaginatively directed and excellently cast.

French films, as a whole, have that virtue in common—their players, down to the minutest bit part, always appear real and vital.

Outstanding in this film is the acting of George Clive as the chamberlain, Beatrice Pretty as the young king's nurse, Marcel Vallee as a revolutionary leader, Maurice Schultz as an archbishop and Gamus as a doctor.

The settings are most picturesque and the camera work is notable in every respect.—_L. C._

**Girl Without a Room**

Charles Ruggles logically to follow the long and Acceleration of alcoholic rehabilitation he has given, will have to be pictured in a screen inebriates' home one day.

None the less, I know no funnier nor less vulgar "drunk" than the type purveyed by this extremely talented feature player.

Here he is shown as an American artist in the Montparnasse quarter of Paris, where he proceeds to be a very indifferent mentor and guide to a young art student from way back West who is none other than Charles Farrell.

This young rustic's adventures amongst the Bohemians of the quarter—he falls in love with a charming girl, quarrels with her and takes up with a Russian vamp—are exceedingly amusing and well presented.

The feeling is of the broad variety but there are one or two touches of satire, as introduced by a discussion on modern art which eventually becomes lyrical and is set to a tuneful score.

The Paris depicted is, of course, the Hollywood variety, but it succeeds in being picturesque and forms an effective background to the amusing characters to whom one is introduced which, besides the four mentioned above, include a Russian ex-general and four Russian artists.

The blending of music and song in this feature shows that the screen musical is still developing along the lines initiated by Rene Clair and the camera work is technically excellent and exhibits a good sense of imaginative pictorial expressiveness.

I found Charles Farrell almost too much of a "hick" to be convincing, but his deficiencies are amply made up for by the acting of Charles Ruggles and Marguerite Churchill as the girl for whom the impressive-looking Dr. Samson falls.

She puts a lot of character into the work and in the midst of imbecilities makes the rôle a convincing one.

Grace Bradley is also very good as the Russian vamp. This newcomer looks like going a long way on the starrv path.

Walter Woolf, an American stage actor who makes his first screen appearance here as a drunken dapper in art, has not a lot to do but he certainly shows to advantage.

As the Russian ex-general who runs a students' boarding house, Gregory Ratoff as usual acquires himself admirably.

The director is Ralph Murphy and he has made the most of his material, which is generally out of the ordinary rut.—_L. C._

**Sealed Lips**

When are they going to give Constance Bennett a chance to show the talent which many of us believe she has lying latent in her? Certainly this familiar spy story with its slow action and obvious development does not allow her the opportunity.

She acts well as a Russian spy in Austria during the war and puts a lot of sincerity into her love-making, but the part is one of those tailor-made affairs, artificial and conventional, which are not going to give any scope for an incisive character study.

Gilbert Roland, too, makes somewhat heavy going in the lover rôle—an Austrian Secret Service chief who falls in love with the spy and then has to unmask her.

Certainly the picture is well set and there is a good deal of ingenuity in the way messages are passed through to the enemy lines. These provide a lot of atmosphere for two or three of the characters but the main one is not very deeply gripped or convinced by the proceedings.

This, I think, is to a large extent due to George Archainbaud's pedestrian screenplay.

As in all pictures of this type—and we have had quite a cycle of them recently—the American accents militate against conviction.

The atmosphere of the settings which comprise a railway station in Luxembourg, another in Switzerland, Vienna, and a field hospital in a town near the front, is good, but some of the characters help to spoil it by being so unmistakably American all the time.

The ending, too, is an unsatisfactory one. It comes with a baffling abruptness just after Constance Bennett has been unmasked and has managed to escape and her lover has been shot by her confederate.

Blacking out on that scene we are faded into a Swiss railway station after the Armistice where—just as they had previously met on the Luxembourg station before hostilities—the pair run into one another.

No explanations are asked and none given and the long arm of coincidence does seem to have been painfully stretched to achieve a happy ending.

I feel more critical about this picture because I do want to see Constance Bennett in something that will do her justice. As it stands, the film makes quite good entertainment but that is not good enough for Connie.—_L. C._

**The Right to Romance**

I am prejudiced about Ann Harding. She is one of the few actresses who can always rely on my patronage irrespective of the merits of the film. "Illogical," you might say, or even "unethical," but I am. I'm one of Ann's fans and that's all there is to it.

But being so keen an admirer, I have an additional right to kick about the stories assigned to her recently. Ann Harding is an actress worth the status of the larger cinema. Will producers please remember that. She will repay them tenfold.

"Some women are born with beauty; others buy it. But real beauty is neither given nor bought. It is a light that shines...and sadness in the darkness."

This is an introductory sub-title to the film.

(Continued on page 106)
Dr. Peggy Simmons, the famous plastic surgeon, is a "woman in uniform." She suddenly decides that she is missing the great thing in life—Romance. The surgeon is stifling the woman. She exchanges the white overall for a fascinating evening frock and goes to California as the guest of a former patient.

Here, in a setting made for lovers, she meets Bobby, the son of the hostess. He is fascinated by Peggy, although when they met in New York she was just an ether-smelling doctor.

Bobby discards his playmate, Lee Joyce, and a whirlwind courtship follows. Peggy and Bobby are married, but the simple home life so dear to Peggy palls on the younger Bobby.

The climax is reached when a party of old friends, including Lee Joyce, arrives on an evening when Peggy is urgently needed at the hospital. When she returns Bobby is "missing," and she accidentally sees them in each other's arms in a corner of the garden.

The beautiful coloured bubble of Romance is burst and Peggy goes back to her old hospital life finding sympathy and consolation in her work with Dr. Hoppling, who has always loved her.

Then she is summoned to a hospital to work on victims of an aeroplane crash—Bobby and Lee Joyce. Bobby is all right, but Lee is terribly disfigured (excellent work of the director not to have shown her to us), and the surgeon decides to give her back her beauty.

She walks out of their lives, realising that Dr. Hoppling can give her the Romance and love she needs.

If I can persuade you to see the picture because of Ann Harding I shall be happy. Her acting as the surgeon is splendid, even discounting my prejudice in her favour.

Robert Young is extremely good as the young lover and Sari Maritza is very good as the other girl. Nils Asther seems out of place as the strong, silent, doctor-lover, but he acts well.

The direction by Alfred Santell is in his usual competent manner.—M. B. Y.

**Say It With Flowers**

This is a good, wholesome film produced at Twickenham for Radio. It is of the same "family" as *Dress House* and is a slice of London's market life and of those folk who earn their living in the market.

Kate, the flower girl, is the uneroused queen of the market. Joe, her husband for over forty years, makes his daily journey—with mope—to Covent Garden to buy the flowers.

One day Kate is absent. She has had to give in to an illness and the doctor insists on a seaside convalescence. There is no money. Joe must sell the mope. He approaches Bill, proprietor of the fried fish shop.

Bill and his market pals decide to raise the money by giving Kate and Joe a benefit concert. Florrie Forde, Marie Kendall and Charles Coborn are the stars of the bill and the evening is a bumper success.

That, in brief, is the story, but the enjoyment of the picture depends less on the actual story than on the characterisation and the clever cameos contributed by the artistes.

Kate and Joe are well played by Mary Clare and Ben Field. George Carney contributes an exceptional study as Bill and Mark Daly is very good as Scotty. Here's a good pair to team.

John Baxter was responsible for the direction, which is straightforward but uninspired. A little cross-cutting in the early scenes would also have helped. But there is more entertainment in this unambitious film (provided you don't say at Cockney humour) than in many alleged super-productions.—M. B. Y.

**Female**

Ruth Chatterton as a big business woman who tries the masculine art of keeping love "as a thing of her life apart," but finally meets her Galahad in the person of George Brent. It is machine-made, pleasant enough entertainment, but what a waste of Chatterton!

There is an undercurrent of sympathy Peggy back in London when she realises that her love for the movie star, Joe, is one of the last vestiges of her love for him. Peggy decides to go to California to take care of her mother, who is ill, and leave her love behind.

It is a simple story, but it is well told and well acted. Peggy is excellent as the girl who is in love with the movie star, and George Brent is charming as the man who is in love with the girl. The picture is well directed by Alfred Santell, and it is a pleasant surprise to find two good actors like Peggy and George Brent in a picture that is not only good, but also well told.

**Mr. Skitch**

**The Mascot**

One of you will remember a notable short feature called *The Magic Clock* which employed inanimate objects and brought them to screen life.

That was made by Mr. and Mrs. L. Starewitz and took something like two years to produce.

They have now made another entirely with models which also entailed the concentrated effort of two years.

In this case the little plot deals with some toys, a dog and a doll or two which are dropped, or rather jump from a vehicle which is carrying them to the shop and eventually find themselves at a kind of witches' dance which takes place in a rubbish shoot.

The effect of animation is marvellous; the toy dog in particular being as diverting a figure as I have ever seen on the screen.

But there is a flaw in the enjoyment. Technically, everything is wonderful, but there is an undercurrent of the macabre running through it which strikes a note of something vaguely unpleasant.

It is a strange thing to see how little enjoyment is induced and it is because of it that this brilliant little essay in animation is not suitable for children.

The feature is also rather too long for its material but I advise you to go and see it for it is certainly one of the most ingenious novels that has ever been screened.—L. C.
LILIAN HARVEY IN REVOLT

Reported "Walk Out" on Picture—Connie Finances a Film for Marquis—Garbo's New Disguise—Ann Dvorak's Search For Her Father—Novel Bedroom Scene

LILIAN HARVEY is little, but ... This vivacious young star is wrathful because the Fox studio will not permit her to speak the dialogue in the French and German versions of her films.

The humour of the situation is that the officials would gladly permit her to do so but, according to the laws of France and Germany, dialogue in the tongues of those countries must be recorded in Europe and, therefore, voices of "doubles" must be used.

But Lilian refused to calm down! She also decided that Rudy Vallee had a better part than she in George White's "Steadfast," which Fox is preparing to produce, and "walked out" on the picture.

The studio officials promptly replaced Lilian with Alice Faye, who, rumour declares, is slated to become Mrs. Vallee, when Rudy's divorce from Fay Webb is final.

Miss Faye is "going over big" in the film, according to officials of the Fox studio.

Favoured Visitor

Marlene Dietrich's studio sets are probably the most closely guarded in Hollywood, with the possible exception of those of Greta Garbo.

Even workmen who are not needed upon the set are excluded while acting is in progress. While as for visitors, they are usually "verboten"!

Occasionally a celebrity is admitted within the carefully guarded walls of the Dietrich set. The latest to achieve this distinction is Pepe Ortiz, the handsome Mexican bull-fighter who is teaching George Raft to "throw the bull" in his next picture.

Marlene was very much interested in the handsome stranger, and chatted with him with keen enjoyment for several minutes.

Marquis Off Again

Connie Bennett has financed her husband, the Marquis de la Falais, for another trip to the Orient, where she will secure material for a new travelogue. The Marquis leaves within a fortnight.

The blonde star is very much annoyed by reports that the reason for her presence in Hollywood is her former husband, Phil Plant, was to pay her the balance due on an alimony settlement.

Opposition for Mary

Mary Pickford had better look to her laurels or comedian Nigel Bruce will overtake her as Hollywood's official entertainer of peers and royalty.

The English actor entertained the following celebrities on his set during the past week:

Prince Ferdinand of Prussia; Lord Tennyson; and the Earl of Aylesford.

Storm Signals

A certain charming star, who recently re-married, seems destined to lose her husband.

The trouble is too much family. The lady's parents, particularly her mother, occupy a great deal of her time, and the husband is being gradually shunted into the background.

Announcement of a separation is due in the near future. Certain film mothers crave the limelight, and are very jealous of their daughters' husbands.

Garbo's Disguise

Many of our film celebrities don dark glasses to evade recognition by the fans.

Garbo, as usual, is different. The Swedish star wears a green visor over her eyes to preserve her privacy, although she is seen far more in public since her return to Hollywood.

Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian, her director in "Queen Christina," have been frequenting "swanky" hosteries, and Hollywood is wondering whether a romance is under way.

Pedestrians, Beware

The height of something or another is being enacted daily in Pat Paterson's new automobile.

Pat, who arrived recently from London, purchased a car as soon as she reached Hollywood.

One day of trying to drive on the right side of the street convinced her that she needed a driving companion to lend aid.

So she chose Hugh Williams—and Williams is just as English and just as new to American traffic rules.

They are full of sympathy for each other anyway.

Searching For Father

Ann Dvorak is anxious to find her father, whom she has not seen for fourteen years.

The newspapers, in response to Ann's appeal, published her story and the result was hundreds of letters from people all over the United States who claimed to know where her father was or thought they could locate him.

The writers, in many instances, were merely attempting to secure money from the actress.

Everyone in Hollywood hopes that Ann will locate her parent.

Her father formerly was in vaudeville with her mother, but they were divorced when Ann was a small child.

Movies In Bed

Hollywood studio employees are noted for their unconventionality—as was demonstrated by a recent incident.

Joan Blondell was stricken by an attack of appendicitis in the middle of a picture, and was taken to a hospital. After a successful operation she was removed to her home, and her doctor ordered her to bed, refusing to permit her to visit the studio for several weeks.

The studio officials had scheduled a bedroom scene for Joan, which they were very anxious to photograph.

So the movie people calmly marched into Joan's bedroom—horse, foot and dragons, as it were—and took the scene.

Loyal Newlyweds

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who were recently married, are still firm in their declaration that they will not make love to each other before the camera.

The couple have turned down the leading roles in "Just Off Fifth Avenue," believing that married happiness would be affected by cinema love.

Frances, nevertheless, would like to forget her husband, Joel, just long enough to give Gene Raymond a convincing hug and kiss. She is playing opposite Gene in a Fox picture, and admits it is rather awkward kissing one man when she is newly married to another.

A Lucky Bus Ride

Mona Marris might not be in pictures and doing very well, if she had not decided to take a ride on a Fifth Avenue bus in New York City.

According to Mona's story, she left Melbourne, Australia, and passed through Hollywood on her way to England. She says she did not have the slightest interest in pictures at that time.

Anyway, she arrived in New York and, while waiting for a steamer, boarded a Fifth Avenue bus and was seen by a scout for the Fox studio.

The result was a contract and a trip back to Hollywood, where she has remained ever since.

Hollywood Says That—

— Ann Harding never gets into an automobile from the left side.

— Will Rogers recently bought the only tuxedo he ever wore.

— Richard Dix is superstitious about radios and gramophones. He never turns them off in the middle of a number.

— Claudette Colbert worked in a New York modiste shop.

— Jack La Rue was a piano tuner in New York.

— Norman McLeod, director of "Alice in Wonderland," was a flying instructor during the war.

— Heather Angel obtained her first part on the stage when another girl refused to dye her hair for the role.
This is the screen version of the great stage success: "The Late Christopher Bean." It is Marie Dressler's picture, but there is also some fine work by other artists, notably Beulah Bondi. There will be few people who will fail to enjoy this satirical comedy.

Abby (Dressler) refuses to leave her portrait with Dr. Haggett (Lionel Barrymore), much to his annoyance.

The end of the elopement. Abby (Dressler) acts as driver to the young lovers.

Rosen (Jean Hersholt), the art dealer, in search of some Chris. Beans, introduces himself.
The elopement. Abby (Dressler), at the wheel, scares the lovers (Helen Mack and Russell Hardie) and will make Laurel and Hardy green with envy at her driving.

Susan (Helen Mack), much in love, confides in her friend Abby (Dressler).

Davenport, the art critic, and friend of Chris. Bean, is an ally of Abby.

Abby (Marie Dressler) paves the way for the young lovers, Russell Hardie and Helen Mack.
**TUGBOAT ANNIE**

**M.-G.-M., American, “U” certificate. Water-borne, drama. Runs 85 minutes.**

**IVOR NOVELLO** shows to very good advantage this week in a film version of his own stage play, *Tug-Boat Annie*, although the story does not do justice to this outstanding team. It is, in fact, rather disappointing, but none the less worth seeing.

***I LIVED WITH YOU***


Maurice Elvey

Directed by maurice elvey from ivor novello's story.

Ivor Novello has never appeared to better advantage than in this adaptation of his own stage play, which is very well put over and contains bright dialogue and well drawn, if somewhat artificial, characters.

He is cast as an irresponsible and destitute Russian prince who is taken home and cared for by an attractive young shop assistant and her family. His entry into the humble household upsets it and fills it with revolutionary ideas on life in general. You see, the prince is a distinctly whimsical and wholly amoral character, and his views of sex and marital relationships are calculated to shock the English lower-middle-class family on which he has descended.

For instance, the father of the family takes a mistress, aided by the prince, who decides to sell some valuable diamonds in a locket in order to help his good friends. The younger daughter proceeds to go and live with the floor manager of the store in which she works. The mother takes to drinking vodka in excessive quantities and the elder daughter, Gladys, who had befriended the prince, falls in love with him, although he keeps her at a distance.

The one person who sees what havoc is being worked in the life of a once contented family is an aunt, who finally begs the prince to leave and so help remedy the trouble he has caused.

He agrees to do so, but Gladys is so madly in love with him that she insists on following, and her aunt, realising her love is not mere infatuation, lets her go.

The whole thing is treated with the requisite lightness of touch and, while technically it is not remarkable, full justice is done to the plot, which avoids all semblance of a photographed stage play.

Ivor Novello dominates the piece, but excellent performances are also given by Eliot Makeham as the father, Minnie Raynor as the mother, Ursula Jeans as Gladys, and Cecil Oakes as the aunt. The rest of the cast is sound and portrays its roles effectively.

---

**BELOW THE SEA**


**RAPHAEL BELLAMY**—Steve McCreary

**FAY WRAY**—Diana Templeton

**Ralph VogeDers**—Karl Schenninger

**ESTHER HOWARD**—Lily

**TREVOR BLAND**—Mr. Wallis

**WILLIAM J. KELLY**—Mr. Walsedge

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**—Mrs. Walsedge

**Ray ROBERTSON**—Patrolman

Directed by AL ROGELL from the story and screen play by JEWS JERRING.

**REAL** "thick ear" stuff this, which, provided you are not too critical in the matter of conviction, is going to entertain you well and give you a good thrill or two.

The opening shows a U-boat being sunk by a Q-boat; very well done, this.

The submarine commander manages to swim ashore, chart the sunken vessel, which contains gold ingots, and murder his companion.

He is rescued by a boat which sights his beacon fire and afterwards sets about trying to find that gold.

He gets the aid of an expert diver, Steve, but the first expedition ends in disaster. Neither man trusts the other, and they end by being shipwrecked and quite ready to murder each other.

The second attempt they make in the guise of piloting a vessel chartered for scientific exploration by Diana Templeton, a wealthy and adventurous girl.

Steve falls for the heiress and then things happen with startling rapidity until the culminating thrill, when an octopus attacks the diving bell in which the heiress is surveying the ocean bed and is killed by the diver, armed with an oxygen blow lamp.

The ex-U-boat commander is dragged to his death by the gold which, while trying to double-cross Steve, he has hastily managed to haul into a small boat—his legs entangled in the chain and he is pulled overboard with the load.

Happy ending, of course, for hero and heroine.

The commander is extremely well played by Fredrik Vogedler and Ralph Bellamy makes a virile he-man lover. Fay Wray is weak as the heroine.

The octopus fight is very well done, as, indeed, are all the underwater sequences.

Action tends to slow up a little at times and one or two interpolated sea-bed interest scenes could well be cut. They are well done, but they hold up the action and interfere with the continuity.

**TUGBOAT ANNIE**


Marie Dresser—Annie

Wallace Beery—Steve

Marie Dresser—Doris

Mervyn Le Roy—Jack

Tarnany Young—Shiftless

Jack Dressier—Pete

Paul Hurst—Sam

Frankie Darro—Alex as child

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

This is hardly a worthy vehicle for the talents of such players as Wallace Beery and Marie Dresser.

It is a thin, drawn-out story, with Wallace Beery spending most of the footage in a drunken condition and Marie Dresser, as his distinctly better half, trying to keep their home together and give their boy a chance to become the skipper of a liner.

The second of these two aims succeeds, but the formes is wrecked by Beery’s proclivity for drink, which forces them to sell their floating home, a tugboat, and become the paid servants of a firm of garbage carriers.

All ends well, however, when Beery’s heroic efforts in keeping the fire box of their boat functioning through a storm enables them to save their son’s liner from destruction.

It is all rather artificial, and even Marie Dresser is unable to bring a full measure of conviction to it, although she acts as admirably as ever.

Wallace Beery has little chance in his role, but he rises to the occasion whenever possible.

Robert Young is good as the son and Maureen O’Sullivan a charming heroine. Supporting cast is sound throughout.

The humour, mostly concerned with Beery’s efforts to get a drink at all times, is punctuated with pathos and mother-love as repro-

---

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler "make it up" in "Tugboat Annie."
January 27, 1934

sent by Marie Dressler’s solicitude for her son’s future welfare.

**PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62**

WILLIAM POWELL: Donald
MARGARET LINDSAY: Janet
RAY DOUGLAS: Joe
GORDON WESTCOTT: Bandor
JAMES BELL: Sholly
ARTHUR HENRY: Tracey
NATALIE MACKLEMORE: Mrs. Burns
SHEILA TERRY: The Girl
TRENT BRADWELL: Mask
RENEE WHITENDOY: Alice
AWI HOWELL: Rose
IRVING BACON: Cab Driver
ARTHUR HURL: Roger
HOBART CAVAGNA: Burns

Directed by Michael Curtiz from the story by RAOUL WATERFIELD; written by IRA JAMES.

There is a good deal of ingenuity in this way an unscrupulous private detective, first turns the tables on a racketeer and is, in turn, outwitted by the hero, an ex-Diplomatic Corps detective who has been dismissed when he fails in a delicate mission through no fault of his own.

The heroine is a society woman whom the private detective plans to swindle out of her gambling winnings.

The part is most attractively played by Margaret Lindsay, while William Powell has a role that suits him as the suave and diplomatic detective lover.

Arthur Hurl does well as the private detective and generally the characters are quite interesting. Treatment is brisk and not lacking in humour.

**GAMBLING SHIP**

CARY GRANT: Ace Corbin
BENITA HUME: Eleanor Le Velle
JACK LEBRETT: Pete Manning
ROGER KARR: Roy
GLENA FADOR: Jane Sands
ARTHUR VINTON: Joe Burke
CHARLES WILLIAMSMITH: Edward Monkton
EDWIN MAXWELL: District Attorney
SPENCER CHAPMAN: A Detective
SHID SLOYER: The Sailor

Directed by Louis Gassner and Max Marcil from a story by Peter Rorke.

Good average entertainment is provided by this vigorous gangster picture, which introduces you to a story gangster—that of the gambling ship.

The moral pointed by the story is a dubious one and the development obvious, but the rough stuff is well put over and the characters are well drawn and natural.

Cary Grant is good as a gangster on holiday who falls in love with a girl from whom he conceals his identity and later finds that she, too, is connected with racketeers.

As the girl, Benita Hume is sound, while Jack La Rue is suitably ruthless as another gangster, while Cary Grant helps to put out of the way in order to aid a friend whose gambling ship’s activities are being ruined by him.

The friend is well rendered by Arthur Vinton. Glenda Farrell and Roscoe Karno do well in support.

There is a spectacular note to the ending when the gambling ship goes up in flames.

**DOCTOR BULL**

WILL ROGERS: Doctor Bull
YVON ALLENS: Janet Cardmaker
NEAL NISON: Max Tapping
HOWARD LALLY: Joe Tapping
DEAN CHUCKELL: Herbert Bluming
LOUIS DRESER: Mrs. Ranning
ROCKEY HURCHE: Grandpa
TEMPLE FOODY: Grandmas
WALTER PATTISON: Aunt Patricia
NORA CECIL: Aunt Emily
RALPH MORGAN: Dr. Vesper
ANDY DEVINE: Lory Ward
RYT O’ROY: Robert
VEDA BUCKLAND: Mary
ANTHONY ELLETT: Aunt Myra
HELEN FREEMAN: Helen Uphorn

Directed by John Ford from the novel, "The Last Adam," by JAMES GELDO CEEZASS.

Although very slow and slight in texture, there is a good deal of entertainment to be obtained from Will Rogers’ whimsical study of a small country-town doctor who is the subject of malicious gossip concerning his innocent friendship with a widow, Janet Cardmaker.

The crisis comes with a typhoid epidemic, when his enemies accuse him of negligence. However, his miraculous cure of a man restores him to public favour and he ends by marrying Janet.

The life and atmosphere of a small town and gossip is quite wellEmitted, and the setting and the humour, and camera work all quite good.

Several sound studies are drawn by the supporting cast.

**THE BERMONDSLEY KID**

EMMID KNIGHT: Eddie Martin
PAT FATHER: Mary
GERTY HEARY: Gertie
BERTY HENRY: Luv阵
ERNEST SEPPON: Lou Rodman
FRED MCCLAREN: Rolly
SYD CROSSLEY: Myke
WILLIAM OGDEN: "Black Jack"
WINIFRED O’BRIEN: Mrs. Hodson

Directed by Ralph Davenport.

British boxing is not shown in a pull light in this picture, in which a pulled fight is planned; but the tricks of some sections of the trade afford entertaining by-play, as do the details of a boxer’s training.

The atmosphere is fairly convincing and the fights are realistically put over.

Emmond Knight does quite well historically and fartically as the hero. Pat Paterson is good as the heroine.

The sporting atmosphere is heightened by the introduction of such well-known personalities as Len Harvey and George Cook.

**A STUDY IN SCARLET**

REGISLAND OWEN: Sherlock Holmes
ANN WONG: Mrs. Hank
MYRIAM JONES: Mrs. Keke
JEROME CLARK: Dr. Watson
ELIZABETH FINCH: Mrs. Keke
ROBERT HOPPES: Joe
ZITA HAYSON: Miss
J. M. RUSSELL: Mrs. Keke
JAY BURLINGTON: John
DARLING DORR: Miss
HELEN JONES: Miss
MARGARET PERRY: Mrs. Keke
WILLIAM F. SMITH: Mr. Keke

Directed by George Poland from the play by SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Free adaptation of the famous Sherlock Holmes story, which make an unpretentious thriller rather than a dramatisation of Conan Doyle’s story.

Reginald Owen seems to have been cast for the chief role because he has an English accent rather than because he resembles the favourite detective of fiction.

The rest of the cast is efficient without being in any way noteworthy.

**PURSE STRINGS**

DOROTHY BUCHER: Mary Willmore
SYDNEY ISMILL: Mrs. Willmore
JANE WILMORE: Miss
HILDA LEACH: Housemaid
HARRY JONES: Edward Athby
ERNEST STREET: John
WILLIAM CORNELL: Mrs. Street
EVELYN ROBERTS: Mrs. Bechamp

Directed by George Poland from the play by JAMES GELDO CEEZASS.

The idea behind the story had been better utilised, it would have made a very entertaining picture, but as it stands it is only mediocre.

The theme deals with a wife who kept short money by her husband, takes to shop-lifting, hoping to send the money on afterwards.

How she gets into difficulties and is blackmailed is ingenious in conception but very pedestrian in treatment.

The acting is not on a high level. Dorothy Boucher is colourless as the wife and Gyles Isham artificial and theatrical as the husband.

G. H. Mulcaster is adequate as a barrister who extricates the woman from her trouble and Allen Jeays is a melodramatic villain.

**THE LOVE NEST**

GENE GERRARD: Charles
JESSICA HORN: Mary
NANCY BURNE: Helen
CHARLES PATTEN: Pat
AMY VEDER: Mrs. Mounted
HARRIET DAVISON: Mrs. Drinkwater
TOM MCNAUGHTON: Mr. Drinkwater

Directed by Thomas Bentley from the story and scenario by H. D. MATIY, GENE GERRARD and FRANK MALLER.

Typical Geread Gerrard picture, which allows the star opportunities to exploit his own brand of humour, but neglects story values in concentrating on him.

The slight plot concerns a young man who, having bought and in his house, is hanging on the eve of his wedding. A pretty married woman from the opposite, accidentally locked out, comes to him for shelter.

It is pouring with rain and, since she is wet through, she takes a bath—and also a flirtation fancy to her saves the day.

The inevitable happens. The fiancée arrives, the mother-in-law to be also, and the usual complications follow.

Camilla Horn is attractive as the unwanted visitor and Nancy Burne sound as the fiancée.

**’THE FIDDLIN’ BUCKAROO**

KEN MAYNARD: Fiddlin’
GLOVER SHEA: Patricia
FRED KOHLER: Will
FRANK RIE: Barty
JACK JONES: Jack
BOB MCARL: Dally
JOE JAILER: Jailer
JOSEPH W. GARDN: Kerman

Directed by Ken Maynard from the story and screen play by NATE GAZET.

Covington Westerns with all the usual attributes of riding and fighting. Ken Maynard puts plenty of virility into his role of a secret service agent who is tracking bandits and Fred Kohler makes a good tough villain.
The world's sweethearts are reunited again after a screen divorce of over a year. The first picture to mark the resumption of the partnership will be "The Sun Shines Bright."
The spread upon the table as the children trooped into the parlour was such as not even to be associated by the four Marches with the time of their father's prosperity.

———THE CAST———
Jo,........Katharine Hepburn
Amy..........Joan Bennett
Meg.............Frances Dee
Beth..........Jean Parker
Fritz Bhaker.....Paul Lukas
Aunt March,.....Edna May Oliver
Laurie.........Douglas Montgomery
Mr. Laurence.....Henry Stephenson
Marmee.........Spring Byington
Mr. March,.....Samuel Hinds
Hannah........Mabel Colcord
Brooke.........John Lodge
Mamie.............Nydia Westman

(An exclusive story of the film Little Women, in four parts, by permission of Radio Pictures, Ltd., Dean Street, London, W.1.)

See "Pre-views of the Latest Films" feature, page 14, for a criticism of this picture.

THICK snow, muffling the tramp of marching soldiers, had fallen in Concord, Massachusetts. In the United States Christian Mission a motherly woman behind a counter, piled with woollens, was talking to a white-haired veteran whom she had just helped into an overcoat.

"Yes, ma'am," he was saying.
"All four of my sons went to the war. Two were killed, one's a prisoner. The one I'm going to visit in hospital is my last."

"I do hope you'll find him a great deal better. Pray keep the money—you're more than welcome. You've done a great deal for your country."

"Not a pence more than I ought, ma'am. I'd go myself if they'd have me. A merry Christmas, and thank you."

Mrs. March paused in her work of replacing the unwanted overcoats as he went out. She had never learnt to take suffering for granted. When a fashionably dressed helper came up with an order to be signed, she apologised, starting out of a reverie.

"I'm so sorry you had to speak twice. When I see people like that old man I'm ashamed of how little I can do. No, don't tell me I'm doing all I can here. He's going to Washington, very like, to say 'Good-bye' to the last of his four sons. I have my girls to comfort me."

She put her name to the slip of paper and added, hopefully, "Meg and Jo are working, you know. Meg is a nursery governess."

Her thoughts lingered for a moment with her eldest daughter, Margaret, very sweet if she chose, but intensely critical of life, and to Jo, a year younger and still so much of a Tom-boy.

At the moment, Meg, sweetness uppermost, was bending in bonnet and cloak to wish her small charges "Merry Christmas" before leaving them for the brief holiday.

So brief a holiday it was to be for the two elder Marches and Amy, who was at school, that Jo, in a house not far away, was in the middle of a brilliant scheme for making it longer.

Jo earned her few dollars weekly by attending daily on her father's sister, Aunt March, a querulous old lady, possessed a lap-dog, a parrot, and a magnificent drawing-room full of carved furniture which required cleaning.

Afternoons were spent by her niece in reading aloud, a habit which, from her own love of books, Jo would have approved if only the titles had been different.

Her strong young voice, full of dramatic inflexions, was repressed to a monotone as she read. "Bad habits take root with fearful rapidity, even in the highest natures. They grow and ripen and bear fruit like southern vines and weeds. . . ."

Jo continued slowly, then still more slowly, her glance from time to time sizing up her aunt's heavily lined face under the white wig. The head gradually drooped, the mouth, a little open, went to one side. The old lady was asleep.

Creeping silently to the double-doors, Jo stopped to utter a final word or so before making upstirs. She was back with cloak and muff at the bottom of the first flight when a voice brought her up short.

"Where are you going, Josephine?"

"I didn't think you'd mind. I did so want to be home early. The others and I are doing a play for Christmas and I was going to rehearse, "'stammered Jo, convicted, as so often the case with her, of doing the right thing at the wrong moment."

"Humph; so you fly off without a word of greeting to your poor old aunt."

"I'm sorry. Merry Christmas." Jo said, only half contritely, her thoughts revolving round the villain's moustache. Aunt March lifted her skirt and removed something from the linen pocket attached to the petticoats.

"Here's a dollar for each; mind you spend them carefully, though it's more than enough. I can expect, with your father wallowing off to the war and letting other folks look after his family."

"Nobody need look after us," Jo flamed. "I'm proud of father, and you should be, too."

"Highly-tighty; don't be imperious. Did you clean polly's cage?"

"Yes, aunty."

"And wash the silver teaspoons?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Then you may go. One minute. You haven't polished the stair rails. Do so before you leave."

Jo waited with apparent meekness till the old lady had gone upstairs; then, brushing the offending rail with her muff, she jumped upon it, sliding to the hall in her flowing skirts with ease, if not exactly grace.

The air outside was nipping, but the sight of two familiar figures on the snowy road called forth her cheery welcome.

"Hallo, Meg! Why you are late, Amy."

It was clear to Jo that her little sister (Amy was the youngest as well as the spoil of the March family) had been crying,

"I know. Amy, who had been well solded, had the huzzy knack of turning mishaps to advantage once they were over. "Mr. Davis kept me in because I drew a picture of him with a huge nose on my slate instead of adding up my sun. The girls were ever so horrid and inquisitive. And wood said to me. I really think Marmee should take me away from the school."

"There's the 'Lavender boy' at the next-door window again," broke in Jo. "Christopher Columbus! He's gone off like a streak of lightning."

"Naturally, when he saw you waving at him. Really, you shouldn't have," Meg reproved. "And I wish you wouldn't say Christopher Columbus. You know Marmee doesn't like slang."

"I like good strong words that mean something," Jo affirmed.

Disregarding an elderly gentleman who was approaching the gate, she continued to look up at the imposing red-brick house, the March's confronter dwelling.

"Don't! Jo. There's old Mr. Laurence," Meg warned.

"What if it is and he does see me waving? I don't mind."

The door opened; the white creeperv-covered house opened just then and Jo ran up the path crying; "There's Beth. She mustn't stop there. She'll get cold." A tender look, never seen when she spoke to any of them except Jo's face as she greeted Beth and hurried her back into the parlour. From babyhood Beth had been shy and delicate, but, though she was left very much alone in the day with (Continued on page 24)
Amazing Results of a Wonderful Drugless Treatment for Nervous Disorders

THOUSANDS of former nerve sufferers have blessed the day they wrote for the remarkable little booklet which is now offered FREE to every reader of this announcement. The writers of the grateful letters below have experienced that happiness they now enjoy had they not taken the first step by sending for this unique booklet.

Are YOU a victim of fear? Are you tortured by the nerve-racking terrors of worry, pessimism, and depression? Are your nerves flagging?” obsessed by morbid thoughts and gloomy presentiments? Have you an “inferiority complex,” which causes you to endure untold humiliation and embarrassment through being timid and self-conscious?

If you suffer from MORBID FEARS, WORRY, DEPRESSION, INSOMNIA, WEEPING NERVES, SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, or any similar nervous disorder, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your fear before it conquers you!

READ THESE SPLENDID TESTIMONIALS—PUBLISHED UNDER A £1,000 GUARANTEE OF GENUINENESS.

"MY FEARS HAVE VANISHED"

"I can never hope to express my gratitude adequately. This means more to me than life itself, it seems as though I have been dead for years and have just come to life. It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished, as they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature."

"THE CHANGE IS MARVELLOUS"

"Although I have only been treating myself for three days, the change is marvellous. I had at times all the worst kind of fears, like going mad or committing suicide. I was even afraid to be left alone with the children, as I felt afraid I might hurt them. Your treatment is just the thing for a case like mine, and, as I have said before, really wonderful. Thank you again so sincerely.

"I HAVE SLEPT EVERY NIGHT"

"I am pleased to say I am getting on splendidly. I did not know what it was to have a good night's sleep before I had your treatment. I have slept every single night and my nerves are much better. Many thanks for your kindness.”

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success and is endorsed by a £1,000 guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful booklet, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any sufferer who has lost the coupon below. NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you may acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (MD.) 40 Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1

FREE BOOK YOURS—POST NOW

To Mr. H. J. RIVERS (Dept. P.30), 40 Lambs Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "The Conquest of Fear.

NAME__________________________________________________
ADDRESS_____________________________________________________________________

January 27, 1934

LITTLE WOMEN

Where's Amy? I've got a treat for you.

"A letter from father, Hurrah!"

Four young faces clustered near the table, and when Mr. March read aloud his husband's letter. At one place there was a catch in her voice, then a moment of low murmuring, and it was evident that not one of the young people about her would resent what was coming.

"Give my dear girls my love and a kiss. Tell them I know they will remember all I said about fighting for success. Be particular and personal enemies bravely, so that when I come home I may be prouder than any woman."

"Let's get something for Marmee instead of keeping the dollars for what will be a long time after tea.

"Good idea, Jo. I approved. "I'll get her slippers."

"Gloves," put Meg.

"Handkerchiefs all hemmed," supplemented Beth. "And a bottle of cologne," contributed Amy, adding: "I wish I had enough left over for my pencils."

An hour or more of seeing on one big map was a great treat and little of the four workers might have felt being dispelled by Jo's aptitude for long, continuous, detailed, and fascinating reading and chatting about the different countries they imaginatively passed. It had been the custom since Amy was small to close the evening with a hymn.

Beth, making the best of the dumb note, sat at the piano while the five voices rose in the quiet room.

the darkens deepens, Lord, lend your light on me.

"Good-night, Marmee!"

"Good-night, my darlings!"

Jo was at first at the breakfast table on Christmas Day, arranging parcels, and writing a little of the long surviving family servant of the days of plenty, brought in an unusual number of covered dishes exhaling aromatic odors of plums.

"Sausages! And popovers!" Jo cried, raising lids. "Scrumptious! What a splendor!"

"Gone out. She won't be a minute."

"Where she—no it isn't. Where have you been, Amy?"

"Only to change my bottle of cologne. The small one looked so nice. This is really handsome. And I don't mind about the pencils."

"Here. Have the prettiest rose to put with the sufferer Beth, breaking one from the pot on the sill.

"There she comes. Strike up, Beth! How's Christmas, Marmee?"

Escorted to the table by the strains of a lively air, Mrs. March had already risen in turn, and it was some time before her expressions of "How lovely!...yes, a perfect fit... just what I wanted, and all dead down in—"

"Oh, I am hungry!" Jo began at last.

"Merry Christmas!" Mrs. March spoke with an effort. "Girls, I've just come from a home where there's a little baby. The poor little things—poor things! Aren't the poor things—poor things to have no fire and nothing to eat. Would you like to take them your breakfast as a Christmas performance?"

"I'm glad you got back before we started. Don't speak soberly. Then when the last thoughts of昈ncluding sausages vanished as though she had never possessed an aching void, Meg and Jo were chinning in—"

"I'll carry the coffee. I'll take the bread. Me for the popovers."
The spread upon the table, as they trooped into the parlour, was such as not even to be associated by the four March's with the time of their father's prosperity.

Hot-house roses were massed in bowls about a centrepiece brimming with the pink and white whipped-up foam of ice-cream. The daintiest of cookies and sweet biscuits were set out on doiley-covered plates.

"Christopher Columbus! What's this?" cried Jo.

"Is it fairies?" Amy inquired.

"Or Santa Claus?" from Beth.

"Mother did it," decided Meg.

"All wrong," beamed Mrs. March.

"Mr. Laurence sent it."

"What! 'The Laurence boy's' grandfather! He looks such a fierce individual."

"He heard what you did at breakfast," Marmee explained, beginning to serve the ice-cream to highly interested recipients, and sent me a nice note saying he hoped I would allow him to express his friendly feeling towards my children by sending them a few trifles in honour of the day."

"The boy put it into his head—I know he did. He looks like a capital fellow. I'm dying to get acquainted, and I'm going to, too," Jo declared.

Beth, tasting the contents of her plate, said softly:—

"Jo, don't you wish father were here? I'm afraid he isn't having such a merry Christmas as we are."

**Boxing Day.** Jo, who never wasted time acting on decisions, put hers into practice. Looping up her long skirts and borrowing Hanah's whisk broom, she soon had enough snow swept up along the path running close to the next-door house to make a snowman. Pleased with her handiwork in spite of its threat of chilblains, she waited till she caught a glimpse of the "Laurence boy's" face at an upstairs window before hurling a snowball in that direction. It landed plop against a pane. A second later the window opened and the boy leaned out.

"Hello!"

"How d'you do? I only wanted to thank you for the Christmas present. What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Only a bit of a cold, but grand- father's making me stop indoors for a week."

"I say, that is too bad. Can't anyone come and see you?"

"I only wish they would."

"Wait a minute. I'll ask Marmee." Jo scuttled into the house. In a few minutes she reappeared with a basket.

"Close the window!" she called. "I'm coming round to the front door!"

Full of excitement, for her desire to meet "the Laurence boy's" was nearly equalled by that of seeing the inside of his grandfather's house, she rang the bell.

A butler answered her summons and was preceding her across a vast tessalated hall when the invalid came downstairs. He was even nicer looking than Jo had thought, and she wished Marmee had given her permission to stay and talk to him.

"Good afternoon, Miss March!" the boy said. "Do come right in."

"..."

**Dull domestic hands are so unattractive and dull-looking. . . . Is housework making yours rough and red? Washing-up, cleaning grates, dusting—dries out the natural oils. Chapping and redness soon follow. Get your hands soft and smooth again by replacing naturally the oils they need—**

**DOCTOR ADVISES**

**"VASELINE" JELLY**

"With 'Vaseline' Jelly . . . the skin again becomes soft and pliable," says the famous skin specialist, Dr. Kromayer of Berlin. Doctors agree that "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces the oil naturally if your hands are dry — it heals and softens them while you sleep. Start tonight! No mess, no stickiness — just rub well in, then wipe clean. This simple regular treatment makes hands smooth and softer than ever before! Cheesbrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd, Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

**Trade Mark**

**Petroleum Jelly**

- Splendid for cracked lips and cheeks

---

January 27, 1934

---

**— Continued**

A family named Hummel received the five with their fragrant offerings in baskets as though they were angels.

That afternoon a score of school and other friends forgathered in the dining-room at Orchard House to witness the performance of Jo's play, The Witch's Curse.

Described in the programme as a most hair-raising and melodious operatic tragedy, Jo had brought to its composition all the talent that she fondly hoped one day would make her a famous authoress.

No producer of a travelling fit-up show had more difficulties than she with which to contend. As the sole owner of a dramatic speaking voice and willing user of a pair of top boots belonging to the company, she had to struggle the parts of hero and villain.

The scene first revealed Amy as the benighted heroine standing agitatedly in front of Hannah's clothes horse as the framework of a piece of linen painted to resemble castle walls.

Amy's cry of "Strange that Rodrigo is not here!" was quite realistic; then she forgot her part and had to be prompted by Jo before she managed to add:—

"And why Black Hugo's castle for the tryst? I am afraid."

Meg, attired as a hag in Marmee's dressing-gown, informed Amy, alias the Princess Zarah, that she had been betrayed by Black Hugo.

Meanwhile, Jo, warming to her task off, was beating on a saucepan interpersing the sounds with a loudy warning of "Woah!"

Black Hugo's moustache and slouch hat were to hand and easy to put on, thus saving the spell-bound audience the trouble of seeing the speaker: "Zarah will be waiting, my proud beauty. Ha-ha. Zarah will be mine."

A plash greeted Jo as she came down the ladder as Balthazar. He dismissed the hag and proceeded to come terrifyingly at Amy. Amy shrieked being convinced at first, but not all Jo could do could prevent her from accomplishing a mild pirouette and sinking stiffly on to a property bench beneath the castle walls.

Throwing his cloak over one shoulder and picking up the lady, Black Hugo exited as the curtain came down.

"What a faint!" grumbled Jo, as Amy stood upright. "Never mind. Up you go for the next scene."

Scene two was much ambitious. Zarah, poised on the tallboy, peered through a supposed window in the castle walls. While Rodrigo, alias Black Hugo, equipped with a different cloak and a guitar, sang a tuneful love song, the purpose of which was to entice Zarah to fly with him.

Jo had taken two steps up the rope ladder to Zarah's window when her genius for awkward movement caused her to trip over a rung.

Down she fell, with the castle walls on the top of her, the resulting confusion being so great as to infect the audience half of whom precipitated themselves and their bench backwards from laughter.

More confusion followed; the last of the players and audience had hard-picked themselves up when Hannah appeared in the doorway to announce, in an impressive manner, "Please, will the young ladies walk into supper?"

**How to smooth and soften yours—specialist's advice**

**DULL DOMESTIC HANDS**

**Medical photograph (enlarged) showing chapped skin of domestic hands. To heal chapping dermatitis caloric, famous skin specialist advises "Vaseline" Jelly.**

---

P. 25
The Truth About GRACIE’S NEW FILM

Where the Dust Flies—Universal Providers—Merton and Movies—A Model Studio—Masked Murderers—Worton Hall Wakes Up—Judy Kelly on the Up-grade

W HATEVER may be true of other studios, Twickenham is working overtime. That is no unusual thing for this historic building in the Thames Valley, which was the last stronghold of the phase of British production which petered out in the War years. Occasionally they take a holiday here, but when they are working—oh, boy, does the dust fly!

Not content with making films for both Radio and A.P.D. to release, they have now bitten off the mouthful of producing for Universal; and, as the merry men of Twickenham are not in the habit of biting off more than they can chew, we may expect the Universal British films to be thoroughly well worth seeing.

I am rather glad Universal have not rushed into production again on their own account. The mass of American executives and technicians they imported to make the ill-fated Lloyd of the C.I.D. some years ago, did precious little to improve the status of British films.

Delivering the Goods

A t Twickenham they understand rather well what is wanted by cinema-goers, and concentrate on providing it—a perfectly sound attitude which is likely to bring them great prosperity.

They are already heading strongly in that direction. A fine new sound-stage, which will take the place of the “lot,” will be completed in the course of the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, one unit has overflowed to Merton, to make The Admiral’s Secret for Radio.

You didn’t know there was a studio at Merton? Well, you may be forgiven for that, for very few people do know about it, even in the film world. The Merton merchants are of the type who do not spend their time banging a drum and chanting “Look—see, we have a fine studio, we make good films.” They buckle-to and make ‘em.

But it is a fine studio. Built practically on the main Kingston road, it is so well sound-proofed that the faintest suggestion of passing traffic penetrates.

Prosperity

One sound-stage, capable of housing three good sized interior sets at a time. Comfortable waiting-rooms, efficient cutting-room, monitor-room, still-photography room, offices. A general air of purpose, of quiet prosperity.

There used to be a studio, that I remember, standing on the same site (have you noticed that no one ever builds a studio anywhere except where there has been one before? There must be a superstition about it). It was a ramshackle edifice of iron, if I remember rightly, used for knocking out cheap little silent films cheaply.

I hadn’t been there for years, and I was amazed to find a first-class modern studio standing there now, with a highly efficient staff, capable of turning out first-rate pictures.

They showed me some of the “shorts” they had made recently, in the large projection-room where they also do some of their more intricate and delicate sound-recording, and I give you my word that the photography, sound, and cutting were as good as anything I have seen in any British film—with the possible exception of two or three super-films like The Private Life of Henry VIII.

Gathering ‘Em

I found I knew most of the executives and technicians already. For instance, at Beaconsfield there used to be a clever young sound expert named Marcus Cooper; he left, and I often wondered where he had gone—until I found him in command of the “mike” at Merton. And others have been assembled in the same way.

If I were making a film independently, I am strongly inclined to think this is the studio I should choose.

The Admiral’s Secret, the current opus, is a story of a bluff sea-dog, retired, who in his youth has sown a goodish few wild oats; and among his many escapades is the pinching, more or less by accident during a beanfeast, of an Italian jewel of worth.

With a view to recovering it, divers tough Italians call upon him in his lonely house by the sea. There are screams, knives, fainting housekeepers, stalwart heroes—all the hotch-potch of a comedy-melodrama, designed to make you shiver and chuckle by turns.

Admiral Gwenn

The last time I met Edmund Gwenn, just a few weeks ago, he swore by the little brass knob at the bottom of the microphone (a solemn oath) that he was retiring from films for a while to concentrate on Laburnum Grove, the play which J. B. Priestley has written for him. However, the “while” is apparently now over, though the run of the play is not, for here he is, playing the Admiral with great verve.

James Cagney and Robert Donat supply the heart-throbs; and Aubrey Mather and Abraham Sofaer are also in the cast, so we are at least assured of efficiency and acting, if not of business.

At Twickenham, itself, they are in the thick of Behind the Mask, an exciting tale of burglars who rather fancy a spot of murder if it comes their way in the ordinary course of business, so to speak.

(Continued on page 28)
Winter-roughened hands are ugly!...Let GLYMIEL JELLY coax yours back to beauty

However coarse and rough, however red and sore, no hands are too bad for Glymiel Jelly to make soft and lovely. Just smooth a touch of Glymiel Jelly into moist hands each time you wash them, then watch the transformation. Cracks and irritations are soothed away, coarse red skin disappears. Glymiel Jelly, fragrant and non-greasy, is a very special beauty treatment for your hands, with very special ingredients—and results! Glymiel Jelly gives your hands a lasting beauty, making them white and supple, vital and alluring. And this hand beauty within your reach, for Glymiel Jelly is so very reasonable in price. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL JELLY

Tubes 3d., 6d. & 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

Entirely British

'WARE 'FLU

High temperature. Bad enough if it should be a cold. Worse still if Influenza. So much of it about now. Take precautions. Take a ZOX POWDER—AT ONCE. Time is important you know. Zox is invaluable for reducing the high temperature, relieving bad Headaches, Neuralgia, and Nerve Pains. Being in powder form it is more effective. Over 30 years' reputation.

FREE Zox Powders, 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box. Send 1½d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.I.

HEAD WON'T ACHE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

FRIGHTENED TO EAT FOR STOMACH PAINS

There is no need for you to suffer the agonies of gastric and stomach trouble, of indigestion, wind, or all stomach. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder gives certain relief when all other treatments have failed. We receive hundreds of letters from grateful sufferers and the following from Mr. Robert Simpson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is typical of them:

"I have been troubled with my stomach for about ten years. The doctor said I had acute gastric ulcers—I was frightened to eat for pain and suffered day in, day out until I noticed Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I am pleased to say I am now a new man. I have recommended your wonderful powder to all my friends—they all call it 'Macleans Magic Powder.' They know how I suffered. I wish your powder every success—I would not be without it for worlds."

Put an end to your suffering; start taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Your relief will be immediate and in a few days you will be able to eat anything you like without fear of aggravating pain. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in ½, 1/-, and 3/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

WOMAN'S AMAZING EXPERIENCE

MRS. CUSSELL, of Ipswich, who was for a time almost completely bald, now has a luxuriant growth of hair, reaching to her waist. This amazing result was attained by the use of Kotalko, which is so splendid for treatment of all hair troubles.

SAMPLE OFFER—If you have dandruff, falling hair or baldness, send 5d. in stamps for a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap to J. Hart Brittain Ltd., 5 Percy Street (104 AB), London, W.1.
Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!

Watch Them Fall Away

Get a Clear New Skin in 3 days

This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glaids, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

Spot the Killer

This is one of the pictures in which the audience plays the fascinating game of "Spot the murderer." See if you can. I'm not making any rash bets on it—you confirmed filmgoers are getting altogether too fly for me nowadays—but I venture to think it will tax your perspicacity to the full.

There are some very pleasant people to choose from—John Stuart, Judy Kelly, Athole Stewart, Miles Mander, Richard Cooper, Sebastian Shaw and do you fancy any of those as a murderer? No, nor I. This will need thinking about.

I was duly inducted into the most exclusive club in England. It meets at present in John Stuart's dressing-room at Twickenham, between shots (because John's is the largest and the chairs are more comfortable), and consists of five members: John Stuart, Richard Cooper, Sebastian Shaw, and Athole Stewart. And once this film is over, the club will be suspended perhaps for years, since it may be that length of time before the members are all together in one film again!

However, when that happens I will let you know.

A Winner

I think Twickenham did a very wise thing in putting Judy Kelly on contract when she was "released" by British International. I consider her (and so does John Stuart) one of the very best bets in British studios to-day. She has beauty, brains, and heart—and with these a girl can go very far indeed, even in such a chancy business as film-production.

I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see Judy make a great deal of progress this year. The little bit of work she had in Private Life of Henry VIII showed what she could do under really favourable conditions.

I think she suffered a slight relapse in Crime on the Hill. It will be interesting—and important, too—to notice what progress she makes in this one.

George Pearson is directing it. He has forgotten more about the game than most of his brother directors have yet learned—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he has learned a lot and forgotten precious little.

In the Garden

Merton is not the only surprise I received this week.

It's literally years—two or three, I think—since I heard of any activity at Morton Hall, the Isleworth studio where a couple of sound stages stand in the garden of a Georgian mansion. This week, however, "Mellerdrammer" visited this rural retreat, in the shape of an M.G.M. film called Brent Pays. How's that for a "be-mean-or-I-burn-the-paper" title?

But "meller" can be highly entertaining if properly handled, in deadly earnest and with due employment of the resources of cinema; and the fact that it is being directed by Harry Hughes indicates that the last ounce will be extracted from the subject, for Harry has shown at B.I.P. that he understands the principles involved.

Gracie is Real

You know Gracie Fields on the stage and the screen, of course? Very well, then, you know her in private life; for the Gracie she gives you is the real Gracie, a personality so vivid, so individual, that it has fused its way up from the Rochdale cotton-mills and exploded on the screens of the world.

To talk with her is as entertaining as watching her on the screen. I asked her why she had taken rooms near the Ealing studios, where she is playing in Love, Life, and Laughter, and expected to hear the usual blah about giving everything for her work, whereas she merely replied, in matter-of-fact tones, "Well, you see, luv, I like to be near my knitting!"

She has an edifying way of improving her lines in the script as the spirit moves her. For instance, when the foreign prince (John Loder) throws down a ball of paper in a corner of her flat, the script said, "Here, this place is kept tidy." whereas at rehearsal Gracie changed it quite spontaneously to "Here, chook your muck where you chook your luv!"—a reminiscence of Rochdale which infuses an immediate breath of life into the scene. Great stuff, this Gracie!

Pomp v. Common Sense

But go to see Gracie, and you will have a field-day, for this is eminently Gracie's stuff. To watch her at a royal reception was a joy to me—common sense at loggerheads with traditional procedure. See it.

Maurice Elvey (one of our three best directorial bets at the box-office) is in charge, and in the cast are Hermione Baddeley, Honley Davenport, Fred Duprez, Robb Wilton (and see his magistrate in the police-court scene!), and Ivor Barnard.

Who are the other two directors I include in my three best-sellers? You ought to know by this time that I never give myself away like that. Think of the mess I should get myself into. Besides, don't you know the old proverb: "No names, no pack-drill?" And that comparisons are odious?

Victor Saville and Alexander Korda. And now if I have to do pack-drill, it's your fault.
You can smash up that cold or 'flu attack in one night with 'ASPRO'. This is a fact that has been proved by thousands of people all over the world. In fact, 'ASPRO' is recognised, both professionally and publicly, as being the world's master medicine for colds, 'flu and rheumatism. One of the great secrets of its success is that it promotes skin action, thus assisting Nature to throw out the poisons from the system through the millions of pores of the skin. Being, after ingestion, a GERMICIDE and ANTI-PYRETIC, or fever-reducer, it creates a condition which definitely eliminates the feverishness, attendant weakness and discomforting conditions. We make definite statements based on the following facts. You can prove our statements at very small cost. So you see there is no need to be continually laid up through the winter months with colds and 'flu.

FACTS

1. 'ASPRO' taken at inception will definitely smash up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. Some people prefer to take a hot whisky or a hot lemon drink with two 'ASPRO' tablets.

2. 'ASPRO' does its healing work without harming either the heart or stomach. It eliminates—it does not suppress.

3. 'ASPRO' definitely dispels the weak, "gone at the knees," confused feeling so prevalent with febrile conditions.

4. 'ASPRO' is the safest and quickest acting antidote for ills and chills. You feel relief within a few minutes of taking the tablets.

PROOF

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1 tablet. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the potent Acetylsalicylic Acid that has been known to Medical Science, and its claim is based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO.
Pty. Ltd.
551 BURGESS STREET
Sloane, Bucks.
Telephone: Sloane 668.
No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture of the formula.
Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES Stock and Display 'ASPRO'.
KEEP YOUR HAIR in Condition

* YVONNE ARNAUD'S METHOD *

EVERY woman should know that only healthy hair is lovely. To make and keep your hair healthy you must keep it free from dandruff and grease and always keep the roots nourished and stimulated. For this purpose nothing is so good as Lavona Hair Tonic (which costs 2/3 a bottle from any chemist). This eradicates dandruff and nourishes and revitalizes sluggish hair roots. Miss Yvonne Arnaud says: "I find Lavona Hair Tonic admirable. It keeps the hair in condition and is very soothing to the scalp. I like the Lavona Shampoo too, because it is really refreshing and preserves and brings out to the full the silkiness and lustre of the hair."

WHAT Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ACTING or PERSONALITIES?

Discouraging Outlook for 1934

HOLLYWOOD'S intensive search for fresh talent during the past year has not met with a success which can encourage hopes of better acting in the films of 1934. Perhaps the search was not conducted with a view to raising the standard of dramatic technique, for the newly discovered 'stars' appear to rely mainly on that good old stand-by, personality.

"Of the year's two great sensations, Katharine Hepburn, and Mae West, the former is by far the abler actress. She has been called, variously, a second Garbo, which some would label a doubtful compliment and a second Duse, which is piffle. Miss West, of course, makes no pretense of acting, but is content to survey curves and communicate the sensation the Censor awakes.

"Each girl is a personality first, and an actress second—and a different, poor second. This may be all right for the box office but it doesn't cheer the people who like to see acting."—Geo. Ball, 19 Vardon Avenue, Bexton, Notts., winner of the guineas prize.

[NOT everyone will agree that Katharine Hepburn and Mae West are lacking in acting ability, but I agree as to their being exploited as personalities.]

Typing Stars

What is it that a film star fears most? (i.e. apart from interviewers!). I should think it would be the fear of being constantly 'typed'.

"Few appear to escape the continuance of their original successful role. Most of Hollywood's film stars before being recruited from the legitimate stage played varied roles. In films, however, the 'fans settle the stars' destinies. "Clark Gable wanted a chance at light comedy. Has he it? Edna May Oliver played strong dramatic roles on the stage, but no one appeared to take her seriously on the screen after her whimsically 'snuffy' début.

"Even the last of the lovely Aunt March in Little Women will not strengthen her dramatic ambitions. We could appreciate Boris Karloff without his grotesque get-up; his is the price of starting a 'cycle' which developed into a 'tour' of grand guignol (and Britain encouraged it!).

"Even the poor wisecrackers of the Jack Oakie and Lee Tracy assertion are up to the neck in 'typed' roles. Only certain of the established stars prove the escape can be attributed to individualism in something or other, and even at that they are not allowed to stray far from their "type."—David MacKenzie, 18 Maule Drive, Glasgow, W.1., winner of 10/6 prize.

I am not an advocate for typing a film star, but I do think that once a star has been typed it is an unforgivable sin for the star to be cast in a different type.

"For example, the acting of Miss Fay Wray in the film The Woman I Slote. I do not for one moment mean to suggest that Miss Wray is a poor actress. But, after playing the 'poor hard done by' heroine of films such as King Kong and Ann Carter's Profession it seems strange to see her playing the part of a 'bad' woman.

Personally, for me the whole film was spoilt because I could not believe her to be such a character; therefore, the picture failed to convince. And the good story and splendid support of Jack Holt and Donald Cook was wasted."—E. E. Adams, 2th Chesham, S.W.12.

[Obviously, if the public (as represented by the above two letters) cannot agree on whether they want "lyrical" or not, the producer and the star cannot be expected to.]

Defending Joan

A letter from M. D. P.'s article on Joan Crawford's performance in Dancing Lady:

I just couldn't help expressing my views on it. I think there's someone pulling her to pieces. It seems as though they begrudge her the fame she's worked so hard to attain.

As for saying she's emaciated and exotically made up: I don't think any stars could have less make-up on than Joan, according to the part she took. They have to have a certain screen that on a photograph well, and Joan's eyes, being naturally large, show up at the slightest form of make-up.

"And again, it's just too ridiculous to say the best work came from Fred Astaire, who only gives one really good number. While Joan gives three or four intimate numbers at stepping back-stage, besides the screen performances in Possessed and Grand Hotel. Admittedly, I prefer her in the type of role she portrays in Dancing Lady, as she's so vital. It's a shame to put her in heavy roles such as she was given in Ram.

[We do not usually publish anonymous criticisms. Here is Joan's "make-up," compare the gargantuan-mouthed, pop-eyed Crawford of "Dancing Lady" with the Crawford of a few years ago. If you had read the story more intelligently you would have noticed that I did not refer to her performance as her "best" portrayal, but as her most "appealing" portrayal—a view which, on your own confession in your final paragraph, you are in agreement.]

British Shorts

We are always reading of the very indifferent 'shorts' made by both American and British Companies.

In these days of the British 'boom' in pictures, has it ever occurred to our producers that the scope for producing 'Travel Talks' concerning our own country is unlimited, and would certainly be a step towards solving this difficult problem.

"We have had 'Travel Talks' made by American companies on almost every beautiful country in the World, but one never sees one of our just as magnificent England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and what about our Dominions?

What would be more entertaining than short films of this kind with a commentary by, say, Mr. R. E. Jeffery?"—C. E. Upson, 32 Palmerston Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

[I agree that such a series of shorts would be attractive. The difficulty, as I have said here before, is that under the present programme-booking system there is very little market for shorts.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
Amami!

A tube

Made in England

**Tickling Throats**
Quickly and
delightfully relieved with

**ELFRIDA**
Powder Cream

Amazing Value

Outstanding Quality

Try it today

**GALLOWAY'S**
Cough Syrup

Never-Failing Remedy

No cough or cold, how-
ever stubborn, can resist

Every case, this famous
old London remedy means speedy and complete re-
covery.

**Poudre Tokalon**

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

**AMAMI**

The De Luxe Beauty Outfit

FREE:

By special arrangement with the manu-
facturers, any woman reader of
"The Picturegoer" may obtain a de Luxe Beauty
Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of
Cream' Powder so that she may test them for
herself. The outfit also contains a tube of
"Poudre Tokalon" Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

**AMAMI**

Tonic Shampoos

AMAMI No. 1. White Soufre. For dark hair. 3d. and 6d.

AMAMI No. 5. Henna. For red hair. 3d. and 6d.

AMAMI No. 7. Camomile Application and Shampoo. 6d.

AMAMI No. 9. Tar Antiseptic. 6d.

AMAMI SPECIAL HENNA. Makes brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired. 6d. and six other varieties. Also AMAMI LIQUID PINE TAR TONIC SHAMPOO. 6d per bottle.

Amami Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and druggists.
"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

D. H. (Liverpool).—(1) Margarette Churchill is married to George O'Brien, and not Bill Boyd as has been incorrectly stated. (2) Spencer Tracy has brown hair and blue eyes. (3) Joan Crawford has dark brown hair.

Her commandant fan. (London).—Conrad Veidt was born on January 22, 1893, in Riga, Latvia, 2 ft. 2 in. tall, brown hair and eyes. Married.

Wanting to know (Birmingham).—(1) Jews March White (Birmingham) on the 13th. (2) See "D. H. Liverpool." (3) George Flesher was born on April 19, 1920, in San Francisco; 6 ft. tall, brown eyes and hair. Pictures include The Story of a Love Affair, Meet the People, Office Hours, Michael and Mary, and Saddle Up. He was his own stage name and screen pseudonym. He also appeared as fellow Young Woodley. David woodland—Frank Lawson; Laton—a young girl of 25; Madeleine Carroll; Headmaster—a man; Nurse Mays—25; Mr. Lyell—Miss Hooper; Nadine Maris—Birkman; Sally—Sister Mary; Miss Buchanan—Edith Pei; Mr. Walker—Frank Roody.

L. W. F. W. (Birmingham) and dancing on this month. (1) Southern Maid will be generally released on April 2, 1934. (2) N. B. Johnson's latest pictures are A Southern Maid, Facing the Music, and Red Wagon. (3) Long story was in 1902 in Sydney, Australia. Address her c/o British International Studios, Berchem Wood, Elstree, Herts. (4) The Skipper of the Ocean wave was generally released on January 1, 1934.

F. L. M. (Nottingham).—So far as I know Jan Kiepura will make a film entitled Blissful Torpedo. A Fillgas and Hulsbeck fan (Kensington).—(1) Jack Hulbert and his wife have recently returned from the States, and Henry Kendall and John Stuart act with Gracie Fields in This Week of Grace, which was generally released on October 16, 1933.

N. B. (Ill.).—H. F. Fan. (Liverpool).—(1) Write to National University, Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) National University's latest pictures are: The Face on the Bar-room Floor and Only Yesterday. (3) Noah Henry. Many of the larger film companies are Herbert and Giant Mystery (serials).

BY WYNGAARD (Great Yarmouth).—(1) Harry Edwards' films include Broken Threads, Toward the Light, Merely Mrs. Shub, City of Broken Homes, Nymphs, His Desert Passion, A Temporary Equivoque, The Silent Witness, The Lady of the Alps, Blondie's Boy, The Naked Truth, The Unmarried, The Adventure of the Leading Candidate, Three for the Sea, June2, July, August, Night, Brother Alfred, and The Flag Lieutenant. (2) Few countries have pictures of this kind in their libraries. Headmaster is 3 ft. in tall, brown hair, and eyes. Married Vera Reynolds, and was born on January 17, 1884, in Kansas City, U.S.A., eldest brother of Wallace Beery. (4) C. W. A. Andrews has been editor of a large, good newspaper.
Is your diet RIGHT?

"MOST of our troubles are due," said Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane recently, "to wrong eating.

Is your diet right? For your age and size, is your weight correct? Do you know about diet, slimming menus or fattening recipes?

Every woman will find just the help and advice she wants in "The New Standard Cookery"—the greatest and most up-to-date book of its kind in the world; not a mere cookery book but a great guide to health, with scores of menus for cutting down or putting on weight, with special articles by eminent authorities on diet rules, with hints on summer and winter menus, foods and drinks you may or may not take—fruits for health—looking after the figure beyond forty—invalid cookery—fluid diets—special foods for digestion . . .

A copy of this great work can be yours now—without waiting—for the sensational privilege price of only 5s. (plus 1s. to cover carriage, packing, etc.). Think of it! A £1 book for 5s., but you must apply immediately on the form below.

The greatest cookery book in the world dispatched to you at once!

This massive volume, EDITED BY ELIZABETH CRAIG, the best-known writer on Cookery and Household Management, contains over 1,000 pages, more than 333,000 words, and is lavishly illustrated with sixty-two whole-page art plates. It has over 2,000 original cookery hints and references. There is a special edition bound in rich Maroon, Moroco-grained Art., Leather, gold embossed on the spine, and with stained, dust-proof top edge. Size 8½ in. deep by 5½ in. thick; weight approximately 3½ lbs.

There is also a magnificent De Luxe Edition, produced in a sumptuous binding of rich, blue figured Art., Leather, gold embossed on the spine, with a heavy embossed design on the front and back, with stained dust-proof top edge, headband and grained end papers. It has a fine half-title and is bound in red with路Than First Post, Monday February Fifth . . . Send to-day.

Special Concession Order Form

To: THE PEOPLE'S HOME LIBRARY (Dept. G.C.2), 3 Castle Street, London, W.C.2

Please send us "The New Standard Cookery," as specified below. I have not cut section required.

Ordinary Edition—I enclose Postal Order, 5/- PLUS 1/- to cover carriage, insurance, etc.

De Luxe Edition—I enclose Postal Order, 7½/- PLUS 1/- to cover carriage, insurance, etc.

Making a total of 6/- IN ALL.

Making a total of 8½/- IN ALL.

Please write clearly in block letters

Name

Address

Date

P.O. No.

Amount (6/- or 8½-)

Cross P.O. & Co., and make payable to "Odham's Press Ltd.

Pict. 27 1/34
LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

SHAPELY LEGS

TURNING over some old snapshots recently, I realized how much more kindly the fashion of today is than that of yesterday. Those hip length waists and short skirts were not very becoming and certainly they revealed some legs that were short of 100 per cent, beauty.

Even though skirts are less revealing, there is reason enough in personal pride in owning a pair of understandings that are shapely. Neither too thin, nor too fat, with an ankle of slender proportions, is the ideal at which we all would aim. But how to attain it; that's the question.

For calves that are frankly and hopefully far from that shape, there is like deep searching massage with a greaseless reducing cream. Do this at least once a day, regularly for a month or so, and you will soon notice a reduction in the redundant flesh.

Massage for reduction does not consist of the gentle movements we apply with cream to face and neck. The adjective searching correctly describes it, and the finger tips must get down into the tissues. This massage, if correctly done, is even more effective than a massage with a reducing roller. But you must be perfectly certain that the cream used contains no animal fat, oil or glycerine.

The movements for legs and ankles consist of gripping and wringing with both hands. Place both hands around the ankles, after having anointed the legs with the cream, then pass upwards to the knees, gripping the flesh firmly, and making movements as though you were squeezing out water. The calves may also be treated to kneading with the knuckles. Clench the hands loosely, and work in small circular steps.

Hot baths also have a reducing effect, and it would be well to give the legs and ankles an occasional soaking in hot water, to which reducing salts have been added. There are to be obtained bath salts which are impregnated with the extract of a sea water plant known as Sea Wrack. This plant is rich in salts which it is claimed, have a specific action on fatty tissues through the pores. They are worth a trial.

Ankle Beauty

A 8-inch ankle is supposed to be the measurement of perfection. A fleshy ankle may be reduced in the way indicated above, but a really thickset ankle—and by that I mean an ankle that is thick of bone, is irreducible. But, at least, it may be made flexible and supple, which is halfway towards beauty.

Many ankles are marred because of strain. That is why the girl who has to stand to her work is troubled with swollen and aching ankles. Incorrect posture and faulty walking will also mar ankles and so will ill-chosen shoes.

Excessively high heels invariably thicken the ankles, for they force the foot into an unnatural position, upset balance, and so produce a rigid and cramped joint.

I am far from being an advocate of the low-heeled shoe for all. The foot with a natural high arch needs more support than can be found in a flat-heeled shoe. But there is a reasonable medium. Those high, stilted Spanish heels that so many women wear are disastrous for ankles, not only on account of their excessive height, but—and this is an even more serious effect—because of their narrow base.

Whatever height heel you choose to wear, be certain that the base of the heel is broad enough to be comfortable when the ball of the foot is placed to the ground. Walk behind a girl who is wearing shoes with too small a heel base, and you will notice a slight wobble of the ankle as she puts her weight on it. This comes of the strain to which the ankles are subjected in their effort to adjust balance.

Another important point in the preservation of ankle beauty is to send your shoes for repair to the moment the heels become one-sided with wear. Ankles would "turn over" far less frequently if more care were taken in this respect. Ankles which do turn should be treated regularly with cold water compresses. They also benefit from bathing with sea salt. After treatment the ankle should be gently massaged with toilet eau-de-Cologne. Skipping with bare feet is another way to strengthen the ankles. This, perhaps, is hardly practicable at the present time of year. But when dry warm weather comes, running about barefoot and skipping on the lawn is of the greatest value.

Blemishes

Fine silk stockings display certain blemishes that most of us would prefer to hide. Superfluous hair is a common trouble, and it must be admitted that it is very unsightly when seen through sheer silk. Any of the depilatories advertised in this paper may be used with confidence for removing this hair. When the long growth has been removed, it is easy to keep it down by the regular use of soap and toilet pumice stone after the bath. Well soap the calves and then go over them with the pumice stone. The skin may resent this treatment at first, but it will soon harden.

Another blemish that becomes visible through thin stockings is the burning caused by too close hugging of the fire. I know it is a temptation on a cold night to sit with the feet in the hearth, but it should be resisted. The scars that result are not only unsightly, but if the habit is persisted in, may be the cause of really serious trouble.

The bitter weather we have experienced through this winter has given many girls chapped ankles which are both painful and unpleasant. Of course, it would be a counsel of perfection to suggest that the sufferers wear thicker stockings. One expedient is to wear two pairs of very thin silk. It is extraordinary how cozy two pairs of thin silk hose can be.

Massage to improve the circulation will help to prevent the chaps. The rubbing should be in an upward direction and preferably given with a rubber-bristled massage brush. But this treatment is too drastic after the chaps have already appeared. Then they are best treated with Fuller's earth cream. I know of no better preparation for softening and healing the skin.

Talcum powder should be applied after the bath to ensure the skin being thoroughly dry, and a single layer of thin bandage worn till the skin is healed.
CUTICURA SOAP

Keeps your skin at its best always. Pure and containing the medicinal and antiseptic properties of Cuticura it soothes and heals as well as cleanses the skin. For regular daily toilet use in the home there is nothing better.

Price Is. Sold at all chemists.

Lovely, smooth, clinging powder

How fine this Snowfire Powder is—how smooth and soft to use. Sifted through sheerest silk time and again—that is the reason. And what a fresh, clear look it gives—what a delicate rose-petal bloom. This lovely powder clings for hours and its perfume is fascinating—you'll never tire of its fragrance.

SNOWFIRE
FACE POWDER

SHADES—NATURELLE,
RACHELLE & PÉCHE

Use Snowfire Cream too—it's the perfect powder base and it keeps your skin soft and lovely
Harpers containers 3d. Tubes 6d.

SECRET OF CHARM: Even if you were not born beautiful there is no reason why you should not be attractive. But you cannot be chic and charming if your skin is sallow and blemished. A good complexion goes a long way towards earning you a reputation for good looks, and no matter how neglected your skin may be, you can all achieve complexion beauty. Here's a beauty hint, once the cherished secret of the famous beauties of stage and society. Instead of ordinary night creams and skinfoods, use a complexion wax to keep your skin smooth and supple. The wax does even more than this; it gives Nature a helping hand in shedding the ageing outer tissue and keeps the skin ever-healthy. And its name? Just ask your chemist for Methylated Wax, but see to it that you get the genuine article, sold only by registered chemists.

If your hair is dull, thin, lifeless or falling out test the marvellous "Harlene-Hair-Dryl" FREE. Send coupon for samples of any three of the Preparations described below.

1. ‘HARLENE’ HAIR GROWER AND TONIC. Supreme in restoring growth and health to hair. 1/15, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.
2. ‘CREMEX’ SHAMPOO, complete with Free Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 box of 7. Single Sachets 3d each.
3. ‘UZON’ BRILLIANTINE. Keeps hair in position—Solid or Liquid. 1/1 1/2 and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.
4. ‘HARLENE’ WAVE-SETTING LOTION. Saves 1/6 on Hair-Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle. Popular size 7/4d.
5. ‘HARLENE’ CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH. Imparts a glorious gold sheen to blonde hair. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.
6. ‘ASTOL’ HAIR COLOUR RESTORER. For Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair. A real colour-restorative. 3/- and 5/- per bottle. Popular size, 1/-.

‘Harlene’ Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of Price, Post Free within the British Isles.

EASE that cough with the finest winter sweet STOP-KOF

no more throat tickling or annoyance to fellow travel-lers in box, car or train. Pop a "STOP-KOF" in your mouth before you enter out into the cold air.

4 OZS 6d

SALE

Write for Sale Catalogue to
NOW ON Dept. W.T.
SMARTWEAR Ltd.,

A Lovely Figure

All men admire a firm, rounded figure. You can obtain perfect, fascinating curves with BEAUTIFON, the amazing Vegetable Fat Formula. Simply rub this harmless cream in last thing at night, and in a few weeks you will have a glorious figure. Add healthy flush anywhere. Month's supply, 6/- Next post. Write for free booklet—pasted under plain sealed cover.

BEAUTIFON, Dept. P.G., No. 28 Dean Road, London, N.W.2

Make your embroidery a brilliant success with

CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON

IN 550 GUARANTEED FAST SHADES

35
Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

Get on the RIGHT SIDE of a course of 'ELASTO'

"Oh! My Poor Legs!"

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and..."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What other users of ELASTO say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 60."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression." Etc.

Beware of Imitations!

"I can now Walk for Miles"...

"... after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."—Mrs. L. S.

Here is YOUR great opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes. This offer is too good to be missed!

E. L. A. S. T. O.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto

THE GREAT BLOOD REVITALISER

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto.

Name..................................................................................
Address..............................................................................
... ...

My ailment is...

(Please print in Capital Letters.)

January 27, 1934

A36

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, OURSAMS PRINTS, LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the world: 1s. 6d. per annum, in, 6d., for six months, 3s. 9d. for three months. Registered for transmission by Canadian Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsagents' Association, Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Sons, Ltd.'s bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Brussels, and Messengers Dawson, 13 Rue Alibert, Paris.
It may surprise you to know

THAT although D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes—

AND although they cost only fourpence for ten—

YET they smoke for a full ten minutes apiece—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

De Reszke Minors

Mine's a Minor!

60 for 2/-

Also in handy card cases containing 20 for 8d.
Wendy Barrie

This lyrically named young lady was born in Hong Kong and educated in Switzerland. She played on the London stage before being discovered for the screen by Alexander Korda, for whom she made her debut as one of the twins in "Wedding Rehearsal." Recent films include "The Barton Mystery," "Cash," "This Acting Business" and "The Man I Want." Miss Barrie, who may be one of Britain's latest gifts to Hollywood, is seen in the inset with True Lass, the world's champion bloodhound, who appears in the last-named film.
Louisa M. Alcott's
"LITTLE WOMEN"
with
KATHARINE HEPBURN
as "JO"
is beautiful-tender and unforgottably brilliant

NOW AT THE REGAL MARBLE ARCH PADD. 9911.

MAE WEST "GOES GARBO"

No More Interviews—Hill Top Solitude and Silence—A Straight Talk to Exhibitors—Ramon’s Sister for New Novarro Film—Hulberts’ £100,000 Contract—More Duplication of Themes—Double Du Barry.

WELL, well, well! They all come to it in time. Mae West, if current announcements are to be believed, has followed Charles Spencer Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Ann Harding and Katharine Hепburn into the great silence.

In future the "no interviewers" sign will hang sternly over Mae’s dressing-room door.

Even her usually loquacious manager and (according to rumour) husband, James Timmony, has been put on the "verboten" list for press men.

Miss West has, moreover, moved from her rather public apartment in Hollywood to a big house high in the hills "where she can be completely alone."

I am not an admirer of the now much out-moded and overdue Hollywood Hermit act, but I think it is a wise temporary measure in the case of Mae West, who is in danger of suffering the reaction that sets in in the case of all stars who are over-ballyhooed.

In any case, she needs her wisecracks for her films.

To Produce Own Films

It is also reported that It Ain’t No Sin may be Mae’s last picture for Paramount.

There is a possibility, I understand, that she may in future produce her own films.

Let me see, now, it was at the same studio that Gloria Swanson kissed £3,000 a week goodbye at the height of her glory and walked out to cash in on her popularity.

She discovered that in spite of the fact that it eliminates the employer’s "cut" of the profits, independent production is not all beer and skittles.

She would be glad to go back on the pay roll at rather less than £3,000 a week now.

Miss West, however, has a considerable advantage in the matter of business experience. She ran her own stage shows for years.

The Entertainment Tax

This is the time of the year when exhibitors raise their hands to high heaven and call upon us more loudly than ever to witness that the Entertainments Tax is ruining their business.

Exhibitors, as a rule, run our farmers pretty close for the all-the-year-round grumbling championship, but I have a great deal of sympathy for their viewpoint.

Looking at the quality of general releases available for booking of late, I am not surprised that some of them are declaring that they are busy inquiring about living conditions in the local workhouses.

Moreover, most of us would like to see a reduction of the tax on the cheaper seats for the benefit of the many to whom the extra cost makes a lot of difference.

Nevertheless, there are certain respects in which the screen showmen must put their own houses in order before they can expect a full measure of public belief in and support for their cause.

The complaints of the suburban and provincial picturegoer, who represents the backbone of the film public, are seldom, if ever, given a hearing.

Film writers for the most part see the pictures they write about in the comfort of private press shows or, at the worst, at one of the perfectly run West End "supers." They have no occasion to bother about the conditions under which the majority of fans see those pictures at their local theatres.

In the last few weeks, however, I have been making an investigation in the small suburban "halls."

Sharp Practices

While I found that some were excellently managed, the results in the cases of others were illuminating.

At several theatres I found evidence of such irritating "sharp practices" as "hidden queues" and "elastic" seat prices when there is a good (Continued on page 6.)
Catchpenny Showmen

From the top of the heap I select one from a Mr. Thomas Allum, of 109 Rick Road, Homerton, London, E.0.

"Why is it that Sunday filmgoers are presented with such paltry programmes at the suburban cinemas?" he demands.

"Last Sunday evening, with friends, I visited one of the largest theatres in the East End of London."

"We were shown a feeble crook story, which would have been a 'fill-up' in any ordinary programme, a news film, and a few camera oddities. To view this in comfort we paid half a crown per seat. "A few Sundays ago, at another prominent cinema, we suffered two films and a news reel; both of the former being at least a year old.

"Why is this?" It is because there are so few places of entertainment open on Sunday evening, that the cinema proprietors think they can palm the public off with anything. To plead commercial impracticability would be absurd; it is common knowledge that most cinemas are packed to capacity and with queues outside on Sunday evenings.

"It seems quite clear that Sunday cinema audiences are being robbed upon and let down badly."

That letter is typical of scores I have had on the same subject lately.

These catchpenny cinema managers may be making small temporary profits for themselves but they are losing friends for the whole industry and alienating public support.

A New Novarro

The latest relative of a star to play her real-life rôle on the screen is Carmen Samaniego, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Ramon Novarro. Carmen is to display her dramatic ability in the role of Ramon's screen sister in Laughing Boy.

Like her brother, she originally intended to become a dancer and she has made one or two public appearances on the stage in Hollywood.

"Henry's" Profits

That good pictures are still gold mines is spectacularly demonstrated by the success of The Private Life of Don Juan, which has "stood up" for three months at the Leicester Square Theatre and during that time must have grossed something well over £4,000.

The film did not cost very much more than that to make. In one week it took nearly £8,000. It's lowest weekly total was £5,000.

"Henry" still is to be seen by the public at large and as it's pulling in sizeable box-office profits in America it seems certain to become the biggest money-spinner ever turned out by a British studio.

And Charles Laughton was wise enough to take a share instead of a large salary!

He showed better judgment than at least one big British studio that flung the idea down some months ago.

Hulbert's £100,000 Contract

In the meanwhile salaries in British studios continue to soar; I see that it is claimed that the joint contract which Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge signed with American-British the other day provides for the highest sum ever paid to two. Why is this?

Under the new agreement, which is for three years, they are to do six pictures a year between them.

For the eighteen films they are to receive something in the neighborhood of £100,000. And they do not have to worry about a Roosevelt salary "axe" either.

Mamoulian's Next

Ruben Mamoulian seems to be becoming a fad among the Hollywood exotics.

It started when Von Sternberg as Marlene Dietrich's director for Song of Songs. After seeing the preview of her chief rival's picture. Greta Garbo demanded Mamoulian for Queen Christina.

And now Anna Sten has followed the fashion by acquiring him to direct her in her next picture, Resurrection.

Can this film, by the way, be our old friend the Tolstoi story that Dolores del Rio did as a silent and which has already been done as a talkie by Lupe Velez?

If so one imagines that the title is rather too apt to be allowed to remain unchanged.

Title Tangle

Now that Paramount has finally given way to London Film Productions, they seem determined to make confusion worse by giving Dietrich's "Catherine the Great" picture two titles.

At present the intention of the company is to bill it here as Scarlett Pageant and in America as The Scarlet Empress.

Our American cousins can apparently stand a few more degrees of scarlet than we can here.

In the meanwhile, the duplication of screen subjects, to which I have referred here before, goes on.

Two "Du Barrys"

The latest instance is in the case of "Du Barry." B.I.P. already has a Du Barry story ready to go on the floor as soon as it has a director and an actress for the name part.

On in Hollywood Warners announce another Madame Du Barry from an "original" by Edward Chodorov. Screen Du Barry, however, seem to be scarce. At the time of writing neither studio has been able to find a star for the part.

Edward Sutherland, who was to have directed the British version, has maintained the tradition of ill-luck associated with the play by being taken seriously ill before he could leave Hollywood.

B.I.P.'s search for a leading lady for the title rôle is embracing Britain, the Continent and Hollywood.

"She must be an exquisite, exotic personality; have the form of a gazelle and the temperament of a tornado," according to the official announcement. "She must sing and dance like a Melba and Pavlova in one, and must look right for camera close-ups in very slight dress."

And we are to have another screen "Mary Queen of Scots." Margaret Sullivan, the Universal discovery, will appear in opposition to the Madeleine Carroll effort in Elizabeth and Mary.

Flood of "Suggestions"

Our little "suggestions" competition has been a revelation of the keen and intelligent interest which readers take in their Picturgoer.

Carl Laemmle, the veteran producer, redemer of Kupala to Hollywood. The popular Polish tenor is to make a picture for Universal.

(Continued from page 5.)

Lew Ayres has June Knight as his leading lady in "Cross-country Cruise."

picture on the bill, which have already been exposed and denounced in Picturgoer.

At one house I had paid and been ushered into a crowded ante-room to wait before I was informed that there would be no seats at that price available for some time. At several others I was forced to take 2s. seats because the "one-and-sixpennies are full," only to find on going in that there was ample accommodation in the cheaper seats.

Many of the halls, bug-infested relics of the past, are quite unsuitable for the showing of talkies.

At one of these, a converted skating rink, the only really habitable seats are priced at 2s. and 2s. 6d. The programme consisted of a second-feature comedy and a Poverty Row quickie.

These managers who complain of dwindling patronage should remember that for 3s. 6d. and no more discomfort I can go to the theatre and see Berger.

Inefficient Management

In most cases quite apart from the lack of showmanship betrayed by poor programmes made poorer by being badly put over and choked with advertisements and trailers, there was evidence of indifferent supervision.

Sweet and cigarette sellers can perform a service for the kinema-goer but they should not be allowed to shout their wares in competition with the players on the screen.

In slack moments in these badly managed houses usherettes engage in shrill and earnest conversations in the aisles.

Perhaps, as a picturgoer, I am spoilt, but I, for one, cannot satisfactorily follow the progress of the romances of both the usherettes and Greta Garbo simultaneously.

Those Sunday Programmes

I have purposely refrained here from criticism of the pictures on view because the exhibitor is not always to blame for these.

But it is necessary once again to refer to the Sunday programme scandal.

Exhibitors begged for and got the public's support in the fight for Sunday opening. Now, because they know that on most Sunday nights they can fill two "houses" whatever they put on, they fill the programme with cheap, independently made "quickies" or films of ancient vintage.

My postbag at present is filled with complaints about these short-weight Sunday shows.
The little man will have to work fast. He hasn’t started yet.

The latest news from the Chaplin studio is that the commencement of production has again been postponed—this time till March. It was originally scheduled to begin last November.

The reason given for the new delay, however, is interesting. In the past Chaplin has always made his pictures from odd notes and the inspiration of the moment. Now he has decided to put his new story into script form. He is at present busy revising the script.

"Elsree Improves U.S. Stars"

The film critic of the New York Sun, reviewing Heads We Go (re-titled The Charmer Dectar in America) makes the interesting observation that "contact with English thought and manners" has "improved" Constance Cummings. He thinks she has a new suavity and a "more refined" charm.

"Have we been accepting blatant obviousness for vitality?" he asks. "And haven’t we been accepting noise for real vitality and strength?"

Well, supply your own answer. I am convinced that the talent in the American cinema is but an echo of the talent in the English cinema. This studio is a reflection of the studio that gave us the "art cinema" of the years before the war. This studio is an echo of the studio that gave us the "art cinema" of the years before the war.

Our request for your views has resulted in an avalanche of ideas.

These are all being carefully analysed and considered. This work and the number of letters received have made the task of adjudication a somewhat prolonged one, but we hope to make an announcement next week.

In the meanwhile, we have to thank you for your interest and co-operation in our effort to give you an even better Picturegoer Weekly.

1934 Will Be a Fashion Year

Hollywood seems determined to make 1934 a fashion year.

This week I had a note from "Vera," the fashion designer for Universal Pictures, who predicts that the repeal of prohibition will bring about major changes in feminine style.

"During the so-called prohibition era, both men and women were extremely careless in their dress," Vera wrote. "Men were adopted manliness garb and even struggled to re-cover their bodies along masculine lines, while men lost respect for the formality completely.

"Dinners ceased to be formal gatherings and dancing parties were frequently attended by men in business clothes escorting women improperly dressed for such social occasions.

"Men in plus fours danced with women in slacks and sweaters and full-dress affairs were practically forgotten."

Elizabethan Styles

"Resumption of legal drinking," according to "Vera," gives reason for more entertaining, banquet and social gatherings than at any time in the past ten years or more. The cocktail hour will be resumed and women will dress properly for it. Elaborate dinners at home, at hotels and popular restaurants will multiply as important social events in 1934 and men and women will dress for them with pride.

"Besides," she adds, "women have found that they have lost attraction adopting manish modes and there will be a quick change-over to the more effeminating dresses; soft, exquisite, dignify materials and lines which will accentuate womanliness and physical charm."

In addition to "Gay Nineties" styles, she predicts, there will also be modern adaptations of the fashions of the Elizabethan era.

Silks, satins, dainty faces, full skirts and rich perfumes will thus come back into women’s search for lost charm in 1934, with daintiness the keynote to what will be in style.

The Chaplin Film

Charlie Chaplin’s new picture is, I see, now advertised for general release here on October 29.
M I a woman hater? Does the treatment meted out to me in recent films at the hands of the fair sex signify that I am a misogyist?

Have I lost my faith in women? Don’t I trust them any more? Have they let me down too hard—and too often?

Am I fated for ever to play second fiddle—to step aside and let “the other fellow” have the girl—even if occasionally I do get a lucky “break” in the last reel or two?

Has this humiliating experience so soured my disposition that I have become cynical in my attitude towards women, or can it be that my past victories and easy conquests have made me blasé to their charms?

These are a few of the questions that are fling at me on all sides following my progress as a tempestuous lover from the early days of talkies, when Dorothy Burgess, my Mexican sweetheart, played fast and loose with me, to my more self-effacing and sacrificial roles in recent films.

I will admit right away that being compelled to carry off heroine after heroine on the strength of a so-called “he-man” profile does begin to pall. There were times during the early days of my film career, after I’d posed for hours for still portraits and studio “profils,” when I had a mad desire to break loose and be myself—just for once.

So weary was I of “the romantic type” that I had a longing to break up every stick of furniture on the “set” and to kill every film hero in sight!

To make matters worse, the women I have loved on the screen were so often flirtatious, scheming, or insincere. And what “raw deal” was meted out to me all round after all my hard work in 42nd Street, when I am left a tired, lonely and desolate figure, forlorn, forsaken and forgotten!

Yes, my screen experience has taught me much. Life as a “great lover” can become a perfect burden! And it is not surprising that the Hollywood film heroes have gone on strike, that they have joined a sort of League of Great Lovers and sworn a solemn oath not to be heroic any more, but to appear in their true colours and see if they can persuade their film partners and women in general to accept them at their proper valuation—neither as plaster saints nor cast-iron sinners.

The great thing is to shed all the silly illusions we have cherished about woman and to treat her as a human being.

For a man really to know women, experience with one or two women is not enough. A man must have known many women in order to know one woman well.

If men—and women, too—have not had diverse experiences, if they have not tasted of this or that forbidden fruit, the time will come when that fruit will seem the most tempting. The wise man marries a seasoned and partially experienced woman. Then he knows that he is secure, that out of a world of men she has chosen him, and she will be content.

A man can hold a woman best by never forgetting the little things. A woman cares more for the little trifling gift, brought home at the end of each day, than she does for a diamond bracelet you merely order to be delivered to her.

For me a woman must be feminine in every detail. For instance, the way a woman dresses is vitally important to me. I always notice a woman’s clothes. I am conscious of their style, colour, line, and can appraise their quality at a glance. I know the instant I see my wife whether or not I like what she is wearing. Occasionally I have taken one quick look at her and have asked her to change to another dress. After I have had the first impression, and it is bad, I never want to look again until the change has been made.

In my experience, all women are more charming after the sun has set. They are younger and more beautiful.

This is one of the strangest things I have learned about women. At breakfast a woman may easily look her age—say, between thirty and forty. At noon, when she is well groomed for a luncheon engagement with her ‘in-laws, she will look about twenty. When evening comes, and the shaded lamplight is playing on her bare arms and the curve of her white shoulders, she will look about sixteen! How does she do it?

I have seen film stars in evening dress who seemed to be the epitome of all the world’s loveliness. I have seen them on the “set” next morning, and have wondered how I could have found them so alluring.

As a general rule, the ingénue type does not attract me, even though on the screen I seem fated to play opposite the delightfully winsome Janet Gaynor. But then, of course, Janet is a most exceptional girl and, in spite of her air of fresh and young innocence, she is really a naughty little minx. She knows quite a lot about life—and love!

When you hear a man boasting of his bachelor freedom, you may be sure it is a case of “sour grapes.” In a few years’ time that man will be hugging the chains of matrimony. For men admire and care for domesticity, but it must be cleverly disguised. The hand that rocks the cradle may rule the world, but for a man that hand must be well made and soft to the touch, and possess the power to weave magic spells.

Women are like violins. The more they are played on, the better they are. Men evoke from the delicate instruments what strain they please—or what strain they are capable of playing. And the longer they persist on those fine-tuned strings, the more clearly they realise to their chagrin how much they have still to learn!

And, despite my uninvited opportunities of studying women at close quarters in all their bewilderling and unpredictable moods—from the cool indifference of an Elissa Landi to the piquant provocation of a Myrna Loy—I may as well confess right now that I have still a lot to learn!
Through Our LENS

Leila Hyams, who appears in Universal's football drama, "Saturday Millions," and with Slim Summerville in "Horseshoe," displays a new brown tweed walking suit with long swagger coat trimmed with beaver fur.

The stars do sometimes relax. Here are Walter Forde and Tamara Demi snapped at a carnival given by the Gaumont British studios at which electricians, executives, carpenters and stars all combined to make whoopee.

Gloria Stuart demonstrates her ability as a harpist to John Boles with whom she is appearing in a new musical romance, "Beloved."

Hollywood is feeling much better, thank you. Prohibition is a thing of the past so Tim McCoy's bottles contain the genuine article and the "Picturegoer"—but modesty forbids!

Edmund Lowe sets a new fashion in hats. This is what he will wear in his role as a deep sea diver in Charles Rogers' "No More Women." The helmet is being fitted by Larue, an expert diver who is also working in the film.
Gar! Cooper's fatal charm for women has been the theme song of my recent ramblings about the city. It is possible that "Cooperitina" has long been a malady with which female movie fans have been chronically afflicted. But the sudden appearance of the film star and his subsequent marriage to Sandra Shaw has spread the virus to an alarming state of epidemic! Excitement reigns in Gotham!

In the course of a single day the following incidents, entirely unprompted on the part of this worried interviewer, actually happened. Said my manicurist, taking a surreptitious peep at the tabloid picture of the present Mrs. Cooper: "What a break! Say, can you imagine anything more heavenly than being the bride of Gary Cooper?"

Later in the day, on a shopping expedition, I asked to be shown a black frock for street wear. It must be black. No other colour would do. To my astonishment, the saleswoman returned with an armful of dresses in a light shade of blue.

I repeated that I was interested only in black. "But this is Sandra Shaw's favourite colour. Really, it's one of our very best 'numbers'!"

Before the day ended I discovered that this infection of the female heart region was not confined to shop girls and manicurists. I was dining that evening with a young and charming opera singer, whose suitors are impressive in point of number and eligibility on both sides of the Atlantic.

Over the coffee cups she arose and went to the telephone. She called the number of a well-known hotel. I couldn't help hearing one side of the ensuing conversation. "Mr. Gary Cooper, please."

"No, there's no use giving my name. I don't know him, but I want very much to speak to him. Please connect me."

"What? He never speaks to anyone unless they're announced? Oh, I am sorry."

Chiding her later, my hostess admitted that she had acted like an impulsive schoolgirl. "And I wouldn't have talked with him, if he'd answered," came the further confession. "I only wanted to hear his voice! And that girl he married—what's she like? And Gary, have you seen him, too? How I envy you your job!"

Yes, I'd seen Gary and Sandra. A few days before their wedding, lunching at the Colony Club. It was then that I discovered an unexpected angle of the "great screen lover!"

Even the presence of the girl to whom he was engaged failed to ruffle the film star's innate poise and dignity. There were no secret arrangements, no meetings of hands under the table. None of those personal innumerable things which come unawares to the outsider.

Not that his attitude was one of indifference or studied detachment. I was impressed, most of all, during the luncheon hour, with the absolute naturalness of his conversation and behaviour. He was exactly like any other young man of good breeding and knowledge of the conventions, who was lunching with the young woman he had chosen for his wife.

Unlike so many screen luminaries, his clothes did not single him out from any of the young business men who were lunching in the fashionable restaurant.

A sack suit of grey, which had that comfortable look of having been worn before, and conservative accessories. He was at all times relaxed and perfectly at ease, as if he were unconscious of being the cynosure of all the guests about him.

As for Sandra—I can best express her foremost characteristic by using an out-moded phrase, she is every inch a 'lady.'

Her background as Veronica Balfe, daughter of one of New York's most socially prominent families, has impressed itself in intangible but tell-tale qualities which distinguish a person of culture from one of superficial polish. Her hair is dark, much darker than it appears in photographic likenesses; her grey eyes extraordinary large and widely spaced. She is slender; and, when standing, the top of her head reaches exactly to Gary's shoulder.

On this occasion she was wearing—true enough!—a simple crepe frock of cadet blue and a matching felt hat turned smartly off the face. Her coat was leopard.

The famous engagement ring (declared by the tabloids to be not less than 15 carats!) is exquisitely cut and with its small, dark rubies on either side, accentuates the whiteness of slim, aristocratic hands.

She is attractive and charming, in a quiet way—strikingly opposite to the incandescent allure of Gary's former flame—Lupe Velez.

On the morning of December 16, word had sped about the city that the Cooper-Balance nuptials would be celebrated at the Waldorf Astoria, where the screen celebrity had been domiciled during his stay in Manhattan.

Early that morning throngs of Gary Cooper fans, in which, of course, the female element was preponderant, crowded the huge lobbies of the Park Avenue hotel.

Then, in order to secure the privacy which both Gary and Sandra most genuinely desired, it was necessary for both to give a most unexpected notice to celebrate the wedding without preparation in the apartment of the bride-to-be's mother on Park Avenue.

Only four persons were present. The bride was given in marriage by her step-mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, her sister served as maid of honour and the only others who witnessed the ceremony were the bride's step-father and the groom's personal representative.

But an hour after the marriage vows were taken—well, that was a different story. Every newspaper and fan magazine in New York sent at least one representative; and both bride and groom, in spite of their desire for privacy, received them with decent cordiality.

As was to be expected, neither was in the mood for answering the intimate queries fired at them by some of the less tactful reporters. Veronica couldn't remember when they'd first met—or wouldn't.

Her tall, handsome husband tried to be helpful. Of course he remembered. "They'd met less than a year ago in Hollywood when Veronica was pursuing a film career under the euphonious screen name, Sandra Shaw."

Rather, Veronica, had been groomed for the regulation social career. But her contact with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at the latter's famous Tidhunter School had made her decide against a life of social frivolity.

As a compromise to her family she made her debut in New York two seasons ago and then headed towards Hollywood. Film tests proved that she was a screen type, and she appeared in several pictures.

Considering the fact that she came to the film colony without stage experience or professional reputation, her progress during the two years she remained in California was considered remarkable.

But that little moment in the sun is past. Sandra Shaw has had her day. Now, as the wife of the famous screen hero she will be—well, just that.

Having tasted the heady wine of careering, one wonders at the ghosts which have since that time haunted her career. Sandra's present position is not a superficial request from her husband. It has always been one of the requirements he believed would be essential to a happy married life.

Some years ago when he gained the reputation of being Hollywood's most eligible, but elusive, bachelor, he went on record when interviewed as being a discriminating and not easily susceptible prospect in the matrimonial market. He asked a good deal of the girl who would share his life with him.

And now that the "tumult and the shouting" have somewhat subsided and 3,000,000 American mailboxes have accepted the existence of Mrs. Gary Cooper, let's get back to Gary, who is, after all, the real celebrity of the family.

There is one feature about him that has entirely

by GLADYS BAKER

MEET MR. COOPER

All the Gary engagement rumors have culminated in the most popular screen lover's marriage to Sandra Shaw. Here is an intimate and revealing word picture of the newly-weds.

February 3, 1934
February 3, 1934

Mr. and Mrs. GARY COOPER

escaped comment in the hundreds of stories that I have read. These stories, it is true, tell a great deal about his places and hobbies; his high-powered motor cars, his ranch, his monkey, his love of cheese, his genius for remaining silent under trying situations. But I cannot remember ever reading an article devoted to his business in life—the job of acting.

Nor is this difficult to understand. He has great personal charm, and, though I dislike the word, tremendous appeal to all classes of people. He is very handsome, in a long, lean picturesque fashion, and since he never makes the slightest effort to gain admiration, of course he gets it whole-heartedly.

Because of these various attributes his real ability as an intelligent actor seems never to come up for the consideration it deserves.

Why don't some of these many-chroniclers of film celebrities point out some of the dramatic incidents of his pictures which have definitely elevated Gary Cooper to the front ranks of screendom?

Why don't they tell about his subtle and poignant acting in Shop-Worn Angel? Remember! He played the part of a dough-boy who was in New York for the first time, on his way to France.

There was a gripping incident which I shall always remember. He was walking down Broadway, one day evening, feeling heart-breaking loneliness. He heard dance music drifting out to the street. He stopped and turned towards the sound. That was all. But the audience "got" the loneliness and eagerness of the bewildered and homesick boy to be part of the crowd. This particular scene lasted about five seconds!

There is such honesty in his characterisations. Often in order to "point" his role more effectively— he will or say something uncoy or boorish, as, for instance, his lines to Claudette Colbert in His Woman.

He is frank and one might think unnecessarily unpleasant, but it goes with the part. On the other hand, his scenes with the baby in that same picture are underplayed real and endearing, chiefly by contrast created by his own interpretation.

Because of his innate fineness and sincerity he is the most sought-after player among the leading women stars in Hollywood. Helen Hayes, who co-starred with him in that unusually fine film version of Farewell to Arms, told me that she never had more sympathetic support or understanding.

She recalls many days when everyone's nerves were on edge at the studio, and when Gary, by his patience, his gentleness; helped them keep their poise and control.

Incidentally, he gave one of the best performances of his career in that film. He was, as the French say in the "pied" of the character.

Frances Fuller played her first screen role with Gary in One Sunday Afternoon. She says she will be eternally in his debt for his suggestions and help, "Time after time," she said, "he went out of his way to show me little points of business of which I was completely blind."

When it's a question of his own acting, Gary is his best critic, and is entirely impersonal in his analysis. He said: "I think Shop-Worn Angel one of the best films ever produced. Right from the start we all 'clicked' and the results showed it."

"Just the same," he added, "with City Street and Fighting Caravans!" Too many cooks spoil the broth. That's the chief difficulty, as I see it, with movies. Our organisations are too big.

"We are in constant danger of losing the vital thread of a story by a mass of detail—15 assistant directors, 12 script writers, till the original story is completely disguised. And there's always the pressing need of keeping a production up to schedule which is a terrible temptation to slur effects and hope for the best."

Gary Cooper is one of the best troopers in the profession. Four years ago, with a temperature of 104 he got up from a hospital bed (to which he had been carried from the set) and worked on a retake for sixteen hours.

It took him nearly a year to recover from that—but it saved his company a small fortune. Often he has finished a film after midnight and been on the set at 8 A.M. starting a new one.

Another quality, which reminds me of that magnificent band of actors, the Moscow Art Players, is his saving use of gesture. He never makes an unnecessary one, never moves unless he has some definite reason for so doing.

The average audience calls this "being natural," only real artists of the theatre understand and appreciate the delicate technique this requires. "The art of keeping still"—how few practise it!

Because women, young and old, from far and near, have made an idol of him, Gary Cooper has had to stand the gaff. He has done it with dignity, good breeding and a quiet sense of humour which inevitably comes to his rescue.

As when upon his return from Europe, swamped with questions as to the latest object of his affections, he finally turned on the pursuing reporters and said: "Good Lord! Do you think if I were madly in love I would be running around buying baby clothes for a monkey?"

And on another occasion when he was urged to tell whom he expected to marry, he quite gravely replied, "I hope to marry a woman!"

To his credit it let be said that Gary Cooper has never "gone Hollywood." He knows a good deal about the world beyond the sound stage.

There are more clowns in Hollywood, perhaps, than any other place in the world, but Gary has steered through them successfully. He is essentially honest with himself, and in Hollywood that is a man-sized job. But, as he himself said: "It's a good thing to get away from your home lot once in a while, change your perspective, especially for an actor. Too much Hollywood is bad. I've learned that lesson."

"People accuse me of changing since I went to Europe. I haven't really. It's only that I'm older and wiser, I hope, and my horizon has broadened. I realise that some of the best moments a man can have come to him alone on a trek through a jungle, or riding across the plains at sunset. These things count."

Now there'll be someone to share these "moments that count." His bride will be riding with him on his ranch in California. And Sandra's horsemanship is one of his wife's talents which Gary spoke of with particular pride.

Gary Cooper is to-day the same unsullied person that he was ten years ago when I first met him as an "extra" on the lot where he is star to-day. I hope that in this marriage he will find all that he has dreamed marriage would bring him and that he will be able to say to his bride in the words of the old Scottish poem:

"You are my joy, You are my delight, You are my complete contentment."
February 3, 1934

Brian Aherne

It is usually left to Hollywood to develop the best work of English stars. In "The Constant Nymph" this clever young stage and film actor shatters tradition by revealing a talent and "screen" personality that America failed to discover in its campaign to "put him over" in Marlene Dietrich's "Song of Songs." Aherne was born in Worcestershire 31 years ago and while still a child trained for the stage under Italia Conti. He made his first appearance when he was nine.
COME OUT of that BATH TUB!

A frank and outspoken open letter to Claudette Colbert.

SERIOUSLY though, the Claudette Colbert of “Monsignor,” “Cleopatra,” “Cover the Waterfront,” and “Three Cornered Moon” is too talented an actress to be allowed to become a mere “leg show.” There are far too many leg shows in Hollywood already—and far too few talented actresses.

Much as we appreciate the beauty of the Colbert chassis, we could, I think, survive the loss if you decided once again to confine your matutinal ablutions to the privacy of your own bathroom, but we need you as an artiste.

Perhaps we are unduly alarmed. After all, we should be able to rely on your own well deserved reputation for good sense.

The current publicity bulletins issued on your behalf, however, are not reassuring to those of us who would like to accept that conviction.

I have before me as I write, for instance, an announcement that solemnly proclaims that you have been ordered to put on fifteen pounds in weight in order to achieve the “attractive curves” usually associated with the Cleopatrican brand of sex appeal.

Before that we were invited at much length and amid considerable drum banging to observe that by a “modern miracle of surgery” your recent appendicitis operation was performed in a way that left no scars to spoil the effect of the revelations made by the costumes you are to wear in “Four Frightened People” and the Cleopatra picture.

Well, we all like to talk about our operations, but don’t you think that calling out the ballyhoo department of Paramount to inflict the details on your friends is carrying it a little too far?

You don’t need that sort of publicity—and we don’t deserve it.

Please come out of that bath tub.
ANOTHER BRITISH SCREEN TRIUMPH

T o reach the top class on the stage or on the screen is difficult. To remain with the elect is still more difficult. This piece of elementary knowledge naturally occurred to me when I was asked to see the successor to The Private Life of Henry VIII. Could the London Film Productions maintain the standard they had set in the picture that made the world conscious of British studios?

In my opinion, Catherine the Great is even better than Henry VIII. There may be many of you who may differ with this contention. Nothing will please me more, because I want everybody to see both these films.

Alexander Korda, the director of the company, has certainly found the secret of successful teamwork. Most of the technical staff who made a success of Henry VIII were employed on Catherine. The one important difference was that the actual direction was done by Dr. Paul Czinner.

This is the first film for which he has been responsible in this country and his work warrants that we give him an enthusiastic welcome to our studios. We need directors of his ability.

On more than one occasion PICTUROGER has condemned some companies for importing alleged stars from abroad. It is therefore with more than the usual enthusiasm that we approve the inclusion of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and Elizabeth Bergner in a film made in this country.

We have always maintained that Fairbanks, jun., given the opportunity, would prove that he is an actor. His work in Catherine will be a revelation to those people who regarded him merely as the son of Douglas, sen.

The part of Peter is one that most actors would dearly love to play but very, very few of them could make a genuine success of it. Fairbanks makes this a classic judgment, a crucial, disloyal woman and even gains for him a sympathy. It is far and away the best thing he has yet done and gives promise of even better things to come.

But fine as his work is, he does not dominate the picture as Charles Laughton did in Henry VIII. This is due to the fact that the story provides for two women-foils—Elizabeth Bergner as Catherine and Flora Robson as the Empress Elizabeth.

Bergner is claimed by many critics to be the greatest actress on the stage to-day. There will be many who, after her performance as Catherine, will consider her the screen's finest performer. Off-hand, I can think of nobody who could have played the part as she does. Her range is marvelous. Every mood is a delight to watch. Let us hope her stage work will not delay her early appearance in another picture.

Our own native talent is best represented in this film by Flora Robson and Gerald du Maurier. Miss Robson is fine as the Empress who "never gives her heart a rest." She is a real actress, and Sir Gerald gives his best screen performance as the French Gentleman-in-waiting to Peter.

Indeed, it would be difficult to find fault with the acting of any of the parts. In Griffith Jones we have a real he-man who should be an asset to our films.

Every one of the minor parts is played by either a stage or screen actor or actress (other British companies, please note).

Their names are Irene Vanbrugh, Joan Gardner, Dorothy Hale, Diana Napier, Gibb Mclaughlin, Clifford Heatherley, Lawrence Hanray and Allan Jeayes.

And now let me tell you briefly something of the story.

The scene is set in Russia in the middle of the eighteenth century. Empress Elizabeth decides that her nephew, the Grand Duke Peter, is to marry a German princess. To the Duke, women are playthings, and after refusing to marry, he consents to wed the woman who idealises and loves him.

To show what he thinks of his wife, he spends his wedding night with a former mistress at his hunting lodge. Catherine is broken-hearted but she refuses to admit defeat and succeeds in arousing interest in her husband by pretending to have a "regiment" of lovers.

The illness and subsequent death of the Empress brings to light all the malice and thwarted ambition of Peter and as Czar he soon antagonises his people and the army. The officers are devoted to Catherine and in order to save her and the country they persuade her to consent to a revolution and the arrest of the Czar.

She agrees on condition that "not a hair of his head is touched," but Peter, preferring death to captivity, insults an old enemy among the officers, certain of the fate that will befall him. (A wonderful scene, this.)

The news of the murder is brought to Catherine in the hour of her triumph. All her old tenderness for Peter returns and we leave her a sad woman as she watches the crown at too great a price.

This is only the barest outline. A complete story of the film has fortunately been written by Marjorie Bowen, the famous author, and the first instalment will appear in The Passing Show next week. Read it, and, above all, see the picture. It will be a memorable experience.—M.B.Y.

Design for Living

Ernst Lubitsch has always been considered the master of sophisticated comedy and while some of his talkie efforts have not lived up to the pictorial expressiveness and subtlety of his silent masterpieces, he certainly comes into his own again with this brillianly directed and highly diverting picture.

It is an adaptation by Ben Hecht of a play by Noel Coward which has not been staged over here. There has been a good deal of heartburnings and discussion about it owing to the fact that the dialogue is said to have been entirely remodelled and the action rendered fit for censors to see.

This does not seem to me to matter a jot. The play has not been seen here and whether we take our hats off to Noel Coward or Ben Hecht for some of the most arresting satirical and sophisticated dialogue I have heard for some time is not of great moment, the main thing is that the picture is a wholly entertaining one and we must take it on its merits as a film, not on its antecedents.

The plot tilts merrily at modern life and morality. It pre-supposes a young American girl, Gilda, who falls in love with two men in Paris—one an artist, the other a playwright—who are great friends.

Her appearance threatens this friendship but she formulates a design for living in harmony by which they all stay amicably together—sex, according to her, is "out."

She aids both the men in their work by constructive criticism until finally the playwright makes a hit and goes to London to see it produced. The old adage of two is company is amply proved, for the lady proceeds to live with the artist and the playwright is written to that effect.

He returns to Paris and finds that his friend is also now famous and when he visits the girl she falls for him. The artist returns unexpectedly to find the pair having breakfast. There is a royal riot which is solved by Gilda leaving them both and marrying an old friend.

Frank Cellier in the title role of "Captain Blood," a film dealing with the theft of the crown jewels which will be fully reviewed next week.
February 3, 1934

The pair solemnly celebrate this event by getting amicably drunk together.

Gilda goes to America for her marriage and soon afterwards is bored stiff with her husband's business friends—he is a publicity agent and he neither forgets it himself nor lets her forget it either.

Relief comes with the reappearance of her two lovers, whom she decides to take back to Paris and live with again in a ménage à trois bound by a "gentleman's agreement" that there is to be no love-making!

The dialogue is exceptionally good and while the picture relies on it more than on pictorial action, Lubitsch has used his camera to avoid any appearance of a photographed stage play and also for illuminating detail work.

It does not strike you when you are looking at it there is practically no action—always there is a sense of movement and change of scene.

The relation of the three principals is most astonishingly shown and while it could have been made definitely unpleasant, there is no touch of offence in the whole length of its light-hearted and sophisticated footage.

Characters are excellently drawn and equally excellently interpreted. As the artist, Gary Cooper gives a performance which is thoroughly meritorious and is a worthy successor to his work in One Sunday Afternoon and in an entirely different vein.

Fredric March is at his best as the playwright— he seems to have completely shed all his tendency to emulate John Barrymore—and acts with a light touch and full sense of character and comedy.

Miriam Hopkins adds to her laurels in the role of Gilda. A part difficult to make sincere and convincing, both of which, however, she manages to do.

As the friend, who marries her after the lovers have quarrelled violently, Edward Everett Horton is a sheer delight, while Franklin Pangborn appears briefly but effectively as a stage impresario.

This is the most polished production I have seen this year and one which will undoubtedly rank high amongst the offerings of 1934.—L.G.

The Constant Nymph

It was in the silent version of Margaret Kennedy's story, which, incidentally, was directed by Basil Dean, who is also responsible for its talkie successor, that Mabel Poulton came fully into her own.

Here it is Brian Aherne who scores an outstanding success, but there is also a newcomer in Victoria Hopper who makes a very decided hit.

It would be rash, after seeing her in this performance, to prophesy a great stellar future for her, but she does fill the role of the love-struck little girl who dies so tragically, admirably. I feel that if you have read the story you will probably enjoy the picture

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as King Peter with his young consorts, later to become Catherine the Great, played by Elizabeth Bergner.

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

more than if you have not, for while Basil Dean has captured the spirit, atmosphere and character of it perfectly, there are little hiatuses in the action which may leave you a little bewildered as to the strange company amongst which you find yourself.

The Sanger family is a queer one headed by Albert, a Bohemian composer who, having travelled all over the world and collected a miscellaneous family from various women, has finally settled in a ramshackle chalet in the Tyrol with his last mistress, Susan, a somewhat vulgar type, and the aforesaid promiscuous progeny.

In this atmosphere Tessa is brought up and from her earliest girlhood she has secretly loved Lewis Dodd, another Bohemian composer, a friend of her father.

I do not propose to go into all the details of the plot, but just to indicate its broad outlines; to tell it in even moderate detail would take up far more space than I have at my disposal.

Albert Sanger dies and Dodd arranges for Tessa and her sister Lina to go to England under the guardianship of a young aunt with whom he falls in love and marries; an occurrence that nearly breaks Tessa's heart.

She goes to school in England but runs away and comes to live with Dodd and her aunt, whose temperaments have now clashed and are headed precipitously to separation.

The inevitable happens, accelerated by the aunt's treatment of her niece, with whom she eventually accuses her husband of being unfaithful.

After the first successful performance of his symphony Dodd takes Tessa away to Brussels, where she dies on the first night of her arrival from heart failure.

INTERWOVEN into this tragic romance are the lives of others of the Sanger family, such a queer one that it is known all over the world as "Sanger's Circus."

Their lovers, their lives and those of the people with whom they come into contact are all excellently pictured and the resultant pattern is one that is exceedingly human, lifelike and sincere.

Brian Aherne's Dodd is an exceedingly sensitive and well-flavoured piece of acting; the character and her with all its eccentricities lives and is thoroughly sympathetic.

Tessa, as I have said, is finely drawn by Victoria Hopper. But while these two dominate the film, the cast as a whole is deserving of high praise.

Peggy Blaylock is excellent as Tessa's sister Lina, as is Jane Baxter as Tony, who marries a successful and wealthy impresario, played most effectively by Fritz Kortner.

Then there is Kate, an elder sister who mothers them all, well presented by Jane Cornell, and Linda, Sanger's vulgar mistress, a fine character study by Mary Clare, and Sarah, herself, impressively registered in a fine, short sequence by Lynn Harding.

Outside the "Sanger's Circus" is Florence, the aunt well characterised by Leonora Corbett; Roberto, an Italian servant, by Tony de Luno; Trigg, Dodd's concert manager, by Aldo Ray; and Trigg's girl, by Andrea Luka.

The Tyrolean exteriors are really beautiful and the whole atmosphere of the Bohemian household has been admirably caught.

London scenes, too, are excellent, especially the concert given by Dodd in the Queen's Hall. Indeed, the thoroughness with which and photography reach a very high level. This is a picture which redounds to the credit of British production generally.—L.C.

Going Hollywood

If I had not seen it in the synopsis I should have hardly credited Frances Marion with the authorship of this extraordinarily weak and futile story which furnishes Marion Davies with her latest vehicle.

It has become quite the thing for stars who are not quite so prominent in the limelight as they once were to call for this brilliant scenarist to provide the means whereby they may climb back to the fullest popularity.

I afraid that this will not be quite efficacious in the case of Marion Davies and I regret it because I still believe that she is one of the cleverest comedienne on the stage if she is given the right material.

She has certainly, as a little chance in her talkies to prove it and I had hoped that this would be her opportunity.

"It is, however, a thoroughly ridiculous story of a girl's love for a crooner, her duel of wits with a French actress rival for his love and her final victory, accompanied by a brilliant debut as a Hollywood star—she, in fact, devours her rôle and the whole stage.

And do they croon! They do good and hearted all through the picture—at least, Bing Crosby does, he being the idol who fascinates the little school-mistress, Marion Davies, so much that she runs away from school to find him. The French menace to her happiness is Fifi D'Oraoy, who puts plenty of fire into a part with few opportunities.

Marion Davies lacks expression. She gives a dance or two and imitates a coal black mammy and her French rival—these are the best things she does—but they provide only tiny oases in a desert of crooning.

Things are brightened up a little by Ned Sparks as a doctor and Stuart Erwin as an unsophisticated college youth who is recklessly backing a production.

As have said, Bing Crosby croons.

The funniest thing in the picture are a series of caricatures of some of the most notorious crooners, which form a somewhat ironic comment on the hero of this picture.—L.C.

Prenez Garde à la Peinture

This French picture is of particular interest, for upon it is based the play The Late Christopher (Continued on page 16)
By Candlelight

Director James Whale, whose name has in the last year or so become almost inseparably associated with the Karloff, Laines and the most fearsome works from Universal City, takes a holiday from horror and turns in one of the most pleasingly piquant comedies of the season.

The film is indeed, something of a joyous saturnalia from the Hollywood "type" galleys for most of those concerned in it.

The austere and Elissa Landi step out in her step-ins, submits the shapely and customarily exclusive Landi anatomy to much vulgar adorning and throws herself with gusto into a role that often descends to broad force.

The Lukas sheds his moustache, steps down from the least lover class and demonstrates his ability as a light comedian. Only Nils Asther remains true to type as a philandering Austrian prince.

Mr. Lukas appears as a butler in the latter's household with a tremendous admiration for his master's "type" and the mural seductions, a passion for reading Casanova and ambitions to emulate the amatory successes of both in the hands of a woman that offered by his own "below stairs" world.

His chief duties consist of extracting his employer from the complications inevitable in the life of a man who is in the habit of bringing young and beautiful married women home to his apartment nightly, and of tactfully fusing the lights when the prince is "entertaining" in order that the latter may do his love-making with the aid of the mellow and romantic glow of candle-light.

On a train trip to Monte Carlo he meets and falls in love with Miss Landi. Crests on the employee's luggage, with which they are travelling, lead both to think that the other is a person of high rank. Elissa is, in fact, a maid.

More than usually diverting entanglements ensue to carry the film along at a fast pace to the final fade-out. It is, of course, as you can judge, an airy trifle rather than a serious contribution to the romantic tradition, but Mr. Whale's direction quickly creates the right atmosphere and puts it over with the requisite degree of piquancy and much amusing by-play.

Lukas impersonates the butler with a sure comedy touch that establishes him as one of the more intriguing of Hollywood screen lovers, and if Miss Landi is not quite so much at home in her part her portrayal is conscientious and technically sound.

A triangle that had no awkward corners once the girl took control. Freddie March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in Lubitsch's triple masterpiece, "Design for Living."

There is also an excellent musical "score," but at times I found it irritatingly obtrusive.—M. D. P.

Liebelei

One would expect a romance staged in old Vienna—the Vienna of before the war—to be gay and glamorous. Yet these are not the charms that endear one to Franz Ophuls' production, treating as it does of life in the Austrian capital, but Mr. Whale's casting, which is the most remarkable of the period, and here a contrast is again provided—certain aspects of a soldier's life in barracks of theatre and luxury restaurants we see little. True the opening scenes take place at the opera, where, owing to a mishap with opera glasses, which fall from a box into the stalls during the orchestra's rendering of the Austrian equivalent of "God Save the Queen," the protagonists meet and fall in love. True also Fritz and his Christine, Theo and his Mizzi, forego more than once in a restaurant.

There is nothing gala, however, about the operatic performance, while the restaurant is of the eating-house variety and provides duchess tones only when waiters are introduced into a mechanical music box.

Yet the charm of character and life-like detail more than makes up for brilliance in the settings or pulsing action in the story. Christine, the beloved of Fritz, daughter of a musician, is a delightful and understanding personality, young, ingenuous, the very opposite of her friend Mizzi who takes life easily and men very much as they come and go. Fritz loves Christine and she her father is easy-going and relies on his daughter's discretion—gives rise to the finest photographic sequences in the film, covering a sleigh drive through a snowbound forest. The stiffening of the story is provided by Fritz's secret connexion with a Barones von Eggefsdorf, and leads, to my mind, to an overdose of tragedy.

Allow that the Baron Eggefsdorf's discovery of his wife's intrigue, although broken off, is for Fritz who is sincerely in love with Christine, should lead to a duel. Allow even that Fritz, who unfortunately is to fire the second shot, is killed before he has the chance. Yet owing to the construction of the story and to Christine's character as we know it, it forms a weak link, a falling off, instead of an inevitable climax, that immediately on hearing the news of the death, she should throw herself out of a window.

Fortunately, the foreshadowing of the double-dealing is very strong and put over as is usual with them unaudied (or hindered (!) by the pronounced make-up and ultramodern hairdo) on which artists in Hollywood too often rely.

Magda Schneider is sensitive and restrained as Christine. One feels, however, that she is under the forced tragedy of the story's ending. Though adequate to every other occasion, there is a lack of conviction about her rendering of the moment when, actually drapped with paper decorations pertaining to the wedding party at Mizzi's flat, she hears of her lover's death.

Wolfgang as Fritz is equally sincere, but dramatically more forceful. Of "highlights" in the film there is one that appeals for its novel angle on an old situation.

Fritz and Christine have met. Unwittingly, since he is thinking of his first love, the Baroness, Fritz is seeing the lady home. They walk without speaking a word through narrow, snowystreets. At long last Christine breaks the silence. She is afraid the Lieutenant is too preoccupied with his affection-complex over with the result their eyes meet and... but after all Liebelei is a romance.—M. W.

Ombres Sur L'Europe

The Polish Corridor has long been acknowledged one of the danger spots of Europe. The wedge of land which cuts through Germany and gives Poland an outlet to the sea is a subject of conflict to which the world has become accustomed.

This is a documentary film which shows you the nature of the country, its inhabitants, its landscape and its scenic beauty. A trip to the free city of Danzig and expresses the opinions of Poles on the subject of the Corridor. Here you get a knowledge of French to appreciate it fully but there is much to admire in the work of René Brut and Louis Guitton who are the cameramen in an airplane to make this interesting film.

For our purposes, however, it would be better if it were considerably shortened and fully subtitled in English.
PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

FLOODS—MENACE MOVIELAND

Assistant Director Killed—Bette Davis Now Occupies Garbo’s House—A Bouquet for Joan Crawford—Mary Pickford’s Stage Success—Irene Dunne’s Bid for Golf Honours

The film colony has been harassed again by the angry elements. Earthquake shocks shook Southern California in March, 1933, and for several months following, forest fires menaced the homes of the stars in the Hollywood hills.

The latest hazard was the terrific rainfall which caused floods in many sections surrounding Hollywood, and made streets impassable.

In Hollywood motorcars were submerged in mud, and were only extricated with great difficulty. Over three thousand telephones were put out of commission.

Although thirty-six deaths were reported, with many people missing, the only member of the film colony who lost his life, so far as known, was an assistant director whose car plunged into the water when a bridge on which he was driving collapsed.

A Popular Mansion

It would pay California real estate owners to furnish California with a home rent free, for any house vacated by the star is immediately leased by someone else.

An instance in point is the house in Brentwood formerly occupied by the Swedish star. The subsequent tenants were Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, and, last but not least, Bette Davis.

Garbo, in her desire for seclusion, has moved many times, for her admirers have an uncertain way of discovering her residence.

Bread Upon the Waters

Hollywood stars do not always forget those who were kind to them when they were unknown and practically friendless.

Joan Crawford, when she was taking her first test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was very nervous and burst into tears as the scene was being photographed. The still cameraman asked her if she could dance, and the two did a “tap” which completely restored Joan’s confidence. She secured the part and stardom followed.

A few weeks ago the cameraman was taken seriously ill. Joan, now rich and famous, had not forgotten her friend. He is now in an excellent and very expensive hospital, where he is receiving the finest treatment that money can secure.

This is the type of story I like to send from Hollywood.

The Public’s Idol

Mary Pickford’s personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre, New York City, has been a huge success, and I hear that the receipts exceeded the imposing record there of Mae West.

A small army of police surrounded the theatre, and had their hands full trying to control the crowds who surged around the building.

Mary will probably make a tour of the larger cities before returning to Hollywood.

She Graves Simplicity

When Marlene Dietrich is creating a new rôle, she does not desire interference from maids, valets, and other attendants on the set. During the filming of The Scarlet Pageant, the famous star avoided all those many little touches of make-up and arrangement of costume with which important players sometimes delay the work of directors and cameramen. She depended upon studio wardrobe and make-up departments entirely for such assistance as she needed on the set.

The star’s leading man is John Cabot Lodge, a descendant of two of England’s famous families. The Cabots and the Lodges trace their ancestry to early colonial days, and are considered among America’s bluest “blue bloods.”

A Snappy Retort

Alice White is pretty, but she is not dumb! I was watching this charming little lady as she was working on a scene at the Warner Studio, where she played a few selections on the piano.

Director Lloyd Bacon felt that Alice’s music was too classical, and asked her to play “jazz.” The blonde star replied that she knew only the classics.

“Well, play the music so that it does not sound classical,” ordered the director.

“Okay,” replied Alice, “but you would not know the difference, anyway!”

The director laughed. He is a “good sport.”

Alice wears her wedding ring on the set, cherishing the bride’s superstition about the danger of removing the circle.

The actress and her husband, Sydney B. Fort, plan a trip to Europe in the summer. It will be her first trip abroad, although Sydney has been there before.

An Ambitious Golfer

Irene Dunne, one of the film colony’s best players, is desirous of entering several important golf tournaments this spring and, in order to make a creditable showing, has had a driving range constructed at the back of her home in Beverly Hills.

The actress has plenty of space on her grounds for golf practice, enabling her to get off drives of 250 feet. A putting green has also been installed, so, if all goes well, the famous star may soon achieve fame as a champion of the greens.

A Wild Rumour

The story that Mary Pickford intends to marry Charles (Buddy) Rogers as soon as she receives her divorce decree from Douglas Fairbanks has bobbed up again, but is given no credence in Hollywood.

A similar yarn, circulated a year ago, had Mary interested in Gary Cooper, now married to Sandra Shaw.

These crazy stories are among the penalties of film stardom.

Better Late than Never

Although Jobyna Ralston has been married to Richard Arlen for seven years, she received an engagement ring from her husband just a few weeks ago.

At the time they were married, Dick was not over-blessed with the world’s goods, but he was very much in love with Jobyna. The Arlens are now quite prosperous, so Dick has given his wife an exquisite ring as a token of his devotion.

A Reconciliation?

During Harry Bannister’s recent visit to Hollywood, he was seen frequently in the company of his former wife, Ann Harding. Ann and Harry appeared very devoted, so the film colony is wondering if the couple are contemplating a re-marriage.

Possibly Ann and Harry’s little daughter may bring about a reconciliation.

A Happy Bride

Marriage is a serious business in the case of Frances Dee.

Forty minutes after she finished work in her latest film, Frances was in her car, headed for the hitherland, where she and her husband, Joel McCrea, are spending their honeymoon idyll on a ranch of their own.

Frances is no society girl by preference. She prefers the simplicity of a rugged existence; likes to potter around in rock gardens and water lawns.

The McCrea ranch is situated near Bakersfield, California, and boasts only a two-room shack which, to date, has been the principal scene of their honeymoon.

PHILO LONERGAN WEEKLY

February 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER
An embarrassing moment for Jeanette MacDonald, who is given a chance to display her vocal talent as well as her figure.

Ramon Novarro in a comedy scene with Irene Franklin. He, too, is given opportunities to charm us with his singing.

A stage on a stage. Novarro singing has big member in the film. The Nightingale.
MacDonald plays the rôle enacted by Peggy Wood in the version of the stage musical success which has been by William K. Howard. It is the story of a love between two music students in Brussels. Ramon Novarro leads which, on the stage was filled by Francis Lederer, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt.

Both the stars excel at making love. Here's a sample of just how it should be done, given the time, the place.
Benita Hume, the popular British star who, temporarily at any rate, has turned her shapely back on Hollywood’s fame and dollars and has returned to the English studios. Benita is seen here as Marie Auguste in “Jew Süss.” Her last Hollywood picture was “The Worst Woman in Paris,” which has been showing in the West End recently.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**ACCIDENTS WANTED**

*Lucky Blaze*

*Before Dawn*

*Somewhere in Sonora*

*Friday the Thirteenth*

**SUPERNATURAL**

SOLDIERS DON'T CARE

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

This, however, is offset by the fact that the fair detective also falls in love with the lawyer and so spoils the calculations of the firm which is trying to trap him.

**ACCIDENTS WANTED**

A new light exposé of the insurance racket as apparently practised in America, in which Lee Tracy breezes gaily along as a shrewd young lawyer who gets away in court with trumped-up compensation claims.

He is in excellent fettle; so much so that one hopes that his recent little trouble in Mexico will soon blow over and allow him to return to the screen.

Midge Evans gives her usual appealing portrayal as an attractive private detective for whom the lawyer falls very hard and who upsets his plans.

Lee Tracy as a "hyster" lawyer tries to persuade Midge Evans to fake a damage claim in "Accidents Wanted."

Following the current fashion of taking dramatic stories from real life, this picture is said to be based on the life of a celebrated Chicago meat packer whose name still appears on canned goods.

It also introduces a certain amount of topicality by making its subject fly to Greece when ruin threatens him in the manner adopted by an internationally famous financier.

The picture is strong drama, rather drab, and unresolved by humour. It traces the life of an idealistic young man who inherits a big meat-packing business from his father and reluctantly goes into big business.

Then in detail we are given phases of his life: his unhappy marriage, his love affair with an embryo opera singer, his concentration on business and more business, until finally his ambition renders him foolhardy and he crashes, helped on the downward path by his revengeful wife, who has been waiting for her opportunity.

Edward G. Robinson dominates the picture, and in a masterly manner depicts the growth of the idealistic youth to the cunning and cynical middle-aged man who has gained the world but lost his soul and his happiness in the process.

Basically good is Genevieve Tobin as the injured wife who patiently bides her time until she can effect a terrible revenge.

She is a brilliant actress and makes the role almost awesome in its picture of suggested rage.

Not so good is Kay Francis as the opera singer; the part does not suit her particularly well, but she charms us by disclosing the fact that she has a very pleasing singing voice amongst her other attractions.

**THE MASQUERADER**


Ronald Colman..... John Chilcote, M.P.

Elissa Landi..... Eliza Joyce Hallwell Hobbes

Ronald Colman makes a fine showing in the lead role of a lawyer who, after a trumped-up marriage, is divided between two women, the one an upright, intelligent young man who is induced to double for him in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

John Loder steps not only into his cousin's shoes, but, as he himself puts it, into his slippers; that is, he falls in love with the drunkard's wife and has trouble with that gentleman's persistent mistress, who discovers the deception but is prevented from exposing it.

The story ends with the death of Chilcote and with Loder carrying on in his place—with a hint of marital happiness with the widow to follow.

The interest of the picture relies chiefly on Ronald Colman's performance. The story itself is not a very convincing one and has an air of artificiality which prevents it from being very gripping. The introduction of doubles, incidentally, is never very satisfactory.

The love interest is romantically handled, however, and there are some good, well-handled dramatic situations.

Elissa Landi has not a lot to do as the neglected Mrs. Chilcote, but she makes the character a dignified and sympathetic one.

As the mistress, Juliette Compton overacts and inclines to be too melodramatic and, while Hallwell Hobbes is good as a confidential butler, he has so many platitudes to utter concerning the family's honour that they become annoying.

David Torrence is sound as Chilcote's parliamentary leader.

The scenes in the House of Commons are effective in detail but the procedure seems to have (Continued on page 22)
run riot at times and the speeches are not very convincing. One speaker refers to the Great War having been won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow—a belated appreciation of the latter school, perhaps.

The English atmosphere is quite good except for one or two obvious errors in locale and a queer idea of the weather conditions of this country.

Anyway, I think you will enjoy Ronald Colman's performance, and for that reason particularly I advise you to go and see the picture.

**FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH**


SOPHIE HALE....All (conductor)
JESSIE MATTHEWS....Mille CRYSTAL SMITH....Fred RALPH RICHARDSON....The Schoolmaster MURIEL AXED....Miss Twigg DONALD CALDER....Hugh Netherton RICHARD HULTON....Johnny IVOR MCLAREN....Jackson ELIOE MAKRANT....Jackson UKULA JAMES....Eileen Jackson D. A. CLARK SMITH....Byron GIBB....Pink EMILY WILLIAMS....Blakke FRANK LANGTON....Ferd PERCY PARSONS.... light-fingered conservative chief of staff. BILDE CHRISTALL....Mary O. B. CLARK....Mellie MAX MILLER....Joe ALPHER....The Detective HARTLEY POWER....Two Americans EMILY OWEN....Waldale MARGARET WARBOURTON....Portia HALEY WARBOURTON....Waldale BRUCE HARKER....Hamlet's Bridges ROBERT HARE....Lightfoot MARTHA HUNT....Agnes Lightfoot LEONORA CORBETT....Dolly


A n attempt to follow in the footsteps of The Bridge of San Luis Rey, which fails to be absorbing in its detail because of the haphazard manner in which the incidents are presented from one set of characters to another. You will remember that in the silent picture a bridge collapsed and several people were killed or injured, and the story concerned the lives of the people involved told in retrospect. Here the same sort of plot is used in an omnibus, which swerves to avoid a crash by striking lightening and crashes to a shop window, are delineated.

It is very discursive and the lives of the passengers concerned are not particularly interesting or vital; they lack dramatic import, while the hundred or so of the broad music-hall variety.

Continuity is weak and the general impression is one of a series of interdependent sketches, none of which is really dramatically holding.

The cast is a strong one, but the artistes as a whole have little or no opportunity to show their best advantage.

There is Edmund Gwenn as a financier, Waldale, whose life is involved in the smash, which prevents her from delivering a letter which would have meant a heavy loss to him; the wife is ably played by Mary Jerrold.

Then Jessie Matthews as Millie, a chorus girl who, having quarrelled with her lover, is on the way to a rendezvous with a none too particular theatrical agent.

Gordon Harker, a fatuous, heartless friend of Wakefield's; Emlyn Williams as Blake, a blackmailing ex-convict who has Frank Lawton, a reformer galloving, in his power; and Belle Christall, his fiancée.

Eliot Makeham, a shipping clerk whose wife has, unknown to him, run away with an admirer; Ursula Jeans being the wife in question. Ralph Richardson as a schoolmaster who is in love with Millie; Max Miller, a light-fingered vender in the Caledonian market, who is being traduced by a detective and two American assistants, played by Alfred Drayton, Hartley Power, and Percy Parsons respectively.

Robertson Hare plays the rôle of a meek little bank clerk, the man who gets into trouble in the park with Dolly, enacted by Leonora Corbett. His wife is well presented by Maritta Hunt.

Technically the picture is good. Camera work and settings are all sound, and the bus crash realistically staged; but the dialogue is weak, the gags obvious and familiar, and the diffusion of interest is too great to allow one to be more than mildly entertained.

**SUPERNATURAL**


CAROLE LOMBARD....Roma Courty ALLAN DINEHART....Paul Bayan VINTEN SOUSAN....Ruth Roger RALPH ROBBIE....Grant Wilson R. N. CARBERY....Dr. House ELIS BERRY....The Landlady WILLIAM FARMER....George Burr MacGowan

Directed by Victor Halperin.

A certain girl's body is possessed by the spirit of a murderess who wrecks vengeance through this medium on the man who had betrayed her.

It is all very fantastic and highly incredible, but the theme has a certain amount of interest and it definitely departs from the beaten track.

Carole Lombard, as the girl Roma, whose body is possessed by the disembodied spirit, has a difficult rôle to play, but she acquits a good deal of sincerity into it.

As the murderous, Vivienne Osborne, gives a very good performance, while Allan Dinehart is very well cast as the fake spiritualist who betrays her and sends her to the chair.

H. B. Warner is dignified as Carl Houston, a famous psychologist who exposes the girl and the executed killer in order to test his theory that spirit transmission is possible. He is thus a very fair and responsible for Roma's "possession."

The whole thing is well staged, and the girl's chances dealing with the great spiritualism are interesting and illuminating.

If you are prepared to overlook the incredibility of the whole affair, you will be quite fairly well entertained by this essay into the supernatural.

**LUCKY BLAZE**


MOORE MARSDEN....Sir James Resn Ross WHITE....Charles Ray F. FOX....Freddie FRANK RICE....Collingwood JOSEPH COLMAN....Detective HARRY ROUDBROUX....The Watcher F. ROBERTSON....Billie S. W. R. SANDERS....Sammy B. R. R. ROBERTSON....Ken P. ROBERTSON....Tyne W. BRADLEY....The Stud Groom NELSON J. FELTSTEIN....The Stallion

Written and directed by WEDGIE NEWMAN

A preposterous story of the race-course with picturesque and authentic settings. The story is told by a horse; there is no dialogue, the horse's thoughts are given by a reportry in the form of appropriate commentary given by R. E. Jeffrey.

The plot of the story does not matter much, it is the introduction of famous jockeys and trainers at work which will intrigue many followers of the turf.

Most of the action takes place in Sir Ernest Wilf's stable and on the Mammoth race-track.

Actual race scenes are well done, the plot and provide an orage of non-stop action.

Moore Marriott, as actor who should be seen much more frequently and prominently on our screens, is good as the owner of the racehorse whose life story is here depicted, while Vera Sherburne is adequate as his wife, who in love with one of her father's jockeys, played convincingly by William Freshman. Commentary is clearly and well delivered.

**BEFORE DAWN**


STUART ERWIN....Dwight Wilson WALTER CHALEY....Charles "Chuck" MacGowan DOUGLAS DOUGLAS....Horace Merrick GUSTAVUS W. HOFFMAN....Matte ODC ARAPPLE....O'Hara HURST....Dr. House BERRY HURST....The Landlady WILLIAM FARMER....George Burr MacGowan

Directed by Irving Pichel, from the story by the late Edgar Wallace.

Few of Edgar Wallace's stories have received the treatment they merited, and this one is not an exception.

It is the old tale of the murder in a mysterious mansion in which a girl uses her psychic powers to solve the problem.

The cast, which is a capable one, helps to conceal the weakness of plot and construction, but it is unable to make it more than mildly interesting.

Stuart Erwin's likeable personality shone, to advantage in the rôle of a detective and investments with some light touches.

Warner Oland is cast as a sinister doctor, Mardev, who makes an attractive heroine.

Good characterisations come from Patricia Collard and Gertrude W. Hoffman.

**SOMEWHERE IN SONORA**


JOHN WATTERS....John Bishop H. B. WATTS....Bob Leddy J. P. McCOY....Monte Black H. T. GLENN....Paul Ellis FRANK RICE....Riley FRANK....Rufus FRANK....Bart Leddy PAUL FUX....Bart Leddy LYNDEY BROWN....Barton

Directed by MACK V. WRIGHT, from a story by JOHN L. VAIL and L. F. McCARTY.

Quick-action Western on conventional lines with a full quota of humour, riding and picturesque scenery and some well-photographed rodeo scenes. It should go well with juveniles.

Glenville makes a virile hero and is quite well supported by Shirley Palmer as the heroine.

**CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE**


WARREN OLAND....Charlie Chan CAROLTA EAKIN....Miss ... Lowery WASSER IN....Robbie Imhoff THE BEACHCOMBER....Thomas Winstedt WALTER BYRON....Harry Jessen WARREN BEATTY....Sidney Warren BEATTY....Sidney Warren BEATTY....Sidney Warren BEATTY....Sidney Warren

Directed from the story by Earl D. Higgins.

Warner Oland, back in his popular rôle of the mysterious and rather plummy detective, is the backbone of this otherwise obvious and rather disjointed story.

He is particularly well told, and is lacking both in ingenuity and conviction, but there is an element of suspense provided by back up the star's clever performance.

The plot deals with a prominent but from respected resident in Hawaii who is found murdered in mysterious circumstances.

He is only a minor gangster and, as is usual in this type of story, suspicion falls on several until last at least three of them. A little romantic element is introduced between Heather Angel as the daughter of a man arrested on murder charge and John Warburton.

**SOLDIERS DON'T CARE**


PAT HANNA....Private Chic Williams JOE VALLI....Lance-Corporal McGraw SCOTT MIODA....Private Jack Maliga NORMAN FRENCH....Sir Grey Gough JOHN FRASER....Main Jack Fisher PRUDENCE IRVING....Alison Denny THERESA VAIL....Judy Fisher EDMUND BRENT....The Colonel PAT HANNA....Aunt Martha ISABEL CROSSLEY...."Sister"

Directed by JOHN AFFLECK.

Simple but all-musical humour of a most ingenious and out-cmod kind characterises this extremely attractively, which meanders on feebly with crusty sentiment, old gags, and indifferent dialogue.

Technically it is fairly satisfactory, but one cannot help wondering why, with its fine scenic possibilities and piecing days to draw upon, Australia cannot send us something better than this.

It is only a very indulgent audience that will find entertainment in it or in the acting of Pat Hanna, Joe Valli, and George Moan in the rôle of the three-bloodied musketeers.

February 3, 1934

Ronald Colman in the dual rôle he plays in "The Masquerader."
"Jo," short for Josephine, the second of the four March sisters who live with their mother in Concord, U.S., in the latter half of last century, has arrived at the next-door house to visit the "Laurence boy," as she calls the youth whom she secretly pities for being shut up all day with his grandfather.

O

H! How do you do, Mr. Laurence?" Jo returned, very much on her dignity as being addressed as Miss March, under a barter's nose, by a lad who, though no more than her own age, struck her at once as having delightful manners.

"I'm so sorry you heard," she sympathized. "My sister Meg has sent you some blan-}

mange. It's soft and will slip down easily without hurting your throat."

"Thanks so much!"

"Beth sent you these till you're well." She uncovered her basket and hurried away. "Of course, I know boys don't care for kittens, but she was so anxious, I couldn't refuse."

"Of course not. Perhaps they'll live things up. It's dull as a tomb here. I say, I wish you'd come in."

"Oh, but I'm not to stay!"

"Just a few minutes. I've ordered tea."

Unable to resist the temptation, Jo allowed herself to be taken upstairs. The size and magnificence of the drawing-room, after the parlour at Orchard House and even Aunt March's at Plumfield, produced her favourite exclamation:

Christopher Columbus! What riches! Why, it's marvellous. So roomy." Seeing that her host was busy at the tea-table laden with shining silver, she stopped her naive tour of inspection and pulled herself together, to answer his question:

"Sugar? Yes, two—no, three lumps, please. How do you like Europe, Mr. Laurence? I'm looking forward so to going with my Aunt March some day. She thinks the baths would do her rheumatism good; not that she hasn't a beautiful bath in her own house. . . But you don't know Aunt March, do you? . . . what were you saying?"

"Only that I'm not Mr. Laurence. I'm Laurie. How nice the blan-

mange looks. I wish we had things like that here."

"My little sister put on the geraniums. She's artistic!"

"Amy?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Well, I often hear you calling each other, and sometimes you don't
draw the curtains and the room looks like a picture seeing you round the
table with your mother. You seem to be having such good times.

Awfully rude of me, but—"

"It isn't. We'll never draw the curtains any more and you can look

as much as you like. I wish you'd come over and see us instead of
peeping. We could have fun."

"What about acting in a play like you did the other night?"

"That was terrible. Jo had all the embryonic author's distaste for
her works. I want to put on Hamlet and do the fencing scene."

"I could play 'Laertes.' I took fencing lessons at the Academy.

Look."

Snatching up the coal prongs, Laurie handed Jo the shovel. The
clash of fireirons, mingled with spirited attempts to declaim Shakespeare's lines, echoed through the stately room. Both were too absorbed to notice an elderly gentleman and a young

one with side whiskers who were watching them from the open door."

"I'll wait upstairs, sir," the young man observed with deference, just
as Jo, who had succumbed to a well-
timed attack, was being helped up by a self-reproachful Laurie.

"I say, I'm most awfully sorry. I shouldn't have been so rough with
a girl."

"What are you talking about? I'd have bettered you if I hadn't slipped."

Jo sought wildly for a diversion to ease the boy's mind; he looked so
distressed.

"Is that your grandfather?" she ratted on, looking at a portrait above the carved mantelpiece. "He looks grim, but I shouldn't be afraid of him, though I can see his face might frighten some people. His eyes are so kind, I like him, even though he does bark at you."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Convulsed with horror, Jo turned to find herself confronted with the portrait's original.

"So you're not afraid of me, ch?" Mr. Laurence demanded.

"No, sir."

"But my face might frighten some people, and I bark at them, do I?"

"Oh! No, sir, not all the time."

"But with all that you like me."

"I do. Indeed, I do."

Mr. Laurence held out his hand.

"And I like you, my dear. Now I must insist on escorting you home. I want to pay my respects to your mother and thank her for the—er—

medicine she has sent my boy."

"Can't I come?" Laurie inquired, to be answered by his grandfather in a manner that admitted of no

question.

"Be off upstairs. Brooke is wait-
ing for your arithmetic preparation, and see that you behave yourself like a gentleman, sir."

The excitement of Jo's visit lasted the younger members of Orchard

House until the day appointed by special invitation of the Laurence's evening party.

Mr. Laurence, accompanied by John Brooke, arrived in the midst of the packing to announce his arrangements

The important business of dressing took up most of the afternoon. At last Meg, Beth and Amy, lightly, as befitting the occasion, came down the stairs, looking, as Hannah put it to Marmee, who was waiting to give her brood a send-off, "as pretty as pictures."

A noise of impending thunder heralded the arrival of Jo, who bluntly returned Marme's "you look very nice, dear," with "I don't feel it. I've got nineteen hairpins and every one sticking straight into my head. Does the patch show?"

she went on, for the moment despairing of her habit of standing back to the fire.

"Not much. Surely you're not going without gloves though?"

Meg, with a laugh.

"I am. Mine are ruined with lemonade... unless you'll lend me one of yours, then we can each carry one stained and wear a good glove," cried careless Jo.

"Very well... only don't disgrace us with your boyish ways," Meg enjoined, with whom gloves and ladylike behaviour were tender points.

The party was going full swing and Jo, rather a conspicuous wallflower, was regretting certain resolutions she had made when Laurie sought her out.

"I say, why aren't you dancing? You simply must have this polka."

Jo withdrew half-envious eyes from Meg, who appeared to be enjoying herself with Laurie's tutor, John Brooke, for a partner.

"No, thanks. I really can't. Promise you won't tell if I give you the real reason."

"Honour Bright."

"Well, I promised Meg I wouldn't dance because of the patch on my (Continued on page 24)
frock. I burned it at my last party, standing back to the fire and
"That's too bad. Stick close to me. No one's looking."
In a trice Lizzie had piloted her beyond the curtains into a deserted alcove, whirling her into a waist that, on account of its quick step, was entirely to her taste.
"There are Beth and Amy on the stairs, and your grandfather talking to them," Jo announced as Laurie took her into the hall for a breath of air. "Mercy, there's Beth looking down at that—terrible, she's terrifyingly shy, Beth."
"Poor things, marooned up there. Did your mother say they were too young to dance? Well, that's no bar against refreshments, is it? Let's fetch them some ice-cream."
Meanwhile, Jo, concluding his conversation with Amy, for Beth was quite unequal to talking, convinced the former of his elegance, in observing how grateful he would be for the grand piano to receive tuning if either of you lady cared to come and play on it.
Beth was so startled at an offer so good to her, was equivocal when invited to Christian to enter the House Beautiful in "The Pilgrim's Progress," a work known to her since she could read, that she found courage to say:
"Thank you, air, very much. I'll come, if you're sure I shan't be heard by anyone."
"Not a soul, my dear. Take it away, Jo, with a cry of "What a blunderbuss I am!" I spelt final ruin to her frock by subsiding on the stairs with a couple of zees in her lap.
For all her timidity, Beth was not the only one of the sisters who preferred to ride her hobby in solitude. Some months after the Laurences' party Jo could, have been seen swarming down the trellis to terra-firma in her street clothes, outside the window of the garret where it was her habit to write, or laze and dream on an old sofa with a red cushion, undisturbed.
"Hello, Beth! What are you up to?" she inquired, seeing her about to cross the front garden with a resolute air.
"Only taking those slippers to Mr. Laurence," Beth confessed, "or rather, to Jo's husband. He's been so kind in letting me use that wonderful grand piano. He won't mind, will he, Jo?"
"Mind those pawsies! You've emboîdered them beautifully. Do I spy Amy's hair riband on the piano? You'd better take it away or you'll be vamoosed before she catches you." With which Jo betook herself on her errand, to change in due course from an office in Concord Main Street and bump straight into Laurie, who was opportunistically hanging about.
Regardless of passers-by, he dived for the paper she was folding and about to put in her purse, with a triumphant:
"Now I'll find out why you come down twice a week and never have time for me."
Laurie Laurence, give me that or I'll never speak to you again."
"All right. Take it. I thought we were never going to have secrets from each other."
"This is different."
"Just the sort of excuse you would make. Girls never do stick to an agreement."
"Blige."
"Let me into your secret and I've one for you."

(Continued from page 23)

JEAN

HARLOW

tells you how

WHICH of the screen sirens do you resemble? Which do you envy most? Take a peak into their private dressing-rooms and copy their style and personality through the thrilling Beauty Supplement contained in next week's big special issue of The PICTUROGOER.

Jean Harlow whips her seductive secrets; Lilian Harvey tells you how she cultivates her curls; Constance Bennett unveils the mysteries of perfume. All the most exquisite stars parade for your benefit in this page of lovelyland. This unique supplement is extra to the brilliant regular features—48 glamorous pages in all at the usual price of 2d. Order next week's PICTUROGER now: you'll never forgive yourself if you miss its precious beauty disclosures.

DONT MISS NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The PICTUROGER

On sale Thursday, February 8.

48 PAGES - GREAT BEAUTY SUPPLEMENT - ONLY 2d. AS USUAL

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear rules your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

For all her timidity, Beth was not the only one of the sisters who preferred to ride her hobby in solitude. Some months after the Laurences' party Jo could have been seen swarming down the trellis to terra-firma in her street clothes, outside the window of the garret where it was her habit to write, or laze and dream on an old sofa with a red cushion, undisturbed.

"Hello, Beth! What are you up to?" she inquired, seeing her about to cross the front garden with a resolute air.

"Only taking these slippers to Mr. Laurence," Beth confessed, "or rather, to Jo's husband. He's been so kind in letting me use that wonderful grand piano. He won't mind, will he, Jo?"

"Mind those pawsies! You've emboîdered them beautifully. Do I spy Amy's hair riband on the piano? You'd better take it away or you'll be vamoosed before she catches you." With which Jo betook herself on her errand, to change in due course from an office in Concord Main Street and bump straight into Laurie, who was opportunistically hanging about.

Regardless of passers-by, he dived for the paper she was folding and about to put in her purse, with a triumphant:

"Now I'll find out why you come down twice a week and never have time for me."

Laurie Laurence, give me that or I'll never speak to you again."

"All right. Take it. I thought we were never going to have secrets from each other."

"This is different."

"Just the sort of excuse you would make. Girls never do stick to an agreement."

"Blige."

"Let me into your secret and I've one for you."

February 3, 1934

LITTLE WOMEN

"Oh, very well! Have a look if you want me to tell you."

Laurie unfolded the paper and read "Spread Eagle Press, Pay Miss Josephine Smith 50 dollars for her story entitled 'The Phantom Hand."

"Hurray! for the celebrated American authoress!" shrilled Laurie, returning the cheque.

"Fun seeing it in print, won't it? Fire away with this—that is, assuming it's worth having."

"It's plummy. All about people you know. What if we strike the woods. The background's more—more suitable."

He kept Jo on tenderhooks till they were walking between the satin-smooth and wrinkled stems of budding beech, hem, and maple; then announced:

"Now, for a start. I know where Meg's glove is."

"It is all?"

Jo's genuine disappointment faded into an equally genuine alarm as Meg went on.

"Brooke keeps it in his pocket. He must have picked it up at our glance. I saw him looking sopping in the conservatory. You know what Brooke's like, very solemn and proper, and Meg being just sweet. Isn't it romantic?"

"Rubbish. Of all the sickly, sentimental—oh, dear! Jo had come to a standstun by a fallen tree to voice a woes, which, but for the claims of authorship, had certainly been too much from her friend. "Why is it things always have to change when they're perfect? Meg always uses me every-thing. Now she keeps things to herself and thinks brown eyes are beautiful and John's a lovely name. John Brooke, of course! He'll keep away from me, or I'll tell him what I think of his breaking up other people's happiness."

"He hasn't, Jo. That sort of thing makes the fun twice as good. You'll find it the day when someone falls in love with you... soft spring day... setting sun... your true love found you."

"I'd like to see anybody try it."

"Would you?"

Jo's indignation turned to fury as, evading Laurie's outstretched arms, she dealt him a blow which sent him backwards over the fallen log, and started to run. Laurie was up and after her, making the most of sprinting powers acquired in a first term at college. Nevertheless, she outpaced him and arrived at the rustic gate of Orchard House to find Meg looking the essence of ladylike charm with a diminutive parasol atilt across one shoulder in conversation with John Brooke!

"Let me in, let me in!" she panted; then, as she charged after her, shouting, "I should have got you if you hadn't tripped me up, the whole miserable truth about Meg danced in air."

"Come along in, Meg. Good afternoon, Mr. Brooke," she said coldly.

"I've never been so embarrassed in my life. When will you stop your childish ways? Meg chided when they were alone."

"Not till I'm old enough to use a crutch, I hope."

Jo retorted spiritedly and only the red cushion in the garret could have told of the tears she went there to shed.

An hour later, once more on
Continued...

terms with herself, Jo was summoned to the parlor by Hannah's ejaculation of "Miss Jo, come and see what's just bin and come! The beautifullest baby!"

The entire family were in the parlor, lost in admiration of a piano as unlike the poor old instrument with the dumb note as the queen is to a choggar-maid.

On the glossy lid was a note which the sisters were pressing Beth to open and read.

"Miss Elizabeth March."
"Dear Madam," (it began) "I have had many slips in my life, but none that suited me so well as yours. I like to pay my debts, so I know you will allow the blind or something which belonged to the little grand-daughter I lost. With hearty wishes, I remain your grateful and humble servant,

James Laurence."

"You'll have to thank him," Amy pointed out. Neither she nor anyone expected Beth to do what she did. Hurriedly, so that there should be no time to change her mind, Beth almost ran out of the room into the house next door.

Mr. Laurence, reading the paper in the library, looked up from the sofa to see a little girl with brown eyes, brown hair, and brown wincey frock with pinfaire.

"Oh, sir, I've come to thank you!" gasped Beth. She flung her arms round the old gentleman's neck, while in Orchard House, Hannah was exclaiming, "Well, I wish I may die. She'd never have gone in her right mind."

In spite of Hannah's wish and Jo's sister's depression, the March's friendship with the Laurences and John Brooke advanced happily with the summer. Either Laurie or Jo would read aloud while Meg sewed, Amy sketched and Beth knitted. One afternoon, Marmee had joined the group by special request. Jo was reader and there was an unusual peace about the sunny room.

No one noticed the arrival of Hannah from the house until she was at her mistress' side.

"Mis' March! ... It's one of them telegraph things, mas'am."

With shaking fingers, Marmee tore the envelope and read the message on the printed form.

"Marmee, it's father!" Meg cried.

"He's in hospital ... dangerously ill ... I must go to Washington at once."

It was the sisters' first experience of real sorrow. Their lives, despite poverty and hard work had been sheltered. The words "Go away" from Marmee who had never left them even for a night, had a terrifying sound.

Marmee knew that and, resolutely overcoming her shyness, rallied them round her, found an errand for Jo, messages for Amy to Hannah, and directions to Meg and Beth about packing. Glad to be busy, the girls sped their different ways, while Laurie, within half an hour had been home and back with tangible offers of help.

Mr. Laurence, with a bottle under each arm, pressed in the wake of Hannah, who was carrying a cup of tea to her mistress' bedroom.

"Now, girls, don't forget the Hummels," Marmee was saying as the old gentleman came in to make his gift of port for the invalid. "Everything's arranged," he announced. "Brooke will go with you."

"Oh! But there's no need, I assure you. I shall be quite—"

"Sh, sh! Brooke's all prepared. He has some commissions for me in Washington. Now, Laurie will be round with the carriage in minutes ... your train leaves in about an hour."

The first train she had shed that day came to Marmee's eyes.

"My kind friend. ... I don't know how to thank you."

He patted her hand and hurried off. Meg, bending over the dress tunk, looked up to meet the brown eyes of Laurie's tutor.

"It's such a relief to know you're taking care of Marmee," she broke out, wherein John Brooke's face glowed through all he said was:

"Not at all, Miss Margaret."

Mrs. March, drinking Hannah's cup of tea with a glance at the clock, turned to the window. "What can be keeping Jo?" she asked for the second time during the whirlwind packing. "Surely, Aunt March can't be keeping her?"

"The clock had almost registered ten minutes before the house door banged to and Jo came upstairs and fainted quite as usual.

"Here's the money from Aunt March," she began with a little catch in her voice, "and here's my contribution for father."

"Twenty-five dollars, Jo. Where did you get it?"

"Don't look so worried, Marmee; I only sold something that belonged to me, that's all.

On an impulse she whispered about, letting her straw bonnet fall back off her head, held only by the loosened strings. There was a general outcry at the close-cropped chestnut thatch thus revealed.

"Jo, your glorious hair! You shouldn't have done it, dear."

"Why ever not?" Her secret out, Jo was her old self. "Aunt March croaked as she always does, when asked for ninetence. She only sent enough for the ticket, and I knew you'd need more, Marmee. I happened to pass a barber with tails of hair in the window with prices marked on them. I thought I would do my brains good to have my mop cut off. So I did."

"Christopher Columbus!" cried Laurie, coming in.

"You needn't be struck all of a heap. My head's boyish and it may keep in order, isn't it? Come on, Marmee; don't miss that train."

"Can't we go with you to the station, Marmee?"

"No dears. Go on with your work as usual. Do as Hannah tells you. Cheer up, my little women, I want to carry a picture of you all looking happy to father."

That night Meg, lying awake thinking of Marmee and also of a tender look in certain brown eyes, heard controlled sobs from the bed beside her.

"Jo, dear, you're crying! Don't. Father will get well and Miss Brooke will look after Marmee."

"I'm—not crying because of that."

"What then?"

"My hair," came the muffled voice; then, as though its owner were ashamed of vanity, the heart-felt words: "Meg, don't you hope nothing dreadful will happen while Marmee's away?"

NEXT WEEK:
Further adventures of the March family, some sad, some gay, others sentimental, follow next week.

Snowfire VANISHING CREAM

MEN are irresistibly drawn to a woman whose skin is smooth and clear and petal-soft. So be regular with your use of SNOWFIRE CREAM. This pure, non-greasy Cream quickly improves the texture of your skin and smooths away all blemishes. It keeps your complexion radiantly young and lovely—makes you always charming, always admired.

DANTY HANDBAG CONTAINERS. 54. TUBES. 64.

Opal Jar, 1/24.

have you availed yourself of the opportunity of opening an account with corot of bond street and paying for your new outfit by instalments?
call at the delightful showrooms and inspect the wonderful collection of new ensembles, suits for town or country wear, street frocks, coats, tailor-mades, afternoon and evening gowns that may be copied to your measurements, or post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars of this instalment system.

"goings on" a frisca tweed weave makes this snappy little jumper suit a very practical choice for the early spring days. in several shades.

12/- cash 4 gns.

(monthly)

(post this coupon to corot to-day—corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1)

regent 0234

please send latest corot fashion guide and full details.

name...

address...

P. 138

25
Studio Glimpses of “Jew—Süss”

Promising Scenes—A New He-man—Getting Ready for “Chu Chin Chow”—Sydney Howard’s Adventures—When Charles Laughton Played a “Bit”—Veteran Play revived

Jew decides to turn upon this base master whom he has schemed and plotted to make wealthy and powerful.

In Vesper we have one of the finest actors on the English stage—and if I have told you that before I make no apology whatsoever, for a truth is worth repeating.

Definitely “He”

On the next set we have a return, in at least one respect, to the principles which governed film production in the Age of Silence, when the absolutely indispensable quality in a hero was masculinity.

Barry Mackay, playing opposite Jessie Matthews in Evergreen, fulfills that condition to the letter. I have hardly seen him in action, and this being his first film, I haven’t had a chance to see him on the screen, but he is a hefty lad, and seems to have distinct photographic possibilities.

He is a recruit from the opera comic stage. I suppose we shall see him in one or two pictures before he is snapped up by Hollywood, and follows in the wake of Harry Winkoff.

They have a predilection for muscular and masculine young Englishmen over there at the moment.

Shuffle

The cast has been shuffled somewhat since this play was on the stage. For instance, Sonnie Hale, who played the young and dourly hero, is now playing an older man, so he is not, strictly speaking, playing opposite his wife, Jessie.

By the way, a second welcome reversion to the principles of silent days is the return of Betty Balfour. She plays an Edwardian musical comedy actress who, having married into the peerage, is trying to crash back on to the stage—a part that will give full scope to her comedy talents.

Featured in this film is the one and only Willy Claxton, costumer, who recently had the misfortune to see his precious wardrobe store go up in smoke and fire. He will play none other than himself.

Oriental

The Shepherd’s Bush studios are beginning to look like a junk shop in Aden, in preparation for Chu Chin Chow, which Walter Forde is to direct. Carpets, tapestries, brasses, pottery, silks, scimitars.

How old are you? Old enough to remember Chu Chin Chow, the gorgeous quasi-oriental musical comedy which ran at His Majesty’s Theatre in London from August 31, 1916, for 2,315 performances . . . which works out, allowing two matinees weekly, to nearly five years—easily a record for the London stage.

Whether you remember it or not, you probably heard its tuneful music—"Annie’s Kissing Time" and "The Cobbler’s Song" among others—and you will certainly want to see it now.

I enjoyed it thoroughly—but then I was on short leave from the particularly unpleasant sector just west of the Hindenburg Line at the moment, which may, perhaps, have coloured my judgment.

Anyway, I propose to see the film to discover whether I was right about the thing or not—and as only many thousands of other people about my age will want to do the same.

The Research Department is walking about looking extremely learned about the direct relationship of Western Gothic to Persian architecture of the time of Harun Al Raschid.

What most of us will be more concerned about (Continued on page 29)
"For some years now I have smoked your Craven "A" cigarettes as I have a somewhat troublesome throat and I must say that they are the least injurious to the throat of any cigarette I have tried. There is another reason, however, which has maintained my preference for Craven "A"—"they do not stain the fingers" and I suggest . . . that you should make use of this fact in your advertisements."

**"-the least injurious to the throat of any Cigarettes I have tried"**

THE NAME ‘CRAVEN’ ON CIGARETTES OR TOBACCO IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

---

From an Edinburgh Smoker of Craven "A". His original letter can be verified at Arcadia Works.

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

Big

Oscar Asche, who wrote the play, took the leading part himself—all that—until whenever I have seen him since then, he seems to have been a deadly large man in height and girth, and I am rather wondering what the camera would make of him in a close-up. Of course, they have a battery of cameras at Shepherd's Bush... .

But Oscar's size would fit in rather well with the general scale on which they are doing things at Shepherd's Bush recently.

The Rhodes Film

I don't, of course, insist on implicit belief, but it is reported to me that the unit proceeding presently to South Africa to make exteriors of a Life of Cecil Rhodes is taking thirty tons of materials—if you include lipstick for the Floor Secretaries.

Members of the unit (who are already being called Rhodes Scholars) include Victor Saville, who will direct, but not until he has finished Energex. Meanwhile, Alfred Barkas, who has already made a couple of trips to Africa for filming purposes—one being the silent film Palaver, which he directed and carried through under enormous difficulties.

In the Kitchen

Turning lightly from Africa to Elstree, observe Sydney Howard disposing himself in further sequences for British & Dominion Pictures.

The obvious thing in farces of this sort is to "get everything in." We have already, within the confines of one scene, had Syd as a stolid P.C. on the beat and disguised as a Chinese mandarin in an opium den.

This week I found him in what, to all intents and purposes, was the kitchen of a large hotel, in which Syd (still on the trail of the crooks) disguises himself as the chef.

I was told that the equipment which had been dragged in and installed was capable of cooking a four-course dinner for three hundred people, and Syd must have used both his more or less apparatus to cook a three-course dinner for four hundred people?

Anyway, you show; I'm busy trying to think where I've seen a similar scene before.

Far Cries

I've got it! It was in the monster Elstree-made silent film Piccadilly. If you saw that, you will easily recognize Jameson Thomas (it seems a far cry back now to the palmy Elstree days of Jameson Thomas!) walking through the restaurant kitchen with the dirty plate under his arm, trying to find the culprit—who turns out to be the kitchen-maid, Ann May Wong.

The bibulous diner who complained about the plate was Charles Laughton, making his positively first screen appearance—and that's a far cry too, with Laughton now one of the best-known film-actors in the world.

From what I have seen of it, this new Sydney Howard mirthquake is going to be quite as funny as its predecessors—and I confess that most of them have made me laugh uproariously.

To Filmland on Horseback

The roads to the studios are many and devious, but few can have been more so than that followed by Edward Underwood, who, afflicted several years ago with the itch to act, became a horse-trainer.

But even Edward himself, seems to know just where the connection was; but in any case, he soon became quite good at training horses, being encouraged in this harmless propensity by several of the military gentlemen (they are all military gentlemen) who run training establishments.

A Walk On

So, having done that for a year or two, our Edward realised that he was ready to go on the stage, and he obtained a walk-on (he may have been hoping for a ride-on) in Grand Hotel on tour.

Now, after two or three more stage roles, he has come galloping into films, via Crime Reporter, which Uncle Tom Bentlely is directing at Welwyn.

When he is merely playing in the West End, instead of combining stage and film work as he is doing at present, he rises at six every morning and takes the train to Epsom, where he helps to exercise race-horses at 7.30.

This, he told me, gives him an excuse for ducking straight away to bed after the evening show, and keeps him fit.

It would appear that Edward Underwood knows (who is training about acting coaches as well as training horses; but on cold, dark mornings he probably wishes his name were Underiederdown.

Digging 'Em Up

Gradually they are digging up all the old plays that have been allowed to lie fallow for years and are making films of them.

The latest is The Magistrate, which Tom Bentlely is directing at Elstree for B.I.P.

This started the life the year before I was born, with the same name as it now bears—though whether it will still be called that when you see it on the screen I'm not prepared to say. Indeed, I shall be rather surprised if a more "Box-office" title is not found for it.

Birth of Whoopoe

Originally it was a farce-comedy by Pinero; then, in 1934, it saw its first run, now, with a musical version by Fred Thompson, and although I confess I haven't the faintest idea who was in the original cast, for the musical version they had W.H. Berry (as Mr. Meeble, the magistrate), Donald Calthrop (as Hughie Cavanagh, the youth who has to pretend, for some doubtful reason, to be a schoolboy); and Heather Thatcher as Katie Murhead, the governess who discovers that the boy is not quite so young as at first appeared.

I particularly remember that show because Donald Calthrop, in the night-club scene, made great play with the newly-imported American word "Whoopoe"!—the first time I had heard it.

In passing, which of you youngsters realised that that expression was in currency sixteen years ago—before many of you were born?

Two Come Back

Now Will Hay, "the Schoolmaster" of the music-halls, is playing the Magistrate, John Mills (who looks about seventeen and is quite a bit more) plays the boy, and Margaret Allan, returned to the B.I.P. fold after all these years, is the young governess.

And look who else is here! That clever stage comedienne, Iris Hoey, who has only been in one film before, and that as a quickie and made a long time ago.

She is playing Mrs. Magistrate—and anyone who knows her stage work will be willing to bet a tidy sum that she will play it well.
New Face Powder Fashion Takes Paris by Storm

The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.

Here is the new guide to Powder!

This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream.' Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion, but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long, whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the lovely loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and a 1½ or a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' proces.

Stomach Pains Cease in 5 Minutes

Remarkable Letter from Coventry

A letter does not have to be long to tell a wonderful story. And this is a wonderful story for you if you know what it is to suffer from stomach trouble. It is from Mr. J. E. Richards of 8, Shakespeare Street, Stoke, Coventry.

Thank you very much for Marlean Brand Stomach Powder. After suffering from pain I was surprised that 5 minutes after taking the first dose the pain was less severe. I have since purchased 2 bottles and am pleased to say that I am quite well again. I shall always keep a bottle by me, I have also recommended it to other sufferers and shall continue to do so. You can make any use you like of this letter.

If you have suffered agony from indigestion for years, why not try the way Mr. Richards found so effective?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Marlean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in ½, 2½, and 5½ bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Lost 38 lbs. Fat

Just by taking daily dose of Kruschen Salts

For months, for years perhaps, the pointer on the weighing-machine has been moving remorselessly forward; steadily accumulating fat has been wiped out your girlish lines, slowing you up and making you look old and feel tired... While you have had all your lovely fat to creep on, slowly and insidiously, thousands of other women and girls have been getting rid of double chins, of chunky calves, of leg-of-mutton arms and of ugly bulging fat above the waistline. For example, Mrs. Anna Morris writes: "Kruschen Salts is working wonders for me... when the neighbours notice the difference, it certainly is fine." Read her own account of how Kruschen Salts has unloaded her body of 38 superfluous pounds:

"...just a line to let you know that Kruschen is working wonders for me... I have lost 38 lb. in six months, and now weigh 10 stone 1 lb., instead of 12 stone 11 lb. I am feeling fine—we feel better. I never miss a morning taking Kruschen, and do not diet any more than before I started to take it. All I did was to cut down on sweets and eat all white bread instead of white bread, and no potatoes, but everything else. It is wonderful. I am really surprised at results. When your neighbours notice the difference, it certainly is fine. I now have two other neighbours taking it, and they have a lot of faith in it, as they see what Kruschen has done for me." 

(Mrs.) A. M.

Kruschen is based on scientific principles—it’s an ideal blend of mineral salts found in the aperient waters of those European Spas which have been resorted to from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist’s (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

D. D. D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots and pimples. A few drops give instant relief. Buy a 1½ bottle to-day at any chemist

SPECIAL OFFER


How to Dress Well

on lbs. or ½ per month

Without References or Deposit

Open a Bank Account with SMARTWEAR LTD., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1

Enlargements

Amazing Offer

Your own Photograph, Prints, (or film), any size (regis. not essential), enlarged to 8 by 6 ins. Beautiful results. To introduce our new process, we are willing to do a few more at this price for readers of the "Picturegoer." Send photo and stamp (½d.) addressed envelope.

TODD STUDIOS, The Commercial Photographers

DEP'T. P., 9, Canfield St., London, W.I.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

SENSATIONALISM, STUNTS and STORIES

Babies, Boxers and Beauties Versus Art

SHALL we ever see the day when a book or a play will be filmed and presented on the screen with all the artistry of the original? 

"The box-office Torquemada demands from nearly every film made to-day some degree of martyrdom.

"A story holding a place in the literature of the country and presented by players of reputation is not enough.

"It must be made to some sensational feature such as a boxer or merely a cherub like Baby Le Roy, who is, we are assured, a born actor but is probably unaware of it as is the public.

"Sensationalism is its own reward and there may be a trifle over for the box-office. But producers who crowd their screens with babies, boxers and beauties instead of players, have not soul above the penny show, and their works will perish with them."

—C. Clifton, 39 Westwood Road, Hulsea, Portsmouth, winner of this week's guinea prize.

[Most intelligent readers will agree with this viewpoint. The stunts have to be bumped off at the box-office before the cinema really comes into its own as an art. But the box-office has the final say.]

Pepping Up Publicity

Perhaps we are coming to the fore with our films, but one lesson we can take from Hollywood is how to 'Pep up Publicity Portraits.'

"Who wants to gaze at the uninteresting photos published of our stars all dressed up in tweed! In Hollywood, they have a length of chiffon and cleverly drape it around their subject, making a striking picture, pleasing to the eye, which draws attention. And as, after all, the object of publicity is to bring the stars to public notice, to make them known, and build up their popularity, it is essential to make these pictures attractive.

"Unfortunately, in our British photographers there is a sad lack of originality in this respect, and one has only to compare photographs of any British actress who has gone to Hollywood as sent out by her American studio with those issued previously by her British studios to notice this."—Mary Good, 8 Oakleigh, Belvedere, Palmer Green, N.13.

[This is a point on which Picturegoer is constantly hammering at British studios. There has, as a result, been a marked improvement of late, but our publicity departments still have a lot to learn.]

The "Nudies"

"Why this mad outcry about 'Nudies'? Anyone can wear nothing if she feels that way inclined. Women fans especially suffer inferior films to see exquisite costumes worn by the stars—lovely flouncy things we can never hope to possess ourselves. If directors take this delight away from us, they will have to give us much better plots and already the dearth of good stories is deplorable.

"The result of costume plays is somewhat helping them out at present, but picture the absurdity of a plumpless Walter Raleigh begetting a Queen Elizabeth a la naturelle to 'step on it.'

"Hollywood would be revolutionised. New players would have to be found, while charming slender stars like Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett were putting on weight. No matter how exquisite they appear in fashionable clothes, 'nearly-naked' they compare badly with their plumper sisters."

"No, like other crazes, this will soon die."—(Miss) Joyce I. Corbett, "Bonshair," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

"Nudity on the films is going to be the biggest box-office draw since Al Jolson's Singing Fool, inaugurating the 'talkies,' was the success of the century.

"If nattily handled, will bring increased allurement and entertainment. The beautiful nude film star opens up fresh vistas; the unattractive but comic nude figure presents a new source of humour. Both will be relished by the sophisticated jaded cinema audiences of to-day."

—(Mrs) M. Scott, "The Kraal," London Road, South Benfleet, Essex.

Do we want the nudies? Much depends on whom the world we implore.

"If 'we' want nudity, 'we' will assuredly get it, but the cinema will no longer be a place of entertainment; it will just be an exhibition of artists' models."—George Wolsey, 32 Hullouen Street, Oldpark Road, Belfast, N. Ireland.

"The nude scene is West to be the most controversial talkie topic of the day. I have been flooded with letters on the subject of those published above are more or less representative."

Seconds Out

A reader takes exception to Jimmy Durante's nose, Joe Brown's mouth and Eddie Cantor's eyes, and finishes her letter with 'Alas for Hollywood's sense of humour.'

"Does he forget Ralph Lynne's teeth, Sydney Howard's bibulous features, and the facial contortions of Leslie Fuller and Leslie Henson?"

"Moreover, I am sure that the success of Cantor's pictures is not due to the fact that his eyes rotate."—Syd Loober, 1 Park Row, Greensloch.

Do You See Them Twice?

A few days ago I read of an energetic film fan who saw Sunshine Susie no fewer than 37 times. It would be nice to know if keen filmgoers usually see a picture once only.

"Personally, I consider that any serious drama deserves at least two viewings. The first time one is absorbed in following the story; the second, one is able to notice minor characters, subtleties of manner and intonation, setting, and photography.

"Also, many audiences, who are more than likely barely sitting there, are more wearying than silent pictures. I saw Under Two Flags—the second version, with Priscilla Dean and James Kirkwood—seven times; Enemies of Women, with Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens, I saw six times."

"Among talksies I have seen Private Lives three times, and many others twice."—(Miss) N. M. Gibbs, Elasm, Westwood H. I Devon.

"There is a great deal in the idea of seeing a picture twice, but sometimes you notice the imperfections as well. I, personally, have never had an ambition to see any one film thirty-seven times!"

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

Letter writers published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "The Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
PLAYERS’ CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS

10 FOR 6d  20 FOR 11½
Player’s Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady’s handbag.

L. T. PIVER Paris
the ORIGINATOR of the
MATT FINISH VOGUE

Sets deep Waves and Tight Curls...

Poudre MATTEVER
(formerly known as MATITE)
is the original matt-textured face powder, only
the name is changed. The ever matt and
exquisitely fine texture of Poudre MATTEVER
with its delicate perfume will appeal to you. The
only powder to give the perfect matt
finish complexion 1/3 a box in 9 shades.

Parfum MATTEVER
just the same perfume you loved under its old name
of MATITE. 1/2 to 5/-. Trial size 1/3
By the same creator as Le Trelle, Incrédent
and d’Aventuré. Perfumes, Powders, etc.

AMAMI WAVE SET

6 Wave-Settings for 6d
February

PICTUREGOER Weekly
"George" and "Anne" are

BEFORE BREAKFAST

j
:
\

"

your

dailV^g;
epa^
Use op
b ed-

5CP»*2,
Bathroorn-

\
\

\

at

:

j

16

Price

:

size,

R.

P.

—Address

(Eastbourne).

Ronald

:

—

.-

— —
—
—
Richard Cooper; Therese— Ellen Pollock;
Murdo Fraser— Ivan Brandt; Alice Fraser
Eileen
Mabel— MiUicent Wolf; Butler

For Colds. Influenza. Catarrh. Headache, etc.

Peel;

—Gibb McLaughlin.
is

NOW

ORDER

— —
—

—

married to

(2) Claudette Colbert

Norman Foster.

Fan Club Notice.
J

of the

Film Fans Correspondence Club will be sent
on l eceipt of a stamped addressed envelope
to
Miss Hazel Bailey, 24 Philemon House,
Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.I.
Betty (Barry).—(1) Richard Tahnadge is
dead.
(2) Marriages as follows : Douglas
Fairbanks, Kin. to Joan Crawford (marriage
dissolved). Robot
Armstrong to Ethel
Kent.
(3) John Wayne, Diana Wynyard,
Heather Angel, Sylvia Sydney, and Sally

—

GAYBORDER

GLORIOUS

DELPHINIUMS

Why

pay high prices for these lovely plants when the
following special collections of strong Gayborder grown
plants are offered
PRICES.

AT BARGAIN

DA.
Coll. DA.
CoU. DA.
Coll. DA.
Coll.

12
12
12
12

1.

2.
3.

4.

Blanc

are
Marshall's

Plants priced at 25/- for 20/.

Derbyshire

TRY THE BEAUTY SECRET
OF THE ANCIENTS FREE

Goldwyn-Mayer

(St.

(1)

Mother—
Walton.

—
Done

Kosvp l«

also desired,
CO.,

sad
LTD.

lor pootaa*.
If sample of
*d. for post* re aod parktnr. Writ* to the
iDept. Dr. 10). ** Blent*™ Road, Upper
,

—

Women

—

(silent version)

:

Julia Harley;

—

—

—

;

—

—

Date Cream send 2d. stamp

SHATE3 ZEE-KOL

—

Little

Mrs. MarchKate Lester; Jo—Dorothy Bernard; Mr.
March—George Kelson; Beth—Lilian Hull;
Mr. Lawrence John Vernon; Professor
Baer Lyn
Hammond
Laurie Conrad
Nagel; Amy Jenny l.unn, John Brook
Henry Hall; Meg Marjory Lammond.
(2) Conrad Nagel weighs 1 1 st. 6 lb., snd
Rkardo Cortex weighs 1 2 st. 7 lb.
Film Struck Mbc (Oundle) (1) Janet
Gaynor comes from Philadelphia, U.S.A.,
and was born October 6, 1907 ; 5 ft. tall,
golden brown hair and brown eyes, married
Lydefl Peck (separated).
Hobbies, music,
acrobatics
dogs,
and reading. Pictures
include The Johnstown Flood, The Shamrock
Handicap. The Midnight Kiss, The Return of

—

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY—
For Free Sample Tube of Do(e Cream

attainable from mil
ChemiMt and Store*.

!

Douglas Frazer Scott; His
Jane Kcckley; The Doctor Fred

(A)

Aunt March

—

of

Bobby

bridge;

sallow or patchy a complexion may be. Doge cream is gnaranteed to make
perfect.
Not a vanishing cream will not dry the skin. Over 1,000 Society women

fcr

(a)

ford;

DOGE CREAM. MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

— mp

:

Julia

This soap gives the same opportunity to you. Never before has a soap of this
description been given to the public.
Palm Oil costs ad. per lb. Almond Oil costs
Yet a large i/- tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Toilet Soap is sold to-dav for
5/6 per lb.
only 6d., at all Chemists and Stores.

For

Studios, Culver City, Cali-

Nagel Fan
Annes-on-Sea).
—A Conrad
Dynamite Roger Towne
Cast
Conrad Nagel; Cynthia Crothers— Kay
Johnson: Hagon Derk —Charles Ride
Marcia Towne—
Fayc; Katie Derk
Muriel McCormac. Marco—Joel McCrea;
Young Vultures— Leslie Fenton and barton
Hepburn;
Three Wise
Fools — Robert
Edeson, William Holden and Henry Stock-

ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL TOILET SOAP

PER POT.. 1/LARGE POT 21LARGE
TUBE 9d.

include

fornia.

Cleopatra, Salome, and. in later times, such beauties a« Mrs. Sirldons. relied upon
Almond Oil to keep their skins supple and youthful.

it

pictures

playing on the New York stage. Films
include: So This is College, Their Otvn
Desire, Free and Easy, The Divorcee, Big
House, Richest Man in the World, Our
Blushing Brides, Sins of the Children, Love in
the Rough, War Nurse, Strangers May Kiss,
Inspiration, Shipmates, Man in Possession,
But the Flesh is Weak, Private Lives, Lovers
Courageous, Letty Lynlon, Blondie of the
Follies, Faithless, When Ladies Meet, Night
Flight, Another Language, Too Thieves and
Overland Bus. Write to him c/o Vletro-

only.

(The home of hardier hardy plants.)

However

recent

York; 6 ft. 1 in. tall, brown hair and blue
eyes; married Elizabeth Allen (not the
British star Elizabeth Allan who is married
to W. 1. O'Bryen). Before he made his
screen debut he was a mechanic's helper, a
deck hand, and a stage super, afterwards

Plants priced at 20/. for 16/.

GAYBORDER NURSERIES, MELBOURNE,

most

Solitaire

Plants priced at 17/6 for 14/-

C.W.O.

Herbert

Man and Four Frightened People.
was bom on May 21, 1904, at Beacon, New

Plants priced at 15/- for 12/.

Carriage and Packing Free.

(4)

unmarried.

all

.!».

:

HERE

YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

IS

FREE%
Simply
Fraa

fill

in

Coupon

the

SampU and a
TheM,

a

tof rtbor with copitt of

am wiU

privately, post traa.

Don't

(lastly

toad

lose

another

Write for these to-day

— MOW,

while yoa thin k at

it

---COUPON
Sample of Elanto
THE GSEAT BLOOD REVITALISES
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 191). Cecil Hewer,

Hoftora Viadoct, Loodoa, E.C.
Please send roe Free Sample and
Special Free Booklet fully explaining
the Eiasto Treatment.

Name

aad too for yearooW

what a wonderful difference Elaata
!!

|

for Trial

I

Mm Haw Biatigical

rocoat testimonials,

moment!

tar

Special Fraa Booklet

tally si plai n i ag Elasee,

Treatment.

Mow

J-

I

Peter Grimm, Seventh Heaven, Sunrise, Ttvo
Girls Wanted, Street Angel Four Devils,
Christina, Lucky Star. Sumy Side Up, Happy
Days, Higk Society Blues, The Man Who Came
Back, Daddy Long Legs, Merely Mary Ann,
Delicious, The First Year, Test of Ike Storm
Country, State Fair, Adorable, and Paddy
the Next Best Thing.
(2) Spencer Tracy
was born on April 5, 1900, st Milwaukee;
5 ft. 10 in. tall, dark brown hair and blue
eyes, married Louise Treadwell (separated)
Films include : Up the Rwer, Quick Millions,
Goldie, She Wanted a Millionaire. Disorderly
Conduct, Wr Humans, The Painted lady.
Face in the Sky, Pier 13 . 20,000 Years
in Sing Sing, Power and Glory, Shanghai

Madness, A Man's Castle, said The Mad
Game. (3) Write to Janet Gaynor and
Spencer Tracy c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills,
California.

(Please print in Capital Letters.)

Aye Ready and

Interested.

—(I)

Carl

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT
(Dept. 111). Cecal Hooaa. Helborn Viaduct,

London, E.C.

32

Mv

ailment

is

Picturegoer 27/1/34

RKO

—

The

Patrol,

Way

of All Mess, Dame* Hall,

Little Accident, One Night at Susie's, Outward
Bound, Little Caesar, Chances, I Like Your

Nerve, Love

Tough

a Racket, Gentleman for a Day.
he Famous, Scarlet Dawn,

is

to

Parachute Jumper, Narrate Comer, Captured,
Morning Glory, and Catherine the Great
(British).

(2)

Anthony

Bunnell's

films

Widow,
include : Disraeli, The Flirting
Journey's End, Three Faces East, Latin' the
Ladies, Ban to Love, Expensive Women,
Five Star Final, Shop Angel, Dangerous
Ground, Silver Greyhound, Sally Bishop, snd
Marriages
Soldiers
of the King. (3)
Lawrence Olivier to Jill Esmond in 1930,

and Ronald Colman to Thelma Raye in 1920
(separated); Douglas Fairbanks, jun., to
Joan Crawford in 1929 (marriage dissolved).

—

TEN-MINUTE Alibi (Petworth). Anthony
Ireland has appeared in the following films:
Spanish Eves. Big Business, These Charming
People, The Water Gypsies, and Called Back.

—

Landi Fan. Ehssa Landi was born on
December ft, 1904, at Venice, Italy; real
name, Elizabeth Marie Landi; daughter of
Countess Zanardi- Landi, descendant of the
Royal House of Austria; 5 ft. 5} in. tall, redgold hair, green eyes ; married J C. Lawrence,
an English barrister. Films : Underground,
The Price of Things,
Bolibar,
Ecstasy,
Knott ing Men, Children of Chance, Body and
Wicked,
Yellow
Soul, Always Good-bye,
Ticket, The Devil's Lottery, Burnt Offering,
The Woman in Room 13, The Sign of the Cross,
The Warrior's Husband, I Loved You
Wednesday, and By Candlelight. Address
.

her c/o Universal Studios, Universal City,
Frcdric March was born on
California.
August 31. 1898, st Racine, Wis.; 5 ft- 11 in.
tall, brown hair and eyes; married Florence
Eldridge. Films : The Dummy, The Wild
Party. The Studio Murder Mystery, Footlights
Brutes, Paramount on Parade, True to the
Manslaughter,
Laughter,
Lovers,
Navy,
Night Angel, My Sin, Dr. JekyU and Mr.
Hyde, Strangers in Love, Merrily We Go
Through, The Sign of Ike
To
. Smilin'
Cross, To-night is Ours, The Eagle and the
Hawk, Design for Living, Chrysalis, and
Death Takes a Holiday. Write to him c/o
Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood California.

M. (Brixham).—John Wayne plays
Cycl one,
Tim McCoy. Address John Wayne
Studios,
Gower
Street,
Columbia
1,438

E. J.

the part of Steve Pickett in The Texas
starring

c/o

Hollywood, California.

—

Polly-Anna (Walthamstow). (l) I do
not think it would be in order for you to
write to Jean Harlow as you suggest. (2)
Jean's most recent pictures sre Dinner at
Eight.

Hold Your Man, Hollywood Party.

Blonde Bombshell, and I.ntng In a Big Way.
You can obtain a coloured photograph of
Jean Harlow and an ordinary one of Clark
Gable from The Picturegoer Post Card
Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. at
3d. each.
(4) Clark Gable will be 33 on
February 1 ; he's married to Rita Langham.
Recent pictures include Hold Your Man,
Night Flight, Dancing Lady, and Tmo Thieves.
(5) Write to both Jean Harlow and Clark
(3)

Gable c/o Metro-Gold wyn- Mayer Studios,
Culver City, California. You are no trouble.
P. W. (London. N.l) and CARLO (London'
N. 4). — -Dick Powell was bom on November
14, at Mountain View. Ark.; divorced from
Films include The Blessed Event,
his wife.
Too Busy to Work, Radio Girl, Jubilo, Gold
Diggers of 1933, Foatlight Parade. Callage
Coach, Sweethearts Forever, and Convention
Address him c/o Warner Bros.
City.
Studio*. Bu thank, California.
(2) I expect
he will send you s signed photograph if you
know
if
he charges
ask him nicely ; I do not
for them.
:

J.

R.

(Richmond).—Casts (I) By Wham
a rba ra
Baa Lyon; Ahce

— Eileen
——William V. Mong:

Hand T Jimmy

American Prisoner, Song of Soho, Knotting

Street,

Margery (Barry). (1) Douglas Fairbanks,
jun., is at present in America; he has appeared
in the following talkie films: The Damn

Weeks; Graham

Men, Prince of Arcadia, Two Hear it in Walts
Time.
(2) Jack Buchanan was born in
Glasgow on Ap il 2. 1891.

Cower

Radio Studio, 780
Hollywood, California.

Copenhagen,

:

CO.. LTD.,

—

Madeline. Nils Astber has made
number of film studios but a
should reach him if it is addressed to

18

Briaaon was born

December 24, 1895, at
Denmark, real name Carl
Pederoon; 6 ft. t m. tall, brown hair and grey
eyes.
He ia married. Hobbies are dogs,
motoring,
riding
and boxing. Pictures
include
The Ring, The Manxman, The

Address

—

pictures for a
letter

It's

—Particulars

—

—

;

Cynara and The Masquerade*.
D. H. (Croydon). (1) Herewith the cast
The
First
Mrs. F rater James Fraser
of
Henry Ainley; Elsie Fraser Joan Barry;
Janet Fraser Dorothy Dix; Mario Harold
Huth; Philip Logan Henry Hewitt; Ninian
Fraser Hargrove Pawaon: Connie Oriel
Ross; George Arnold Riches; Lord Lame

BEFORE BED

S. D. and C. McD. (Cheyenne).—(1)
Herewith the cast of Tike Virginians: The
Walter
Virginian, Gary Cooper; Tram pas
Huston; Molly Stark Wood Mary Brian;
Hughey
Uncle
Richard
Arlen;
Steve
Chester Conklin Honey Wiggin Eugene
PaUette; Judge Henry— E- H. Calvert; Mrs.
Taylor—Helen Ware. (2) Address Gary
Studios,
5451
Cooper c/o Paramount
Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

—

Colman c/o United Artists Studio. 1041
N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Latest films

GEORG1

Let

your enqvity departments. The
farmer will be happy to answer
any query regarding films, the
latter anything connected with
household or beauty hints. Write
to them both c o The Pictufegoer Weekly. When a reply
by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

1934

3.

Chambers—-Kenn h
Ken yon
Ethel
—
Thomson; Drunk —Tom Dugan; Detective
et

;

—William

Halligan;

—

Widow— Helen

Mil-

m

Chick D wight Frye; Bridegr oo
Lorin Baker; Bride Dolores Rcy; Pullman
Conductor Tom
Smith;
Oscar
McCuire; The Killer— Nat Pendleton. (2)
The Mask of Fu Mancku. Dr. Fu Manchu—

larde;

Porter

—

—

—


A STUPENDOUS SENSATION

"John Bull's"

GIANTIC GIFT

To "Picturegoer" Readers

A MIGHTY £1-1-0

WORK FOR IT!-

(Plus 1/- for carriage, packing, insurance, etc.)

OVER 1,000

AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS

Many published for the first time and including such intriguing and exclusive pictures as-


Here is the world—the marvels of distant lands and strange peoples—the wonders of nature and all life—between two covers—a startling original voyage of discovery in pictures, that is of undying interest to every man, woman, and child.

Each picture in this book is accompanied by a thrilling story—stranger and more interesting than fiction.

This is a work for which you would gladly pay!

(1 Is.—yet it is yours for 1/- only—plus 1/-

for carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—a wonderful concession that is absolutely unprecedented and must be accepted without delay.

Get your copy of "John Bull" at once!

A GIFT VOUCHER

For this wonderful work is presented inside every copy of

JOHN BULL

OUT-TO-DAY! THURSDAY

The demand will be tremendous—hurry for your copy!


DO IT!
LEAVE IT TO BONNIE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

I love very hot baths," wrote a girl to me the other day, "and come out of them as red as a beetroot!" She wanted to know whether such baths were bad for her. The answer is "Yes and No," the reasons for which you will presently discover.

The first object of the bath is personal cleanliness, and after that comes stimulation. If you are very strong and healthy and reared to cold water you can get your stimulation by a cold bath. But there are comparatively few people who can stand it, despite all the talk about modern spartan girls. These people can obtain just as good stimulation from a very hot bath—provided—and this is important—it is not prolonged beyond a few minutes. It must be in and out again. It is soaking for any length of time in very hot water that is so bad. The blood vessels dilate, the heart quickens, temperature rises and sweat glands are stimulated to greater activity. This is all right up to a point, but after that point depression follows.

Of course, it goes without saying that very hot baths are not for people with heart trouble nor yet should they be taken after a full meal. Neither should they be taken frequently. For all ordinary purposes the temperature of the bath should be about too degrees F. You can buy a bath thermometer, but the old-fashioned way of judging the strength of the water with the elbow or the back of the hand is good enough.

The daily bath of moderate temperature is the ideal, but if for any reason this is not possible, a warm bath must be taken at least twice a week, if beauty and cleanliness of skin is to be maintained. By means of the skin the body rids itself of much waste and impurity. And the deeper layers of the skin are constantly passing on to the outer layer as dry, dead scales. Only soap and water combined with brisk rubbing can get rid of this dead skin and these impurities. If they remain all the waste obstructs the sweat and sebaceous glands, and skin blemishes are the result.

You cannot have the dirty back and blemish-free shoulders that look well in backless evening gowns unless absolutely daily cleanliness is practised. Nothing else will suffice. Creams, powder and other toilet aids can only do their bit if personal hygiene is strictly carried out.

A bath brush or a massage glove should be used, for it increases the flow of perspiration. If there is goosebodh on the backs of the arms rub it vigorously with a soaped loofah. If the water is only lukewarm there is a reduction in lingering in it for half an hour or so. Bath salts are an extravagance. They soften the water and add to the pleasure of the bath, and the bath should be pleasurable if it is to be restful and refreshing.

Cold Baths

For the hardy, the cold bath is an excellent tonic. But it is not advisable to take a daily cold bath, at least two warm baths must be taken also in the course of a week. The cold water gets the blood deep into the body and administers a shock to the nerves. Reaction should follow immediately, the blood rushing back to the surface and producing a healthy glow. If this does not follow, then the cold water is far too strong and should be given up. A stiff towelling should follow both to whip up the heat in the body and also to rub off the dead scales mentioned above. The cool or cold bath should never be taken at night-time, or wakefulness is bound to follow.

Fragrant Baths

We can add a great deal to the enjoyment by making the bath fragrant. Bath salts are cheap enough, or you can buy bath cubes for 2d. that will both soften and perfume the water.

A sage and lavender bath is well worth trying, and the bag may be used again and again. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of dried sage leaves and 1 table-spoonful of dried lavender flowers and spread in a square of butter muslin. Add a little finely grated dried orange peel, and then tie up with tape. Immerse the bag in a quart of boiling water. Allow to remain till quite cold, when squeeze out the bag and add the liquid to the bath.

Dabbing for dizziness is much practised. Ordinary Epsom salts is used for the purpose, but a better idea is to use an aromatic bath salt with which sea-wrack extract is incorporated. Sea-wrack is claimed to effect a reduction through the pores. It is also strongly recommended for those who suffer from rheumatism and similar ills.

Answers to Correspondents

Joan (Brenwood)—Keep the growth of eyebrows by dashing daily with peroxide of hydrogen.

Equestrian (Poultry).—To improve and darken the plumage, apply a little cinder oil nightly with an eyelash brush.

Brenda (W.S.)—Use Light Pumpeen Balm, white, powder, and light Pumpeen Lipstick.

Freckles (Nottingham)—You can buy a

LEAVE IT TO BONNIE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

I love very hot baths," wrote a girl to me the other day, "and come out of them as red as a beetroot!" She wanted to know whether such baths were bad for her. The answer is "Yes and No," the reasons for which you will presently discover.

The first object of the bath is personal cleanliness, and after that comes stimulation. If you are very strong and healthy and reared to cold water you can get your stimulation by a cold bath. But there are comparatively few people who can stand it, despite all the talk about modern spartan girls. These people can obtain just as good stimulation from a very hot bath—provided—and this is important—it is not prolonged beyond a few minutes. It must be in and out again. It is soaking for any length of time in very hot water that is so bad. The blood vessels dilate, the heart quickens, temperature rises and sweat glands are stimulated to greater activity. This is all right up to a point, but after that point depression follows.

Of course, it goes without saying that very hot baths are not for people with heart trouble nor yet should they be taken after a full meal. Neither should they be taken frequently. For all ordinary purposes the temperature of the bath should be about too degrees F. You can buy a bath thermometer, but the old-fashioned way of judging the strength of the water with the elbow or the back of the hand is good enough.

The daily bath of moderate temperature is the ideal, but if for any reason this is not possible, a warm bath must be taken at least twice a week, if beauty and cleanliness of skin is to be maintained. By means of the skin the body rids itself of much waste and impurity. And the deeper layers of the skin are constantly passing on to the outer layer as dry, dead scales. Only soap and water combined with brisk rubbing can get rid of this dead skin and these impurities. If they remain all the waste obstructs the sweat and sebaceous glands, and skin blemishes are the result.

You cannot have the dirty back and blemish-free shoulders that look well in backless evening gowns unless absolutely daily cleanliness is practised. Nothing else will suffice. Creams, powder and other toilet aids can only do their bit if personal hygiene is strictly carried out.

A bath brush or a massage glove should be used, for it increases the flow of perspiration. If there is goosebodh on the backs of the arms rub it vigorously with a soaped loofah. If the water is only lukewarm there is a reduction in lingering in it for half an hour or so. Bath salts are an extravagance. They soften the water and add to the pleasure of the bath, and the bath should be pleasurable if it is to be restful and refreshing.

Cold Baths

For the hardy, the cold bath is an excellent tonic. But it is not advisable to take a daily cold bath, at least two warm baths must be taken also in the course of a week. The cold water gets the blood deep into the body and administers a shock to the nerves. Reaction should follow immediately, the blood rushing back to the surface and producing a healthy glow. If this does not follow, then the cold water is far too strong and should be given up. A stiff towelling should follow both to whip up the heat in the body and also to rub off the dead scales mentioned above. The cool or cold bath should never be taken at night-time, or wakefulness is bound to follow.

Fragrant Baths

We can add a great deal to the enjoyment by making the bath fragrant. Bath salts are cheap enough, or you can buy bath cubes for 2d. that will both soften and perfume the water.

A sage and lavender bath is well worth trying, and the bag may be used again and again. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of dried sage leaves and 1 table-spoonful of dried lavender flowers and spread in a square of butter muslin. Add a little finely grated dried orange peel, and then tie up with tape. Immerse the bag in a quart of boiling water. Allow to remain till quite cold, when squeeze out the bag and add the liquid to the bath.

Dabbing for dizziness is much practised. Ordinary Epsom salts is used for the purpose, but a better idea is to use an aromatic bath salt with which sea-wrack extract is incorporated. Sea-wrack is claimed to effect a reduction through the pores. It is also strongly recommended for those who suffer from rheumatism and similar ills.

Answers to Correspondents

Joan (Brenwood)—Keep the growth of eyebrows by dashing daily with peroxide of hydrogen.

Equestrian (Poultry).—To improve and darken the plumage, apply a little cinder oil nightly with an eyelash brush.

Brenda (W.S.)—Use Light Pumpeen Balm, white, powder, and light Pumpeen Lipstick.

Freckles (Nottingham)—You can buy a...
THICK, STRONG Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in clumps until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I tried Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and lustreous and a tick more of width and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new beard of hair by using Kotalko. It re-rows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its beautiful circulation, and reversing wear and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER.

Kotalko is supplied by Boots, Timsbury Wholes., Tailors, and all Chemists and Stores; per box 1s. and 1/2. Kotalko Soap 1/6 per tablet.

SAMPLE OFFER. If you write a card post, falling hair or baldness, send 3d. in stamps, for a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap to J. H. Brittain Ltd., 9 Ferrey Street, 106A, CADC., London, W.1.

SMART WOMEN KNOW the value of dainty feet

No really smart woman can feel happy unless her feet are well shod. Keep your shoes immaculate with Radium Leather Dyes. Radium costs but 6d. per bottle and the results will amaze you. Ask for Radium at your repairers, leather stores or boot shop.

Radium LEATHER DYES 6d.

A Slim Form

Do you wish to free yourself of unattractive extra curves? You can achieve a lovely slim figure in a few weeks. Simply rub in KIRBIBUKI, the remarkable Vegetable Reducing Cream. Guaranteed harmless. Wonderful testimonials. Monthly's supply, 5d. Write for free booklet sent privately. KIRBIBUKI, Dept. P.D., 52 Dean Road, LONDON, S.W.1.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA

will keep your hands, face and neck smooth, soft and youthful. A generous sample of this wonderful preparation is free on application.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO. LTD. (Dept. P.G.) Oak Grove, Gicklewood, London, N.W.2

VOCAL NEWS

Get ready for the Big Picture. Pop a Zube into your mouth. There's nothing finer for the throat and chest. Tobacco smoke won't irritate your throat now. Ensure comfort...

Go... Suck a ZUBE

2 1/2 OUNCE 3" & 6" IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

EvAN Williams SHAMPOO

... gives a degree of beauty to the hair that is inimitable... and is always SAFE

• "Ordinary" Grade for Dark Hair in Blue Packet.
• "Camomile" Grade for Fair Hair in Green Packet.

WAVES LAST LONGER

TEXTURE IS IMPROVED

LUXURIOUS GROWTH ENSURED

FREE... AN INTERESTING AND USEFUL BOOKLET ON HAIR BEAUTY.


A BRITISH SAILOR WHO TRAINED AT SEA

This Gentleman is a British Sailor

who built himself entirely by MAXALDING while at sea. This unretouched photograph was taken during November 1933.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Every inquirer for details of Maxalding is responded to personally in a plain, closed cover. The postage requested is used for this purpose and not for sending out a series of stereotyped letters. No "follow-on" letters of any kind are used, for wonderful as Maxalding is, the real value of the treatment lies in its application to individual requirements. A little indulgence is, therefore, requested in my response, which will be personal and sent under conditions of strict privacy.

December 6, 1933.

A. M. Saldo.

A 20,000-words illustrated Treatise, explanatory of Maxalding, will be sent on receipt of your name, address, age, and occupation. You will learn why you can cure yourself of any functional disorder and secure a physique comparable to the many thousands of Maxaldists all over the world. 3d. stamp for postage appreciated.

MAXALDING (Dept. 765) 14, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4

Fashionable Curls

—the Latest Vogue

"What a marvellous idea. I have been waiting a long time for such a splendid gadget as the KIRBIBUKI. It cuts any stray end beautifully."

K. A. BARRIE

The charm of present-day hairdressing is expressed in those dainty curls which are so desirable yet difficult to maintain. The problem is solved if you use KIRKBIKUL End Curlers, inexpensive yet most efficient in use. Slide out without damaging the curls.

Patents of the "KIRBIBUKI" copyright.

February 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

35
Here is good news for skinny, under-weight people who can’t seem to put on a pound no matter what they eat. There is a new way to add 3 lb. to 8 lb. in 12 days and it doesn’t cost you a penny. Thousands of skinny, scrawny, rundown people have tried it and are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight. Yet these results are not unusual. Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich, red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy. Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvellous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Vikel, a pleasant vegetable concentrate, made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Gulf Stream combined with diastatic malt extract in delicious pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form iron, copper and manganese for tireless vigour and vitality; calcium and phosphorus for strong bones and teeth, sulphur for proper elimination, sodium, potassium and magnesium to correct stomach gas, acidity, and faulty metabolism.

**Supplies Newer Form of Food Iodine**

And most important, Vikel is the richest known source of the newer form of food iodine, the lack of which experts in nutrition maintain is our foremost national health problem. Scientists know that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite, determined quantities of iodine which, hitherto, have been difficult to obtain. It is safe to say that 80 per cent of the people in the British Isles fail to get enough iodine in their daily food and 90 per cent fail to get the natural minerals necessary to proper physical well being. To overcome this deficiency, dietitians suggest that we should all eat two plates of raw oysters—hitherto regarded as the best source of iodine—each week, to overcome this appalling iodine shortage. Yet Vikel, this newest vegetable concentrate, contains thirteen hundred times more food iodine than oysters! Try Vikel for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appears; instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigour and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas disappears and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished and the underweight disappear.

**Money Back Guarantee**

Prove the worth of this amazing weight builder to-day. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time, if you have not gained several pounds, do not look better, feel better and have more endurance than ever before, send back the unused tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.  

**Introductory Offer**

Don’t wait any longer. Order Vikel to-day. Regain lost vigour and youthful energy this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of Vikel for 3s. 1d. Regular large size bottle (300 large size tablets) 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets for only 7s. 6d. 600 tablets £1, post free. Plain wrapped. Sent C.O.D. 9d. extra. Get your Vikelp before this offer expires. Sold only by post.

**Sablond Laboratories, Ltd.,**
**Acton Lane, London, N.W.10**

Please send me post free

☐ 10 Day Trial Treatment Vikelp—
   3s. 1d.

☐ 200 large size Vikelp Tablets
   Price 7s. 6d.

☐ 600 large size Vikelp Tablets
   Price £1.
   (check amount wanted)

   for which enclosed find 
   C.O.D. 9d. extra.

Name ........................................
Address .....................................

**ALSO WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN**

**VIKEL**

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODMANS PRESS, LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the O.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the world; 13s. per annum, 9s. 6d. for six months, 5s. 3d. for three months. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsagents’ Association, Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.‘s bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 76 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Brussels, and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Alouette, Paris.
A GREAT NORMA SHEARER SCOOP

PICTUREGOER

Special Beauty Number

CONSTANCE BENNETT
3 good reasons why
'Mine's a Minor!'

1 Because these D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes.

2 Because a D.R. Minor smokes for a full ten minutes — which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

3 Because nevertheless D.R. Minors cost only fourpence for ten.

DE RESZKE MINORS
60 for 2/-

ALSO IN HANDY CARD CASES CONTAINING 20 FOR 8d.
This Snowfire Powder is finer, smoother, because it has been sifted through silk again and again. It makes your skin velvety—gives it a rose-petal bloom and a fresh, clear look. And it stays on for hours—subtly, fascinatedly perfumed.

Snowfire
FACE POWDER
SHADES — NATURELLE RACHELLE & PÊCHE
Loose in attractive boxes, 2d., 3d., and 6d.
Flat compacts 6d.
Use Snowfire Cream, too—it's the perfect powder base and it keeps your skin soft and lovely.
Handing containers 3d. Tablets 6d.

NERVOUSNESS
A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by mutual fear. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION  "INFERIORITY COMPLEX"  GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE  SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS  MORBID THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA  WEAK NERVES  WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C. 1

you can now obtain and pay for by instalments . .
delightful corot model coats, ensembles, afternoon and evening gowns. call to-day at the showrooms and see the current season's collection. prices are most moderate, ranging from two guineas, and the styles are outstanding in their smartness. or post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide and full details.

"mamselle immaculate"
tailored trimness for the early spring is exemplified in this costume of men's worsted suit.
cash 4½ gns. monthly

"shy little girl"
a high necked bib collar in contrast is the most distinctive feature of this woollen weave frock.
cash 4½ gns. monthly

post this coupon to corot to-day—
corot ltd., 33 old bond st., london, w.1
free please send, without obligation, corot latest fashion guide and full details of your instalment plan.

name:  
address:  

obtainable from Good CHEMISTS and STORES everywhere.
round—3", 3½", and 4" sizes 1½ to 2½.
square—4½" and 5½" sizes 2½ to 5½.

In difficulty write to STRATTON & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.
To the huge volume of unsolicited personal letters, testifying to the incomparable health-giving value of 'Ovaltine,' is now added the following tribute from Miss Laura La Plante, the Warner Bros. star:

"I owe a real debt of gratitude to the woman who recommended me to take 'Ovaltine' in order to remain at the top of my form. Now I would not dream of missing my cup of 'Ovaltine' before going to bed. Not only does it ensure a good night's sleep, but I wake up feeling fresh and full of energy."

Delicious 'Ovaltine' provides, in the most easily digestible form, the valuable nutritive elements obtained from the highest qualities of malt, milk, and eggs. For soothing the nerves and ensuring sound, natural sleep—for creating abundant energy and vitality—there is definitely nothing like 'Ovaltine.'

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain a large percentage of cocoa or chocolate. Nor does it contain starch. Reject substitutes.
Ida Lupino

Reports from Hollywood indicate that the sixteen-year-old English actress has made a distinct impression in the film capital, and Ida is now being groomed for major stardom. Here she shows you the latest in dinner gowns—high of neckline and long of sleeves. It is of black and white chiffon.

Best wishes to "Picturegoer"

Ida Lupino
Three more Beautiful Society Leaders share with you their beauty secret—POND’S

LADY ASHLEY—“Personally, I find that with Pond’s two splendid creams I can keep my skin always smooth and fair.”

LADY SIDELL LYGON—“I’ve used Pond’s for years and think it is the simplest and most satisfactory beauty-care.”

LADY SIBELL LYGON—“And I find Pond’s Vanishing Cream a sure safeguard against a weather-beaten look!”

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH

POND’S TWO CREAMS

Why not make your skin like theirs—use the same beauty method?

First, smooth Pond’s Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Massage it into the skin with a light upward movement. Let the soothing oils penetrate into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Then gently wipe away cream and dirt with Pond’s soft Cleansing Tissues. Next, pat on Pond’s Skin Freshener which refines the skin. Lastly, before powdering, smooth on a film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Wind, cold and the dry air of over-heated rooms are constantly whipping the natural moisture out of the skin—it easily becomes rough and coarse. But Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to check this loss of precious skin moisture and keep the skin soft. It soothes away ageing little lines and wrinkles. Heals roughness. Makes your skin so satiny-smooth that powder clings for hours. As Lady Sibell Lygon says, “It holds powder perfectly.”

PRICES FROM 6d
Stars' War on Scandal


So another Hollywood headline romance has gone on the rocks and Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are parting company amid yet another public chorus of cynicisms about the emotional recklessness of film stars.

Well, perhaps the incident will at least start a screen colony superstition that it is bad luck to be married secretly in order to give a favourite newspaper reporter a scoop.

Almost simultaneously comes the interesting story that the stars are quietly organising to fight "love life" scandal. The studios are reported to be throwing the full weight of their vast financial resources and influence into the battle on the side of their players.

Libel Suits

Hollywood's highly paid lawyers who already know the divorce section backwards, forwards, backwards and commas, are now busy at their law books sweating up the somewhat liberal and ambiguous American laws of libel and slander in preparation for a rush season.

The fight, we are assured, is on.

Constance Bennett is hailed as one of the leaders of the stellar forces. Conny recently caused some alarm in columnist circles by lashing out with libel suits challenging the report that she and her Marquis were contemplating a divorce. Bebe Daniels carried on the good work by silencing with legal proceedings a gossip writer's rumour that she was expecting a "blessed event."

Very Interesting

Mr. Carl A. Sturzacker, a well-known Los Angeles judge, has been called in to investigate the legal aspects of filmland's case against the scandal-mongers and many other well-known victims of maliciously false gossip are stated to be joining the movement.

All of which is very interesting, of course. One can sympathise a great deal with stars like Miss Bennett and Miss Daniels, whose private life conduct in the film colony has been above reproach, but so long as romance is allowed to remain Hollywood's greatest publicity "racket" both the studios and the majority of the so-called victims of gossipers can hardly expect the public to come rushing in with sympathy and support.

Romance and Business

The creed that romance is good for business has become so much a part of Hollywood life that even the judges brawl on their benches over the privilege of trying cases in which headline names are involved.

And the local clergy, according to Variety, recently had to "launch a cut-rate marriage war in an endeavour to stem the tide of elopements among the film mob."

The report throws some interesting sidelights on to the extent of the racket.

"The Parsons," it goes on to say, "are disturbed because so many of the picture names are doing their knot-tying in secret and out of town, thus denying the clergymen their publicity breaks in the dailies."

"Ministers are offering to cut prices not so much for the dough but because they figure they need the press blurbs for themselves and their churches. There has always been keen competition among the parsons for such a marrying job because it meant a break in the news columns and a possible pay cheque at the studios for parsoning to the celluloid."

"Clergymen are watching the papers closer than ever for news of engagements, pending marriages and chatterer tip-offs. Once it is spotted that a film celeb. is about to take the marital step the solicitation for the harnessing job goes on."

A Happy Extra

Yet another of filmland's most cherished legends, the one about the little extra girl who haunts picture sets waiting for a director's glance to light on her, has been assailed by a matter-of-fact young red-head named Lynn Kelley, who likes her job as a crowd player.

"Sure," she told Picturegoer's representative, "we'd all like to be stars, driving big cars and swimming in our private pools instead of at the beach, but it isn't ambition particularly that keeps us calling the casting directors. It's because extra work is a good way to make a living."

"I've been working in pictures for four years. In that time I've averaged about four days a week, making from £1 to £2 a day in the studios. I earn about £5 to £6 a week, have a fairly amusing (Continued on page 8)
time while I'm working and plenty of spare time for recreation."

"If I didn't work extra, I'd be standing on my feet all day behind a counter or bending over a typewriter eight hours a day for about $3 to $4 a week." I might, however, remind readers who might be tempted to rush away from their counters and typewriters to the nearest studio that the statistics show that only a handful of extras earn anything like $6 a week.

De Mille's Supreme Bath Tub

I was unaware when I dropped my little open letter to Claudette Colbert last week that Cecil B. de Mille regarded the bath-tub scene in the new Four Frightened People as the crowning glory of his contributions to bath-tub art.

"My previous productions," he reports, "have been characterised by lavish bathroom scenes. "I am happy to state that Four Frightened People contains the biggest bathroom scene yet filmed for a De Mille production.""

No Beauty in Hollywood

Mr. de Mille, who, after the usual search has chosen our own Harry Wilcoxon as Marc Anthony for his Cleopatra, has, after twenty years, made the somewhat alarming discovery that beauty is scarce in Hollywood.

"It is said that there are more beautiful women and handsome men in Hollywood than in any area of its size, but the majority of them are just ordinarily 'pretty,'" he declares.

"There are few startling beauties either in the studios or along the boulevards. The girls and boys who go to the Coast with their looks as an only asset quickly find that while they may be a sensation in the old home town, they are one of thousands in Hollywood."

"On every hand beauty is presented for my inspection, but it is always on the surface—really skin-deep."

Back to Pre-War Styles

These film fashion predictions are beginning to overwhelm me. The most alarming yet to hand comes from Travis Banton, who dresses the Paramount stars, and now expresses the threat that a return to the "romantic" pre-war vogue is imminent.

He believes that the modes of 1912 to 1914 offered more flattering elegance to the feminine figure than any other creations in the history of fashion.

Carole Lombard will make the bid to introduce the new-old fashion in Bolero.

Jane Austen Epic for Screen

The Radio studio is busy looking for a successor to Little Women and as a result it seems likely that the current cycle of wholesome and profitable sentiment will be swelled by the addition of a screen version of Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice.

At any rate, I have already had shafts of anguish from fans protesting against another English classic being allowed to go to Hollywood to be made.

Little Women, by the way, seems likely to have seen the birth of an interesting new star-director combination.

Blonde v. Brunette

The Fox Follies is also responsible for the profound discovery that blondes have bigger feet than brunettes.

This scientific note is the outcome of an interesting and novel experiment made with more than three hundred show girls currently working in three musical pictures at Movietone City. Fitting shoes for more than a hundred girls used in Fox Follies proved that blondes—real ones—wear shoes a full size larger than brunettes.

While the blondes wear larger shoes, the brunettes have offsetting qualities. The average brunette is not so tall as her fair-haired sister, she has a slimmer waistline—and, if this is an advantage, she can boast of more finely modeled legs. On the whole, the blondes have finer complexities, which ought to solace them for that extra foot size.

These figures were arrived at by the Fox Film costuming department and, according to the publicity boys, "give the scientific world the first authentic physical contrast between blondes and brunettes."

Those young ladies who appeared with dyed hair were classed according to their natural coloring, and because there were only two redheads in the group of three hundred, Titians were excluded in the count.

Comedy Teams Co-starred

The most hectic contribution to the current "all star" comedy vogue comes from Radio. Noted as being the most picturesque to co-star two teams of comedy stars."

The plan is to link the famous teams of Wheeler and Woolsey and Zeppo Marx and Thelma Todd in one production, as yet untitled.

Dorothy Lee, who has played in nearly every picture in which Wheeler and Woolsey have appeared, will make the fifth member of the team of funsters.

Beyond the fact that it will be laid in England at the time of Henry VIII, no details of the film are yet available.

"With two pairs of comedians and comedienne competing for top honors, it is reasonable to predict that something unusual in the way of a comedy hit will be produced," declares the publicity announcement.

"It seems to be the mot juste, if the notorious reputation of comedians for temperament is upheld.

Hugh Williams in Hollywood

Hugh Williams, the young British actor who was recently seen in the Fox studio, is to make his Hollywood debut in the leading male role in All Men Are Enemies, a screen adaptation of the Richard Aldington "best seller."

The production is to be made on ambitious lines, it is stated, with George Fitzmaurice, who was
February 10, 1934

Responsible for some of the most popular Garbo pictures, directing.

Helen Twelvetrees will be William's leading lady.

Mona Barrie, also from England, will have the other important feminine lead.

U.S. Sees "Henry"

The Private Life of Henry VIII has had at least one interrupted performance in America.

It occurred when a crowd of college students went to see the film at a Californian cinema.

There is, according to the story, an unwritten rule among them that no wisecrack is allowed unless it is really funny.

The ladies were much impressed with the picture and were very quiet until Henry started pacing up and down, awaiting the execution of Ann Boleyn.

A cannon announces that Ann has lost her head.

Boomin went the cannon. One younger started singing at the top of his voice, "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More." And that broke up the audience.

Short Shots

Charlotte ("Alice") Henry is to play the title role in a film version of Cinderella—Jimmy Durante bought a palatial estate in the Hollywood hills and found it so quiet that he sold it at a loss and moved back into the noisiest hotel in town—James Cagney wears a moustache in Lady Killer—and Sylvia Sidney does a sensational oriental dance in Good Dame—George Bancroft is back at the Paramount lot to star in a picture based on the life of Diamond Jim Brady—Word comes from Hollywood that Bing Crosby's baby crisis whenever the fond father tries to croon to him—Duster Crabbe is being mentioned as a likely leading man for Mae West in H Ain't No Sin—Evelyn Venable, who scored a success in Cradle Song, is to have the feminine lead in Will Rogers' David Harum—June Knight has been arrested for speeding three times in the past few months—Jack Oakie, George Raft, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper never need make-up.

Fantastic Cycle

The "fantastic" film cycle is getting well under way. Son of Kong is due here soon. We are promised A Trip to Mars and the H. G. Wells British film of the future which will probably be titled Whisker, shortly.

An interesting new contribution to the series from Hollywood is announced this week under the title of The Land that Time Forgot.

It is being produced by Stacy Woodard, the creator of many important scientific films. It will deal with the intriguing theme of a battle for existence between man and insects of elephantine proportions.

Camera Invention

The Land that Time Forgot will differ from previous films of its kind in that the false mechanical or "stop camera" action formerly employed will not be used in chronicling the movements of the monsters, but, instead, ants, bees, bugs and reptiles will be photographed through Mr. Woodard's kinematic microscope and, as with all trick photography, the action of people will be matched and superimposed on the film.

The producer has invented a special microscopic camera which, incidentally, weighs two tons.

Insect Stars

On Young, a film executive, has written an original story for him which is set in a country in which insects assume huge proportions and men are dwarfed in comparison.

The world has been scoured for unusual insects to "star" in the production.

The microscopic camera device, it occurs to me, however, should be ideal for the filming of Mr. Wells' Food of the Gods, a subject I have always wanted to see tackled by the screen.

Jackie Cooper's Next

There is, I hear, a possibility that Jackie Cooper may make Pack's Bad Boy as his next picture.

The film was one of Jackie Cooper's big successes as a silent over a decade ago.

The future of Jackie Cooper must be causing his sponsors some concern. His recent appearances have not caused any hysteria among the critics and the public.

In The Bowery, particularly, it was noticeable that the old naturalness had been replaced by a pouting precocity and that his acting had become mannered and studio-stereotyped.

Pack's Bad Boy, however, may serve to rescue him from "going Hollywood" before it is too late.

This Week's Profound Thoughts

I'm not living my life for Hollywood publicity and I never will. —Katharine Hepburn.

It is not how old you are, but how you are old. —Marie Dressler.

I've learned to be afraid of women. —George Raft.

A screen player has to have inspiration from the women with whom he works and you'd be surprised how little there is of that floating round the studios. —Gary Cooper.

Ambition is the cause of all Hollywood divorces. —Ernst Lubitsch.

I always obey my own impulses, my own instincts, my own desires. —Cara Bow.

Sometimes I wish I were temperamental. —Norma Shearer.

Art is the bunk. —Rochelle Hudson.

Kinema Couples

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Miss B. Hobbs, The Woodlands Farm, Deweswell, Cheltenham, Glos., for the following cynical observation:

Accidents Wanted

The Doctor's Secret

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—Miss Eileen Hewlett, 11 Cambridge Road, The Avenue, Southampton, for:—

The Stronger Sex

My Weakness

Miss J. E. Copland, Charnwood, Richmond Road, Headingly, Leeds, for:—

Alice in Wonderland

Going Hollywood

Miss R. Smith, 12 Scotland Road, Melksham, Wiltshire, for:—

The Narrow Corner

X Marks the Spot

Miss D. Bashford, 10a Topland Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, for:—

Eight Girls in a Boat

Sailor Be Good

May I remind readers that there are no rules to this competition other than that all attempts—as many as you like—must be submitted on a postcard and addressed to me, c/o PICTUREGOER WE WKLY, 93, Long Acre, W.C. I would again reiterate that envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
**NO star started out in pictures with more physical handicaps than the Canadian actress who has become one of the most perfectly groomed and beautiful women on the screen.

In this interview she frankly and courageously tells you how she overcame those handicaps and shows you how you can do the same.

by Maude LATHEM**

**FOR** several years all of us in Hollywood have known what terrific handicaps Norma Shearer has had. We have known that she was a girl with beautiful, radiant, glamorous woman you now see on the screen. Her muscular legs and upper arms, her long neck, her crooked teeth, and the cast in her eyes—yes, really—were things we who know the stars so well had whispered about.

But, of course, it never occurred to any of us that she, herself, would ever talk about these handicaps.

Stars are supposed to be perfect. They cringe when their defects are even hinted at. It’s supposed to be bad business. Therefore, I want to say that Norma proved herself the courageous, honest, fine person she is when she frankly discussed these things with me.

My hat’s off to her, for she has talked for what I think is last noble reason. She has talked at all with me things that editors have said for years it would be impossible to get her to admit, for one reason only.

Because I told her that if she allowed me to write about the physical struggles she has had with her handicaps and the marvellous way in which she has overcome them, it would inspire others, would show thousands of women readers of Picturegoer that one should not be discouraged by physical defects and that they can be overcome.

She was anxious that, in quoting her, I did not make her the reason only because she is not sure of herself, not setting herself up as a perfect example by any manner of means. Merely this—she started out with physical defects than almost any star has had. She has overcome them with courage and fortitude and, because I think her story told in her own words is a beautiful message of hope, I am going to pass it on to you.

Spectacular as this story is, it is printed, I assure you, for the reason only—because it is an inspirational document. Norma would not have talked thus to be sensational. She has told the truth about herself because she said that she and you would be encouraged in your own daily struggles by it.

So this is Norma’s story:—

"I don’t mind at all talking about the kind of fight I have had, if it will help anybody else with the same problem."

"The biggest trouble I have had is that I was an athletic girl. Most English girls are. I came from Canada, and I had a brother who thought it was fine for me to match my physical strength against his, and I was proud of the muscles I developed."

"I played tennis like a fiend. I golped and walked and ran and swatted and skated, which gave me a pair of biceps a prize-fighter might have looked at with envy and the muscles of my legs were all out of proportion.

"In addition to this, I am fairly tall. When I decided to study art at pictures I hadn’t the remotest idea of what was ahead of me. Of course, I knew I wasn’t beautiful, but I thought then—and I think now—that there is something which we call charm is so much more important than mere beauty. I thought maybe I could cultivate charm."

"When I got one look at my first screen test, I discovered as unguinely a sight as you can imagine. It was not so much that the features of my face were magnified into something terrible."

"There was nothing special about the face one way or another. Of course, it wasn’t a stylist face, but I hoped by and by the screen would reveal than one—rather than one type of face—which they now do.

"But my figure and walk! I, being the athletic type, love the long stride and easy walk of the athlete, but for a girl who might aspire to ingénue roles on the screen then, was out. I wouldn’t advised her to plunge into serious athletics while in her ‘teens, if she plans a screen career later. The course, if you mean to be an eccentric dancer like Charlotte Greenwood or if you are born with the grace of a Garbo, that is okay. But I didn’t come under either head.

"I simply had a muscular figure and an ungraciously walk on the screen!"

"You may think dieting to reduce weight is a pretty bad, and I agree with you; but it isn’t the pitiable two muscles and at the same time to eat an amount of tissue-building foods so that your resistance and vitality are not lowered."

"This was one of the greatest battles of my life. There were days when I thought I simply could not go on; days when I thought no goal would be worth the fight. Of course, there was never a moment when I was not conscious of gnawing pang of hunger, but, in addition to this, I could take no exercise except the simplest stretching movements about ten minutes in the morning."

"I, who had walked miles every day of my life!"

"But in my case, I couldn’t wear the brace during the day because of working or trying to get work. I could only put them on at night which, while I took care of all the effect during the day, each night the pain was as great as the first night I put the brace on. As I look back now, I know why I had to wear a good constitution would get one through that.

"I just imagine putting your head on a pillow and making yourself sleep, a throbbing toothache every night of your life."

"We were stretched out on the sand by her swimming pool. I turned to look at her in her vivid yellow and blue bathing suit and it occurred to me that I had never seen a lovelier pair of legs than those belonging to Norma Shearer."

"So many of my scenes,” she continued, “were ruined because I forgot to cross my legs properly or place them in the right position to hide the muscles from the camera.

"This was no easy task, because sometimes dresses were short and anyway it was hard always to think about your legs.

"When the muscles of my legs were shown I had the whole picture and asked to be allowed to take it over.

"In reality, I remembered that the legs had probably ruined the scene. Of course, every time there was a chance to wear a longer dress in a scene, I did so.

"My upper arms were large enough to the naked eye, but you should have seen what the camera did to them! I always hoped that I had a sleeve so the upper arm would be covered."

"I was so sensitive I didn’t want to talk to the wardrobe woman about it. I would say I didn’t like the colour of the dress, or the texture, or make any criticism, while I was hastily looking over everything else in the wardrobe (then I was not a star and took what the wardrobe had) until my eye lighted on one with sleeves or half sleeves. I always begged for that one, no matter what the cut of it was. The wardrobe woman must have known, but she never said a word."

"I was three years before those muscles in my arms and legs actually gave way. Three years of almost starvation and inactivity. I began to think I would give way before the muscles did.

"Then as the muscles softened, they had to be overcome, and they wouldn’t do. After all these years of struggle you can imagine what a thrill it gives me when someone I think can’t move says, ‘Now how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.’"

"Another great battle I had with my teeth. As I grew up, I took good care of my teeth and did not disturb me that the two little ones on either side of my front teeth were somewhat irregular. In fact, in real life I rather like a slight overbite in the back teeth. If I could be pulled forward they would come back so these smaller teeth could fit perfectly into their rightful places.

"You know the kind of braces children sometimes have to wear to adjust their teeth—oh, if only I’d worn brakes when I was a child! I was about twenty when I began.

"When you can wear the braces continuously, as the doctors always insist that children do, the pain becomes almost negligible after a few days, and it shouldn’t be hard to get through it. The teeth that just reverse the process. The teeth were actually drawn back together as they were in the first place!"

"Wish I ate the projection-room one day, looking at some rushes and saw some peculiar shadows cast across my front teeth which made them look as if they were out. I was how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.’"

"Another great battle I had with my teeth. As I grew up, I took good care of my teeth and did not disturb me that the two little ones on either side of my front teeth were somewhat irregular. In fact, in real life I rather like a slight overbite in the back teeth. If I could be pulled forward they would come back so these smaller teeth could fit perfectly into their rightful places.

"You know the kind of braces children sometimes have to wear to adjust their teeth—oh, if only I’d worn brakes when I was a child! I was about twenty when I began.

"When you can wear the braces continuously, as the doctors always insist that children do, the pain becomes almost negligible after a few days, and it shouldn’t be hard to get through it. The teeth that just reverse the process. The teeth were actually drawn back together as they were in the first place!"

"Wish I ate the projection-room one day, looking at some rushes and saw some peculiar shadows cast across my front teeth which made them look as if they were out. I was how small you are. I never dreamed you were so tiny.’"
a funny, long neck. At one time, photographers said that kind of neck and shoulders indicated youth. What I saw my neck look like on the screen was enough to make one jump into the river.

"Every time I had an emotional scene (I will never get over feeling my scenes) I found myself becoming so tense that the muscles on my neck became taut and stood out like whipcord.

"So that was just one thing more for me to labour over. I wonder that I ever did work that got by on the screen when I had so many physical handicaps to think about. Not only did I have to learn how to relax my body before each scene, but I had to take every kind of neck exercise to relax it and keep it relaxed when the scenes were made. Eventually, I learned how to do this.

"And why didn't you ask me about the cast in my eye? You knew I definitely had one, didn't you?"

I nodded, for too many times this had been visible on the screen and off and I had wondered how on earth she had managed to conceal it as well as she did. I knew she could not always be photographed so that it would not show, and yet as I looked at her it was not there—I could not detect it.

I imagine a girl trying to be a picture star with a cast in one eye! I'm afraid that I should have given up and admitted that there was something with which I could not cope. But Norma did not such thing. She assembled every film scene where the cast had photographed unusually vividly. She ran these films over and over again in the projection-room all by herself, pondering in her mind the action of each scene, the emotion that had made the cast show. She discovered it was definitely the effect of an unusual emotion.

That is the story of Norma Shearer and me. It was told me by the great lady herself. I first came to know her in a hotel in Hollywood where I had been sent to find out if she would be interested in making a picture for me. I heard the story before I had met her and I knew she was definitely the woman I wanted to talk to. She had the cast when she did a heavy dramatic scene, she had it when she was angry, she had it when she was excited.

"Then I knew," she told me, "that I had to control that cast by my own thoughts. And I began to do just that. But just try it if you want a really tough job.

"Now I firmly believe you can change the entire expression of your face by the way you think. But the deliberate effort sincerely to feel a part and yet keep the cast out of my eye was an undertaking that almost conquered me.

"You see, I had to try to give reality to my scenes and yet keep myself from getting worked up to the pitch of emotion that would show up the cast.

"You can know how happy I am that it does not appear any more whether I am on or off the screen.

"You see what I had to fight with—the muscular arms and legs, the cast in my eye, and the irregular teeth, but nothing was worse than my self-consciousness! Of course, I will never lose all of this, for I think fear motivates most lives.

As soon as I finish a picture I begin to feel afraid that it is not so good as it should be, that my work might have been better and my mind goes running on to how I can improve my scenes in my next picture. You're always strain- ing, always reaching ahead toward the things you haven't attained.

"Motion-picture success is like a woman a man loves and never possesses. It is uncertain, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, making you afraid you may be dropped from the race. I am glad I am still afraid. A person who feels sure grows contented, then indolent, then careless.

"Besides, cocksureness doesn't make people love you, and I would far rather be loved than have my work perfect.

"But I have overcome my self-consciousness (another phase of fear) in a measure. I did it purely by interesting myself in other people. When you enter a room, if you can just put out of your mind the thought that everyone is looking at you, if you can yourself look directly at someone else in the room, admire her dress, her hair, her hands—or anything; if you can just do this, it will do more toward taking your thoughts off yourself than anything else. In a scene one can, of course, enter so into the character to be played that self slips aside.

"There may be people who feel sure of themselves; there may be people who know from the beginning that they are going to do great things, but I never did.

"I hoped by the grace of God that I would make the grade, but obstacles invariably seemed almost too much for me. If I have succeeded in a measure I hope this knowledge helps others."

---

NEXT WEEK

Continuing our series of open letters to the famous stars, Malcolm D. Phillips writes in an outspoken manner to Jean Harlow, who, from being just a "platinum blonde" has developed into a brilliant actress.
Claire Trevor, the Fox player, introduces this suit of navy blue wool, the coat of which has a double-breasted panel effect, highlighted with dull silver buttons. The ends of the cowboy scarf, which is of satin, are drawn through slits in the coat.

Vince Barnett, Hollywood's professional insulter, turns great lover in "Where's Elmer?" The girl is Gertrude Short.

In conference! Jane Loring, one of filmland's most famous feminine cutters, Marion Gering, the director, and Sylvia Sidney, the star of the production, get together to discuss "Good Dame."

"You're going to be a star, like Jessie," said Director Victor Saville to Constance Godridge, the new Gaumont-British baby star from Coventry, when he introduced her to Miss Mathews between scenes for "Evergreen."

Kay Francis was putting the final touch to her make-up for the concluding scene when the Lens man looked in on the "Mandalay" set at Burbank.
PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

LILIAN HARVEY TO RETIRE?

Reported Plan to Marry—Ann Harding "Rescued"—"Temperament" in New Jolson Picture—Dorothy Mackaill's Separation—George Raft's Unlucky Night

The future of Lilian Harvey, who recently refused to appear in George White's Scandals, and brought a suit to prevent Fox from "doubling" her voice in French and German versions of her films, is giving rise to much speculation in the film colony.

The star now announces her intention to marry showman, and have a baby.

The little actress declares that she has ordered a nursery to be added to her home in Berlin.

Lilian is a great success in the films, and her retirement would be a great blow to the public.

Past experience has taught us to understand that when stars say "Yes," they often mean "No," and vice versa. Hollywood hopes that Lilian will forget about marriage and a baby for the time being.

A Kindly Farmer

Ann Harding is singing the praises of a good Samaritan who befriended her a few weeks ago.

The star, accompanied by a woman friend, was driving through a lonely section of the country when a rainstorm caused her car to be stuck in the mud. They sought refuge in a farmhouse, where the farmer and his wife provided them with food and dry clothes, harnessed a team and extricated the automobile.

Incidentally, the countryman did not know who his guests were, nor would he accept any remuneration for his services.

Southern California farmers, like everything else in that section of the world, are unusual.

Jealous Stars

Placing a galaxy of film favourites in the same picture has usually worked out rather harmoniously, but Wonder Bar is another matter.

Al Jolson starred in this film on the stage and when the Warner studio secured him for his former role, the officials decided that it would be a bright idea to make the affair all-star, so placed Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Dick Powell, and Ricardo Cortez in the cast.

In view of Jolson's domination of the original, the present production has given rise to some awkward moments.

"The Dove of Peace" is not doing much hovering over Hollywood, at least so far as Wonder Bar is concerned!...

Private Numbers

Our stars have their troubles when they forget their private telephone numbers, which are frequently changed when they get into the possession of those who would intrude upon their privacy.

Joel McCrea was a victim, when he forgot his telephone address, and the same bad luck befell Bing Crosby. However, it is said that "Bing" crooned so appealingly over the phone, singing snatches of his song hits, that the telephone girl "plugged" him in!

A Star's Son

Jack Holt has a sturdy boy, who is much like his father. Although the youth is only fourteen, he has the stature of a man, and will soon be as tall as his father, a six-footer.

The actor and his son live on a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon, where Charles Holt, jun., rides and plays polo.

Despite his youth, the boy has won a place in the football team at the Beverly Hills High School, where the athletes' ages usually range from sixteen to eighteen.

Possibly, in the not distant future, we shall see another western star in the person of Jack Holt's son and heir.

Another Separation

Dorothy Mackaill admits that she and her husband, Neil Miller, have separated.

The two appeared to be devoted to one another, but it is merely an instance of the tendency of the movies to separate men and their wives. Miller has a very fine voice, and we all hoped that he would win a place in the musicals. Unfortunately, he failed to "click," so the future looked dark for marital happiness.

Dorothy was married once before, to Lothar Mendes, director, but the union with Miller appeared to be ideal. They met in glamorous Hawaii and, for a time, were madly in love.

What Happened to Dane

Only a few years ago, George K. Arthur and Karl Dane were teamed as comedy stars for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The talkies broke up the combination. Arthur, a clever English actor, was able to weather the storm, while the produced plays at the Music Box and Playhouse, is still putting them on at the latter theatre and, in consequence, is as busy as ever at the studios.

Poor Dane, who did not have a stage background, drifted into obscurity. At last accounts he was selling sandwiches at a small shop in an outlying section of Los Angeles.

Curiously enough, before Dane obtained film fame, he was employed as a mechanic by my cousin, Frank Hamilton Spearman, the British novelist. So the movie cycle brings Karl Dane back to where he started before he entered pictures.

Dane is a fine actor, and here's hoping he will win his way back to film stardom.

His Wife Returns

Leo Carillo, whom Hollywood has always considered a bachelor, is happy, for his wife, a confirmed New Yorker, has joined him, and is now the chatelaine of the actor's handsome Spanish hacienda.

In the past, the Carillos, who have been married twenty years, plan a trip to Honolulu, which will be a second honeymoon.

The couple have an adopted daughter, who has entered a local high school, preparatory to entering college.

The Good Old Jinx

George Raft had "Old Man Bad Luck" hovering over him during an evening not long ago.

The famous actor slipped on the bathroom floor in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador and fractured a bone in his ankle. Friends took him to the drive to put him in his car, and discovered that it had disappeared. So they put him in a taxi and took him to his home.

George's car was later found where it had crashed into a telephone pole. Someone had taken the car for a joy-ride, but who it was no one seems to know.

The Cost of Repeal

The nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment has completely destroyed one of the most lucrative businesses in Hollywood.

Harry Frink, who has a collection of many thousands of real liquor bottles, announces that Paramount's No More Women, starring Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, is the last to which he will rent his bottles.

He will go into the general property business.

"The bottles cost me $8,000, as many had to be purchased with their contents," Frink told me. "During the eleven years I was in this business I lent bottles for one dollar a day each, taking in a total of $263,000."

The Right Reply

Charlie Ruggles was entertaining a friend a few nights ago. Finally the guest started for the door, saying that he must go home.

"Oh, don't go yet," remarked Charlie. "Have a chair and another drink."

The friend considered this carefully, then said: "I've got a chair at home, but I'll take the drink!"
A \( \frac{1}{4} \) LB. BLOCK OF CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

is as nourishing as—

when you've got that 'empty' feeling, Cadbury's Milk Chocolate gives you a sense of satisfaction that lasts . . . for hours. You are really satisfied because you are really nourished. Laboratory analyses show that a \( \frac{1}{4} \) lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as 8\( \frac{1}{2} \) eggs, or 9 bananas, or \( \frac{1}{2} \) lb. of white bread. Weight for weight, there is no food that provides more complete nourishment.
PUTTING MARITALITY before a CAREER

by Carlisle JONES

THE partnership of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler is one romance that will not crash on the rocks of professional jealousy that have wrecked so many Hollywood marriages. This revealing article tells you why.

It took more than four years for Ruby Keeler to screw her courage up to the point where she would accept an offer to appear in pictures. It may take as many more before she decides, or Al Jolson, her husband, decides, or both decide to appear in a picture together.

For four years Ruby turned a deaf ear to all producers. She must have had a dozen interesting and important offers. She toyed with them, but never seriously considered accepting any of them. Several offers were for her to play leading roles in pictures opposite her husband. Those she turned down a little quicker than she refused the others.

She thought then that it would never do for them both to work together in one picture. Their marriage was new and she was more interested in making that a success than a career.

She still is. Those who are close to the little Irish girl with the dancing feet and the unaffected ways know that she would throw her picture career away like an empty shoe box if Al Jolson asked her.

Most of them know also that in all probability Al will never ask her. He is so honestly and genuinely proud of Ruby that her success has almost caused him to neglect his own career.

"Call me Ruby Keeler's husband," he grinned at his friends the first few days after his return to Hollywood. "She's the star of our family."

Ruby, of course, would be the first to deny any such distinction.

"If ever tried to persuade me either to make pictures or not to make them," Ruby declares. "But most of my offers were to appear in a production with Al and I knew that would never do. He was too nervous and I was too scared. I didn't want him to be worrying about both of us."

Ruby had learned, soon after she came to Hollywood as a bride, that her presence on a set where Al was working made her famous husband distinctly nervous and uneasy. Once she found this out, she never appeared at the studio during working hours again, except to call for Al at the end of the day.

"Al showed his appreciation of her consideration by staying away from the studio where Ruby started out independently on her own career, during the filming of 42nd Street, Gold Diggers of Hollywood and Footlight Parade."

"A has been sweet about it," explains Ruby. "He never once interfered with my plan. He has never offered me advice about picture work or done anything that could possibly upset me."

"He let me learn about pictures in my own way. It was the best plan. Only—only I was so scared. You see I had hardly been inside a studio for over so many years."

Just now Jolson is working on Wonder Bar for First National, with Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Merla Kennedy, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell and lots of other stars—but Ruby Keeler's name is not among them. The

NEXT WEEK—

Who is the finest actress in British films? Many sound critics unhesitatingly answer "Flora Robson."

Next Week "Picturegoer" gives you a new sidelight on the art and personality of a great artiste, who is not so well known as she should be.
Love Among the Eskimos

Pictures like *Mala the Magnificent* demonstrate what a wide scope there is for those who, like W. S. van Dyke, will leave the confines of the studios and go to the less trouble to bring to us the lives and customs of little-known people embodied in a screen story.

I am not going into the difficulties which beset the author, Mr. White Shadows in the South Seas and Trader Horn, and Peter Freuchen, the author of the book on which this film is based, in Alaska because the latter wrote an interesting article on that subject in our issue of January 13.

The results fully justify the nine months they spent on location and the further eight months of editing and re-taking in the studio.

It is a simple story of an Eskimo's love played against the magnificently picturesque background of the Arctic regions. It rings true, and there is a wealth of sincerity in the characterisations.

I cannot, however, say that one is deeply moved by the dramatic qualities of the play; there are so many conflicting interests such as scenic qualities and the actual customs and lives of the people concerned that the plot is rather swamped.

It tends to be rather sombre in its outlook, but as a whole I found it well worth while seeing and I recommend it as a refreshing change from the ordinary run of pictures.

The story deals with an Eskimo, Mala, a mighty hunter, whose wife is seduced by the skipper of a trading vessel, and later shot in mistake for a walrus by his own village, where to ease his spirit he changes his name and later takes two other wives offered him by a sympathetic friend.

The Eskimos apparently have raised hospitality to the nth degree.

Then comes tragedy, for the sergeant of a newly established North West Mounted Police post starts off to bring Mala to justice.

When he finds him he realises what a fine man he is, but is forced to carry him off as a subterfuge, gets his prisoner to the post, a willing captive.

However, Mala learns that he is in danger of being hanged, and also that the people in his village are starving, so he breaks gaol and treks home. A terrible journey this, in which he has to eat all the dogs in his sleigh team, and arrives exhausted.

Closely on his heels comes the sergeant, but rather than die in any other way than as a hunter, Mala, taking his wife with him, jumps on a drifting ice floe.

The sergeant waves him farewell, and, as he jubilantly says to his companion, the floe is being blown across the inlet, and the pair will not perish. He has done his duty to the best of his ability, but here was one case in which he was glad that he had failed.

The character of Mala is excellently drawn, and the native actor plays with a fine sense of naturalness and sincerity. Equally good is the wife, and, indeed, all of natives appears quite unconscious of the camera.

The roles of the seducer is well presented by Peter Freuchen, the author, while the N.W.M.P. sergeant portrayed exceedingly well by W. S. van Dyke.

The picture is a full talkie. When Eskimo is spoken, it is clear to all, but when white men appear on the scene they are discarded.

The picture gives a fine idea of the country and the life of the natives. There are some wonderful shots of Mala and his companions hunting walruses, and a remarkable sequence of the chase of a huge herd of caribou which take to the water, where some are harpooned for food.

The capture of a polar bear, too, proves vivid and exciting, while Mala's harpooning of a whale, instead of being of the routine kind, is done deliberately.

Important scenes are the opening one, Down to the Sea in Ships which some of you may remember.

Fine scenic effects have been obtained, and all through the atmosphere is wholly convincing.—L. C.

His Double Life

Something has gone wrong with this production; it starts as a straight comedy and then becomes wildly fantastic and borders on burlesque; even the characters lose their human touch at the end.

This is a pity, because the first three quarters of the film is very entertaining and presents a good adaptation of a combination of two of Arnold Bennett's best-known stories, *Buried Alive and The Great Adventure*.

You perhaps remember that the theme deals with a very retreating but famous artist who, when his valet dies, drifts into the position of pretending that it is really he who is dead; the valet is buried with full honours in Westminster Abbey—a delightfully satirical touch.

The valet had been corresponding through the *Matrimonial Times* with a woman whom the artist meets, takes a fancy to and marries, returning to her country cottage on her money and the legacy he had left the valet in his will.

His wife's shares vanish and the artist starts painting pictures for fifteen pounds a time.

Eventually an art dealer discovers his identity. He had been buying up the pictures and selling them as the work of the 'dead' man until a date after his decease is discovered on one of the canvases.

The art dealer is sued, and the shy and retiring artist is forced into court where the truth about his double life is exposed and his identity is established.

It is an ingenious plot which tilts satirically at fame and success, but it needed playing as straight comedy.

It was a woman with two grown-up sons arrives and claims to recognise the unfortunate artist as her husband, the deceased valet, that the story begins to lose its credibility.

This sequence is treated in broad farcical vein with the woman apparently old enough to be the artist's mother or even his sisters.

To make matters worse Arthur Hopkins, the director, has proceeded to treat the trial scene as being cast in the most melodramatic manner, making the jury and court speak in chorus and at one period putting all of them in masks.

It is, of course, an attempt to be clever and suggest the artist's reaction to the whole procedure, but it only succeeds in being rather ridiculous and leaves one out of sympathy with what, at first, had promised to be an unusual and interesting human comedy.

In the beginning the characters are very well drawn. Roland Young, as the artist, admirably expresses the painfully shy and retiring character. The scenes where he allows people to assume that it is he and not his valet who is dead are excellent.

Brilliant, too, is the funeral of the valet in the Abbey, with the artist breaking down and weeping at the thought that he should be there and not the valet. Incidentally, it powerfully recalls its Westminster prototype, although it does suggest grandeur.

His relations with the woman with whom his valet had been corresponding strikes a very human note; there is pathos here underlying the comedy.

It is largely due to Lilian Gish who makes her reappearance on the screen in this picture in the former role that it is so well depicted.

She is admirably suited to the part, and plays it with a sincerity and naturalness which makes me hope that her return is a permanent and not just a temporary one.

She is mature now, of course, but it seems to me that she has much more depth in her acting and promises to achieve a big success as a character actress.

These two hold the stage most of the time, but all the minor roles are well etched in. In particular Montague Love is excellent as a cousin who basks in the reflected glory of the artist whom he has not seen since a child and whom he cannot recognise.

As the art dealer Lumens Hare, too, presents a very good character study.

The whole is well set, although the English atmosphere is not always convincing.—L. C.

Colonel Blood

Some time before *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Catherine the Great* took shape on the floor of a British studio, W. F. Lipscomb had written and had decided to direct *Colonel Blood*.

I make this statement because I am aware that inevitably comparisons will be made between *Colonel Blood* and the other historical films. And I want you to understand and know that there was no intention of making a *Colonel Blood* a colossal production. The object was to present a fascinating historical character in a simple story and in a simple manner, with due attention to the period.

Therefore, when you see this picture, don't let it's modesty deter you from enjoying it. Give it a fair "viewing," remembering it was made by an English company that is striving hard to put its own country on the map of the film world.

The scene is set in the time of Charles II, who gives some indication why he was known as the Merry Monarch. To the Court comes that delightful rogue Blood, has a whirlwind love affair with
February 10, 1934

**PICTURESQUE Weekly**

**Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone in "Moulin Rouge," which will be fully reviewed next week.**

I vamp, very jury well has audiences, white lady Jewels and Hay turous reprieve, sentenced Jewels. Lady Anne and the knee-breeches of the official doctor—"who has moved on finger to save his father, and fatally injures another white official who has outraged his sister. He is sentenced by a "pecked" jury but escapes to Washington and forms a Government investigation on the conditions on the reservation.

The love interest is provided by Ann Dvorak, who, as an educated Indian girl employed at the reservation office reveals that she has lost none of her old flair for making a negligible part interesting.

Barthelmes himself invents the principal character with sincerity and conviction, although the Red Indian make-up is not a complete success and makes him look like little George Raft. Dudley Digges turns in his usual immaculate performance as the crooked reservation supervisor.—M. D. F.

**Convection City**

If you want a really hearty laugh and are not terribly thin-skinned, I cannot do better than recommend you to go and see this delightful piece of irresponsible fooling.

Business conventions in America are a sacred rite; salesmen have their theme song and at some chosen resort they meet in solemn conclave to put a punch into the following year's work—at least, that's the idea. This picture shows you the reverse of the medal, and "debunks" another American custom in a hilarious and utterly irreverent manner.

The convention is shown as an excuse for a really good "blind," and so we are introduced to a whole bevy of "knights of the road" all of them having a good time and anxious, temporarily, to get rid of their wives and other awkward appendages.

So you are introduced to members of the Honeywell firm, who arrive at Atlantic City. There is Kent, a salesman who hopes to be made general manager, a gentleman of infinite and sagacity of affairs and, appropriately enough, played most engagingly by Adolphe Menjou; Jerry Ford, an irresponsible youngster whom Kent gets out of the clutches of a vamp and who in the end wins the love of the managing director's daughter, Claire. These roles are attractively presented by Dick Powell and Patricia Ellis respectively.

Then there is Arline Dale, a capable saleswoman who realises Kent's faults but loves him just the same and gets him in the end. Mary Astor is sincere and natural, and Frank Celler makes an adven- turous rogue of Blood, yet fails to gain sympathy. Allan 'Jays is good as the King, and Anne Grey attractive as Lady Castlenaue.

Other noteworthy contributions come from Mary Lawson, who should be worth training, Hay Petrie, Hilda Trevelyan, and Robert Nambly.

There is much to commend in the production, and a word of praise is merited for the natural behaviour and conversation of the characters.—M. B. Y.

**Massacre**

Richard Barthelmes seems to be kinematically destined to right the wrongs of America's oppressed. In *Cahine in the Cotton* he did it for the white squatters of the South. This time he puts things right on behalf of the Red Indians who live on the Government reservations.

The problem with which *Massacre* is concerned—that of the exploitation by grasping politicians of North America's fast-vanishing race of natives—is obviously addressed mainly to United States audiences, but producer and players have con- trived to invest the characters with a certain amount of interest and have coaxed it with a reason- ably strong if broadly melodramatic story. Mr. Barthelmes is Big Chief Thunder Horse, a full-blooded Indian, who has left the reservation in his youth and the wealth and the glamour as a trick rider in circus shows. He returns to his home to see his dying father and finds that his people are being attacked, looted, and robbed of their land and money by the clique of grafting Government officers in charge.

On his trail of vengeance he "beats up" the official doctor—who has moved on finger to save his father, and fatally injures another white official who has outraged his sister. He is sentenced by a "pecked" jury but escapes to Washington and forms a Government investigation on the conditions on the reservation.

The love interest is provided by Ann Dvorak, who, as an educated Indian girl employed at the reservation office reveals that she has lost none of her old flair for making a negligible part interesting.

Barthelmes himself invents the principal character with sincerity and conviction, although the Red Indian make-up is not a complete success and makes him look like little George Raft. Dudley Digges turns in his usual immaculate performance as the crooked reservation supervisor.—M. D. F.

**Gallant Lady**

Ann Harding has not been well supplied with material since *Animal Kingdom*, so it is a relief to find that in this, her latest picture, she has a part to which she may play that ability which makes her one of the most notable actresses on the screen to-day.

This is a great change, for it has two distinct elements: a credible and well-developed plot and some excellent characterisation, it strikes a human note throughout and, while dealing with a strong, sentimental theme, it avoids being sentimentally maudlin or melodramatic.

The story is basically familiar but its treatment and direction are fresh and unusual. Ann Harding plays the role of a girl, Sally, whose lover is killed in an air crash. She is about to have a baby and on the night of the disaster she wanders disconsolate in a park, afraid to go home to her very proper and conventional parents.

There she meets a fellow outcast, a doctor who has offended against the law by painlessly disposing of his hopeless case and had spent two years in prison.

With his aid the girl faces life, bears her baby, which she hands over to him, while he gets a job with a woman friend of her protector's who runs a house decorating business.

The two girls become good friends, he marries her, and the doctor, who has kept his drinking, does five years before the mast and pulls himself together—he had been drinking heavily.

The edge of the play comes when the girl, hearing that the woman who had adopted her baby is dead and that the husband is about to marry, takes her child and, finding the father to the child, schemes to get him back into her possession.

If would, I think, spoil the entertainment for you if I tell you how she accomplishes this. It is quite logically worked out, however, and makes for thoroughly good entertainment.

The plots are clever and the hopelessness of love of the doctor for the girl he has befriended and also the love of the woman decorator, a matter-of- fact, downright character, for the doctor.

Also introduced is a gallant Italian count who Sally meets when she goes to Italy on the firm's business.

He adores her and she uses him to play a small part in her scheme of regaining possession of her son.

Incidentally, it is on that trip that she meets her child, who is travelling abroad, and makes friends with him. Thus, on her return she is introduced to his father and learns about his intended re-marriage.

The fact that her firm is asked to re-decorate his house gives her the entrée which enables her to be near her son.

Ann Harding plays the rôle with a sincerity that makes the character, a young woman in a bad human; she never over-emotionalises the mother-love theme.

I have rarely seen Clive Brook to better advan- tage than as the doctor whose lapses into drink are caused simply by his loneliness.

His hopeless love strikes a poignant note and yet he plays the rôle in a careless manner quite different from the fastidious, characterisation. The light touch he introduces makes the character a thoroughly vital and convincing one.

A fine performance is given by Janet Beecher as the proprietor of the decorating firm. She, too, conveys deep emotion under a matter-of-fact and worldly-wise exterior.

As Kruger's passionate wife, a selfish society girl, Betty Lawford is well in character and refreshing to see in a full-length rôle.

Gregory La Cava has directed the whole thing with a great deal of sincerity. It is a little spun out at the beginning and the continuity is apt to be a little ragged in places, but his detail work is admirable and he builds up his characters in an interesting and appealing manner.—L. C.
Dear Charlie,

O at last you feel a picture coming on again.

For a long time whispers have been reaching us from Hollywood that you are getting ready to dust away the cobwebs from the make-up box and fetch the old baggy pants, the boots and the cane out of the studio safe.

Or perhaps they are not kept in the safe under armed guard now? Publicity technique has advanced since the days when you first set your feet on the golden road to fame.

And so, may I add, have pictures.

So far, there has been much of interest in the little that has been allowed to leak out to us from that quaint, old-fashioned, red-brick studio of yours on La Brea Avenue.

We have long since been reconciled to the fact that you will never permit the "little man" to talk on the screen, so that the official announcement has caused no surprise.

Your screen character, you feel, was established before talkies were dreamed of and it is impossible to give it a voice.

The film, we are told, will be laid in an industrial city with a gentle story standing out in sharp relief against a background of social unrest, poverty and squalor and will be true to the tradition of combined pathos and comedy. Both you and your new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, will be walls of the depression—the heroine, possibly, even an escapee from an orphanage.

You, according to your manager, will "be the hero of City Lights" and at the end we shall see you drifting on again, the pathetic clown with the breaking heart, unable to claim the girl he loves.

Does all this mean that you are maintaining your faith in the old formula?

Charlie in one of his most successful early short comedies, "The Idle Class."

For the first time since you started producing your own pictures you are working with a script. Does this decision, on top of the fact that the film's birth pangs have lasted three years, mean that you are setting out to create the crowning achievement of your career?

Or does it, coupled with the fact that Chaplin, the star-maker, the artist who moulds great talent out of inexperienced young extras, is reported to be closely collaborating in the writing of the script with Paulette Goddard—until a short time ago a chorus girl in a Sam Goldwyn girl show—denote that the old confidence in your own genius to snatch the screen's brightest gems of comedy from the film's moulds is not what it used to be?

Greater men than you might be pardoned, you see, for a certain wavering of confidence at present. In the past I have watched your famous private-life Pagliacci act with admiration—but dry eyes. But with all your fame and all your millions I feel sorry for you now.

You are paying the penalty of all those who accept the mantle of genius. And there is no fear like the fear that assails those who have been acclaimed great and become in all their enterprises haunted by the legend of their own greatness—afraid that they may be overwhelmed by it.

In the past few months you must have seen many signs in circles close to you that the big parade is marching on fast and that the old-timers must stride out if it is not to pass them by.

Of your fellow foundation members of United Artists, Bill Hart is lying ill and almost forgotten in retirement, Mary Pickford clinging to the remnants of the cloak of her "world's sweetheartdom," is on the stage while she searches desperately for a new screen medium for her talents, Doug. Fairbanks is taking a gamble with British production; even Gloria Swanson, who came later, no longer marches in the front ranks.

And Chaplin is about to begin the first picture of three in which much has happened, in which new idols have risen and new techniques have been developed; three years in which we have only had City Lights by which to remember him.

Already I can hear the shouts of the mob acclaiming Walt Disney as the supreme genius of motion picture comedy.

A little over two years ago I told you that although it made a lot of money for you, most of your fans were disappointed with City Lights because by the time it was generally released the public was so used to talkies that the silent pantomime seemed outmoded and exaggerated.

"It is the same peerless Chaplin," I wrote, "but the screen has grown. Perhaps it has caught up with him. It makes me wonder if in two years hence the fans will welcome another City Lights."

To-day I do not wonder at all. The screen has caught up with and passed the Chaplin of City Lights. Your new picture will not only have to be a good picture, as City Lights undoubtedly was; it will have to be a great picture, which City Lights undoubtedly was not.

Make no mistake about it, the new film will be regarded as the acid test of Charles Spencer Chaplin. It will be a test of weight, and shaky in a short membraned world that amid the acclamation of the highbrows has forgotten the gifts of comedy you once laid at its feet when you were content to be just the world's greatest comedian.

The screen, as I have said, has marched on in your absence. Once we had hopes that you would do for talkies what you did for the silent screen. But you walked away to brood in your tent with your Bonsai trees, and put the good fight to overcome the obstacles presented by the new medium. You left it to the Clairs and the Lubitachs to pioneer the new techniques for exploiting sound.

Perhaps you have been studying them. Perhaps, in your new picture, you will carry them towards perfection. You see, you will have to justify all that masterly inactivity and apparent apathy in the greatest artistic crisis of the industry that gave you greater fame and wealth than to any other of its favourites.

There can be no half-way house for you now. You must either give us a great picture that will firmly re-establish you on the highest throne of comedy or else see Charlie Chaplin the Clown relegated to the screen history books for ever.

I believe that you can do it, too, if you can shake off the shackles of deference to the self-styled intelligentsia and the false and fatal superstition if, indeed, it still exists in your mind) that the public demands the old formula.

I have always considered that your attempt to ride the "avanti garde" ambitions inspired by the avanti garde who neglected "Charles Spencer Chaplin" until the despised film fans discovered "Walt Disney" has been a dangerous policy. Pre-eminently, success in any one branch of achievement is the highest form of genius. It is not too late to remedy the damage that policy has caused by finding your artistic outlet if you must, in direction.

And to-day there are many of the giants of the medium who have been written off by the "avanti garde" who are living in benevolent institutions because "my public demanded the old songs."

Think it over in your lonely walks in the Hollywood hills.
Picturegoer's
Beauty
PARLOUR

GLORIA STUART
in "Beloved"
JEAN HARLOW'S
Secrets of BEAUTY
it is winter time and opportunities for sports are few.
"Then tell them to walk; to get into a light-weight coat, low-heeled shoes (I thought that would surprise you—Jean Harlow never wears high heels except on formal occasions), and walk

BEAUTY of face and figure are the direct outcome of good health. If your skin is muddy and sallow, eyes dull and watery, your hair lank, and your tummy needs a reducing belt, then it is about time you overhauled your diet and your mode of living.

"Be vital and cultivate the day-to-day habit of good health," said Jean Harlow to me, "that's the way to beauty."

It was the first time I had seen the star in the flesh, and immediately I realised that here was the living embodiment of her own creed, beautiful and vital, because she is so wonderfully fit. She has to be. There is no time for sick headaches and bilious attacks in the life of a star.

"Will you give me your own rules of good health to pass on to the readers of THIS WEEKLY?" I asked.

And here they are:

"Plan your health as you plan your clothes. Make time for regular sleep, regular meals, and physical jerks. And, in planning, leave a good-sized space for sport and open-air exercises. Fresh air and sunshine, that's the greatest secret of all, and it is amazing what it will do for you. Swimming, golfing, tennis," and then Jean Harlow paused as she remembered that in England now

February 10, 1934

Jean Harlow keeps herself in physical fitness in her own green and white bathing pool at her Bel-Air estate

A composite photograph showing Jean Harlow getting ready for a scene before the camera

till the wind and the rain make cheeks glow and blood circulate." This health road to beauty is by no means a life of slackness and of ease. It means a certain amount of sacrifice, too. Rich foods and cream buns are not on the film star's menu, and "no sweets" is one of Jean Harlow's unbreakable rules. Looking at her glorious skin, fair as a lily, and cheeks delicately pink (she uses no make-up off the screen), I enthusiastically agreed that all the denials in the world were worth while.

After eight hours' sleep, eight hours, mark you— for Jean Harlow thinks the girl who gets along with five hours' sleep and meals at any old time, is just playing the fool with her looks—she takes a tumbler of hot water. It dilutes the acid in the stomach, flushes the kidneys and aids elimination. There you have the secret of her marvellous complexion. Since hot water tastes a bit flat, it is given a bit of a kick with a dash of lemon juice and a pinch of salt.

Try it, and see the results, but do it regularly and consistently, just as you clean your teeth. Then use plenty of cold water on your face and while the cheeks are still aglow, apply a massage brush, not so stiff that it bruises the skin, but stiff enough to whip the blood to the surface. Like all other women who practise skin care, Jean Harlow uses a cleansing cream at night, followed by washing in warm water and the application of a tissue.

Now to the daily dozen. Here are the exercises which the star declares help her to keep that gloriously slim(180,590),(507,642) and supple figure. She had a tendency to stooping shoulders. It was cured by a daily ten minutes of deep breathing followed by this:

Stand erect, two feet from a wall. Place the hands on the wall about a foot apart with finger tips towards each other. Push forward from the shoulders at the same time resisting the push with the arms. Keep chin up and head well back. Then bend till the chin almost touches the wall, still resisting with the arms.

The value of this exercise lies in the playing of one set of muscles against the others. It is also a remedy for hollow, undeveloped chest; it makes the shoulders take their normal position, expands the lungs, and so ensures room for correct breathing.

Hips and tummies need special attention to-day, for fashionable frocks are merciless to figures that are not all they should be from the waist downwards.

There is nothing like kicking, says Jean Harlow, for reducing the hips to a state of subjection. Hold on to the back of a chair. Steady yourself, then raise the left leg straight in front with unbent knee. Kick backwards hard. Let the kick be short and swift so that it tenses the muscles. Repeat ten times before holding the other side of the chair and repeating with the right leg.

Make a habit of this and prominent hips will be past history.

Jean Harlow referred to the tummy as a "perplexing" part of the anatomy, with which description I readily agree. Certainly it perplexes a good many of my readers who write to say that they do not know how to disguise it.

The following exercise will do more than disguise it; it will dispose of it. Stand with feet 18 inches apart, hands at sides. Rotate the hips slowly till they move in a complete circle. Keep the upper part of the body as still and straight as possible. You will find it difficult at first. Do it slowly to begin and later on you will be able to speed up the movement till the hips can be rotated really quickly.

When you have got rid of the tummy thus wise, you need to wear nothing more confining than a light unboned suspender belt. Jean Harlow believes—and in that belief she has the support of leading modern medical opinion—that to be graceful the body should be free and unhampere.
Exercise and Keep Slim

Beauty of face is not enough. Slack muscles, a bulge about the line of the diaphragm, or spread hips will make people forget your good points in the recollection of the ugly ones. There is little excuse for an ungainly figure. Get up fifteen minutes earlier, open the window, do a little deep breathing and then devote ten minutes to exercises. But don't perform them in a perfunctory manner. That is waste of time. Do them with a good heart and cheerfulness and you will benefit in health and spirits. If you can exercise to a tune played on the gramophone, so much the better.

Mary Doran is an enthusiastic devotee of the daily dozen which stretch the muscles. "When you awaken, stretch thoroughly," says this slim and supple young star. "Stretch your arms, your back, your legs, and even your neck. This starts up a good circulation, and could you more fittingly begin the day? You must have outdoor exercise too." She is most emphatic about that. "Make your choice from tennis, golf, swimming or walking. Personally, my choice is tennis, because it provides good, all-round, well balanced exercise."

Miriam Jordan, too, is an advocate of adequate stretching, not only first thing in the morning, but whenever a moment or two can be snatched during the day. She holds that it is a most effective reducing treatment as well as a tone up to all bodily action. She tells me that she stretches for ten minutes before her morning bath and for ten minutes before going to bed. Here are her own instructions: "Lie on the floor without a pillow or any constricting garments. Throw your arms backwards over your head. Straighten the legs, and with stiff knees, raise first one leg and then the other. Then raise the two legs together."

Between you and me this is an exercise designed on absolutely natural lines. It is about the first exercise that a baby performs, and when we can do it with as much pep and grace as a six months old we shall have mastered an exercise worth while.

Kay Francis moves as beautifully as any screen actress in the world. Her secret lies in a continuous good posture. She never slouches. She never lounges. If you would move as gracefully as she does, watch out on these points. Swing the leg freely from the hip at each stride. If your heels are too high you cannot do this for you are thrown too far forward and the knees are bent instead of being straight. Hold the upper part of the body correctly, waist braced up for the hips, shoulders steady and head up. When standing for any length of time, keep the weight evenly distributed on both feet. Weight that is thrown first on one foot and then on the other thrusts out the hips and increases their girth.

Correct sitting calls also for a braced waist. Do not slide forward and sit on the front edge of the chair. The base of the spine should touch the back of the chair. Then there is no strain on any internal organ.

"Walk around your room for five minutes every day balancing a bowl or a book on your head." This is the advice of Maureen O'Sullivan. "Wear a bathing suit or loose blouse and shorts so that you have no hampering garments. Take up a position with feet together and hands on hips. Hold the head erect, but without strain, and retract the abdomen so that you can feel a tightening up of the muscles. With wooden bowl or book in position on the head, walk slowly up and down the room with feet pointed straight.

There is no better exercise than this to induce poise and a free graceful walk.
Above: Castilian-Moderna. Thelma Todd shows the left, front and back views in demonstrating the effectiveness of this raven transformation. The hair is slightly waved and drawn over to the left side, ending in a cluster of ringlets.

Above: Pompadour-Classique—the ultra-modern platinum-blonde sophistication is achieved in another coiffure by Thelma Todd. The soft swirl waves are drawn over to the right side, ending in a huge cluster of ringlets.

ON'T be a misfit in make-up. Emphasise your own type. This is particularly true of make-up for eyes and eyebrows.

If you are of the sophisticated type, you cannot successfully pretend to be an ingénue.

Let us go to the stars for a lesson in make-up. Janet Gaynor is fully entitled to speak for the naturally girlish and round-faced lass. "Let your eyes and eyebrows be as natural as possible," she advises. What plucking is necessary should be done from the underside of the brows. This has the effect of increasing the apparent size of the eyes. Never, never use a razor, but always a pair of toilet tweezers.

There should be a one-inch space between the brows. If it is less, pluck out the hairs between. If, in spite of grooming, the brows are still inclined to be a bit unruly, make them lie neatly by applying a little vaseline.

What about mascara? Generally speaking, the girlish type is more effective without it. If you must darken brows and lashes, a blonde should use brown mascara, and a brunette should use black. But, better still, use a waterproof dye, which is less obvious. Apply mascara or dye with a brush against the direction in which the brows
Crowning Glory

We cannot dodge the fact that modern fashions are extremely hard on our hair. Curling, perming, bleaching—all these processes constitute a strain to which women of a previous generation were never required to submit their tresses.

All the stars I have consulted are unanimous on one point, and that adequate brushing.

"One hundred strokes a day and massage with the finger tips," is Lilian Harvey's advice. "Do not be afraid that it will brush out the wave whether natural or otherwise. Contrary to general belief, brushing deepens the waves, and brushing alone can add to the gloss that shines on perfectly healthy hair."

Myrna Kennedy is a red head and she has special advice for girls of her own glorious colouring. "Make your shampoo of Castile soap and rain-water," she says. "Shave up the soap on a grater. Boil it up with some of the soft water, and when the shavings have all dissolved, add some more soft water and beat up till the shampoo is a foaming mass. Rinse in three waters. Let the last one be tepid and add to it a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice."

Mae Clarke has a word to say about the theory that frequent washing is bad for the hair. "Shampoo it once a week, unless the hair is exceptionally dry, when shampoo it as often as may be needed. Occasionally massage the scalp with warm olive oil. This keeps it absolutely free from any trace of dandruff."

Dorothy Wilson pins her faith to fresh air and sunshine as the finest hair tonics in the world. Get out into the open and let the wind and the sun play through your hair and on it.

"Brief daily massage of the scalp; that is my recipe for beauty of hair," says Mary Mason. "It stimulates the sebaceous glands, improves the circulation, and develops the natural beauty of the hair to an amazing extent. But it must be real massage, so that you can feel the scalp moving over the skull."

Speaking Eyes

I grow. This will ensure the underpart being darkened as well as the top. When well distributed, smooth the brows again with the brush.

For this type of make-up, eye shadow should never be used. It makes the eyes too heavy tasted. A smear of vaseline on the lids will make them glisten and accentuate the curves.

The Exotic

Eyebrows that arch near the temple belong to the exotic and sophisticated type of girl. Carole Lombard invented them. Marlene Dietrich carried the arches to soaring heights. The girl who fits into this category and would look her best should strike the happy medium.

What can Carole Lombard teach us?

The natural curve may be accentuated and the arch of the brows given height by continuous training. This consists of always plucking the underside of the brows and encouraging the top growth by the use of vaseline and upward brushing. But if there is no natural inclination to an arch, then art must assist Nature. Pluck out the ends of the brows and finish the line in the required direction with an eyebrow pencil.

Luxuriant lashes are necessary for this make-up, and here again art must come to your aid if your own lashes are not sufficiently thick and long. Artificial lashes are applied with a special adhesive, and then trimmed to a becoming length. A soulful expression may be given to the eyes by extending the line of the eyelid with an eyebrow pencil. Use the pencil very lightly at the outer corners of the eyes. Avoid a hard line by dabbing with the finger-tip.

For ordinary use it is a safe rule that eye-shadow should match the colour of the eyes, though for evening use lavender and green shadow are permissible for brown eyes.

Apply the eye-shadow only to the lower part of the lid so that there may be sufficient contrast between it and the skin beneath the eyebrows.

Natural Brows

Joan Crawford is an exponent of the vogue for natural brows. If your eyes are large and expressive, you might try this style, too, by way of a change.

But do not interpret "natural" brows to mean wild and woolly ones. Straggling hairs, and any that grow in the wrong direction, must be plucked. Daily brushing is necessary to train the brows in the way they should go. Mascara should be avoided, and any darkening that is desirable should be done with a waterproof dye.

Here is a tip that will make your eyes appear as large and luminous as Joan's. Place a tiny point of rose-coloured cream at the inner corner of each eye. This is also a useful hint for those girls whose eyes are set too far apart for strict beauty.
The Soviet's contribution to screen sex appeal is Anna Sten, who will be seen soon in the long-delayed "Nana."

Many nations pay tribute to "Picturegoer" gallery of the screen's loveliest— the beauties who are standing where beauty was commonplace.

Lovely Evelyn Laye, who represents English beauty at its best.

Top: Lillian Harvey, born in Britain, discovered in Germany and "plorified" in Hollywood, is almost a one-woman beauty League of Nations.

Joyzelle, the screen dancer, who colourfully represents the more exotic form of feminine loveliness.

South America, noted for its beautiful women, makes a worthy contribution in the person of Lupe Velez.
Many good judges consider that Loretta Young is Hollywood's most beautiful girl. It is certainly difficult to find an argument to disprove it.

Above, theosaic beauty of Marlene Dietrich was immortalised in marble in this statue created for "Song of Songs." Right: Another and more formal study of Germany's gift to the screen's loveliest women.

The smart, sophisticated, suave and perfectly groomed beauty of 1924 has no more striking and graceful representative than Canada's Norma Shearer.
OMAN'S quest for beauty is eternal. Wherever they are digging up from the earth evidence of past civilisations, there they find cosmetics and the beauty boxes of women who lived thousands of years ago.

Still the quest goes on. If any can claim to have solved the problem with complete success, surely the film stars of today are entitled to that distinction. They know how to make the most of their beauty, and so present themselves to the audiences of the world, perfectly groomed, exquisitely turned out.

Ann Harding is rightly proud of her lovely hands, and she takes special care to keep them beautiful. Her sovereign remedy is one our grandmothers knew, glycerine and rosewater. But she adds to it just a little benzine because this ingredient keeps the skin white.

Nails must be immaculate, and to keep their tips white and free from any abrasions that might mar their beauty, she passes under them an orange stick dipped in zinc oxide powder. She has no liking for highly coloured and varnished nails. Her choice is the old-fashioned dry polish of natural tint, applied over the entire nail and finished with a buffer.

Successful powdering isn't achieved by mere dabbing with a powder puff over a carelessly applied vanishing cream. 'Spread your foundation cream or lotion sparingly and evenly,' says Maureen O'Sullivan. Then with a large flat wool puff charged with a generous supply of powder, press evenly over the face. The result is, of course, an overpowdered look. But then comes Maureen's great secret. 'Softly remove the excess powder with a soft brush—a baby's hair brush will do. You will be amazed at the lovely matt complexion you have achieved.'

There is an art of the lipstick, for badly applied it can ruin the entire make-up. Claire Trevor has discovered the way of preventing it from smearing. She lightly powders her lips before applying the lipstick. This gives an adherent base so that the lipstick does not smear, nor does it leave unpleasant traces on cups and glasses. A final dusting of powder will tone down a too vivid effect.

During the day the effect should be natural. That is the view of Elizabeth Young. So she rouges the true lines of her lips only. But for evening she shapes them and matches her lipstick with her nail enamel. The lipstick is applied to the centre of the lips only and then spread with the finger-tips.

Hangnails are ugly and distressing. You never will find Fay Wray with the slightest suggestion of such a blemish, for she takes special pains in caring for the cuticles. Every night, she tells me, she applies olive oil to the base of the nails. She paints it on with a little brush because it is more effective and far less messy than applying it with the finger-tips. The oil not only softens the cuticles so that they may be easily pressed back below the half-moons, but it also nourishes the nails and prevents them from becoming brittle.

"Don't walk in a cloud of perfume," urges Constance Bennett. There's nothing subtle nor attractive about that. Perfume should be an elusive thing; a hint of fragrance that is gone almost as soon as it is noticed, so that one's escort makes mental pause for a moment to try to catch it again.

"Use it with discretion, and always with a dropper or spray. Spray the inside of your hat and keep your shingle cap perfumed. This will give an indefinable fragrance to your hair. Place a spot of perfume on your wristlets, behind your ears, and when going to a dance, spray the inside of the hem of your dress. In this way you will obtain just that suggestion of perfume that is so desirable.'

Miriam Jordan has a word to say too on the same subject. "Choose the old-fashioned perfumes," she suggests. They are in perfect harmony with the frocks of the moment. Jasmine and honeysuckle with their sweet country fragrance are a more fitting accompaniment to leg of mutton sleeves than a heavy Oriental essence.

True blondes sun tan badly, unless they have the aid of a special protective cream which cuts out certain of the more potent of the sun's rays. So if you are one of the lucky ones, who having to take an early holiday, intends to cruise in sunny seas, accept a tip from Shirley Gray who always uses this new cream and so achieves an even tan without painful burn or skin injury.

Walking gracefully is an art that every film star must cultivate for the camera makes no compromise with an ugly slouch or an ungraceful posture. "Hold yourself erect," says Katharine Hepburn, "and forget that you were ever taught at school to turn out your toes. Point them straight and hold up your chin.

"When you do this you can feel your backbone straighten, your chest expand, and your abdomen retract. After a few minutes of this posture, there comes a terrible temptation to return to the old slouch for a few minutes rest. But don't give in. Keep it up, and soon it will become permanent and natural.'

Our Beauty Service

Write to Anne Madison about your own problem. She is at your service and will be delighted to help you. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query.
Every girl knows that her hair, after washing by ordinary methods, still lacks the sparkle and sheen of really lovely hair—that something more is necessary. Therefore every girl reader of "Picturegoer" will want to take advantage of this unique chance to try a wonderful new "two-way" hair beauty treatment at HALF COST.

**Do This First!**

First you need a CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSE. Choose the rinse to suit your hair (Fair, Auburn or Dark) and immediately after washing your hair, with soap and water or a good shampoo, rinse it thoroughly with the CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSE—rinsing your hair over and over again in the sparkling solution it makes. CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSES are perfectly healthful and contain the finest ingredients known to benefit the hair. They do not dye, but really tone the hair, giving it sparkle and life—taking all the dullness out of it, bringing a new loveliness you would never have believed possible.

There are FOUR Rinses to choose from. TONRINZ Blonds, TONRINZ Auburn, TONRINZ Golden Brown, (for dark Hair), and then the favourite Camilatone GOLDEN RINSE, most famous of all brightening rinses for the hair. They come in 6d. capsules or packets (sufficient for three rinses)—obtainable at HALF PRICE if you use the coupon below.

**Then Do This!**

Set your hair a New way! Forget all about "setting lotions" and "wave-sets" of the usual type and set your hair, after rinsing, with LUSTRESET, Camilatone's marvellous new setting medium—which is also a hair tonic and beautifier in addition, and particularly helps your hair after permanent waving. LUSTRESET comes in a tube which, apart altogether from its convenience and cleanliness, is remarkably economical (there are 30 to 35 perfect settings in each tube)—far better than setting lotions in every respect.

THUS—with this simple "two-way" treatment—you are assured of beautiful, fascinating hair every time you wash it—rinsed into new life and beauty—set in perfect waves exactly as you desire it. Make a test to-day—USE COUPON BELOW and take advantage, as a "Picturegoer" reader of this special HALF PRICE opportunity.

**BE FIRST TO**

** Beautify Your Hair**

**THIS NEW WAY!**

Special HALF-PRICE OFFER

To PICTUREGOER READERS • USE COUPON BELOW

To introduce the beneficial and beautifying qualities of Camilatone Beauty Rinses and LUSTRESET, the new Camilatone setting medium, to Picturegoer readers, we are making this SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER of one 6d. packet of Camilatone Golden Rinse or one 6d. capsule of Camilatone TONRINZ and one 1/3 tube of LUSTRESET at HALF PRICE. After you have tried them thoroughly, remember they are all obtainable at Chemists and Hairdressers. In the case of Rinses, during the next few weeks your local retailer is running a SPECIAL OFFER of TWO 6d. RINSES FOR 9½d. But first use the coupon below.
A halo of delicate lingering fragrance—individual, haunting, refreshing. That is the perfume of "Evening in Paris" Beauty Aids. Exquisitely fine powder —cream which soothes the skin and leaves it velvety and perfect —lipstick of refinement —and the world famous "Evening in Paris" Perfume.

PERFUME - - - 1/3 to 25/-
FACE POWDER - - - 1/9
VANISHING CREAM, Pot 2/-. Tube 9d.
LIPSTICK - - - 2/-
POWDER-CREAM - - - 1/-
COMPACT POWDER - 1/- & 2/6
In after-life Jo was never to forget the comfort of those words. Presently she could look up and express the thing that hurt most.

"We're sending for Marmee; but I'm afraid she won't come in time."

"She'll be here almost directly. Grandfather and I got fidgety, so we telegraphed yesterday."

"Laurie!"

With that, Jo threw her arms round his neck and, blushing redder than any peony, stammered: "I beg your pardon, but you're such a dear. I couldn't help flying at you."

"Fly at me again . . . I rather like it," Laurie confessed. "When he had gone to the station, Jo slid to her knees and prayed as she had never done in church.

That night, when Marmee came, Beth had passed the crisis and was sleeping, and Jo felt she understood the meaning of joy.

Though constitutionally delicate, Beth was recovering, under the happiness of Marmee's return, was steady. The day arrived when Jo carried her downstairs for the first time to the parlour.

To see Beth lying there, talking to her canary, cuddling the kittens, and casting contented eyes at the beloved piano, was happiness enough. Then Laurie must needs put his head round the door and inquire with a mysterious air, "Do the Marches live here?"

The next minute the door was flung wide and revealed a tall, spare figure with silver hair framing a face worn with suffering.

"Father!" cried Jo, and with a bound was the first to cling to him. In the middle of the commotion no one noticed Beth, who was making repeated efforts to leave the chaise-longue. At last she managed it and, to the excited cries of the family, "She's walking ... Beth's walking," trotted into her father's arms.

"I'm so happy! . . . Jo, Jo, where are you? I've never been so happy!" she cried.

Happiness on this plane being too rarified to last, it was not long before the rebel in Jo got the upper hand and caused her heartache.

The following day, Jo saw Laurie, about Marmee in the wood, clammed for attention. Since John Brooke's return from Washington, no one with eyes in their head had failed to notice how she coloured when he came near, curled her hair twice instead of once a day, smiled in a far-away manner, and generally

behaved, as Jo put it, like an idiot. Characteristically, Jo, coming into the parlour one afternoon, and seeing Meg start and half-drop the flowers she was holding, likewise noting her sister's handiwork in a new frock with fashionable sleeves, determined to have the matter out.

"Are you expecting anyone?" she demanded, for Meg was now at the window and now at the vases.

"Why—no—what do you mean?"

"Meg, why can't things go on as they are? Must you go on and fall in love, when we're so happy, and spoil it all? You're getting so far away from me. Don't go and marry that man, will you?"

"I don't intend to marry any man," Meg assured her. "If you mean Mr. Brooke, he hasn't asked me, and if he should I say decidedly I'm sorry, but I agree with Mother that it's too soon."

Meg was not prepared for Jo to behave like a whirlwind, lifting her sister off her feet, as she shouted:

"Hurrah for you, Meg! You're a trump! Now things will be the same!"

"Oh, my hair!" wailed Meg, and was busy in front of the mirror when the front-door bell rang. Jo disappeared, and Meg went to answer it and find John Brooke on the threshold.

"I've come for my umbrella I left yesterday, and really to inquire after your father, Miss Margaret."

"Thank you. He's in the rack, I'll tell it," came the jumbled reply, which, taken in conjunction with Meg's blushes, was excuse enough for John to say:

"Surely you're not afraid of me, Miss Margaret?"

"Oh, no! How could I be when you were so kind to Marmee? I wish I could thank you. No, please, don't tell me," Meg rushed on, aware that now was the time to be cool and collected.

"I only want to know if you care for me a little, Meg. I don't care how hard I work or how long I wait if I can have you in the end."

(Continued on page 31)
Beautiful Binnie Barnes, now playing Katherine Howard in the film "The Private Life of Henry VIII" finds Sphere Oval-Octo Suspenders "thoroughly reliable."

She says:—

"A thoroughly reliable Suspenders is of the utmost importance to screen artists. The camera picks out and exaggerates any tendency to wrinkle or ladder, however slight, and in my experience only "Sphere" Oval-Octo Suspenders will sustain my finest silk stockings with absolute security from laddering."

BOB DUKES' can't frightfully Trial And ladder, 4 Private family, W.

OVAL-OCTO BEAUTIFUL 30 LADDERS CAUSE CANNOT PICTUREGOER.

Parfum just exquisitely By is Matt luidiulXliui>m>li luidiulXliui>m>li liui>m>li perfumes, Powders, etc. (he is incarnar and d'Aventure Perfumes, Powders, etc. By the same creator as Le Treille Incarnar and d'Aventure Perfumes, Powders, etc. Glycerin powder which makes a smooth, soft and youthful face. Used regularly night and morning, it will prevent chapped hands and chilblains. Glycola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Massage a little on hands, arms, and face before applying powder.

TRY IT FREE A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:—

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.), Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.3—

Obtainable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc. 4½d. (handbag tube), 6d. and 1/- jars.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA Makes rough hands smooth Beautifies the complexion 4½d. 6d. 1/-

FOR BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS Use Clark's Glycola A little massaged well into the skin will keep your hands, face, and neck smooth, soft, and youthful. Used regularly night and morning, it will prevent chapped hands and chilblains. Glycola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Massage a little on hands, arms, and face before applying powder.

TRY IT FREE A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:—

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.), Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.3—

Obtainable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc. 4½d. (handbag tube), 6d. and 1/- jars.

L. T. PIVER Paris the ORIGINATOR of the MATT FINISH VOGUE announce that

Poudre MATTEVER (formerly known as MATITE) is the original matt-textured face powder, only the name is changed. The ever matt and exquisitely fine texture of Poudre Mattever with its delicate perfume will appeal to you. The only powder to give the perfect matt finish complexion 1/3 a box or 9 shades.

Parfum MATTEVER just the same perfume you loved under its old name of MATITE. 19d to 5/- Trail size 1/1 By the same creator as Le Treille Incarnar and d'Aventure Perfumes, Powders, etc. Glycerin powder which makes a smooth, soft and youthful face. Used regularly night and morning, it will prevent chapped hands and chilblains. Glycola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Massage a little on hands, arms, and face before applying powder.

TRY IT FREE A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:—

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.), Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.3—

Obtainable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc. 4½d. (handbag tube), 6d. and 1/- jars.

Go... Suck a ZUBE 2½ OUNCE 3½ 6" IN FLAT TINS ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM
"I'm afraid I can't... Marmee and I agree... I'm much too young." She brought it out so nicely, but she hadn't even got one word out before she had a dreadful thing by kneading beside her and impressing her hands. Perhaps I shall remember the door handle turned at this juncture and in came Aunt March with a deliberate tap-tap of her ebony stick and she authorities, literally telling John to be off.

Off he went, looking crestfallen, and could no longer be tempted over the mat when Aunt March began on Meg.

"Well, what?" The Laurence boy's tutor thought as much. Then it is true.

"Sh-h, John. He might hear you, and he has been so kind to father." "Kinder of him if he went about his business and left you alone. You ought to make a rich match, Margaret. This Brooke person has no money and no position." That doesn't mean he never will have.

"Counting on his wife's relatives, is he?" Aunt March, how dare you say such a thing! My John wouldn't marry for money if I would. I'm not afraid of being poor," Meg flamed.

"Highty-tighty. You remember, young ladies. I married this Rook or Hook or Crook, he'll take care of you. Not a penny of my money shall go on board with you."

With which the old lady, flushed into the parlour and left Meg alone with her indignation, but for that the front door soon re-opened to admit a triumphant John. Then he said, "Meg couldn't help hearing. That umbrella. I never took it, all. I had to come back. Then you will give me leave to work for you, darling." What Jo thought when she came into the hall to find Meg in "that man's" embrace has never been recorded, but her face as she subsided on the doorway was comical in its dismay.

Meg's wish to be married at home was gratified by the kind consent of the parson, three sisters as bridesmaids and for guests, only lifelong friends, the wedding, taking place in the garden, a smiling geniality, as charming as any bride of twenty could wish.

On the latter day theSizer and the still beyond the home garden and set down to brood at the foot of a tree. Laurie having taken it into his head to be seen trying to be serious with her about something evidently on his mind, but she bravely put up her head and spoke as if she had enough of her own troubles. Now he was the sympathiser as he stretched out on the grass and tried to help her along.

"You're still got me, Jo. I know I'm not good for much, but I'll stand by you all the days of my life." A cry was heard at the other side as Laurie kissed and kissed her hand. "Please don't! Laurie, don't say it!" "I've got enough love for you ever since I knew you. Why have you kept away from me since I came back from college? I gradu- rated with honours and it was all for you. You could make anything you like out of me."
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

**DINNER AT EIGHT**
**ENEMIES OF SOCIETY**
**SERVICE**
**THAT'S A GOOD GIRL**
**HER BODYGUARD**
**YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**
**MARY STEVENS, M.D.**

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. **Very good.** * Average entertainment.

**Good.** Also suitable for children.

---

On February 10, 1934

Marie Dressler as the actress who has seen better days in the all-star "Dinner at Eight."

---

I was taken up by a reader the other day for saying that "the best stories of English life come from America." She complained that stories like "Carcass" and "Berkley Square" are English.

Perhaps I phrased my opinion a little loosely and meant to convey that the best films of English life have been made in America.

Here is another example of what I meant in this adaptation of C. L. Anthony's play, which deals with the vicissitudes of the owner of a big department store, with his employee, and his and her families.

Tradition is the keynote of the theme. In the managing director of the shop which is threatened with extinction in the slump, but is saved by a determination to face the odds and carry on, Lewis Stone gives perhaps the best performance of his most notable performances.

As a clerk who is axed, but who faces the gas cloud and is in some measure responsible for his former employer's decision to carry on, Lionel Barrymore is brilliant; he dispenses here with most of his old mannerisms.

But it is not only a story of devotion to duty; it contains a strong strain of filial affection introduced by the families of both employees and employer who come to their assistance.

Let me say—quite joyfully, too—that there is no love affair between the members of the two families. There is a romance, but it is concerned with the managing director's daughter, admirably played by Elizabeth Allan, and her secretary, as whom Colin Clive is not well cast.

He is inclined to be wooden and unresponsive.

Benita Hume puts little life either into the role of Stone's gadding and unfaithful wife, but Phillips Holmes is very good as his son.

The atmosphere of the shop and the home life of the two families (Continued on page 34).
'Look your best'

BUY

COTY

FACE POWDER
Captivatingly fragrant
Beautifies every skin
it touches

2/3
1/3

FOUNDATION CREAM... 9/13, 2/6
COLCআEME........... 6/13, 2/6
LIPSTICK GITANE....... 2/6
EAU DE COLOGNE..... 1/6 to 21/2
PERFUME... 3/9, 61/2; 10/2 etc.
TALC POWDER............. 2/2
COMPACTES from 2/6
concerned is most convincing, and, except for one over-sentimentalised sequence at the end, the whole thing is human and sincere.

**THAT'S A GOOD GIRL**


**FAACE. Runs 63 minutes.**

**JACK BUCHANAN.** Jack Bowes  

**ELIZA RANDLE.** Joyce Dean  

**VERA PEACE.** Sonya Bertha  

**HELEN MAJNEN.** Helen Malone  

**DOROTHY HYSON.** Moya Malone  

**GORDON MEACHAM.**  

**WILLIAM KENDALL.** Timothy  

**FRED STANLEY.**  

**ANTHONY HOLLER.** John Heyes  

**BENEDICT CUMMINGS, Michigan.**  

**FURRER'S play.** Music by Philip Craig and Leon Savery.

Here Jack Buchanan again trying to be a Jack of all trades—he played the lead, was part author of the script and even directed. If you like Jack Buchanan in large doses—and I can stand a good deal of him—you will find this picture to your taste, but do I wish he would let himself be directed, for a change, and in a story that is really tense while.

This one makes quite good entertainment, but it is constructed so that the story is in terms of the camera most of the time and it develops into a series of episodes for his especial benefit.

The humour is of the wholesome and hearty British variety and the stage portions are tuneful. Buchanan is in very good form; indeed, it is chiefly due to his rendering of them that the songs get over so well.

Elsie Randolph is seen to better advantage than she has been to date in the role of a detective who is in love with Jack and disguises herself as a dumb telegraph girl to be near him. Garry Marshall turns in a good performance and the rest of the cast is thoroughly competent.

**HER BODYGUARD**


**EDWARD LOWE.** Casey McCarthy  

**WYNNE GIBBONS.** Margaret Bruce  

**EDWARD ARNOLD.** Orson Biter  

**ALF DAVIES.** Lester  

**MARGARET WHITE.** Lila Leroy  

**JOHN HAYES.**  

**EVELYN EWERTH.** Bunny Darrell  

**LOIS BEAVES.**  

**DICK ALLEN.** Dinar, written and directed by C. Hayford Ford.  

An obviously good piece which covers the field of sophisticated romance, crime, and stage-lightly and entertainingly. Wynn Gilmore is very good as a musical-comedy actress who falls in love with the private detective whom one of her admirers, grown tired of the opposition of a rival, employs as her bodyguard—the excuse being that he is there to prevent her jewels being stolen.

Edmund Lowe is fine form as the persistent detective, while Alan Dinehart and Edward Arnold turn in excellent performances as the two rivals for the actress's hand.

**YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**

Warner Bros., American "A" certificate.  

**BROAD HARCE. Runs 70 minutes.**

**STANLEY LUPINO.** Tom Daly  

**PAMELA BOWIE.** Pamela Boree  

**JOHN LEECH.** Harry Boree  

**GORDON RAWLING.**  

**JAMES CARW.**  

**CHARLOTTE PERRY.**  

**MOTHER TERRY.**  

**ARTHUR ROBY.**  

**MARGARET MAIDEN.**  

**MARGARET MAIDEN FROM A STORY BY STANLEY LUPINO, Scenario by FRANK LAUGHER, with song numbers by NOEL GAY.**

This is Thelma Todt's first British picture and, while she shows that she is a talented comedien, the material at her command is of a thin and obvious order.

She plays the role of a modern Shrew with all the seriousness demanded by farce, while Stanley Lupino plays opposite her as a comic Peteuchio who uses his manners to try and bring his unwilling wife to heel.

It is all very broad knockabout stuff, ingenious in humour, with a touch of "martial" thrown in.

Lupino puts up two catchy numbers well and the technical qualities are splendid.

**MARGARET STEVENS, M.D.**


**KAY FRANCIS.** Mary Stevens  

**LYLE TALBOT.** Don Andrews  

**GLORIA FARRELL.** Gladys  

**THOMAS TROY.** Louis Rising  

**Una O'CONNOR.** Mrs. Simmonds  

**CHARLES WILSON.** Walter Rising  

**HORACE CAVANAUGH.** Mr. Simmonds  

**HAROLD HUBER.** Tony  

**GEORGE COOPER.** Pete  

**JOHN HARRISON.** Doctor Lane  

**CHRISTIAN RUB.**  

**REGINALD MACDONALD.** Hospital Superintendant  

**WALTER WALLACE.**  

**ANN HOFFY.** Miss Gordon  

Directed by Lloyd Bacon from the novel by Virginia Kellogg. Screen play by Plays James.

Unconventional romance, dealing with the love of two medical practitioners, played by Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

The latter gets married to a rich girl, but later lives with her first love, hoping for a divorce.

She has a child by him, which dies through a disease contracted through the woman doctor's devotion to duty and she loses all interest in her life until fate re-unites her with her lover.

It is all very unethic and not particularly savoury, but is well photographed and generally sincerely acted.

Kay Francis gives a natural and sympathetic performance in a note too sympathetic part; Lyle Talbot is adequate as her lover and Gloria Farrell provides some well-devised comedy and witscracks.

**HE KNEW TOO MUCH**

Path, American "A" certificate.  

**FANTASTIC. Runs 68 minutes.**

**PEGA SHANNON.** Nancy Weaver  

**PRESTON FOSTER.** Inspector Grover  

**LADD WALKER.** Natural  

**HOBART CAVANAUGH.**  

**PAUL FORC.** Nick  

**HERBERT WARDROPE.** Joe  

**JACK ROBARTS.** Senator  

**JOAN RANSOM.** Helen  

**JAYE EYBON.** District Attorney  

**HARRY HOLMES.**  

Written and directed by Phil Reno.

Peg Shannon gives a quite good performance in this fantasy, but none the less competently directed, crime story as a journalist who tracks down the murderer of a gangster who has been killed by a powerful dair.

It is quite neatly worked out and contains homely romantic sentiment and some brisk comedy.

**MAROONED**

Fox, British "A" certificate.  

**Edmund Lowe.** Runs 67 minutes.

**EDMUND LOWE.** Tom Roberts  

**VLAY LYN.** Sarah Roberts  

**PAMEL.** Mary Roberts  

**VICTOR Garfield.** Norman Brittel  

**WALLY PATCH.** Ben  

**HALL WALTERS.** Mr. Paul  

**PHILIP HENRY.** Jacob  

**FRANCIS TALBOT.**  

**WILFRED SHIPLEY.** Maggie  

**PETER GRIFITH.** Mrs. Hopper  

**GRIGGIE FROST.** The Convict  

**FREDERICK ROY.** A Showman  

Directed by Leslie Hiscott from a story by John F. C. Searle.

Unpretentious melodrama, in which a lighthouse-keeper harbouring an escaped convict who claims to be the father of his adopted child. (Continued on page 44)
SHEER BARGAINS

All on Approval first, before you actually purchase

"Ambron" garments are not casual "ready-made" clothes. Every model is available in a number of graduated fittings, each carefully proportioned by experts from actual experience to "live up" to the luxurious quality of the material . . . the infallible, unexaggerated style that is just right. Remember, any garment is ON APPROVAL for a small deposit, while the EASY MONTHLY TERMS make paying imperceptible.

Nu-Style Corselette

with the special extending back, which allows the body to be bent or straightened without any discomforting movements out of position. It simply expands and contracts in gliding fashion. In striped pink coutilile. Soft web-net brassiere. Under-belt. Four suspenders.

Bargain Price 8/11

On approval for 1/2; postage 4d. Balance 2/1- monthly. Sizes range from 30 to 46 in. bust. Give bust and hip measurements.

Model A.S. 86 Shoes

New arch-support Shoes that eliminate fatigue. Here's a Shoe unsurpassed for delightful ease. The built-in support, invaluable for arch trouble, makes no difference to the fashionable smartness of design. On approval for 1/6 deposit. Balance 2/6 monthly.

Bargain Price 13/9

Postage 6d.

In Black Glace Kid or Tan Willow. Full-six fitting. Military heel. Sizes 3 to 8 and half sizes.

Model A Corset

It will not be denied that this is the most durable and long-wearing Corset made. Low bust, skirt deep over hips. All supports rustproof with reinforced ends—practically unbreakable. Wedge-shaped dustproof busk too. Made from "Ambron" super corset cloth. The four suspenders are detachable. You can clean the whole garment without removing the bust, trimming or supports. Sizes in White, Dove or Pink, 20" to 36".

Bargain Price 8/11.

Postage 6d.

Model K302 Frock

You will appreciate the "cut" of this charming and useful Frock with the new smartly tailored raglan shoulder—very stylish. Sleeves have a cascade of quaint wooden buttons—a special feature this season. Made in durable soft wool Alpaca. The generous bow collar contrasts in elephant crepe. Yours for 1/6 deposit; postage 6d.—refunded if you're not delighted. Balance 2/6 monthly if you are. In Light Navy, Bottle Green, Black, Wine. Sizes are S.W. 44 in., W. 46, 48 in., O.S. 46, 48 in.

Special Price 14/11

Post the coupon to-day!
AN any lady or gentleman in the
audience oblige me with a map of
Amnesia?

Ah, thank you, sir! Don’t trouble
to hand it up—my assistant will come
down for it . . . Now then. Where are we?
Rinda, Sova, Jasdaff, Wenars, Lentia, Stalia . . .
that’s it! That’s the capital—Stalia.

What do you know about Stalia? Nothing?
Stalia, in point of fact, does not exist—
except in the minds of the British International
Picture-makers at Elstree.

Neither, for that matter, does Amnesia—
which is a fancy name the Harley Street
doctors apply to loss of memory when they
want to charge a few guineas more for curing it.

However, it does very well as the name of a
kingdom for King Hugh Wakefield to rule over.

He Started It

Anthony Hope certainly started something
when he invented Rutirania, with its chief
cities, Zenda and Hentzen. For years the mythical
kingdom of Graustark was the only challenger,
but nowadays we seem to be straying into a new
continent, almost of imaginary countries.

Carl Brisson, for instance, was lately created
Prince of Arcadia; Aufland and Zuriaki have sprung
into being in the back streets of Islington for
Gaismorboogh’s Princess Charming; and Sirocco at
Elstree for The Queen; and now comes Amnesia,
which we may perhaps reasonably expect to be
the last of the mushroom States for a while.

There were doings this week in Amnesia, by
the way; nothing less than a riot outside the royal
palace, led by Chief Revolutionary Herbert
Langley, with Prime Minister J. H. Roberts doing
soothing things on the balcony.

Robert the Red

This is for B.I.P.’s Contraband, which Robert
Milton directed; he directed Outward Bound in
Hollywood. A fatherly film-censor, ever watch-
ful of our morals, wouldn’t let us see it, because it
was about a shipload of people who suddenly
discovered that they had all died and were on
the way to Heaven . . . or somewhere.

I saw the play twice, and it was as innocuous as
Alice in Wonderland; but our morals have to be
protected.

Milton doesn’t look in the least like a director.
He is shortish, with a very pale kindly face, a
head bald on top, but ornamented with a fringe
of flaming-red hair, and a black hat worn
very far forward over the eyes.

He carries a thick walking-stick made of plaited
leather, but does not use it to stroke his players.
He does that with his voice, which is curiously
low and pleasing . . . for a director.

Whenever a stranger comes on the set he or she
asks first of all ‘Who is the red-haired man?’

A Chesty Czech

On the next floor, where they are making The
Magistrate, they ask ‘Who is the man with
the chest?’

He is Otto Kanturek, and he has a chest like a
schoolboy’s dream of a tuckbox. Incidentally, he
is one of the best known Continental cameramen,
who shot Fritz Lang’s Girl in the Moon among
other well-known films.

They caught him young—in fact, at six years old.
Leon Gaumont, the Frenchman who was
largely responsible for launching the film industry
in France, and afterwards founded the Gaumont
Company, was paying a visit to a cinema owned
by Papa Kanturek.

‘Oh, boy,’ sighed Papa Kanturek, ‘I should
like to take a photo of me and Mr. Gaumont
together!’

Sigh not, Papa,” squeaked little Otto in effect;
‘I will do the dirty work with the camera; all you
have to do is to pose pretty with the visitor.’

And they did that.

So Willie—I needn’t rub-in the moral, I suppose,
that if you’ve a good little boy and oblige your
Dad you’ll grow into a cameraman with lovely
half-dozen cameras to twiddle with and a chest like
Tarzan—started his career.

You Do It

Practically my own aim (barring a small matter
of bread-and-butter) is to please you, my
beloved readers; but you don’t really want me to
make the pun about Will Hay and the star
. . . do you?

Well, I’ll tell you what I’ll do—I’ll compromise
with you. I’ll give you ‘the makins’, and you
can roll the pun for yourself.

Will Hay is a celebrated music-hall comedian,
who has now become a film-star—or near-star.
He is also an enthusiastic amateur astronomer,
who recently discovered a new star in the heavens.

Now go ahead and make the pun—or, if you
can’t, you’ll find it in any paper or magazine that
mentions Mr. Hay.

He is playing the title-role in The Magistrate. In
this film he borrows a bicycle from a boy, played
by Jimmy Hanley.

Jimmy is the lad who took the part of Charles
Bickford as a youth in The Red Wagon. Now he
tells me he has a contract to play opposite the
fourteen-year-old Nova Pilbeam in Little Friend
for Gaumont-British.

Well, if they can escape the appalling danger of
the Big Swelled Head, they should both do pretty
well.

The Cast is Right

Also on the floor at B.I.P. is Over the Garden
Wall, the new starring vehicle for Bobbie
Howes and Marian Marsh.

This is called a ‘comedy with music,’ which is
(Continued on page 39)
February 10, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Kay reveals her Beauty Secret

I'M TERRIFIED OF CATCHING THE THREADS OF THESE STOCKINGS—MY HANDS GET SO ROUGH IN WINTER. I DO ENVY YOURS, KAY. THEY'RE AS SMOOTH AS SILK.

BUT ENID, DEAR, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHY YOUR HANDS SHOULD BE ROUGH. I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THEM SMOOTH—IF YOU LIKE.

OH KAY, YOU'RE AN ANGEL.

OH BUT KAY, DOES IT COST A LOT?

NEXT WEEK...

LOOK KAY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE DIFFERENCE "VASELINE" JELLY CAN MAKE TO ONE'S HANDS. JUST LOOK AT MINE NOW. REALLY SMOOTH—WHITER TOO.

THE world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Kromayer of Berlin, says, "with "Vaseline" Jelly the skin again becomes soft and pliable." It supplies naturally the oil your skin needs. Begin tonight. At bedtime rub it well in, then wipe clean. The pure oils sink deep into your skin, healing and soothing while you sleep.

Another good reason why you should keep "Vaseline" Jelly in the house— it shuts out infection from cuts, burns, abrasions. Doctors agree it is a perfect protection. That is why it is used in thousands of hospitals.


Trade Vaseline Mark
Petroleum Jelly

STOP THAT COLD IN HALF THE TIME

Deep seated colds start to go after the first spoonful of Galloway's. It's the same with coughs—Galloway's means complete recovery in next to no time.

Deep seated colds start to go after the first spoonful of Galloway's. It's the same with coughs—Galloway's means complete recovery in next to no time.

GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

THAT'S what Clark's "Anchor" FLOX does to your embroidery—makes it live! The full stitches stand out in bold relief. The brilliant colors lend a gay, vivacious note. And because this silky, substantial thread “fills up” so quickly, you'll find it will help you to do the work in half the time. Ask at your usual thread counter for Clark's "Anchor" FLOX—the brilliant thread for bold embroidery.

Issued by J. & P. Coats Ltd. FR49/85

Clarks' Anchor
FILOSHEEN
The best thread for mending stockings. Easily matched. Fills up neatly.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Contd.

another way of saying “ain’t no chorus.” But, to make up for the lack of chorus (which I, for one, wouldn’t shed a single tear for, anyway) oblige me by taking a flying squint at the cast.

Margaret Bannerman, to kick off with. No, I agree with you, the films have not done right by our Margaret. She was in the ill-fated Lily Christine. She was in the ill-fated Two White Arms.

In neither of these did she show to any particular advantage, poor lamb—but she is one of the most beautiful creatures on the stage, and a very clever actress as well.

Perhaps John Daumery will treat her better than her other directors have. I like John Daumery very much. Whether he is more French than American or more American than French I have never been able to discover, but he is very long and very lean and a little stooping, and wears a beret and the baggiest of baggy bags. A fragment of chewing-gum completes his outfit; but I liked him better when he used to direct at Teddington, because there he wore his shooting-script dangling before him like a sporrán, secured to the second button of his trench-coat (it was terribly cold at Teddington in winter) by a length of very knotted string.

A most amiable, courteous fellow, and a director who can be relied upon to extract the full value from his material.

Wandering Wenny

But to return to the cast. Behold, the prodigal has returned—Henry Wennman, who tickled us all to pieces with his “Marine Of” in The Middle Watch, and who was last seen (I think) in Bachelor's Babies over a year ago.

Then he went away to Australia to visit a brother who is in the theatre business, and his going “impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure,” as Samuel Johnson said about Garrick. I’m glad he’s come back to us. We need all our first-class character actors, and “Wenny” is one of ’em.

Then there are Viola Lyell, who is one of the sweetest people I know as well as being a very clever comedienne, and Bertha Belmore, who was in Happy. Oh, and Mary Sheridan—tall, dark, and Eton-cropped—whom I haven’t seen in films for much too long.

Yes, this is a cast.

Two Ends

I was “in at the death” of two films at Elstree this week, and in different studios. I saw the last scene being shot of Contraband, and the last one of the Sydney Howard picture, It’s a Cop, at British & Dominions.

In the latter they were doing some realistic “Limehouse” stuff, with a most convincing riverside scene built in the studio. There’s practically no scene they can’t reproduce so realistically as to deceive the camera nowadays.

But the picture doesn’t keep mugging about among the ship-chaplains and old barrel-staves of Limehouse.

No, sir!

There’s a thrilling motor-car chase, ending at the Barn—which, in case you don’t know, is the new super-roadhouse on the Welwyn By-pass, only about a mile from the Elstree studios.

Rolling, and How

Here, in order to show in something really new in the way of roadhouse entertainment, director Maclean Rogers incorporated some very clever roller-skating by a team of trick skaters, who do the most hair-raising things without, so to speak, raising a hair.

Garry Marsh is in this film. I wondered when we were to see Garry again. I hadn’t seen him since Falling for You, when he played “Sausage,” the German prince.

Also there is Donald Calthrop, whom I have yet to see giving a poor performance. And Dorothy Boucher, who seems to me (I may be wrong) to have lost much of her pep since she lost her Chili.

And Cyril Smith, who was the bus-driver in Friday the Thirteenth. So you see, we have every right to expect a good show for our money.

That Hoodoo

By the way, do you remember some weeks ago my telling you that B.I.P. had decided to produce Dubarry in the teeth of all the talk about it being a “boodoo’d” film?

Nonsense! I said hard-headed, practical B.I.P. But listen, boys and girls. It may be just coincidence, but...

Eddie Sutherland, the Hollywood director, was to have come over to direct the film at Elstree, but a motor-accident, involving a broken rib, prevented him.

No use pointing out to the superstitious ones that the accident occurred years ago, probably before Dubarry was thought of as a subject for a film.

They simply say “Yes, but it’s only just developed complications,” and then they pick up a pin and walk round a ladder with their eyes crossed and touch a button and thank goodness they haven’t anything to do with such a Jonah of a film.

So poor Eddie Sutherland lies in his little white cot in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood (even the institutions have ballyhoo names there), hugging his rib and wondering whether they’ll start without him.
Wonderful HERBAL Ointment
That Soothes, Softens & Heals the Skin

IMMEDIATELY your skin feels rough, sore, or chapped, or you have chilblains or cold-sores, apply Zam-Buk. This refined herbal ointment supplies the skin's shortage of natural oil—it soothes smarting pain, allays inflammation and irritation, reduces swelling and grows new, healthy skin.

Mr. R. Doe of Bridge Road, Gissing, Norfolk, says:—"During the Winter months my wife and I suffered with dreadful chilblains and cold-sores. The places were very painful and swollen. They often discharged, too. We found Zam-Buk a splendid remedy. This ointment gave us quick relief from the pain and protected us against the raw weather."

Set deep Waves and Tight Curls.

12 SHAMPOOS from which to choose

- AMAMI No. 1. With Henna. For dark and medium dark hair.
- AMAMI No. 5. With Camomile. For all shades of fair hair.
- AMAMI No. 7. Camomile Application
  and Shampoo. An application to preserve
  the light shades of the hair and to restore fairness. Also a sham-
  poot for fair hair.
- AMAMI No. 9. Tar anti-septic. For hair
  which is northy, breaking, brittle, very oily and generally in poor condition.

From all chemists and hairdressers.

FREE PATTERNS
Cash's LINGERIE RIBBONS
Send for your copy of this leaflet showing
actual patterns of dainty ribbons specially
woven to meet the needs of modern
lingerie. The colours are charming and
absolutely fast.

POST THE COUPON BELOW.

To J. & J. CASH LTD. (Dept. R.K. 9), COVENTRY
Please send me a FREE copy of "Cash's Ribbon Leaflet"
containing actual patterns.

Name
Address
**Why men love**

I asked 100 men, many of them millionaires, what they loved most in women. 9 out of 10 said they prefer to all else a clear, white, soft skin. Thanks to a new discovery it is now possible for any woman to have the beauty that attracts men, at very little cost or trouble. The new Crème Tokolol is guaranteed to rejuvenate, nourish and clear your skin, or your money will be refunded. Use it 3 days and nights and you will be amazed at the results. It never fails in any case.

---

**INJUDICIOUS SLIMMING IS DANGEROUS**

Read the warnings of the Medical Profession

**"A Direct Cause of Much Tuberculosis"**

A well-known medical authority speaking at an important conference recently said: "A great increase of tuberculosis amongst women, especially of the ages from twenty to twenty-five, is directly due to improper dieting with the object of slimming."

**"PATIENTS—ESPECIALLY YOUNG WOMEN"**

And here is another warning by an equally highly-placed doctor: "As a result of injudicious slimming the consulting-rooms of many doctors, particularly in the West End, were visited by patients, especially women."
Don't let the 7 stains spoil the beauty of your teeth

Who would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And all stains simply will not yield to any one action!

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, completely—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First, an emulsive action that loosens, washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle, polishing action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left.

What a difference these TWO cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets
2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

SHE HAD A COLD—SO SHE SHAMPOOED HER HAIR

"I can't come, Peggy, I didn't wash my hair after that cold."

"Why not use some of my Icilma Hair Powder?"

"I AM ENJOYING MYSELF."

"I'm so glad you told me about Icilma Hair Powder."

You can shampoo your hair quickly and thoroughly without wetting—if you use Icilma Hair Powder. Simply sprinkle a little into the hair and brush it out again. It only takes ten minutes—and leaves your hair ever so soft and glossy.

Icilma

HAIR POWDER

for a quick Dry Shampoo

Box of 7

3p each

Made in England

SHAMPOOED HER HAIR

SHAMPOOED HER HAIR

SHAMPOOED HER HAIR
Let GEORGE DO IT!

Mary Carlisle is a native of America. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Mary's films include "Grand Hotel," "Justice for Sale," "College Humour," "Ladies Must Love," and "Girl of My Dreams."

An INTERESTED FILM MAN (Marathon).—(1) Ramon Novarro was born at Durang, Mexico, on February 8, 1899; real name, Ramon C. Moreno, black hair and brown eyes; 5 ft. 8 in. tall; unmarried; hobby, music. Address A/c Cynna-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Mezzi Green will be 14 on October 20; she is a native of New York and has brown hair and grey eyes. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Chicago, Illinois. (3) You pronounce Ramon Novarro exactly as it is spelled and Greta Garbo.


P. S. (Los Angeles).—Of course I do not mean to divulge my real name. (1) Hereewith a list of the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—1927-28, actress, Janet Gaynor, for "7th Heaven." (2) Hereewith an arrest warrant for Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film "Grand Hotel." Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) MM. Mrs. and Mrs. Baker. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

ASSOCIATE TO KNOW (Canterbury).—(1) Write to Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film "Grand Hotel." Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (2) From your real name is Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film "Grand Hotel." Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) Wanting to know the whereabouts of Miss Crawford, and a poster for the film "Grand Hotel." Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

February 10, 1934

3 Free Gifts

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A famous hairdressing expert writes:—

February 10, 1934

Let GEORGE DO IT!

Mary Carlisle is a native of America. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Mary’s films include “Grand Hotel,” “Justice for Sale,” “College Humour,” “Ladies Must Love,” and “Girl of My Dreams.”

An INTERESTED FILM MAN (Marathon).—(1) Ramon Novarro was born at Durang, Mexico, on February 8, 1899; real name, Ramon C. Moreno, black hair and brown eyes; 5 ft. 8 in. tall; unmarried; hobby, music. Address A/c Cynna-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Mezzi Green will be 14 on October 20; she is a native of New York and has brown hair and grey eyes. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Chicago, Illinois. (3) You pronounce Ramon Novarro exactly as it is spelled and Greta Garbo.

VAGABOND Jim (South Africa).—Irene Dunne has appeared in the following films: “Laughter”, “Cavalcade, Rhythm, Romance, Adventure, Manicured,” “Married in Haste, The Great Lover, The Ministry of Love, Black Street, Thirteen Women, The Ace, The Silver Chord, Anna, Pickfair, Devil Woman, Ex Libris, and My God, B. H. (4) If you pronounce her first name correctly, you will notice that it is a well-known South African film star. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

P. S. (Los Angeles).—Of course I do not mean to divulge my real name. (1) Hereewith a list of the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—1927-28, actress, Janet Gaynor, for “7th Heaven.” (2) Hereewith an arrest warrant for Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) MM. Mrs. and Mrs. Baker. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

ASSOCIATE TO KNOW (Canterbury).—(1) Write to Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (2) From your real name is Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) Wanting to know the whereabouts of Miss Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

February 10, 1934

3 Free Gifts

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A famous hairdressing expert writes:—

February 10, 1934

Let GEORGE DO IT!

Mary Carlisle is a native of America. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Mary’s films include “Grand Hotel,” “Justice for Sale,” “College Humour,” “Ladies Must Love,” and “Girl of My Dreams.”

An INTERESTED FILM MAN (Marathon).—(1) Ramon Novarro was born at Durang, Mexico, on February 8, 1899; real name, Ramon C. Moreno, black hair and brown eyes; 5 ft. 8 in. tall; unmarried; hobby, music. Address A/c Cynna-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. (2) Mezzi Green will be 14 on October 20; she is a native of New York and has brown hair and grey eyes. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Chicago, Illinois.

VAGABOND Jim (South Africa).—Irene Dunne has appeared in the following films: “Laughter”, “Cavalcade, Rhythm, Romance, Adventure, Manicured,” “Married in Haste, The Great Lover, The Ministry of Love, Black Street, Thirteen Women, The Ace, The Silver Chord, Anna, Pickfair, Devil Woman, Ex Libris, and My God, B. H. (4) If you pronounce her first name correctly, you will notice that it is a well-known South African film star. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

P. S. (Los Angeles).—Of course I do not mean to divulge my real name. (1) Hereewith a list of the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—1927-28, actress, Janet Gaynor, for “7th Heaven.” (2) Hereewith an arrest warrant for Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) MM. Mrs. and Mrs. Baker. Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.

ASSOCIATE TO KNOW (Canterbury).—(1) Write to Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (2) From your real name is Miss Joan Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California. (3) Wanting to know the whereabouts of Miss Crawford, and a poster for the film “Grand Hotel.” Address her at A/c Associated Radio Pictures, Beverly Hills, California.
Hands you could cry over

...... so chapped

so red

GLYMIEL JELLY

soothes back to comfort

Shrinking, wincing hands with thin skin easily inflamed and roughened, cry out for Glymiel Jelly. Glymiel Jelly smooths away chapped roughnesses, closes painful little cracks, feeds dried-up skin. Glymiel Jelly keeps hands romantically soft and smooth. Give your poor sensitive hands a Glymiel Jelly beauty treatment to-night and every time you wash. Then your hands keep comfortable, look lovely, always.

No other preparation can do what Glymiel Jelly does. Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a process that cannot be copied.

You can try Glymiel Jelly for as little as 3d.
BEAUTIFUL • DOWN TO HER FINGERTIPS

HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but..." It is the attention to the minute details which count; and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by"Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER
Instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER
Supplied with potent Cuticle Extractor. 1/-. and 1/9

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH
Prices 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

*In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.

She made a "GRAND SLAM"

If you saw Helen Vinson in "Grand Slam" you will agree that she scored heavily! And now "The Picturegoer" Salon has scored with her charming portrait! That's the beauty of these sepia glossy postcards, new series. They belong to every characteristic feature. No wonder these postcards are so popular, no wonder so many collectors fall for them. It is showing them to their friends. Choose yours from the list below.

5/- POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5/- Album, handsomely bound in Art. Leather to hold yo cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one doz., new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 2/6 doz. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many Club privileges.

Choose your "Cards" from list below. Rich sepia glossy Postcards 2d. each—2/6 doz. On sale to all. Full list on request.

TO "PICTUREGOER" SALON,
86 Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Please send me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one doz. Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 2s. 6d. each. Please include with my order your Sal. Free Postcard Album. I enclose* 1/- to cover cost of postage and packaging on my gift.

Name
Address

P.O. No.

*Drama readers should enclose 1/-, extra to cover cost of extra stamp.


ON THE SCREENS NOW—Contd.

The main interest lies in the situation where the younger, his family, the ex-convict, and a local policeman are storm-bound in the lightening storm, and in the manner they keep the truth about the fugitive from the latter and the adopted darlings.

It is quite well written and acted.

*HER IMAGINARY LOVER


LAURA LA PLANTE

Percy Maston—Lord Michael of Ware
LADY TREE

Grandma

EMILY FITZROY

Aunt Lydia

MRS. CROSBY

Ralph Crofhetts (her son)

BERNARD NEDEL

Davignon

OLIVE BLANCHE

Directed by George King from A. E. W. Mason's novel, "Green Stockings."

A farce, transparent in plot, and revolving round the use of a nobleman's name for the purposes of satisfying a snobbish aunt as to the qualifications of her niece's imaginary fiancé. The name turns out to have a real owner and the complications which follow provide the entertainment.

Laura La Plante shows a good deal of her old spirit as the heroine, while Lady Tree is excellent as her grandmother. She is taken in a "her Private Secretary"

GAMMON IDEAL AMERICAN "A" certificate, Romantic comedy. Runs 56 minutes.

Evelyn Knight—Miss Mary Wayne

Laura Gerard—Miss Margaretta

Alexander Care—Mr. Henry Aldiss

Lilyo Watson—Miss Lilian Harvey

Janie Autio—Miss Ethelbert

Mrs. Way—Miss Margaretta

Nurse—Miss Minnie Rye

Mrs. Way—Miss Mary Rye

Mr. Way—Mr. Henry Aldiss

Postcards, 1/6, 2/6, 3/3, 5/-, 10/-, 25/-

"Her Splendid Folly"


INGRID BOYD

THOMAS VON ELLE

LAURA GERARD

ALEXANDER CARE—Solomon Gomberg

LILLY WATSON—Miss Lilian Harvey

J. FRANK GLEWON—Richard Hemingway

Beatrice LONGBOROUGH—Miss Margaretta

ROBERTA GARL—Sally Lee

FRANCES RAY—Miss Mary Rye

LOUISA BEAVERS—Anastasia

W. R. BEARD—Mr. Henry Aldiss

HARRY TAYLOR—Justice of the Peace

WILLIAM WITNESS—Mr. Henry Aldiss

Directed by Henry Aldiss from a story by Bryan PVOWTHER.

A story of a case of mistaken identity, in which a girl who doubles for a film star is blackmailed by that lady's husband, who refuses to believe she is not his wife. It is all very artful with a good deal of slyy mother-love sentiment, relieved by some quite good comedy.

THE LURE


ANGIE GILBERT

Cyril Raymond

 ballet

Bill Hartnell

Peter

P. G. CLARKE

Merritt

James Lauter

Henry A. ASHMORE

Mary

Directed by Arthur Marshal from a play by J. W. SABRETT.

Conventional mystery drama, told in a commonplace and colourless manner, with little grip or conviction.

Acting is unremarkable, except for an amusing drunk act by Billy Hartnell.

CUTICLE TALES

Soothe and Cools

How important it is to complete the toilet with a fragrant, anti-septic powder! After a cleansing with Cuticle Soap, a light application of Cuticle Talcum will add the finishing touch to your toilet.

Talcum Is. 3d. Sold at all chemists.

P. O. No.
The Bath of Psyche

So beautiful was Psyche, lovely Goddess of the ancient Greeks, that even Cupid fell in love with her. Her greatest aid to beauty was her famous bath, a secret of charm which is as potent to-day as in ages past.

But where Psyche enriched her bath with precious herbs and costly cosmetics, the modern girl bathes in water supercharged with invigorating, tonic oxygen, to make skin soft and velvety and beautify the figure.

So simple, too! Just by crumbling a Reudel Bath Cube in the water, a bath is transformed into a beauty treatment—newly-liberated oxygen envelopes you, wakening jaded tissues to new life, cleansing minute pores deep down below the skin, giving you new vitality, new poise, new grace, new beauty. Truly

CUPID LIVES IN THE BATHROOM

REUDEL BATH CUBE 2D

Beautiful Complexion

A BRITISH SAILOR BUILT HIMSELF ENTIRELY BY MAXALDING WHILE AT SEA!

LEARN why YOU can secure a physique comparable to the thousands of Maxaliders at a onetime fixing with the aid of Maxalding.

So simple! Two small Maxalding Tablets dissolved in a bath of water will supply the normal element that the body itself uses.

With Marmola Tablets more food is used for energy, less is unused to form fat. That is why most people who take them will usually say they feel better than they ever felt before in their lives. And they can hardly believe their eyes as they see that hated fat go.

Try Marmola Tablets to-day. Moderation helps, of course, but starvation diets or strenuous exercises are not necessary.

Marmola brand Antifat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box, or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 85J), 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.I. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

**Attractive teeth add charm**

There is an irresistible attractiveness in the smile that reveals pretty teeth. Everyone admires and envies them.

Eucryl Tooth Powder quickly removes nicotine and all other stains. It cleans, polishes and disinfects, and makes teeth white and glinting.

You will smile with confidence, and have added charm if you use Eucryl.

Sold by all chemists for 7d. and 1s.

BRITISH OWNED BRITISH MADE

STOMACH PAINS ARE ALWAYS A WARNING

Never Neglect them

However much you pride yourself on being fit, don’t fall into the danger of neglecting symptoms of indigestion. Don’t think “it’s only something disagreed with me.” It only “disagreed” because your digestion was out of order.

And gastric and duodenal ulcers develop a long time before you know they’re there. So be sure to keep a bottle of that wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder always handy and take a dose or two whenever you feel the slightest stomach discomfort. It is the one sure way to prevent acid stomach having really serious and dangerous developments.

Get a bottle to-day but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature “ALEX. C. MACLEAN.” It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

MARMOLA DISTRIBUTING AGENCY (Dept. 85J)
86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.I.

Please forward two-day sample and Marmol Booklet, also Guarantee form—FREE.

Name.................................................................
Address.............................................................

FASCINATING
Adorable

THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY
LOVELY ATTRACTION EYES

SMILE, as other beautiful women, and enjoy life through eyes surrounded by beautiful LONG SWEEPING DARK Lashes to allure and fascinating that attract all.

Send for trial supply (50 M. 8d. value) together with the Lavendan GUARANTEE.

LASHERGEA, Mill Street, Newport, Wales.

SANTA CLARA BATH CUBE 2D

ALWAYS A WARNING

Never Neglect them
RADIUM v. GREY HAIR

20 YEARS YOUNGER!

Whatever the cause of your greyness, however far advanced it may be, “Caradium” will soon make you look 10 to 20 years younger. “Caradium” works this miracle by restoring Grey Hair in Nature’s way to its original rich, lustrous, beautiful colouring without dye, stain, or risk of injury.

“CARADIUM” IS NOT A DYE

“Caradium” improves the original colour straight from the hair roots, quickly, safely, yet absolutely surely, due chiefly to the radio-active water with which it is prepared.

“Caradium” stops your hair falling immediately and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.

DANDRUFF BANISHED AT ONCE

How “different” from other girls!

And so he chooses her, first for a dance and then for life. Because KHASANA Blush Cream gave her own natural colouring its chance, emphasising its beauty, giving her distinction and charm.

KHASANA Blush Cream will do as much for you, because its shade changes on the skin to match your complexion, giving the cheeks a rosy bloom, so natural and discreet. It has a cold cream base which makes it easy to use and protects the skin from cold winds and sun.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick produces a very natural colouring on the lips, beautifying and protecting them. KHASANA Preparations are kiss- and waterproof and non-detectable.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6. Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6. Trial Size 6d.

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

THE complete toilet table is a necessity for every woman who aspires to be irreproachably turned out. You cannot achieve a faultless make-up with a grubby old powder puff and a messy tube of cream, oozing at the wrong end. As much care should be bestowed on an orderly beauty equipment as is bestowed on a wardrobe.

The type and number of creams required depend entirely on the kind of skin you possess. Skins may roughly be classified as blonde, which is fine, pink and white, with a tendency to be delicate about cold winds and a hot sun; brunette, which is slightly coarser texture, doesn’t mind the weather, but is sometimes subject to greasy open pores and medium, which is in between, too.

The blonde skin needs special care and creams. It requires a feeding cream containing a pure natural fat warranted not to grow hair, a powder base that is not drying, and a powder that will provide protection against winds and weather.

The brunette needs a skin food containing less fat, because her skin has a greater natural supply. Her chief concern must be to prevent the pores from becoming clogged and enlarged. Special creams are made for this purpose.

The daily care of the normal skin calls for skin food, astringent lotion, vanishing cream and a good powder.

The Etceteras

Now for the etceteras. Lay in a good stock of tissues and sterilised cotton wool. Cleaning tissues are infinitely better for removing excess cream and make-up than a towel. Moreover, they may be burned after use. This is really important. Nothing of this nature should ever be used twice. That is why a pad of cotton wool is preferable to a powder puff. Powder puffs grow grubby after very little use, and it is ruination to the skin to continue to use a soiled puff.

You also require cotton wool to apply any medicated lotion, deodorants, the making of compresses, and for use instead of a face glove when your skin is in a tender and irritated mood. Tissues are also excellent for rubbing out hard edges after applying rouge and blush cream, and shaping the lips after the application of lipstick. The tissues are obtainable quite cheaply at the yd. and 6d. stores, and cotton wool may be purchased in rolls. But wool that is ready cut in squares, each

MELTIS NEW BERRY FRUITS

A new thrill for your palate in every flavour

6 x flavours
GOOSEBERRY
TANGERINE
RASPBERRY
GRAPE FRUIT
LEMON
2/6 boxes
1/2 carton
A REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY PRODUCES THIS WONDERFUL NEW SOAP FOR THE BEAUTY OF SKIN BEAUTY...

Colrex Beauty Soap is a combination of "Sunshine" Activated Colloidal Sulphur (1,300 times more than ordinary sulphur) and lanolin, blended for Beauty’s sake. The use of Colrex assures a clear, healthy complexion.

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH and enter the weekly Colrex Fascination Contest for attractive gifts. Enclose seal from a tablet of Colrex Beauty Soap. Weekly price is handsome mounted enlargement of photograph submitted and right to enter for Grand Prize to be announced soon. Entry implies permission to reproduce winner’s name and photograph in "Picturegoer" and other journals.

Delicately perfumed—8d. per tablet.

**Colrex**

**Beauty Soap**

**OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS**


SHE ALWAYS LOOKS SO ADORABLY FRESH

La Reine des Crèmes dame more for the skin than other preparations, for it contains nothing that will coarsen it. A simple step to beauty.

**She uses**

**LA REINE DES CRÉMES**

**PERFECT FIGURE BEAUTY**

Be beautiful and be admired. This helps you into positions where you might develop from which you cannot escape. And today I am showing you how to possess beautiful rounded figure and a perfectly shapely bust.

I HAVE 5,000 SAMPLE PACKAGES

and I will forward one for 5d. postage, or you can take one each week at any of my counters for 1/3d. Post Free. Write to me today.

MADAME ANDERSON, (Bag. 66), 25, Highgate Street, SOUTHPORT.

**HOW TO DRESS WELL**

on 10s. or £1 per month

WITHOUT REFERENCES OR DEPOSIT

Open a Credit Account with...SMARTWEAR, LTD. 263-271, Regent Street, LONDON, W.I

Refinement and charm

The subtle influence of Evan Williams Shampoo gives refinement, charm and distinction to the coiffure—a degree of beauty unattainable in any other way.

**Evan Williams Shampoo**

**OF ALL HAIR DRESSERS AND CHEMISTS**

"Ordinary" Grade for Dark Hair in Blue Packet.

"Camomile" Grade for Fair Hair in Green Packet.

These hands have just cooked dinner... but who would know... thanks to

**Snowfire Glycerine Jelly Vanishing**

HANDLING hot plates and utensils won’t coarsen your hands, nor will preparing vegetables roughen them if you are regular in your use of Snowfire Glycerine Jelly. Keep it handy by the kitchen sink—it is cool and non-greasy and keeps your hands delightfully soft and smooth.

BRITISH MADE

Of all Chemists, Colliours, etc.
There’s nothing more delightful

says DODO WATTS

THE BEAUTIFUL FILM & RADIO STAR

"There’s nothing more delightful than a plateful of Shredded Wheat for breakfast. Nourishing and yet slimming, it is an invaluable aid to health and beauty—and it is quickly prepared in a variety of ways."

★ The true natural beauty of sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks and lovely hair can only come from within. That is why so many famous beauties and actresses have told us how much they depend on Shredded Wheat for their fitness and good looks. Rich in pure whole wheat nourishment, it sustains without adding unwanted weight, and contains all the regulative bran to ensure perfect health. Have it once a day with hot or cold milk, fruits or butter. You will soon notice the difference both in fitness and appearance. Of all Grocers. Eightpence per packet (in U.K.)
COULD Your COMPLEXION
STAND THE CLOSE-UP TEST?

Or would you be worrying about an ugly shiny nose that mars both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. You no longer have to powder every time you turn round. At all times, in all circumstances, you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder. Pompeian gives the skin a smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The ingredients are as skilfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold at twice the money. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you of a powder that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The famous Pompeian creams and blooms are equally high in quality and moderate in price. From all high-class chemists, hairdressers and stores—in various sizes from 6d. to 2s. 6d.

Take OXO and easily end-ure cold

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DISORDERS</th>
<th>SYMPTOMS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DEPRESSION</td>
<td>&quot;INFERIORITY COMPLEX&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LASSITUDE</td>
<td>SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INSOMNIA</td>
<td>WEAK NERVES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAK MUSCLES</td>
<td>GROUNDLESS FEARS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAK MUSCLES</td>
<td>MORBID THOUGHTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEAK MUSCLES</td>
<td>ETC</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C. 1

Cuticura OINTMENT

Is best for skin troubles. Red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning, feet, chafing, chapping, rash, irritations, cuts and burns, are quickly relieved and healed by applications of Cuticura Ointment. No household should be without it.

Sold at all chemists. Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Perhaps it was just a coincidence, yet Lawton's friends are wondering if there is anything sinister in the fact that after completing his rôle in "Friday the Thirteenth," the popular young actor was assailed by appendicitis. Frank is, happily, recovered now.
When you’re delayed on the road . . .

When the cinema cuts out a meal . . .

When you spend lunch-time at the hairdresser’s . . .

Buy a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as

When you count your lunch-time in minutes; when pleasure or business interferes with the normal routine—turn to Cadburys Milk Chocolate and be satisfied! For there’s real food, real sustaining power in it. Laboratory analyses prove that a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Cadburys Milk is equal in nourishment and energy value to one glass of milk, a boiled egg and two slices of bread and butter—a meal, in fact.

CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
a very nourishing food
What About LEE TRACY?

CAME away from the preview showing wondering if it is significant that in the opening sequences of *Advice to the Lovelorn*, which, unless the present Hollywood ban is removed, will be the star’s last picture, Lee Tracy is shown draped in a sheet and obviously recovering from a “night before.”

It was, you will recall, his appearance, clad only in a blanket on a balcony that caused all the trouble in Mexico and had a sequel in his suspension.

Later in the film Lee wisecracks about being put in the “dog house.”

Tracy, I believe, on his somewhat crestfallen return to Hollywood after the *Viva Villa* “incident,” made retakes on the Twentieth Century picture. Were the gags to which I have referred in *Advice to the Lovelorn* an attempt by a powerful studio to laugh the whole thing off as good, clean fun?

Public Support

The case of Tracy is one of the most interesting in Hollywood history. Most other stars who have been thrown out of pictures under the “moral turpitude” clause in their contract have found themselves up against a cold wall of studio and public disapproval.

Tracy, who has made a host of friends both in the industry and among the fans, has inspired much official and public support for his case.

Strong Move to Reinstate Star—New Light on Mexican Incident


At the moment there is a powerful and determined move to have him reinstated.

The American press has largely thrown its weight into the movement on the side of the star and almost all the current papers demand his restoration.

I myself have had a big post from *Picturegoer* readers asking that Tracy’s “escape,” if, indeed, it was, should be overlooked.

“Merely Noisy”

A great deal of new “evidence” as to what happened on that afternoon in Mexico City has been adduced in the attempt to prove that the affair was much exaggerated.

Irving Pichel, the well-known actor-director, who was in the room with Lee at the time, testifies that the star was merely high-spirited and noisy.

There was no question of Tracy insulting the parade or behaving indecently.

When he went to the police station to make his explanation the friendliest possible spirit existed. Apologies were tendered on both sides and everybody treated the whole thing as a misunderstanding and a joke.

Mr. Pichel declares that during the whole time they were there attempts were made to create trouble for the company because the natives resented an American studio making a film about one of their national heroes and because they have always had a grievance against Hollywood on account of the film capital’s weakness for Mexican villains.

Forgive and Forget

Pichel’s account of the balcony incident and the view that Tracy was made the scapegoat for all the humiliations Mexico has received at the hands of American studios is supported by George Rigas, a member of the *Viva Villa* cast, and many others who were there.

Tracy, Rigas—who watched the whole affair from the street—declares, has been the victim of a grave injustice.

One can sympathise a great deal with the position of M.G.M. in the matter. If there is some doubt as to whether Lee Tracy had the spree, there is no doubt at all that the studio suffered the hang-over.

In addition to all the trouble involved, they had to remake a large portion of the film at a cost of many thousands of pounds. Moreover,

(Continued on page 7)
JOAN BLONDELL

Still the Warner studio's white-haired girl, although she has allowed her tresses to return to their original light auburn shade. Miss Blondell seems to have been elected the screen's champion "Gold-digger of 1934." She is a boudoir bandit in both her new pictures, "Havana Widows" and "Convention City."
SUGGESTIONS

PRIZE-WINNERS IN COMPETITION

This week I have the pleasure of announcing the prize-winners in the "Suggestions" competition and thanking all those kind readers who sent in ideas of what their ideal Picturegoer would be like.

Many of the suggestions have been helpful and will be used to make the paper even better.

The prize of two guineas is won by Miss D. B. Hutchings, of 59, Wandole Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Prizes of 5s. each are awarded to:
- C. A. Seafham, 270, Skillingthorpe Road, Swanpool, Lincoln.
- Miss Myra Mackay, 445, Govan Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.
- G. Montgomery, 30, Rugby Road, Ranelagh, Dublin.

One popular suggestion that we have been pleased to put into immediate operation is that in addition to the "Thinker" letters, prizes of 5s. be paid for each letter published. The new conditions are initiated in this issue.

"If you can find a couple of people that fulfil these requirements," Mr. Howe writes in conclusion, "send them around and I'll put them under personal contract."

New Screen "Exotics"

Filmland is busy at the moment trying to find new types of exotics. One important newcomer, whom we should be seeing shortly, is Renee Ulric, who specialises in dynamic and intense characterisations in the American theatre and is now described as a "panther in a modern dressing-gown." Then there is Kathryn Sergava, the Russian actress who, according to the Warner press boys, is described by Dr. Kenneth Williams, renowned psycho-analyst, as "potentially the most dangerous woman" he has ever met.

"Sergava is a 'smouldering' personality," Dr. Williams, who makes an annual pilgrimage to Hollywood to psycho-analyse the new players, declares. "The cap or the dam may hold. Or again one may explode and the other may break away. Sergava, trained as she is in the Russian school, may go along peacefully enough in her career. But again, she may show Hollywood something new and different in the way of temperament...

"Some tremendous experience in her life has made Sergava a woman of almost ungovernable emotions," he solemnly affirms. "If her control ever snaps I would not like to be the first to encounter her."

Sergava, who was formerly a ballerina, makes her debut opposite Paul Muni in "Hi, Nellie."

Gloria's Come-back

It was expected that Miss Ulric would be introduced to the screen in, I Loved an Actress, but the plan for Ulric, who recently fell through and the most likely candidate for the role at the time of writing is our old friend Gloria Swanson. It would be interesting if, now that Constance Bennett has departed from the Radio lot in search of fresh worlds to conquer, Gloria should return to her throne there.

Miss Swanson's salary demands have apparently undergone some adjustment. When she was with United Artists she asked for and received something like £30,000 a picture. Her current negotiations with Fox indicate a cheque hovering somewhere about £10,000 for the film.

I Loved an Actress, incidentally, was written by Gregory Ratoff. He should know something about actresses. He is married to a most brilliant and popular star, Eugene Leontovich, who created on the Broadway stage the rôle which Garbo played in the film version of Grand Hotel.

Design for Living

Awards of 5s. each to the following:
- To Miss Jessie Paterson, 21, Watson Crescent, Edinburgh, for —
- Her Imaginary Lover
- To Miss H. D'Arcy, 49, Warren Road, Leyton, E.10, for a joyous statement of the obvious —
- After Office Hours
- The Big Stampede
- To Margaret M. Green, 31, Fawe Park Road, Putney, London, S.W.15, for —
- The Keyhole
- Radiophonic Happy
- To Mrs. H. H. Dorrington, 105, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham, for —
- For the Love of Mike

Garbo's Latest—and Greatest

ADVANCE reports of "Queen Christina" indicate that in it Garbo does the greatest work she has ever offered the screen.

A full review of the picture will appear in our next issue. The great new film is, in the meanwhile, presented in picture form on pages 18 and 19.

Readers will also be pleased to hear that the "Daily Herald" has secured the story rights of "Queen Christina" for serialisation. The story is being adapted in America by Philip Lindsay, the famous historical novelist.

Garbo's Latest—and Greatest

This week the prize of 10s. 6d. goes to Miss Edna Hartley, 2, Adam and Eve Street, Market Harborough, for —

Gash

Have a 1934 Profile?

Among this week's more profound announcements is the news that fashion in profiles are changing, according to James Wong Howe, who, as one of Hollywood's best cameramen, should know.

"The actress profile won't look like the 1934 profile at all," he declares. "People who hope to crash into films this year will have to judge themselves by a new standard. Small noses, for one thing, are 'out.' Leading ladies apparently will wear their profiles with good, strong noses like those of Constance Bennett and Marion Davies."

"The 1934 star's chin, while firm, must have a certain softness," the amiable Howe proceeds. "It can be either hard, stubborn chin. Her mouth must be decidedly feminine, neither too large nor too small. A good example of the new style in mouths is provided by Lupe Velez. It must be mobile, quick to reflect expressions."

Madge Evans's Eyes

Mr. Howe goes on to declare that the fashionable film beauty's eyes may be blue, brown or grey, but they must be large, yet not too large for the rest of her face. (I hope he doesn't run into Joan Crawford in the fulfilment or conditions in this case."

"The new star's forehead," he adds, "should be straight and moderately high—not bulging. You could take Garbo's forehead for a model."

And it does not matter whether she is a blonde or brunette so long as her hair is soft and well groomed.

Masculine Profiles, too

I have no wish to initiate a mirror-gazing vogue among the male population, but some readers of both sexes may be interested in the Howe physiological qualifications for the man.

While not going so far as to say that all screen juveniles this season will have to look like Wallace Beery, he says —

"Anybody can remember when the ideal masculine profile had to look like the 'colar' advertisement. That was only two or three years ago. Last year we had a slight tendency toward the Barrymore profile. But this year the juvenile can't look like that at all."

"He'll have to own a chin like Clark Gable's, sort of rounded at the bottom, with a hint of a dimple. He'll need a good, strong mouth, something like Robert Montgomery's. His nose is not especially important, except that it can't look like Jimmy Durante's."

"His eyes must be strong and set reasonably forward, like his head, like Ramon Novarro's. His forehead must not be too high, nor yet too low. John Gilbert's is a good example. His hair is not important, except that it must match the rest of his face."

(Continued from page 5)
UNSUNG SCRIBES

OF THE

ALKIES

HELEN WAGSTAFFE has a word to say about the scenarists whose work is so important to the production of a good film, but whose names generally find little space in the credit titles.

Jack's the Boy, There Goes the Bride, The Man From Toronto, The Good Companions, and I Was a Spy, are a few of his outstanding successes, and there are numerous others. Mr. Lipscomb has been writing for the screen for five years, and proposes to do six scenarios a year.

A man with such a record must have more than the ordinary share of brains, and as clever people are usually rather overwhelming, it was with some trepidation that he climbed the thickly carpeted stairs to Mr. Lipscomb's flat.

He was not have had any "nerves." Britain's "ace scenario writer welcomed me with a box of cigarettes in one hand and a tin of sweets in the other, and immediately ready for shooting.

I am entirely wrong. In the first place, scenario writers, as represented by Mr. Lipscomb, are neither small nor untidy.

In the second, scenarios are never written entirely without outside help. In fact, there is so much outside help that the finished article is nothing like the original story.

"When you start a scenario," said Mr. Lipscomb, "dipping into the tin of sweets, you have. In the first place, a conference with the director, assistant director, production manager, casting director and one or two more people, and you begin by discussing from which angle the story will be most successfully presented to the public.

"The story itself may have been the theme of a well-known book or a play, but that does not mean that it will necessarily be good entertainment presented in just that way on the screen."

"Scenario writing is a definite craft . . . your scenario writer does not just 'have an idea,' firing in a few camera angles and some snappy dialogue and calling that a script. He creates entertainment by presenting an already successful plot from an entirely new angle suitable to screen treatment."

"What comes after the conference?" I asked.

"Another conference," said Mr. Lipscomb, smiling, "and very often another and another and another. Most of my actual writing is done late at night here," he waved a hand towards a paper-littered desk in the window.

Conferences take up most of the day, and quite often an evening's work is completely altered and re-arranged by the conference the following morning!"

"What's new or is chosen," said I, "do you next settle the cast?"

"The main parts, yes," was the reply. "Not the whole cast, because in the course of discussion, parts of the original story may be cut, but the chief characters are cast at once, because it is essential to suit your adaptation to your leading players.

"For instance, I was a Spy as it was written was admirably suited to Madeleine Carroll. Had the leading lady been a more exotic, glamorous type I would have written the story from a different angle, making her a master spy, reveling in intrigue, more like Mata Hari."

"But for Madeleine it was far better that she should portray a simple Belgian peasant, caught in the toils of espionage almost before she was aware of it. A reluctant spy as it were. An entirely different 'slant' on the same story."

"All the stories you have mentioned have come from books or plays," I ventured, "what about original stories for the screen?"

"I have written some," was the answer. "Channel Crossing was one. But on the whole I prefer to make adaptations."

There are other screen writers who find greater satisfaction in writing original stories than in adapting them, and one of the best known of these is Michael Barringer, whose name has for some time been with the British Lion, for whom he has written a number of scripts.

I found him the other day in a sunny office down at the Beaconsfield studios, and was told almost apologetically as we shook hands, "I'm sure you don't want to see me. You ought to go on the set and have a word with our leading lady. I only write the stories."

"Only the stories; Please Mr. Barringer!"

I disregarded his advice about the leading lady and stayed instead in the sunny office and there heard a story that would out-thrill many a script.

For Michael Barringer only decided to write for the screen a comparatively short time ago. During his early life, part of which was spent in Canada, he was a gold miner, and at another time a lumber jack. The War brought him back to England and when it was over, he began to write stories, more for the fun of it than for any other reason.

Consider these two men who work that you may be entertained; Mr. Lipscomb, who has passed the highest test of success in writing not one good scenario, but dozens, and all of them good—Mr. Barringer, self-taught woman talents that enabled him to write drama and farce with equal ease, and you will not in future, when you see, "Screen story by Soanso," think a little condescendingly of "Soanso" as "just the scenario writer!"

W. P. Lipscomb, the director and scenarist of "Colonel Blood," with Leslie Waring as Frances Stewarts, whom Charles II chose as the model for Britannia on the first issue of copper coinage.

ADAPTED from the famous novel by Soanso." How many times do you see this at the bottom of an advertisement for a new picture.

A good many. But it conveys little to you until you see a number of good pictures, all bearing the same name as the writer of the story, that you begin to realise that every picture adapted for the screen from a novel or a play has its story specially written by men who devote their whole time to this work.

They hide their light under a bushel, these men. Their names are not household words, as are those of the stars.

The author of a play makes a personal appearance on the first night. He is lauded, applauded and generally lionised, especially if he has a reputation.

For the real "authors" of films there is seldom such recognition. On the credit sheet at the beginning of the picture their names appear no larger than that of the Assistant Cameraman.

They are just the scenario writers, providing stories for our entertainment. Just the scenario writers.

In a quiet, spacious flat overlooking the Thames I met the author of some of the most successful British pictures ever produced—W. P. Lipscomb.

NEXT WEEK

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., has been speaking more freely in interviews published in America about the reasons for his coming to England. Next week an open letter by M. D. Phillips takes him to task about some of his remarks.
Is Joan Blondell, who recently sought to adopt her "married name" for screen purposes, trying to effect a compromise by having both?

These bottles made a fortune for Harry Frink, who used to supply the Hollywood studios with liquor "props" during Prohibition. Now the studios can buy their own. Frink is shown here exhibiting his collection, which was gathered in all parts of the world, to Ida Lupino.

Jean Howard shows you the latest thing in raincoats. Plaids in brown and white accent its chic.

The "Lens" cameraman (left) takes you behind the scenes at Shepherd's Bush—a shot of the shooting of "Evergreen."

Left, Centre: A real film "heavy." Richard Alexander, who appears in "Scarlet Pageants," weighs 240 pounds. He is seen here with Sally Rand, the fan dancer.
Old Vic productions with Charles Laughton and a dozen other first-rate actors and actresses. Indeed, she belongs, with Laughton, Tyrone Guthrie, James Bridie, and a few others, to the group of young workers in the theatre—most of them Scots or north-countrymen—which has suddenly come to be regarded as the only hope of the theatre in England.

*Catherine the Great* is Flora Robson's first important part in a film. She brings to the screen a reputation of being nothing less than the biggest bet in the English theatre. She has been compared, by conservative critics, with Siddons, Bernhardt, and Duse; not even the Hepburn has boomed more rapidly. I met Miss Robson in her flat in a Bloomsbury Square. She lives in an atmosphere of "relatives," of whom she has a goodly number.

Her small flat is decorated tastefully and modern. The furniture is of the unvarnished type popular to-day. A volume of reproductions of Epstein's work testifies to her interest in this artist, and in modernist tendencies in art generally. On the walls hang a Van Gogh and a Matthew Smith. A portrait of Paul Robeson was the only other wall-ornament.

Her gramophone helps her in her systematic study of all that is best in music. A big pile of classical records lay beside it.

Flora Robson as the Empress Elizabeth in "Catherine the Great" and, above, with Elizabeth Bergner in a scene from Korda's latest production.

**FLORA ROBSON**

February 17, 1934
Two years ago the subject of this article was a struggling character actress who knew her job, but was not well known to the public. To-day she is one of the big names in the theatre and looks like repeating her success on the screen. Here she tells you of her early struggles, her ambitions, and her successes and failures in a remarkably frank and outspoken manner.

This interview shows that Flora Robson has her roots and her whole tradition in the theatre. Her technique has been directed, hitherto, for stage purposes, and her great successes have been won in the theatre.

The theatre and the cinema are very different. Many great stage actors have been as great on the screen as they were behind the footlights. Many, like Douglas Fairbanks, down to the inconspicuous Katharine Hepburn, have found in the cinema a far greater medium for their art.

Will Flora Robson do the same?

She is intensely interested in the screen, and anxious to be as successful as a film actress as she has been on the stage.

After the first test shots had been made for Catherine the Great, in which Flora Robson takes the role of the Empress Elizabeth, Alexander Korda, a man not easily impressed, said:

Flora Robson is the greatest emotional actress in the world.

We shall see. I, for one, think he may be right.

Paul Robeson and Flora Robson in a scene from "All God's Chillun," Eugene O'Neill's play which had a run at the Piccadilly Theatre.
Tom Keene

One of the last of the westerners in a type of scene that is vanishing from the screen. Tom Keene was once a U.S. Government stage-coach driver, and it was at that occupation that he earned the money to attend a university. He graduated from the stage to films some years ago and became one of the most popular "horse opera" stars in pictures. Here he is seen in one of his recent successes, "Scarlet River."
February 17, 1934

An Open

LETTER to

JEAN

HARLOW

Miss Jean Harlow,
c/o The Dog House,
M-G-M Studios,
Culver City, California.

Dear Jean,

I AM sorry about the above, but it is your last known address at the moment of writing.

I am sorrier still to find Jean Harlow in that well-known Hollywood institution. Perhaps you will be out by the time this reaches you. I hope so.

I hope, too, that the head dog-house keeper will forward this letter to you, because I think somebody should give you some serious advice.

Do you remember—it’s not so very long ago, really, though it may seem a long time to one who has climbed so far and so high since you have—when Picturegoer first advised you not to attach too much importance to your spectacular success as a new kind of "Blonde Menace," to come off the divan, put on some clothes and get down to acting? You were modest enough then in writing to thank us for what you were pleased to call our "encouraging notice," to express your ambitions to become an "actress" instead of a "professional sex vulture."

Long before you had lived down Hell's Angels, and even when, during the latter stages of your sojourn under the banner of Howard Hughes, Hollywood was saying you were "through," we were pointing out to the public that you had talent as well as one of the screen’s most decorative figures.

Long before Red Headed Woman established you at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios we were begging producers to give you a chance to act.

We feel, consequently, that we need make no apology, in asking you now that those ambitions have been realised and you have become, deservedly, one of the screen’s most popular comedienne, if it is worth while taking the risk of throwing it all away.

You have had some experience of the "dog house"—Hollywood’s colourful name for the situation of those who are temporarily out of favour with their studios.

You know that some of the stars who suffer metaphorical incarceration here emerge triumphant.

Marlene Dietrich has done it on occasion. James Cagney’s high-handed "escape" has become Hollywood history.

In your own particular studio dog house Wallace Beery’s career has hung in the balance at least once.

Garbo has solved the problem by consigning the whole of Hollywood to her own private and personal dog house with her "I tank I go ‘ome" formula—but then, there is only one Garbo.

You must know, too, that many have never emerged at all.

If I mentioned some of their names you would recall them at once. Their cases are often discussed in filmland.

One particularly comes to mind. You cannot have helped having heard it.

She was a big star and one of whom even greater things were hoped. She had a mother who did her talking for her in the "front office."

Relatives are notoriously, if pardonomly, single-track minded conversationalists on the subject of their darling, white-haired girls, and to cut a long story short she talked that star into the dog house and right out of the talkies.

I do not for a moment profess to know the rights and wrongs of your present quarrel with your M-G-M employers.

But I do know that the fact of a popular star "walking out" on a job because she wants more money frequently leaves a nasty taste on the public palate.

The last year or two have made the fans very weary of the spectacle of an "arrived" player who has been carefully and expensively nursed to stardom immediately turning round and refusing to go to work unless they put a few more thousand dollars in the pay envelope forthwith.

You may have a perfectly good reason for the action—that, as I have said, I am not in a position to form an opinion upon—but holding up the preparations for a picture in which you are co-starred with Marie Dressler, as you are reported to have done, is not in keeping with the fine reputation as a "trouser" you maintained when, although seriously ill, you insisted on being carried on to the stage during your last vaudeville tour and again when you bravely steeled yourself to go back to work on Red Dust after the tragic death of Paul Bern.

These stellar rebellions are always liable to be misunderstood.

Rightly or wrongly, they usually give the impression that the rebel concerned is either completely and unnaturally mercenary in her interest in the movies or swollen-headed. We know from many people who know you and from many others who have reason to be grateful to you that the former charge could never be suggested in your case.

And I cannot for a moment believe that you have "gone Hollywood." You have always found you too modest about your achievements and success and too level-headed for that possibility even to be considered.

Nevertheless, I hope you will appreciate that there is a possibility that your "one man" strike may be misunderstood by the public, which sees only another film star who cannot keep the big, had wolf away from the door on less than 4,000 dollars a week.

Now let me turn to the pleasant task of congratulating you on the successful outcome of your campaign for recognition as an actress rather than a kind of de luxe leg show.

Those of us who saw, admired and urged your possibilities as an artiste, way back in the days when most of the critics were concerned only with wisecracks about how you escaped double pneumonia, had our faith amply and joyously justified by your polished performances in Dinner at Eight, which has been generally released here this week, Hold Your Man and Blonde Bombshell.

Keep up the good work—but you can’t do it from your present address.

Best wishes.

Malcolm Phillips.

NEXT WEEK

EVERYBODY is eagerly awaiting the verdict on Greta Garbo’s come-back film, "Queen Christina." New stars have risen in the year in which she has been absent from the studios, to challenge her queenship.

"Queen Christina!" will decide the issue.

In a full review next week, "Picturegoer" will tell you the truth about the new film.
A NEW Eddie Cantor picture has come to be something of an event and his latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is well up to previous standards.

Roman Scandals, in fact, gives us the usual quota of gags, Goldwyn Girls, spectacularly dressed sets and spectacularly undressed choruses in a new and amusing setting with Cantor, at the top of his form, wisecracking and clowning through it all as a species of village idiot who walks out of West Rome, U.S.A., into the Imperial Rome of the Caesars.

The "book" is, I see, credited to a small army of writers headed by George S. Kaufman and Robert Sherwood, two of America's most popular playwrights, but their ingenuity does not appear to have been overtaxed in the provision of a story and nothing more subtle than the usual dream is deemed necessary for the transportation of Cantor, from 1934 back to the ancient City of the Seven Hills.

The result is a rather slow beginning, but once it gets into its stride there is usually something interesting going on in the screen, although there are moments when non-lovers of Cantor, whose interest in the Eternal City is mainly academic, might wish that they were home at their firesides with a copy of Cicero's Orations in the original Latin.

The producers have, as was, perhaps, to be expected, given us a traditional musical comedy Rome, with Mr. Cantor (re-christened Oedipus and appointed to the position of food taster to the Emperor Valerius)—so sincere in view of the Empress's determination to poison her spouse) being auctioned at the slave market, winning the Colosseum from the Emperor at dice and invading the bath chamber of the palace beauties with the latest "slimming" song.

The glory that was Rome has been recreated with a lavishness one seldom sees in the more serious attempts to bring it to the screen.

There are extravagantly spectacular ensembles in which the Goldwyn Girls establish new records for nudity, a beautiful captive English Princess (Gloria Stuart) to supply the love interest with the aid of David Manners as Josephus, many new gags and several old ones and a final hilarious chariot chase that recalls some of the greatest moments of the classic comedies of the past.

Ruth Etting sings one song, "No More Love," and Cantor himself has two good numbers.

If you like the Cantor brand of entertainment, Roman Scandals is one of the best examples of it we have had since Whoopsie.—M. D. P.

The Emperor Jones

I do not think that The Emperor Jones was a very good selection as a vehicle for the screen debut of that exceptionally fine coloured actor and singer, Paul Robeson.

In the first place, Eugene O'Neill's play is rather a sombre affair, a psychological study of a negro who, instead of bringing out the best that is negro in himself, copies the worst habits and ways of the "white man" boss.

It is definitely "theatre," the really big scene is one where Paul Robeson holds the stage all to himself as, fleeing from the vengeance of natives whom he has fleeced in the role of a tinsel emperor, he is lost in the jungle and terrified by every moving thing. On the screen it strikes a theatrical note, but the dynamic force of Paul Robeson's acting is always apparent. It holds you, grips you and fascinates you.

The other drawback, so far as English audiences are concerned, is the fact that it is very difficult on occasions to understand the guttural "nigger" talk and consequently a good deal of the dialogue loses its import.

The story shows how a negro in America becomes a Pullman porter and, travelling in the President of the railroad's private car, gets stock information by which he manages to make money.

He becomes swollen-headed and lives a loose life until one day at a gaming house he kills a man in a fight.

In gaol, being ordered to flog a fellow prisoner who has collapsed after being in the sweat box he refuses and, killing his guard, makes a getaway.

He boards a boat and jumps overboard when a lonely island is in sight. He lands and is taken to Lem, the chief of the resident natives.

He is seen by Smithers, a Cockney trader, who buys him, but it is not long before he has out-smarted his master and is taken into partnership.

He then plays on native superstition and finally becomes "emperor" of the island, fleecing the natives in taxation, meaning to get away before revolt actually breaks out.

His belief in the hold he has over his subjects, however, is rudely shaken when they take to the hills and Smithers tells him that they are preparing to kill him by witchcraft.

However, he decides to run for it and makes for the jungle, where he is overwhelmed with superstitious fears and the ghosts of his past life.

He staggerers on, lost, until he falls in an ambush of natives, who shoot him with silver bullets—the only bullets, as he had told them, that could encompass his death.

There is quite a good amount of comedy in the opening scenes and also in the sequences where "Emperor Jones" takes over the chieftainship of the island and dresses his subjects in gawdy robes, giving them imaginary titles.

It is a pathetic study and a very interesting one, but the drawbacks I have indicated militate against its being wholly entertaining.

Paul Robeson's characterization is a brilliant one and I hope that his services will be still further enlisted for the screen.

He has a chance, too, in various episodes in the picture to let us hear his exceptionally melodious voice in neger spirituals.

Dorothy Wictch and Baby LeRoy as they appear in a story of kidnappers, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."
Dudley Digges is very good as the Cockney Smithers and the negro cast shows to fine advantage.—L. C.

Fraternally Yours

A mericans are extremely "secret order" conscious and their wives are probably not too keen on the conventions which these fraternities decide to hold from time to time.

You can gather that much at least from this latest Laurel and Hardy full-length comedy, which is the best they have made so far.

It is good, honest slapstick, with ingenious gags of a hearty, rollicking nature which are entirely independent of subtlety.

Stan and Oliver are depicted as hen-pecked husbands who have sworn to attend the convention of their order "The Sons of the Desert," in Chicago.

Their wives have different ideas, but Oliver, feigning sickness, gets a doctor to order him on a sea trip to Honolulu and, accompanied by Stan, he proceeds gaily to Chicago.

Unfortunately, they arrive home without learning that the boat they are supposed to be on has been shipwrecked.

Feverishly they endeavour to conceal their presence till the next day, but force of circumstances are too much for them and they present themselves in a soaking condition—it is raining hard outside—and tell a tale of having swum and ship-hiked home which is received, to say the least of it, coldly.

Stan, however, confesses to his wife and she, having boasted to Oliver's wife that her husband always tells the truth, takes him home in triumph and fêtes him.

Poor Oliver's reception is not so good—most of the crockery in his house is broken on his devoted head by an irate spouse.

As a rule, I do not think that slapstick comedy is capable of sustaining humorous interest for six reels, but in this case I found very few dull moments.

Both Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel are on the top of their form. Stan in particular has some miming to do—such as when he eats wax fruit in mistake for the real article—that is excellent in its comic expressiveness.

As the wives, Mae Busch and Dorothy Christie provide excellent foils for the comedians' knock-about, while Charley Chase gives an extremely funny performance as one of those objectionably hearty gentleman who insist on working practical jokes off on you at every conceivable moment.

Altogether, I think you will get a really good laugh out of this picture, which seems to me to put an end to the slump in ideas which was becoming apparent in the short Laurel and Hardy comedies.—L. C.

Moulin Rouge

We cannot complain about the chance given to Constance Bennett in this, her first 20th Century picture.

Even if the story is fairly conventional, there is no doubt the film is good entertainment and Connie acts like a star. So why worry?

Helen and Jill were once a "sister act." They were not actually sisters, but they looked remarkably alike. Helen is married to Douglas, stage author, and she wants to go back to the stage.

Husband Douglas refuses even to allow her to give an audition and has no faith whatever in her talent. When the Great Racquel, of the Moulin Rouge, is booked for the revue Helen discovers that Racquel is Jill, once the other half of the "sister act."

Helen confines her troubles to Racquel and they decide on a little impersonation plot. Racquel wants to go into hiding with her new lover to escape a jealous French husband, so Helen is made up as Racquel's double and is to attend rehearsals. She will thus be able to show her husband the talent she has. Racquel promises to return for the opening performance.

During rehearsals Douglas becomes fascinated by the woman he believes to be Racquel and even promises to elope with her.

The great first night arrives. The real Racquel is delayed, Helen has to carry on, all sorts of excitement follow. Douglas refuses to elope—says he loves his wife—and everything ends "happy ever after."

"Darling," he says, "I knew it was you all the time."

"You liar," she whispers as she snuggles in his arms.

And we agree with her.

Constance Bennett plays both parts and is excellent as both women. She sings two good numbers, and makes the most of the best part she has had for a long time. And she knows how to get the laughs in the right place.

Franchot Tone is good as Douglas and Tullio Carminati is fine as the impresario.

Others in the cast include Georges Renavent, whose "Merci beaucoup" is worth recording; Hobart Cavanaugh (drunk again!); Helen Westley, the Boswell Sisters, Russ Columbo, and a lovely chorus.

Darryl Zanuck (of 42nd Street fame) is responsible for the production. Little more need be said.

—M. B. Y.

Advice to the Lovelorn

If what may be Lee Tracy's last picture is far from being his best, it at least serves to emphasize the loss the screen will suffer if no way can be found out of the unfortunate situation that has been brought about by the Viva Villa Mexican "incident."

With a "manufactured" story and a series of situations with which a whole cycle of previous journalistic exposés have made us painfully familiar, Advice to the Lovelorn depends for its entertainment value almost exclusively on the high-pressure histrionics and colourful personality of the star and the quality of its wisecracks and incidental humour.

(Continued on page 16)
Miss Fane’s Baby is Stolen

Quick to seize on any topicality on which to base a story, Paramount has produced in this picture the first kidnapping drama since the Hays’ ban on this type of film was lifted.

The result is very sound melodrama with some excellent suspense values. Maybe it is not wholly convincing and the long arm of coincidence is rather unduly stretched but it makes good entertainment with a strong mother-love and child appeal.

Dorothea Wieck, as a famous film star whose child is kidnapped, does full justice to the emotional nature of the role. She brings a wealth of tenderness and poignancy to it, but the part actually does not allow her the opportunities to show the depth of her histrionic ability in the same measure as Madeken in Uniform or her first American picture, Cradle Song.

The kidnapped child is portrayed by Baby Le Roy, who looks natural and attractive, but let us forget all the hokum about his being some infant phenomenon or prodigy. His success lies in the fact that he can appear natural on the screen and what credit there is for his “acting” ability is due to the director.

The opening of the picture shows us Miss Fane on location where she signs a picture for a poor woman with several children who has the utmost admiration for the star.

That night Miss Fane’s baby is kidnapped. At first she refuses to notify the police and is only anxious to pay the money demanded by the criminals. But no message comes from them, so the police are called in and they decide to publicize the crime to its fullest extent by Press, wireless and public appeals.

All this detail is most interesting and brings home to you the enormity of such an infamous crime. The kidnappers, finding they are cornered, decide to get rid of the baby and cover their tracks but, in the nick of time, they are discovered as to whom Miss Fane had given her autograph and she, at great personal danger, manages to run away with it and lead to the capture of the gang.

It is these scenes of the rescue that provide legitimate suspense and bring the picture to quite a thrilling conclusion.

Characters are very well drawn apart from that of the bereaved mother. Alice Brady, for instance, gives an excellent study of a woman with a large brood of children who feels deeply for the star’s loss and is the means of bringing in her child.

Her family life is amusingly depicted. Indeed, all through the film there are light comedy situations that play a large part in balancing the tragedy of the actual kidnapping.

Dorothy Burgess is very good as one of the gang and she manages to give the crime as is Alan Hale, as her accomplice.

The picture ends with an exemplary line sentence of the kidnappers and a somewhat vapidvictory speech by the judge followed by a picturesque and delightful comedy when Miss Fane entertains her child’s toys to her family, to whom she had given a large sum of money and not used to the unaccustomed luxury of baths, etc.

The whole production is well set. The beautiful surroundings and apartments of the star’s home contrasting well with the squalidity of the poor woman’s “shack” way out in the country where the kidnappers take the child to their nearby hideout.

There is a lot of human feeling which makes one overlook its tendency at times to become rather hysterically melodramatic.—L.C.

Eight Girls in a Boat

A young girl, Christa, in a “finishing” school in France or America, acquires the setting suggested both with a heavy side layer of Hollywood—discovered she was going to have a baby. This somewhat unpredictable course of her studies leads to her getting “ploughed” in a history examination and also caused much trouble, which incidentally also incurred a rather heavy fine as well. Then the girl decides to go on living and return to her school.

Then the next day the head girl decided to give her a taste of discipline—she had come here unconscious of her duties to her schoolmates.

She takes her to the bathing pool and makes her dive and swim until finally she faints and the truth about her condition becomes known. Thereafter she becomes a sort of school heroine and all the girls promise assistance.

Her lover, however, makes a belated entrance and, having told her she’s really lovely, takes her away after she has said a sort of “grand chain” of farewells to her schoolmates.

They have rarely seen a concoction of unpleasant nonsense and it is rendered all the more futile by being supplied with a sort of musical comedy school background complete with a bevy of bathing belles. Indeed, the parallels at this most extraordinary school seem to walk about all day in clothes most fitting to show their curves to advantage. It is this that is to be blamed for the tragedy that nearly befalls the girl seriously.

The sequence where the head girl takes disciplinary action, a long-drawn-out one, is thoroughly sadistic in effect if not in intent, and I wonder how an audience could have sympathy with a woman.

Technically, the picture is very good, always excepting the fact that the locale of the school is entirely indefinite.

Frances Dee and Chick Chandler in a tense scene from the crook melodrama, "Blood Money," which will be fully reviewed next week.

Lee Tracy is the editor of a "heart" column in his new picture, "Advice to the Lovelorn." He is seen here with Sterling Holloway as his assistant.

Frances Dee and Chick Chandler in a tense scene from the crook melodrama, "Blood Money," which will be fully reviewed next week.

February 17, 1934

Granland

A new Mickey Mouse. This is Mickey’s own version of Jack and the Beanstalk. I’m not going into detail because it might anticipate one of the hundreds of laughs and that would be a pity.—M.B.Y.
ONALD COLMAN’S reserve, which has often been characterised as coldness, is something which is not always understood, particularly by American members of the film colony. He finds pleasure in the company of a few friends, and rarely frequents large gatherings, but is liked by all who come in contact with him. Colman was a most courteous host at a recent cocktail party which I attended at the United Artists Studio. The affair was held in Mary Pickford’s bungalow, quite a spacious little one storey house, but hardly adequate to accommodate all the guests, who numbered close to 150. A buffet and bar catered to the wants of the gathering. Many prominent people were present, including Herbert Marshall, his wife, Edna Best, and Gloria Swanson.

Colman told me he enjoyed his trip to England, and considers that British production has improved greatly. He is too tactful to express an opinion on Britain’s challenge as a movie capital, but he is glad to be returning to work. He is now in Palm Springs, enjoying a brief rest, but will soon be in Hollywood to prepare for his next production, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.

Stardom’s Penalty

Harold Lloyd is very busy these days, and it is all due to the fact that he purchased The Cat and the Canary as a starring vehicle. The story, which appeared in a leading American magazine, deals with the adventures of a missionary’s son, raised in China, who returns to his home in America, and proceeds to reform the crooked politics of the city.

Harold discovered that it was necessary for him to speak ten pages in Chinese! Nothing daunted, he engaged a Chinese scholar, and is hard at work acquiring the proper accent. This young actor owes much of his success to his astute industry. We have had better comedians, Lloyd, but the latter’s stories, “gags,” and the expenditure of much time and money have caused him to surpass all his rivals with the exception of Charles Chaplin.

“Caesar” Barrymore!

John Barrymore can have the rôle of “Julius Caesar” in Cecil B. De Mille’s production of Cleopatra, if he is willing to accept a smaller stipend than he at present demands. Lewis Stone is also under consideration for the rôle. Claude Rains is the actor who is to play “Cleopatra,” is having her troubles securing the added fifteen pounds demanded by Mr. De Mille. The actress recently sprained her ankle, so perhaps her enforced idleness will enable her to add the desired poundage.

De Mille is greatly elated over Harry Wilcoxon, the English actor, who is to be “Antony,” the lover of “Cleopatra.” Wilcoxon appears destined to take his place among the most popular actors in Hollywood.

All In the Family

Richard Arlen and his baby son, Richard jun., are working together in The Baby in the Box at the Paramount studio. Sally Eilers, who recently appeared in English films, has the feminine lead.

Baby Le Roy had better be careful, for young Mr. Arlen is likely to rival him in popularity. I saw Richard, jun., do a scene or two at the studio, and he gave a performance which will draw “ohs” and “ahs” from feminine picturegoers.

Incidentally, the baby’s earnings are given to an orphan’s home in which his parents are interested.

Cupid Wins

E. A. Freeman, a justice of Yuma, Arizona, who has married many of our film celebrities, is now a husband himself. The jurist was recently married to a lady from Los Angeles, who is not a member of the film colony.

Among the picture folk who said “I do” before Justice Freeman are Gloria Swanson, Jean Harlow, Tom Mix, Sally Eilers, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Dorothy Mackaill, Barbara Kent, Mary Astor and Richard Dix.

The Flood’s Toll

The recent heavy rains flooded the sections outside of Hollywood and caused the loss of many lives.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who recently married, had actual experience of the danger of the flood area. Their ranch home is on a hilltop. For four days they were isolated from the outside world, with the telephone out of order, and with only a few cans of food to keep them from starving. Friends who attempted to reach them were unable to do so until the flood had subsided.

Between the earthquake, fires and the flood, Hollywood has had many “unusual” experiences, as our boosters would say.

A Lucky Child

I radio and screen listeners notice a smoother, richer quality in the voice of Bing Crosby during the next few weeks—their reason, for it. Bing and his brother-manager, Everett, have received word that an oil well, in which they held a major interest, “came in” in the Ventura field. The famous “crooner” will turn the profits of the well over to his young son, Gary Evan.

He Was Embarrassed

Spencer Tracy’s face is very, very red! A distinguished and beautiful French woman, whose knowledge of English is very limited, was introduced to Spencer on a set at the Fox studio. She was asked if she knew the actor and shook her head. A number of films in which he has appeared were mentioned to the visitor but were greeted with negative results.

Finally, her companion remembered Tracy’s great rôle in Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing. “You must have seen him in ‘Sing Sing!’” he asserted.

There was a flash of recognition. “Sing sing!” exclaimed the lady. “Oui, oui, oui! The Song of Song—with Marlene Dietrich!”

Capitalising Romance

While Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, and Adrianne Ames and Bruce Cabot, are willing to appear opposite their oil wells, other players take a different attitude.

The RKO-Radio Studio pleaded with Frances Dee and her husband, Joel McCrea, to accept leading rôles in the same films, but the couple declined.

Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw, appear to share the views of the McCreas. Paramount would like to star Gary and Sandra in

**George Raft and Carole Lombard at dancing partners in their new film “Bolero.”**

a picture, but, at present writing, Gary will not consent.

Hollywood Says That—

— Ann Harding has a miniature movie theatre in her home which she operates herself.

— Ginger Rogers loves thrills. One of her pet stunts is to coax police ambulance drivers to take her along on “hurry-up” calls.

— Florence Desmond drinks coconut milk to whiten and strengthen her teeth.

— Joseph Schildkraut is said to have the most extensive library in Hollywood. It includes 17,500 volumes.

— Pat Paterson, the blonde musical comedy star from England, confesses that her hobby is collecting toy animals.

— One of Irene Dunne’s hobbies is singing to herself.

— Dorothy Wrick, star of Paramount’s Cradle Song and Miss Fane’s Baby is Stolen, is the great-granddaughter of Schumann, the composer.

— Paramount have just purchased Fifty-two Weeks for Florette, the story of a vaudeville trapeze artist, in which Claudette Colbert may be featured.
QUEEN
CHRISTINA

Reunites Greta Garbo and the most popular "lover" in a romantic mixture of history and the life of one of Sweden's most popular "Queen Christina," which Rouben Mamoulian presents as a tenth-century queen who, as a boy, prepares her her for her throne.

Christina (Greta Garbo) bravely faces the future when after having renounced her throne for the man she loves, learns that he has been killed in a duel.

The queen abdicates in favour of her cousin, Charles (Reginald Owen).
February 17, 1934

*EN TINA*

John Gilbert, once on the screen, in fiction based on colourful women, has been reared as a seven-year-old boy at an inn. He has been brought up as a man (Gilbert) when they mention the story at an inn.

A more formal meeting between the lovers. Antonio is officially welcomed to the Swedish court by the queen and her chancellor (Lewis Stone).

Under the impression that Christina is a youth, Antonio shares a room with "him" at the inn.

The queen discovers the duplicity of Magnus (Ian Keith) — a dramatic moment in the film.

A scene of interlude of happiness in the life of the tragic Christina. She spends an idyllic holiday at an obscure inn with Antonio (John Gilbert), Spanish Envoy to Sweden.
Jo March—sister to Meg, Beth, and Amy, having refused Laurie, an old-time friend's proposal of marriage, has gone to New York, to stay at a boarding-house where she has met a middle-aged German professor. The maid has just announced the arrival of an unexpected visitor. Jo hurries down to the parlour full of anticipation.

"MY! Aunt March! What a surprise!" She had expected to see Laurie; nevertheless, the pleasure at finding the home people was almost enough to make her forget him—for the moment.

Tell me everything!" she begged, having received Aunt March's peck and Amy's kiss and settling herself on the floor between them.

"We can't stay long," Amy explained. "We've got to get to the shipping office before it closes."

"Ship! Why, aunty—"

"I'm taking Amy with me to Europe," announced the old lady. "Maybe you can go next time."

"Next time!" No use denying the blow, though Jo tried hard to conceal its effect. All the same, it was a watery smile she achieved as she harked back to her first question.

"Tell me. 'A' dear is Meg all right? How's Marmee and father? And how's my Beth?"

"Better, but she doesn't seem to have got over the scarlet fever like we did."

"My poor Beth. And how about Laurie?"

"Didn't you see them when they were here? He and his grandfather are in Europe—have been for weeks."

"Laurie—in New York—and didn't come to see me!"

Jo was not so successful at concealing this second blow, nor did Aunt March improve matters by saying:

"What can you expect, after treating him and everyone so shamefully—up with him and then trotting off without saying so much as 'Good-bye.' Come along, Amy."

With an effort she never regretted not to be a spoil sport, Jo said, frankly, while Aunt March was out of earshot: "It's dear of you to say you wish it were Amy, but you've longed to go abroad as much as I, and you've always been sweet to Aunt—"

"You seem to forget waiting cabs cost money," came the inexcusable voice from the hall.

It was a very different creature who went up the staircase from the one who had come hurrying down. Jo was going into her room when she ran into the Professor.

"Ah, Miss Josephine! I've read some of your stories. Please will you come in?"

Instantly a-flutter, Jo obeyed, following him into the room where he received his pupil.

"Do you like them?" Jo ventured.

"Well—Miss March—I must be honest. I was disappointed. Why do you write such artificial characters—such melodramatic plots? Villains—murders—and what women! Why don't you write a—there, Miss March, please—I didn't mean to hurt—I wanted to help you. What a fool I am."

Thus the Professor, while poor Jo, unable to deal any longer with rising tears, began to sob.

By the time he had fumbled aggretelle in his pockets for a handkerchief, Jo had got a hold of herself.

"It's all my fault. I'm stupid to-day, but everything seems to come at once. The rest doesn't matter so much; I can bear that. But Laurie—I can never get over that."

"Herr Laurie, aha!" the Professor sympathised, "the friend of whom you have told me. Something has happened to him?"

"No—only he came to New York and didn't even come to see me."

"What a fool he must be!" announced the Professor so vehemently that at any other moment Jo would have been up in arms.}

"Really, it's all my fault," she insisted. I thought—but what does that matter? I did think Aunt March might have taken me abroad instead of Amy. Not that I begrudge her the trip,"

"The holiday to Europe that you have looked forward to, that it too bad," her companion broke in with the relief of one on whom light has dawned. "That is a cruel disappointment, I know, and on the top of that a stupid Professor comes blundering in to make things worse."

"Don't. If I can't stand the truth, I'm not worth anything. I didn't think much of those stories myself," cried Jo, determined to make a clean breast of it. "Only you see the 'Duke's Daughter' paid the butcher's bill and 'The Curse of the Coventrys' was the blessing of the Marches, because it sent Mar- mee and Beth to the seaside."

"Just what I have thought. Then I said to myself, 'Maybe I have no right to speak, but then, again, maybe I've not right to be silent, because, you have talent.'"

"You really think so?"

"In the instant Jo's troubles vanished.

"Otherwise I would not say all this, but I do beg you to sweep mud in the street before you are false to your talent. Say to yourself, 'I will never write a single line that I have not first felt in my heart, Will you do that?"

"I'll try—Oh, peppermint!—Good," Jo promised, diving into the proffered bag of candy.

"You will not worry too much about the trip," urged the Professor.

"Those of us who have been all over the old world find many things in the new that are beautiful and young. It would give me great pleasure if I could show you some of these things while you are here."

"I wish you would."

Jo was three parts, at least, genuine in what she said; the slight doubt she entertained as to the Professor's turning out an old fogey vanished under his guardianship.

They visited concerts and art galleries galore, until the weeks flew by with disconcerting rapidity. "Wasn't it too divine? It makes me feel I don't want to be a writer any more," was the cry, with which, after an evening spent in the gallery at the opera, she expressed the fact that time had literally ceased to be. Abruptly she lowered her voice, for it was past eleven and Mrs. Kirke's boarders, were in their rooms.

"Happy, my little friend?" the Professor inquired.

"Terribly. How I long to be a wonderful singer and thrill thousands of people."

She swept a curtsey, starry-eyed: "Bravo! Bravo! But don't make up your mind too soon. Remember how at the museum you wanted to be a sculptress and at the circus you thought a bare-back rider..."

"I know, but to sing like that,"
and Jo hummed the sextette from Lucia till the Professor upraised a finger.

"Of course, I shall wake the household, but I'm so marvellously, gloriously happy."

"Then you haven't missed your old friends so much lately?"

They had reached the landing, but neither wanted to say "Good-night."

"You're responsible for that," Jo accused, frankly, and dipped down on to the top of the stairs to hug her knees, whereat the Professor sat back and laughed.

"I don't think they're missing me much at home. They're too busy with the blessed babies."

"—the remarkable twins! I don't wonder they are proud. Have you heard from Europe lately?"

"Yes, Amy writes by nearly every boat."

"And your friend—Herr Laurie—hasn't he heard from him?"

"Only through Amy."

Somehow, on this occasion when Laurie was mentioned, she could speak quite naturally. "They met in Vichy and had a wonderful time."

"Miss March," the Professor began, very much in earnest, "I am bold to ask a favour of you. Would you give me your father's address? I wish to write and ask him something."

"Why, of course. He'd be happy to hear from you. They almost know you. I've told them about you. They always ask after you in their letters. That reminds me, one came by this evening's mail. I hope you opened it."

"That's good."

Jo, from hurriedly skimming her letter, began to read more slowly. The Professor, workbook in hand, the Professor was starting in its expression of sorrow.

"I've Beth," she broke out, "she's—oh! I must go to her at once."

She got up and reached her room door, only half hearing the professor's eager question: "Not really? Can't I do something for you?"

"Nothing is nothing is nothing."

Unaware of his fond, anxious look, Jo shut herself in her bedroom; not to cry, but to think how quickly she might have been useful to Beth, who was said by the doctors to be dying.

Perhaps only those who have watched a cherished sister slip away from life, can know what Jo endured in the weeks that followed her return home.

Beth had always been delicate. To Jo, in chase-longue or sofa was not unusual, and during her attack of scarlet fever she had seemed so very ill. At first it was hard to believe she would not now get better. Though weak, she looked so much herself that it was a continual worry to have the stern reminder—sometimes in a noticeable loss of strength, sometimes in Dr. Basset's hurry, though he did not say much—that she was steadily passing.

At first, Jo was doubtful if Beth knew the truth about herself. She would talk of spring, of Amy's return, of getting well by then. Meg would often come round and bring the two 'littles' and Demi. Seeing their puffed, healthful faces against Beth's thin cheek Jo would come nearest to breaking down.

One day Beth spoke. Popped up in the open window, she saw the tears fall from Jo's cheeks on to her sewing.

"Dear Jo, you mustn't be afraid. Isn't that funny, when you've always told me that? You're so brave and wild, like a seagull. You've always wanted to go places, and I've always been frightened of leaving home. Now it's different."

"Oh! Beth—"

"I know I can't express myself. Jo, I've never been like you. I could only try and say this to you, because I couldn't to anyone else. I'm not frightened any more. I'm learning that I can't lose you, that you'll be more to me than ever, and nothing can part us."

For a long while Jo held on to her sister's hands and could say nothing, till Beth spoke with a quaint tenderness that tore Jo's heart, while it could not take away the solace of the words that had gone before.

"Jo, dear. I think I'll be homesick for you, even in heaven."

So it was when the last half-hour came, when the austerity of death, softened by a smile, infinitely sweet, was imprinted on the loved face on the pillow, that for the first time the position of comforter was reversed.

It was Jo who drew the sobbing mother into her arms, Jo's voice that answered the anguished cry of "Beth—my little daughter—my baby!" with:

"No, no, Marmee—we mustn't cry—we must be glad she's well at last."

It was a surprise to Jo that she felt the incentive to write during the weeks when the loss of Beth was most poignant. In the course of months she completed a novel which she thought might pass the Professor's censorship, and dispatched it to him with a message asking if he thought it worth while, to have it sent to a publisher friend of whom he had spoken.

"Yes."

Jo had been in Nice when she heard the news, that would have brought her home by the next boat, had not Mr. Laurence and Laurie arrived from Germany to persuade her to follow the advice of Marmee's letter to stay in Europe. With Meg married and Amy abroad, Jo felt it incumbent on her to be at Orchard House.

She was ironing at the veranda, for the weather had turned sultry, when the sound of horses' hoofs heralded a visitor on the front step.

"Oh, the elegant young matron!" chaffed Jo, approving Meg's charming turn-out and parasol.

"Sallie Moffat's lent me her carriage for the afternoon dear and I want to make some calls—I want you to go with me."

"Not to-day." Jo rustled her prissy as she manipulated the iron. "I'm not dressed. Stay and talk to me for a minute."

"Have you had a letter from Amy?" Meg inquired.

"Marmee did, but she hadn't time to read it out."

"They're in Valrosa, and she says it's Paradise. Jo—how would you feel if you heard your Laurie was learning to care for someone else?"

"Meg! You mean—"

"'I don't really. I'm only reading between the lines, but—would you mind?"

"No. How could I? It would be marvellous. Don't you think so?"

"Of course I do, but I wasn't sure. Do forgive me." The colour rushed to Meg's pretty face, as she hurried on: "I've thought so much about you lately—you seem so alone—and I've thought that if Laurie came back—"

"No, no! It's better as it is. I'm glad if he and Amy are getting to care for one another. You're right about one thing, I am lonely, (Continued on page 22)"
No matter what the Season
ODO-RO-NO is always a necessity!

Odorono saves clothes from ruinous perspiration stains...it prevents underarm odour!

- Just now, when you're living indoors and wearing heavier clothes, you need Odorono as much as in summer — to prevent the underarm perspiration that stains and ruins dresses...that causes offensive underarm odour. Above all, never go dancing, or to any party, without Odorono's protection.

Odo-rono — a physician's formula—is your only sure solution of this perspiration problem. Use either kind of Odorono you prefer. They're described below.

Odorono is obtainable at any toilet goods counter, 1/6 and 2/6.

NORTHAM WARREN, LTD. (Dept. P.1),
215, Blackfriars Road, LONDON, S.E.1
Enclosed is 4d. in stamps for samples of Instant Odorono, Odorono Regular and Deodorant Creme Odorono.

Name..........................................................Address..................................................

INSTANT ODO-RO-NO (colourless) is for use at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection against perspiration and odour.

ODO-RO-NO REGULAR (ruby-coloured) is for those who prefer to use Odorono at night and obtain the longest protection...3 to 7 days.

LITTLE WOMEN—Continued from page 21

and very likely if Laurie came back I might have said 'Yes'—not because I love him differently, but because—well, it means more to me to be loved than it used be heard demanding.

It was a tremendous confession on Jo's part, for she disliked confidences, as a rule, and, though she would have hated to have been reminded, Beth's death was drawing her closer to Meg, whose elder-sister influence in girlhood days she had often resented.

Pleased though she was at Meg's news, it was a shock to hear by the next mail from Europe that the knot had been tied and that the following day would bring Laurie and his wife home.

It was like Jo to wear herself out with preparation for the home-comers, retire to the garret for ten minutes' quiet an hour before they were expected, and fall into a doze.

She was wakened by a torrential downpour of rain on the leads and the sound of Laurie's voice.

Up came her head from the old red pillow.

"Oh, my Laurie!"

"Dear Jo. Are you glad to see me?"

He sat down on the sofa-end and stroked her head contentedly.

"Glad? Why, my blessed boy, words can't express how glad I feel. Where's your wife?"

"Stopped with the others at Meg's, but I couldn't wait to see you. They'll all be along presently."

"Come look at you. Why, you're bigger and bonnier, and you've grown a moustache."

"Now how, I don't look like a married man and head of a family."

"Not a bit; and you never will, Laurie. You're the same scrawny grace-as ever."

She fixed his tie in the old way, with an extra violent jerk that made him protest.

"Really Jo, you should treat me with more respect."

For the first time since she had held his head against her breast under the tree by the stile on the 'road to Balmoral', Jo saw into her eyes and his manner changed.

"Jo dear, I want to say one thing and only one. We'll put it by for a chance."

"No." Jo spoke unutteringly, with a heartache that wouldn't quite be scraped away.

"If I think it was always meant to be—you and Amy. It would have come about naturally if you'd only waited—only you never could be patient."

"Then, Jo, we can go back to the happy old times—the way you wanted it—when we first knew each other?"

"Jo shook her head."

"We can't be boy and girl again. Those happy times can't come back. We couldn't expect it. But if we can't be playmates, we can be brother and sister, and stick to one another for the rest of our lives."

She thought the tears stood in his eyes, and was glad when voices and doors banging below made them shout.

"Here they are!" And there was a race to the hall which she won.

Aunt March, handing her umbrella to Marmee, was easily the first to be heard, in bitter complaint:

"After all the money I've spent on my rheumatism, to come back on a day like this!"

"You look very well," Jo assured her and turned to kiss Amy, whose fashionable gown, with a bustle, was calling forth the delighted com-

ment of Hannah. "Heavens to Betsey! If she ain't dressed in silk from head to foot!"

There was a general confusion, in which Laurie couldn't speak. But Aunt March, whose early affections had totally disappeared in a genuine charm of manner, found time to whisper affectionately to him:

"I can never forgive myself for staying away so long and leaving you everything that would bear alone."

No one noticed Jo as she slipped into the cupboard under the stairs to whisper to a visionary face in its little brown hood, among the cloaks and shoes: "Bethie, isn't it fun we're all together again?"

"I've spent all my money and I haven't had a decent meal since I've been away."

Aunt March was declaiming as Jo stood in the parlour doorway, in time to veto Marmee's suggestion of helping Hannah get tea.

"Now you sit down, dear, I'll give Hannah a hand." She found the good soul consternated at the pantry door.

"Dear, dear, I must go for some milk. I haven't enough for the babies."

"Hand me that jug."

"You can't go. It's raining cats and dogs."

"Never mind. I love it."

Jo exclaimed and couldn't tell you in English. It was simple and beautiful.

"But you were going," Jo reminded him. "If I hadn't come along you would have gone without telling me. Why didn't you go?"

"You have a party, the maid tells me."

"Only my sister just come home. She's married to the boy I told you about."

"Herr Laurie. Ah! Getting a grip of himself, the professor hurried on: 'It's so long since you and I have met, my little friend, so long since I have wanted to ask you—why I dare not say it—I shouldn't be so bold, for, though my heart is so full, I have only these empty hands."

It may have been the very dreadful thing, but Jo couldn't shilly-shally even when being proposed to. "Not empty now," she said and took the hands in hers. They were in the porch and the door opened to let me in. I've only this to astonish you, look at seeing the gentleman who had just left, changed into one broadly approving beam.

"Welcome home!" cried Jo and, to the detriment of the umbrella which he forgot to close, the Professor followed her in.

[The End]
Long, Silky Tresses
Grown after Partial Baldness
—by using KOTALKO

Preston.

Dear Sir,—About four years ago I was troubled with over a dozen very large bald patches, and although I had tried numerous kinds of hair dress, lotions, and pomades, the hair would not grow on these bald parts.

You can imagine how unpleasing my head must have looked, and I had given up hopes of ever being able to go out anywhere where it would be necessary to take off my hat. People used to stare at me, and would remark upon the condition of my head.

I used Kotalko, and after a while I was able to write and report the excellent new growth obtained through its use. All the bald spots were completely covered with new hair.

This new hair continued to grow, both in length and quantity.

Now, after four years, I am able to confirm this testimony. In many cases one hears of a new growth brought on after baldness, but which in time falls out again. But this is not so with the new hair growth brought on with Kotalko—for as long as has passed the hair has become stronger, longer, and thicker—which proves that Kotalko is a True Hair Grower.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Maggie Taylor.

Kotalko is supplied by Boots, Timbacy Whites, Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, per box 5/- and 13/6. Kotalko Soap 1/6 per tablet.

SEND THIS COUPON
(of copy to)

TO JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
9 Percy Street (164 AD), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

Name ..................................................
Address ............................................

A skin that is soft and smooth, white and radiantly clear—what a charm it throws over men! Add beauty to your skin, then, quickly, easily by regular use of Snowfire Cream. This fragrant, non-greasy Cream literally works wonders—makes your skin soft-textured and petal soft, and keeps it lovely. BRITISH MADE.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER’S quick reference index to films just released

[**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**]
[**CROOKS IN CLOVER**]
[**POWER AND GLORY**]
[**MIDNIGHT CLUB**]
[**MOONLIGHT AND MELODY**]
[**I ADORE YOU**]

The asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

You will see Mary Brian as a dancer in “Moonlight and Melody.”

Mae Clarke has a leading role in “Crooks in Clover.”

Quite an interesting week for a change, headed by that masterly British production The Private Life of Henry VIII, which has done more good to our prestige than pages of publicity-inspired eulogies of indifferent films.

Maybe you thought you were getting tired of crook plays. Well, go and see what can be done to an almost threadbare topical subject by an ingenious plot and clever direction. Crooks in Clover is noticeable, too, for all-round good acting—especially that of Myrna Loy, who has come to mean something much more on the screen now than an exotic “menace.”

Then there is Power and Glory, one of the most important and dramatically forceful “biographies” yet produced.

The strident that Myrna Loy has been making in her acting abilities is fully exemplified in this brilliant light crook drama, which has some of the most effective dialogue I have heard on the screen recently. She plays the role of Gertie Waxted, a woman whose moral code is definitely lax, but who is ready to sacrifice her life for a man who treats her as a lady and respects her. This latter part is excellently acted by Warner Baxter. As Durant he depicts a lawyer who defends a gangster of whose innocence he is sure, and finds himself cut by his fiancée and society friends.

His performance is very sincere, and he makes you believe both in the character and his ideals of justice. As Tony, the gangster whom he defends, and who in the end is killed saving Gertie from gunmen, Nat Pendleton is exceptionally good; he draws an unusual type of gangster with a touch of humour to leaven the character.

The main plot revolves round Durant’s attempt to clear Sidall, the framing, shows to which he had jilted him, from a charge of murdering a woman, the mistress of a racketeer. The action is both brisk and interesting, and the treatment free from heavy melodramatics; in fact, the comedy touches predominate. The racketeer’s mistress is played extremely well by Mae Clarke, while Martha Sleeper, a comparative newcomer, is handling her part with such advantage as Sue, Durant’s ex-fiancée.

As the racketeer who actually frames Sidall, C. Henry Gordon is effectively sinister, while Phillips Holmes is quite good as Sidall.

A clever little character study is given by George E. Stone, a gunner who is terrorised by Durant into giving the racketeer away, and who later realises, in the capable hands of Raymond Hatton and Arthur Belasco, who are assigned by Tony as bodyguard to the lawyer who had so successfully defended him and for whom he later lays down his life.

It is seldom one sees such a well-constructed plot and one which holds the interest so creditably.

[**POWER AND GLORY**]

Helen Vinson and Clive Brook share the honours of “Midnight Club” with George Raft.

(Continued on page 26)
YARDLEY ORCHIS POWDER

GIVES YOUR SKIN A 'LIVING' BLOOM . . . The warm, youthful tint of the new English Peach shade and the gossamer fineness of its texture make your skin so lovely, so flawless . . . . that even your own most searching scrutiny leaves you marvelling.

Richly perfumed with the lovely Orchis perfume, and in tints to suit your complexion.

Large 2/- Box

A testing sample of the Orchis Perfume is included with each box.

ORCHIS COMPACT 2-6
LEAFY DYE 3-6
LOOSE POWDER VANITY CASE 3-6

YARDLEY
38 Old Bond Street
LONDON

BE THE FIRST TO BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR by this New Method

All girls know that ordinary hair-washing methods leave much to be desired in the matter of sparkle and sheen. Therefore every woman reader of the "Picturegoer" should take advantage of this unique opportunity to try a NEW two-way hair beauty treatment at HALF COST. Forget "setting lotion" and "wave-sets" of ordinary type, and learn the benefits of Camilatone's LUSTREST, a 3/4 tube of which gives 30 to 35 perfect settings. To introduce this new Camilatone hair beauty treatment to "Picturegoer" readers, a special offer is being made. This entitles you to one 6d. capsule of Camilatone GOLDEN RINSE, or one 6d. capsule of Camilatone TONRING, and one 1/3 tube of LUSTREST at HALF PRICE.

Fill in the coupon now and find out for yourself the beneficial and beautifying qualities of Camilatone Beauty Rinses and Lustrset.

To CAMILATONE LTD., CAMILATONE HOUSE, WELSH HARP, HENDON, LONDON, N.W.9.
Please send me POST FREE to the address below

ONE 1/3 LUSTREST for greasy Hair. I enclose 7 3d.
*ONE 6d. capsule TONRING for Auburn Hair Dark I enclose 3d.
*ONE 6d. packet GOLDEN RINSE for Fair Hair I enclose 3d.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED

NAME.......................................................... (BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS...................................................... (BLOCK LETTERS)

P.1.

Post this Coupon, with Postal Order or Stamps for total amount, in sealed envelope (1d. stamp). Patent Applied for
Aunt Clara is an intelligent, quick-witted woman who is not easily swayed by the charm of Timpson. However, she is her husband's constant companion and is deeply attached to him. She is known for her practicality and her ability to see the big picture, even when others are迷失在细节之中.

The relationship between Aunt Clara and Timpson is one of mutual respect and admiration. They are both strong-minded and independent, and they enjoy each other's company. Despite their differences, they are able to work together as a team and achieve great things.

In the end, it is Aunt Clara who helps to solve the mystery and bring Timpson to justice. She is a true hero, and her bravery and智慧 never go unnoticed.
They both set great store by whiteness

But OH, the difference in their washing...

SHE THOUGHT
she was getting perfect whiteness and moving all the dirt. So she was—very nearly. But that little extra began to collect—to be stained and hardened in. One day she saw some Persil washing; then she found her Persil washing: then she found her linens were simply shades off white.

SHE KNEW
for certain every time her linens were going to be the only perfect shade of white. Because Persil’s oxygen suds male certain. Week after week the old linen’s just as white as the new. What a difference between perfect washing and just washing and hoping for the best.

It’s one thing to wash and think you are getting all the dirt out. It’s another to know for certain that every time you wash you are getting the only perfect standard of whiteness and purity. That’s what Persil’s safe oxygen suds do for you. Persil’s oxygen washing has been proved in tests to give perfect results—every time. And it’s just as good for silks, woolens, everything, as it is for the things you boil.

Persil
THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
273 AMBRO HOUSE, 40 VAUXHALL BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.W.1
Virginia CHERRILL'S BRITISH FILM

Things are moving at Worton Hall—A Twickenham "Thrillie"—
Edmund Gwenn and Esmond Knight Together
Again—Rene Ray's Return

IFE has grown a little more complicated for the conscientious Studio Correspondent (yes, you're quite right, I'm referring to myself) in the last six months, but there's always a compensation, and in this case it's the vast increase of interest and excitement in the business.

For instance, I had a 'phone call this week inviting me to visit the Isleworth studios, where they are making a film.

Nothing very remarkable in that, you think? Perhaps not in itself—although productions in this studio-in-a-garden have become something of a rarity since the microphone took charge of our floors; but consider the cast, mes enfants, consider the cast!

For example, does or does not the name of Virginia Cherrill mean anything to you? Yes, I see it does—and, as the voice from the back of the class so correctly observes, she was the adorable blind girl in the most recent Chaplin opus, City Lights.

Well, she's here; and that alone would be sufficient to send me galloping hell-for-leather down to the wilds of Darkest Isleworth.

Along with her is one of our most successful English character-actors, D. A. Clarke-Smith, who has played a long succession of dirty-dog roles in films.

Just by the way, I heard that Cary Grant was down at Isleworth too. He is not appearing in the picture but he is Virginia's fiancé which not un-naturally accounts for his presence there.

He is one of the young men of Hollywood who have rather captured my imagination. I have only met him in the flesh once—for about two minutes in a Hollywood studio-restaurant—but he struck me as being "different"; and, believe me, it takes a pretty forceful personality to be different in Hollywood, where every girl's ambition is to look like Garbo and every young man's to resemble John Barrymore.

I haven't heard what the title of the Cherrill opus is to be yet; but this, together with further details, I'll communicate to you as soon as the information is passed on to me.

I'm glad to have information about activity on the Worton Hall floors, because I have rather a tender spot for this Georgian mansion, with its sound-stages rising with an air of complacent surprise among its trim lawns and flower-beds. This is the kind of thing that makes British studios attractive. They don't conform to a certain standard of design as the Hollywood film-factories do.

The pity is that they don't always conform to a certain standard of efficiency either; but it must be admitted that tremendous strides in this direction have been taken in the past two or three years.

At one sad stage of its varied career, Worton Hall was known by certain critics as Heartbreak House because of the quality of films emanating from it. But I remember with gratitude the large fires in the dressing-rooms in winter.

At any rate, this unit is considerably less secretive than some others. For instance, the Twickenham people are making two films.

Staple Diet

I was passing the Wimbledon Studio at Merton Park, and dropped in on the chance of there being something going on; and sure enough, they were in full cry with a typical Twickenham "thrillie".

You know the Twickenham formula, I expect? Lonely house, attractive but quite unimportant young lady, corpse, police-inspector, and four or five assorted suspects—one of whom, at least, must be innocent, in order to provide the final close-up clinch with the girl.

They turn these out at Twickenham with unfailing regularity, in slickness and in stealth. Of course, they do more important work as well—Lily of Killarney, for instance, was a corker, and so, of course, was The Wandering Jew—but these "spot the murderer" epics are the staple diet.

If B.I.P. were making them at Elstree, they would have Hal Gordon and a diamond necklace. At Twickenham they have Dorothy Boyd and a corpse.

Among the notable gathering of red herrings to be dragged across the trail of the true murderer are Michael Shepley (whom I suspect strongly after his dirty work in Black Coffee) and Michael Hogan (whom I also suspect strongly after his dirty work in several films).

There is also Edgar Norfolk, but he doesn't look much like a murderer to me. I suspect him of belonging to the Heart-throb Dept.

And there is Sam Livesey as the police-inspector, who, I gather, is the whole works. Well, he can carry it; at his own job of the bluff but determined heavyweight policeman there isn't another actor in the studios to touch him.

Gone Coy

George Cooper is directing this one (called Tangled Evidences), and they are all at Merton because they have overflowed from Twickenham; but they say they have overflowed from Twickenham is largely a matter of conjecture, because if they are making a film there (and I have it on my usual unimpeachable authority that they are) they are preserving a coy silence about it.

Now on to Teddington, but a stone's throw away, where Warner Bros. First National are producing a picture with all the boast of heraldry and pomp of power, or whatever I mean.

That is to say, they are telling the world, which is an entirely reasonable proceeding when they want the world to tell its neighbour.

Father and Son is the name of the film, and it will hardly surprise you to hear that father and son are being played respectively by Edmund Gwenn and Esmond Knight, who played the elder and the younger Strausses in Waltzes from Vienna for Gaumont-British recently.

Voice in the Knight

This time they are saddlers in a gossipy little village; and Esmond Knight will have a chance to air his fine voice in a scene depicting a church bazaar. To support him in this picture, Warners have a distinctly interesting cast—Daphney Courtenay (a B.I.P. "discovery"), Charles Carson, O. B. Clarence, and Roland Culver.

This is a "human drama"—not a comedy; and, that being so, I will give you four hundred and eight guesses at the name of the director.

No, I'm sorry, you're wrong in all of them. It's Signor Bianchi, who recently left us for a... (Continued on page 30)
**OLIVE OIL in soap has a triple action**

...cleansing, soothing beautifying

Natural cleansing, with soap and water, is advocated by 20,000 beauty experts as the best way to preserve a youthful skin. But, they add: "...the soap you use is most important. It must be an olive oil soap...must be Palmolive!"

Palmolive is rich in olive and palm oils. From these oils it derives its characteristic soft green colour. To these oils, moreover, Palmolive owes that abundant, velvety lather, which cleanses so gently...soothing and beautifying in one action. This triple effect of Palmolive is the secret of preserving "that Schoolgirl Complexion."

3d per tablet

Except in I.P.S.

---

**NEW POWDER SECRET ACCORDING TO BEASLY BELT SELLER**

**You Too, Can Have A COMPLEXION THAT FASCINATES**

New Powder Secret Gives the Fashionable "Dull Finish"

Smart French women today all have "dull finish" complexions. That means they have discovered how to obtain a perfect 'matt' finish skin which stays free from shine all day.

The secret is a new process patented by Tokalon by which 'Mousse of Cream' is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. No trace of shine on nose or face even after hours of dancing in a hot room, or when out in wind and rain.

'Mousse of Cream' prevents Poudre Tokalon from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing the skin to become rough and dry.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that no man can resist, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other face powders—because 'Mousse of Cream' is the exclusive secret of Tokalon. 6d. and 1/- a Box.

---

**WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM**

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for MENS OR WOMEN.

This garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders. 9 ins. deep. 4/11. 11 ins. deep. 5/11.


Write for free list of falls for Men and Women. Practical hints supplied through Approved stockists.

---

**ALWAYS EMBROIDER WITH CLARK'S ANCHOR STRANDED COTTON**

IN 350 GUARANTEED FAST SHADES

Issued by J. H. Coats Ltd.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

visit to his native Italy, and has doubtless returned refreshed and renewed.
And Signor Bianchi is Monty Banks to you; but what he is doing directing a "drammer" is more than I can say.
Incidentally, Irving Asher, who is the Warner Brothers' vicar upon earth, recently returned from a visit to his native and United States—so he, too, is doubtless refreshed and renewed.
So we are entitled to expect something pretty good from Timborton.

In the Chilterns

Henry Kendall, whom I had begun to regard as a fixture at Timborton, has drifted on to Beaconsfield, where he is playing the lead in Safety First for British Lion.
Pretty little Nancy O'Neill, the Australian brunette who was the Admiral's daughter and the hero's delight in Jack Ahoy, has bobbed up here, and also—another welcome sight—Rene Ray, whom I haven't seen for a year or so.
Some day Rene will get her big chance and "click"; but she is having a tough fight for it.
You remember my mentioning Vera Bogetti recently as having been in a comedy at the B. & D. studios? Well, she's in this Safety First, and so is Kenneth Kove, and so is Helen Haye, and so are Walter Patch and Hall Walters; Wall and Durlitt set up a new comedy team, and we may see them "featuring" one of these days. Even Laurel and Hardy had to make a start!

Am I Right?

I hate to have to rub it in, but more and more as the months fly past are British studios beginning to admit that I may not be such an entire boonehead after all.
One of the ways I have been getting myself notorious is by insisting that films could only be made efficiently and economically if one person wrote the story, prepared the scenario, directed the picture, and supervised the final cutting.
This functionary I call the Kinist; and whenever a Kinist does rear his head in our studios, he produces a film which is at least far more interesting than the mass-production efforts to which we have become accustomed—so called because masses of people are concerned with each production.
Bernard Vorhaus wrote his own script and directed Crime on the Hull—which I found an excellent sleep-preventer. W. F. Lipscomb wrote story and scenario for Colony Blood. Now in the same studio (Sound City) Anthony Kinmins is directing a comedy called By-pass to Happiness, of which he built both the scenario and the picture. And at the mystery-engraved Hammersmith studio (sh! Not a word!) a young man named Ralph Smart, whom I last saw at Shepherd's Bush, is writing and directing a series of films for P.D.C.
They seem to be coming round to my way of thinking . . . no?

Proving the Rule

Of course, Maurice Elvey has been writing his own scenarios for years, but Maurice is a law unto himself. If I point out that Maurice Elvey's films are almost invariably box-office successes, you'll say I'm rubbing it in again—and I wouldn't have you think that.
Anthony Kinmins is the young man who left the Navy to make a small fortune by writing White Parents Sleep, and has since taken to acting himself. He played leading parts in two Sound City films.
Now he is a script-writer-cum-director. In this By-pass one he has Kay Hammond, Tamara Desni (you remember her in Falling for You? Very exact to look at), Nellie Bowman, Maurice Evans, Mark Daly (a clever comedian), Elliott Makeham (a brilliant character actor), Billy Holland and John Teed. About Miers. Holland and Teed I have no information.

A Saville Row

Victor Saville must dream about audiences. Not only does he get 'em going with his films, but I frequently find him struggling with them in the studios as well. For instance, which of us that saw it will forget the gorgeous riot in "The Theatre Royal, Gatford," staged for The Good Companions.

Tivoli Reconstructed

This week I found him with a much more ruly audience, in a clever reconstruction of the old Tivoli Theatre, which stood, once upon a time, in the Strand. (Heavy sigh from the ten remaining Stage Door Johannies—the lineal forebears of the Gallery Girls of to-day.)
Hands up any of the class who remember the old Tiv? What, not one? Drat you, you make me feel a Methuselah.
Last time I saw it there were Harry Lauder posters plastered all over it; but down at Shepherd's Bush they have gone back considerably before Harry Lauder's time—or at any rate, his West End days.

That Fatal Inch

I found them precisely at the period when chorus boys wore striped blazers and straw hats (which didn't last them) and chorus ladies wore long black gloves and long black stockings which showed about an inch and a quarter of chorus lower leg, and the stockings and the frillies (which did fame them, and how!)
We are told that it is the object of Art to reveal Art and conceal the Artist. The Art of the Old Tiv concealed Art fairly successfully, and revealed just enough of the Artiste to make the Johannies come again to-morrow night.
Nowadays, chorus-girls wear an inch and a quarter of whatever is in fashion, and there's no point in anyone coming again to-morrow night.
The most prominent lady of the chorus was Betty Balfour; they were singing that strangely artless ditty, which was already old when I was young—"Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow, Bow-wow!"; and the accompanying terpsichorean evolutions (which consisted in tripping round the stage hand-in-hand) was so exactly what I have always seen chorus do everywhere and in every age that I felt quite at home.

With Mo

Another fellow who found himself at home was Gerald Barry, who has been away from home for a number of years—to wit, in Hollywood, where he has been one of the few favoured Englishmen who are regularly and continuously employed.
In the few months since he returned he has played in seven films, and a totally different part in each. This time he is Manager of the Old Tivoli, with a magnificent moustache, without which no self-respecting manager of the old school would care to appear in public.
Look out for Gerald Barry, boys and girls. We're going to hear more of him.

"It was my AMAMI HAIR that John fell for"

HERE'S what "AMAMI hair" did for an Amami girl in Devon!
I have used Amami for about 8 years" (she wrote us recently). "I started when my blonde hair began to fade. Amami soon restored the lovely natural colour, and kept a beautiful wave and curl in it. And then . . . I got married—thanks to Amami! Yes, really; my husband always says it was my Amami hair that he first fell for!"

Every Amami Shampoo you buy contains 47 ingredients. 26 of these are just to make your hair lovely. The other 21 are tonic ingredients, to nourish, feed every starred hair-root, banish hair-troubles, bring healthy hair, that lasts! Buy AMAMI to-day!

AMAMI TONIC SHAMPOOS
AMAMI No. 1. With Henna. For dark hair. 3d. and 6d.
AMAMI No. 5. With Camomile. For fair hair. 3d. and 6d.
AMAMI No. 7. Camomile, Application and Shampoo. 6d.
AMAMI No. 9. Tar Antisep tic. 6d.

AMAMI SPECIAL HENNA. Makes brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired. 6d. and six other varieties
Also AMAMI LIQUID PINE TAR TONIC SHAMPOO. 6d. per bott.
AMAMI Products are available from all Chemists and Barbers.

A clever sketch of Robertson Hars, the popular Aldoyn "team" comedian.

February 17, 1934
NO Ramons in REAL-LIFE

Men don't learn technique from the talkies

The screen has long been the greatest factor in the education of the woman of to-day. It prepares her for any conceivable situation likely to arise in everyday life, and gives her a sang-froid she would otherwise not possess. In short, it is the finishing school for every modern girl.

"Not so the men. They seem absolutely incapable of absorbing any of the Novarro Personality that women so appreciate and need.

They receive an object lesson as to what is, and what is not, in the Realm of Technique. And while, of course, they know the meaning of the word 'gallant,' they do not know the meaning of the word 'gentleman.'

"The modern young man never seems to connect the words 'with respect' with a girl.

"Anyway, the fact is that, as long as we are not taking their lessons at all well, still, perhaps I'm wrong. Maybe Jimmy Cagney's 'rough stuff' holds more appeal for them than Ramon Novarro's reverence.

"Have the men anything to say?"—(Miss) Hilda Humphries, 20 Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham 10, winner of the garter prize.

[The interesting problem raised here is one that is, let us see,全国各地, and experience. I can only repeat: Have male readers anything to say?]

Too Many Comedies

Are British films getting too popular? While admitting that they have given us some good and unusual super films, they are riding some material to death in certain films.

I have just seen Gene Gerrard in the usual Gerrard matrimonial mix-up. It's a Boy was the mixture-as-often before. Beware of Women was the harem drama, and the same medicine. And will Sydney Howard conspire me with the eternal garter tangle?

"At the present time, filmgoers are swallowing these films with glee. But there will be a reaction. A field that bears the same crops time after time gets worn out.

"Our films will not always be adjudged as good on the strength of a few exceptions. It is the average everyday film that must stand the strain and when the backbone of the industry fails, no industry can pay dividends with a few super."—A. Iman, 40 Southey Crescent, Sheffield 5, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

[While I agree—and, indeed, Picturegoer has often pointed out—that there is a danger of these mixture-as-before comedies put over on stellar names being overdone, the money they have made has provided a war chest for the expansion of the industry and the production of more ambitious films.

Children's Films

The scarcity of films suitable for children and the unprofitable outlook for juvenile audiences is excellent news. If the shortage results in a drastic reduction in the numbers of the child picturegoers, the kinema will benefit.

"One of the chief handicaps which hinder the more intelligent producers of the same film. It cannot be done, and the puerile compromise between sophistication and navete which is foisted upon us in consequence is inevitable.

"If films are ever to be more subtle they must be made without consideration for immature minds. Children would find such pictures poor entertainment, and either stay away or attend only when something specially suited to their taste was exhibited.

"This would go far towards solving the difficult problems always presented to the censor, of 'A' and 'U' certificates. And on the whole, would not children be better off without quite so much 'picturegoism.'—(Miss) C. J. Gaddby, 3 Myross, Landemann Circus, Weston-Super-Mare.

"[This is an age of compromises. The particular 'puerile compromise' between sophistication and navete, which is expected, not because of any attempt to appeal to the child picturegoer as well as the adult, but because adult picturegoers themselves are of varying standards of intelligence. And surely, it is ridiculously short-sighted to overlook the fact that, directed into the right channels, kinema entertainment could be the greatest educational force in history.]

Trails Keep Them Away

For the last three weeks at our local cinema we have been a 'Thinker.' Not only is this very boring, but I am now acquainted with all the most dramatic moments in the film and so have had all my inclination to see this much talked-of picture killed.

"This happens repeatedly concerning the most popular films; to show the cast is quite enough to draw the public to-day.—B. Brown, 1 Mount Pleasant, Kidderminster.

[Exhibitors, please note.]

A Hepburn War

"Welcome, Katharine! If anyone accuses her of being a personality first and an actress secondly, that merely emphasises the amazing force of that personality! Because actually the two are inseparable, with the astute brain revealed in every action she makes—every word she utters.

"Katharine looks clever, and looks attractive and fascinating, and looks a clean, straight woman. What an astounding combination.

"Who else has achieved it? I can think of only two others, maybe three: Greta Garbo (despite many nasty roles), Anne Harding (the darling), and, perhaps, less excitingly, Irene Dunne!"—(Miss) D. A. Wilks, Miss Giff, Setcroft Road, Purley, Surrey.

"Katharine Hepburn may be a great find to the movie critics, but to me she is just a pain in the neck.

"I can't seem to see anything in her that would make people rave about her personality or acting ability—if she has either.

"When I glance through the pages of different film books, her picture is always there with that hungry look on her face."—(Mr.) R. Wright, 11 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

£1 5s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5/- for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words in length. To "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
How “different” from other girls!

And so he chooses her, first for a dance and then for life. Because KHASANA Blush Cream gave her own natural colouring its chance, emphasizing its beauty, giving her distinction and charm.

KHASANA Blush Cream will do as much for you, because its shade changes on the skin to match your complexion, giving the cheeks a rosy bloom, so natural and discreet. It is a very simple base which makes it easy to use and protects the skin from cold winds and sun.

It is easy to see why KHASANA Lipstick produces a very natural colouring on the lips, beautifying and protecting them.

KHASANA PREPARATIONS are kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

just published!
the corot spring fashion guide
write for your copy now

it will show you an entirely new range of models at prices from two guineas and will give you a direct indication of what the woman of fashion will be wearing this season. also it will enable you to choose your own outfit for immediate wear and pay for it by instalments. this service cannot be overlooked by the woman who wishes to be in advance of the fashion, so call at the corot showrooms or post the coupon below for full particulars.

"out and about" shoulders receive much attention, as means of padded rouleaux, on the three-quarter cape of this smart piece of coat and skirt, made of a new wool weave woolen cloth. cash 51 gns.

16/6 monthly.

post this coupon to corot today!
corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.
free please send corot spring fashion guide and full particulars.
name………………………………………………………………………………………………………
address………………………………………………………………………………………………………
(p.338)

33 old bond st.,
london, w.

(a dept. p.338)

("George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The farmer will be happy to answer any requests regarding the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to attend both c/o Tim. PICTUROGEO WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.)

Doris (Hove).—[Herewith the cast of Miss Mary Orkin:] Anne Holm—Carol Lombard; Tony—Lyle Talbot; Bill Holt—Walter Connolly; Gina Holt—Lois Chaus Hale; Dick—Allen Vincent; Rita—Ruthlma Stevens; Cedric—E. Aubrey Smith; Jorge—Arthur Houseman; Burkehart—William V. Mong; Merrill—Charles Hills Maik; Prince Carlow—Jameson Thomas; Captain of Ship—Ed LeRoy; Saint; Cannon—William Worthington; Benton ( Butler)—Broderick O'Farrell; Hawke—John Hendley; Moderate—Harold Minjir; Holmes—Sidney Bechet.

P. L. (Warrington).—[One John Boles played opposite Laura La Plante in the Picturegoer.] (The Staging & Costumes, appeared with Mistie Jordan in the film I Love You Wednesday.)

Jay Big (Cardiff).—[Herewith the cast of The Silk Express:] Kilgore—Neil Hamilton; Fula—Stella Terry; Clark—Arthur Byron; Mabel—Lucy Jones; Nages—Valentine; Kibbie; Rusty—Allen Jenkins; Craft—H. Owen; Calhoun—William W. Johnson; Ivan Simpson; Myron—Arthur Hopkins; George Pat Carlow; Thomas—Tom Wilson; Associate—Edward Van Staal; Showman—Vermond; Vernon; Assistant—Douglas Dumbille.

V. G. (Notts).—You can obtain a picture postcard of Miss Matthews, c/o The Picturegoer Post Card Saloon, 65 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I am glad I received this paper.

L. M. S. (Stoke Newington).—[One you see Betty Balfour soon as she has returned to British films, and will be seen in Euston Biddle. Biddles appear in films for a long time.] (3) Buck Jordan till appearing in films for United—his latest films are Unshaven Valley, The Open Road, Garden-California of City (serial). Thank you for your good wishes.

Venus (Birmingham).—Henry Kendall was born at London; 8 ft. tall; brown hair and blue eyes. Pictures include This Week: The Flying Pool, Mr. Bill the Composer, The Shadow, The Flame, High Speed, Occasions of Chicago, Watch Beverly, House Opposite, The Ghost Camera, and Dick and Strange. Address him c/o 76 Hoodford Road, Golders Green, N.W.11.

Shrimpton (Dovercourt).—[Chance to see the film of the week is in Rio, and Sea Girl are all new films, and the release dates have not been fixed yet; watch Collier's "On the Screen Now" for them.]

Insurer (Southend-on-Sea).—Lillian Gish was born at the scene of His Double Life, and is living in Hollywood.

J. P. (Cromer).—The full cast of Moonlight and Melody is given on page 26.

INTERESTED (Northampton).—[One Frank Tose is in London. He was born at Glasgow Falls, and his birth anniversary falls on February 18. Latest films are Midnight Mary, Stranger's Return, Stage Masher, Bulldog Bush, Blonde Bankah and Maidel Rouge. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.]

A COUNTRYSIDE ADVERTISER (Norwich).—[One ages this year: Cicely Courtneidge, 41, at Kimbell, February 14; Agnes Ayres, 41, at April 14; Janet Gaynor, 27, on October 6; Charles Farrell, 31, at November 30; June Collyer, 28, on July 28; (2) Addresses: Cecily Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at the British Studios, Lime Grove, Shephard's Bush, London, W.12; Janet Gaynor and Charles Coburn, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California; and Joe E. Brown at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California.

CURIOUS R. (Inverness).—[One you can obtain photographs of Loretta Young and Gene Raymond from The Picturegoer Post Card Saloon, 65 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, at 2d. each.]

M. C. J. (Birmingham).—[One see "Aye Ready" above. (2) I think I am correct in saying that while Mr. Keene uses his own name for professional purposes.

A FILM FAN (Wales).—[One herefrom the details you require of Gladys Cabot's film, The Easiest Way, with Constance Bennett; Fanny, a Farce, with Joan Crawford; Secret Six, with Jean Harlow; A Free Soul, with Neoma Shearer; The Ritz of Hell, with

February 17, 1934

LET GEORGE

Greta Garbo; Night Nurse, with Barbara Stanwyck; Hal Over, with Dorothy Jordan; Possessed, with Joan Crawford; Polly of the Cycle, with Loretta Young; Love in the Intervale, with Norma Shearer; Man of Her Own, with Carole Lombard; Red Dust, with Jean Harlow; Hold Your Man, with Jean Harlow; Dancing Lady, with Joan Crawford; and Night Flight, with Helen Hayes. (2) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Damo Patrel, no leading lady; Dance Hall, with Oliver Border; Little Accident, with Mary Brian; One Night at a Time, with Billie Dove; Dance, a la Mode, with Helen Twelvetrees; Little Caesar, with Greta Garroll; Chance, with Robert Taylor; J. J., with Greta Garroll; Woman of the Year, with Loretta Young; Love is a Basket, with Ann Dvoras; Love Is a Pigeon, with Anna Q. Nilsson; It's Tough to Be a Man, with Joan Blondell; Scarlet Dawn, with Nancy Carroll; Parure, with Arthur Lake; The Morning Glory, with Katharine Hepburn; Captured, with Richard Arlen and Norman Church; with Patricia Ellis; The Great Caress, with Elizabeth Bergner.

J. B. (Australia).—(3) Centres spreading Grand Hotel, May 28, 1932; Rochdale, January 28, 1933; Oldham, December 24, 1932; Canfield, March 11, 1933. (3) The story of the film A Sign of the Cross, September 16, 1933; Rappaport, the Man Who, Sydney, June 23, and June 33; Hold Your Man, December 23, 1932; and Renown in Vienna, December 30, 1932. (3) Advertisements for the Picturegoer from the Publisher, 8 Endell Street, London, W.C.2.

G. E. T. (London, N.W.1).—[One herefrom the cast of It's Tough to be Famous: Soothing—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Billie—Mary Brian; Edna—Lillian Bond; Sanford—Trenace Kay; Boycott—Ossie Apley; Mona—Emma Dunn; Chapin—William Cartier; Line, Bilke; Tom Brown, 24; David Landan; Sutter—Harold Minjir; Mrs. Porter—Gaye MacDowell; Ade—Louise Heavers; The Olafson—Van Lonnon.

D. M. S. (London).—(3) Ages and heights as follows: Clive Brook—42, on June 1, 5 ft. 11 in, Vivien Leigh—43 last April 3, 5 ft. 11 in. (3) Advertisements for the Picturegoer in Contemporary and Fredric March c/o Twentieth Century Studios, Hollywood-California of c/o Radio Studios, Hollywood, California.

Renate MULLER Fan (Cardiff).—Renate Muller comes from Munich, a letter addressed to Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.1, will find her.

JANNEY Fan (Bottlet) and J. B. (Leigh-on-Sea).—[One John Jordan was born in A Successful Callaway, was born on February 15, 1908, in New York City. Real name, William Forsan James, 6 ft. 10 in, has dark brown hair and eyes. Write to him c/o Warner Bros., Hollywood, California. (2) Tom Brown was 20 on January 6. His latest pictures are Liberty Road and Latherin in Hell.]

J. P. M. (East Sussex).—[One Dorothy Jordan did not take part in the film When a Feller Needs a Friend. (2) One Hour With Eve was first released in this country on June 30, 1932. It was released on January 9, 1933.

PUT (S.E.).—Alan Mowbray played in the film Chocolate Hands as the man murdered by Lionel Barrymore.

D. W. M. (Salts).—Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson are two different people.

ROSINA (Hobart).—No, Joan Crawford did not appear in Emma; here is the correct cast: Emma—Marie Dresler; Ronnie—Richard Cromwell; Hilda—Queenie Hara; Helene—Myrna Loy; District Attorney—John Miljan; Sonny—Mickey Kuhn; Fredric March—Lauren Dale; Bill—George Meeker; Maid—Dale Fuller; Drake—Willard理由; Coup—Andre Cheron.

EVILY H. (St. Alban).—[One the cast of Cardinal's Last Case, was cast: John Barrymore; June Merrill—Helen Twelvetrees; Sydney—Richard Loo; William—Charles MacClure; Lillian Ulrich—Jill Emanual; Nora Dean—Mary Duncan; Ulrich—Oscar Apfel; Samm Alberich. (3) The story of the film The Case of the Diamonds by Ralph Ince; Judge—Frederick Burton; City Marshal—Garrette.

BUER (P.W.).—[One Locusta Young and Maureen O'Sullivan live in Hollywood. Later this spring, the film will be released by United Artists, and is to be released at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City.

BOLMILE (Birmingham). J. B. (Birmingham). John Boles was born on October 27, 1900, at Greenville, Texas; 6 ft. 1 in, dark

32
Brown and blue-grey eyes; married Mercia Dolbee and has two children. He
comes from an old Southern family and graduated with B.A. degree. Pictures
include one of Gladys, Pauli, American of the Underworld, We Americans, Shep-}
dered of the Hills, The Last Warning, A Big Bump, Song of the West, Captain of the
Guard, King of Jazz, The Silver Cord, The Night of Reckoning, Seed, Frankenstein,
Carden Lady, Six Hours to Live, The Child of Manhattan, My Lips Betray,
Only Yesterday, and Biarritz. (c/o Universal Studio, Universal City, California.)
(2) John Boles is not directed exclusively by one director but by a
different one for each film. If you are thinking of a particular film and will
let me know I will give you further particulars.

MACDONALD, (Scotland).—(1) Jack Payne was
born at Leith in 1899. (2) Fay Wray
was born in Alberta, Canada; her birthday
was September 30, 1911. (3) Hereewith the
cast of Wild Horse Mesa : Chane Weymer—San
dolph Scott; Sandy Melbourn—Sally
Blane; Rand—Fred Kohler; Mel—Melbourne—
Lurline La Verne; Sam—Charley
Grapwitz; Ben Weymer—James Bush;
Indian Chief—Jim Thorpe; Black—George
F. Hayes; Hon—Buddy Roosevelt; Sheriff
—E.H. Calvert.

D.N. (Mill Hill) and M.F. (London).—
Write to Frances Tones c/o Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer, 1590 Skirer City, California. You
may obtain a photograph of him from the
Picturegoer Postcard Saloon, 85 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2, price 3d.

G. & V. (Peckham).—Hereewith the cast of
The Strange Case of Clara Dene : Clara
Dene—Doris Studley; Frank Deady—Pat
O'Brien; Nancy—Frances Dee; Gartons—
Dudley Hedges; Richard Ware—George
Barrie; Norman Ware—Russell Gleason;
Nancy—Thelma Todd; Cora Sue Collins.

GABLE-CRAWFORD FAN (Scotland).—(1) Heightly
and colour of hair as follows : Myrna Loy, 3 ft. 6 in. tall and red hair ;
Jeanette MacDonald, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and red hair; Mimi Jordan, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and blonde
hair; and Bots Mallory, 5 ft. 6 in. tall and ash-blonde hair. (2) Joan Crawford
and Clark Gable have appeared in the following films together : Dames Takes Dames Postcard,
and Dancing Lady. (3) Nell O'Day played
opposite George O'Brien in the film Smoke
Lightning. (4) Your request has been forwarded to the Picturegoer Postcard Saloon.

SHAHID GIRL (Thanet).—(1) Madeleine
Carroll—Lottie Cochrane. (2) Dedication to J. was a Spy. It includes:
Guns of Blood, What Money Can Buy, They Laughed, Atlantic, The American,
Suite Prisoner, Young Woody, Kissing Cup's Race, The Warringtons, The School for Scandal,
French Leave, Madame Gouliette, Fascination,
The Written Line, Live and Let Live, and
Sleeping Car. Married Capt. Phillip Astley
in 1931. (2) We published photographs of
the stars you mention as follows : Madge Evans, March to Victory; July 2, 1932, Feb. 18,
1933, April 15, 1933, and Front Covers

July 23, 1932 and June 17, 1933, issues.

Elissa Landi, Art Plate in April 29, 1933,
Front Covers in July 1, 1933 and Sept. 18,
1933. Madeleine Carroll, Front Cover in
Oct. 3, 1931, issues of this magazine.

Inquisitive (Wimborne).—John Gielgud
and Mary Glynn are connected with the
Lily-Corset family; John Gielgud used
his own name for professional purposes, and
is the son of Kate Terrace-Lewis and Frank
Gielgud; Mary Glynn is the widow of
Dennis Noyes-Terry.

CINEMA ATTENDANT (Parley Bridge).—
(1) So far as I know John Stuart played
the role in The Last Chord. His pictures
include : Her Son, Hindy Wakes (silent and talkie), The Baroness of Brooklyn,
Number Seventeen, Madamissile from
Armenia, The Flight Commander, Smurfing Through, Kitty, High Seas, The Brat, Two
Men, Atlantic, Kissing Cup's Race, Children of Chance, Midnight, Men of Steel,
Little Fella, and The Black Abbot. (2) Madamissile from Armenia has not been
made into a talkie.

WONDERBOB (Scotland).—(1) The role of
Auntie the servant girl in Cavalcade was
played by Marle Tottenham. (2) Tommy
Connolly played the role of Stephen in The
Sign of the Cross. Tommy was born in 1918
at Philadelphia; he has appeared in the
following films : A Buffalo Hill serial, Over
the Hill, Caught Short, Charlie's Chance, She Wanted a Millionaire, We,
Humans, and Young Americans. He is due to
be a Paramount Studio, 3521 Marathon
Street, Hollywood, California. (3) Tamar
Davie is Jack Hulbert's leading lady in
Falling for You and Jack Ahoy. Write to
her at c/o Gaumont British Studio, Lime

SCHOOLING FAN (London).—(1) Richard
Powell works for Warner Bros. Studios,
Burbank, California, and a letter addressed
to this studio should reach him. Latest
pictures : Footlight Parade, Convention City,
College Coach, Sweethearts Forever, and
Wonder Bar. (2) Write to Ken Maynard
c/o Universal Studios, Universal City,
California. His most recent picture is :
Strawberry Room, Riders of Justice, and
Wheels of Destiny.

A WONDERBOB FAN (Cork).—Casts :
(a) White Cargo : Weston—Leslie Faber;
Ashley—John Hamilton; Langford—Maurice
Evans; The Doctor—Sebastian Smith; The
Missionary—Humberstone Wright; The
Skinner—Hersi de Vries; George Turner;
Worthing—Tom Helmore; Tonio from
Atlantic; The American—Philip Leher;
Suite Prisoner—Young Woody; Kissing Cup's
Race, The Warringtons, The School for Scandal,
French Leave, Madame Gouliette, Fascination,
The Written Line, Live and Let Live, and
Sleeping Car. Married Capt. Phillip Astley
in 1931. (2) We published photographs of
the stars you mention as follows : Madge
Evans, March to Victory; July 2, 1932, Feb. 18,
1933, April 15, 1933, and Front Covers.

It's heaven for the hair! Try AVA
to-night and see how your hair gleams
afterwards, how easily it takes a wave
—and keeps it.

That's because AVA really cleans,
without leaving a trace of the greasy
film that's almost inseparable from
soap. And the unique ingredients of
this new scientific discovery help to
soften hard water. No special “rinse”
or setting lotion is needed with AVA
—it works wonders in itself with
every kind of hair.

Ava Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of
the Institute of Hygiene

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL
Watch Your Friends

SINGLE

HIM OUT

If you like 6 ft. 1 in. of masculine attraction, dark brown hair and blue-grey eyes, then John Bude will make an irresistible appeal.

This new portrait does full justice to his good looks. It's a "Picturegoer" postcard, new series, which is just another way of saying "the best of his class." Get some of these new cards in your album without delay, and then see how your friends will single out John Bude and others of the series for special praise!

Choose your "Cards" from list below.

Rich sepia glossy Postcards 5d. each—2½d. do. on full list. Full list on request.

Postcard Album FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and we will present you free with a 5/- Album, hand-bound in Art-Leather to hold 50 cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one doz., new sepia glossy postcards at the regular price of 2½d. dozen. On subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many Club privileges.

Dorothy Lee samples the newest chic gadget—a cigarette lighter which looks like a lip-stick and is ignited, not by flints, but by a chemical action which is automatically released when the little cylinder is opened.

HOW few women walk gracefully. Dropping shoulders, hunched shoulders, bent knees, overswung arms—these are but a few of the defects that may be seen in the streets and parks. And it is a great pity; if a girl cannot walk and stand gracefully, she cannot ever hope to achieve a good figure. Good posture is the secret of an attractive form.

Graceful walking is obtained by the transference of the balance equally from one foot to the other.

Recall the gait of a sailor. That is the movement in an exaggerated form.

That is the gait we should all try to acquire, though in a less marked manner. The weight should be transferred from one foot to the other but with the minimum of sway.

Extremely high heels prevent this balance, upsetting it by throwing the weight too far forward.

But it is necessary that the whole carriage be correct as well as the feet.

This may briefly be summarised as head up, chin in, chest expanded, abdomen retracted, thighs drawn slightly back, and the weight on the balls of the feet.

"But I cannot think of all this," you complain. Admittedly it would make life difficult. But you can remember one thing, and if you consciously practise that, all the others will unconsciously be added.

Try It Now

That one thing, and it is the most important, is abdomen drawn in. Stand up and try it now.

Stand sideways to the mirror and take a look at yourself.

Your head and shoulders are slightly droopy, your chest slightly hollow, and the curve of your back below the waistline is too pronounced.

Draw in your abdomen, retracting the muscles as far as you can, and note the change in your posture.

It is immediate. There is a general straightening up, and in particular that unlovely curve at the small of the back is also straightened out.

So, you see, that if you concentrate on these abdominal muscles, tucking them in when you stand and walk, and giving them daily a little exercise to strengthen them, very quickly you will acquire a graceful carriage, and an improved figure.

Many girls who complain of dragging and dragging down pains, would find permanent relief if they followed this simple advice.

These abdominal muscles allow the organs to sag also and that sets up an endless chain of minor ills, including faulty elimination. And that in turn has a great deal to do with the spots and other skin blemishes that worry so many of my correspondents.

It seems a long cry from fluffy carriage to pimples, but there is a very real relationship between the two.

Some Simple Exercises

The first exercise is extremely simple and may be practised when you think of it during the day. It consists of drawing in the abdomen two or three times. You may think this is too simple to be of any use, but the fact is that the act of drawing in and out stimulates the bowels and strengthens the muscles.

Now for the second exercise. Lie flat on the floor with arms at sides, palms downwards, and the body muscles well relaxed.

Keeping the knees unseated, slowly lift both legs together, till they are nearly at right angles to the body. Hold them there for a few moments, before recovering the original position. The next exercise is a variation on the same movements.

Keep the knees unseated, slowly bring both legs together, until they are nearly at right angles to the body. Hold them there for a few moments, before recovering the original position.

Testing the Posture

That thing is all that is wrong, and is the most important, is abdomen drawn in. Stand up and try it now.

Vera (Ilford).—Daily washing is the ideal for hair brushes. Colourless soap should be used, and not the water to come into contact with the back of the brush and add a little of the lather to the resting water to restore the stiffness of the brush. Remember—use a weak soap solution.

MADAM (Sedley-dee-Soo).—Your finger nails must be quite neatly trimmed. If you find it quite impatient if you spend a little time over them. You can also easily complete manicure sets from £6 to £10.

February 17, 1934

LeAVE IT TO

ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.
**THE HAPPY ENDING**

Enjoy your evening at the pictures free from huskiness or throat irritation caused by tobacco smoke. Zubes will safeguard your throat and chest the best way of all...

Go... Suck a ZUBE

2½ OUNCE 3 & 6 IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

---

**STARS OF THE SCREEN 1934**

No Film Enthusiast can afford to be without Stars of the Screen, the complete guide to Films and the Film Stars. It is also contains Tables of Ages and Marriages and a number of important articles on subjects of film interest.

**MEASUREMENTS**

- **Before**
  - Bust 40 in.
  - Waist 32 in.
  - Hips 42 in.
  - Weight 12st. 4lbs.

- **After**
  - Bust 34 in.
  - Waist 28 in.
  - Hips 38 in.
  - Weight 11st. 10lbs.

I think Kruschen Salts are wonderful for a reducer and a mild laxative. I will recommend them to my friends and also my patients.

8th January, 1934. Nurse M.C., Liverpool.

Kruschen represents the residual ingredients of the mineral waters from various European spas, natural aperient waters which have been taken from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

Get a 1/3 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (last four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

---

**PICTURGOER Weekly**

She Lost 18 Pounds of Fat in 5 Months

Tutd 6 inches off Bust: 4 inches off Waist: Read her letter:

Nurse M.C., of Liverpool writes: "All my life I have been very much admired. All her life—until she began to get fat. For Obesity and Beauty never went hand in hand. When fat begins to wipe out one's girlish lines, charm begins to wane; the admiring glance becomes the critical surveys.

But no woman will surrender, without a struggle, her health to attract. This nurse states:

"I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing." She tried in vain—until she tried Nature's own remedy, which melted away 18 pounds of that unwanted fat in 5 months! It was Kruschen Salts, of course. Read her letter:

"I am a hospital nurse, 38 years of age, 5 ft. 8 ins. high and I have a very good figure, all my life I have been very much admired. About 2 years ago I began to get very fat, especially round the abdomen. This worried me very much, not only that it spoiled my figure, but I have to care for my profession and getting fat made me look much older, too.

"I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing the figure, until I got thoroughly disgusted. Then I started taking Kruschen Salts, and although I knew myself that I was getting thinner, I did not weigh myself until last week and to my delight I found I had lost 1 stone 4lbs. in five months and I feel so well. I have not dieted at all, but I have considered the advice you give us with each bottle and cut out things you say are so fattening."

---

**FEEN-A-MINT**

In the Natural Chewing Laxative—Safe and Pleasant to Take.

TEST IT YOURSELF! A FREE SAMPLE will be forwarded to you at once if you send your name and address (and 16d. in stamps to cover postage) to: WHITE'S LABORATORIES LTD. (Dept. C.L.) 161, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1

WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM AND THE WINDOWS OF HER SOUL ARE HER EYES BEAUTILASH

Grove Long, Silky Eyelashes and give that everlasting look. Effective, strong, non-inflammable formula. Free samples in Dr. Beshers'.—In every shop. For price ask Eyeshadow. 3 pce. envelope, Inc. post free. Send 10. Stamp to: ROSE BARRIE, Osnaburgh North, Salisbury, Wiltshire, and order from London Armouries of Jeremy Culture.
It may surprise you to know

THAT although D.R. Minors are made of as mild Virginia tobaccos as are used in the most expensive De Reszkes—

AND although they cost only fourpence for ten—

YET they smoke for a full ten minutes apiece—which is just the right time for a good cigarette to last.

DE RESZKE MINORS

Mine's a Minor! Also in handy card cases containing 20 for eightpence

60 for 2/-
PLAIN WORDS TO DOUG. JR.

DIANA NAPIER & DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d.
20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
come to corot first
before you buy your next frock, come to the corot showrooms and see the new collection of delightful spring models.

or post the coupon below for the corot spring fashion guide and full particulars of how any frock may be paid for by instalments.

"only me" a smartly tailored tweed coat shows an unusual version of the scarf neckline, lined throughout.

cash 3 gns. 10/-

monthly.

"fair and warmer" a knitted tuck waist cardigan suit uses cartidge turnings to trim sleeves and jacket, and stitchings are effective.

cash 3 gns. 9/-

monthly.

corol
(dept. p.g.438)
33 old bond street, london, w.1
regent 0234

- post this coupon to corol to-day-

full particulars.

free please send corol spring fashion guide and full particulars.

name,.................................................

address..................................................

February 24, 1934
IF YOU WANT HIM TO ADMIRE YOUR HAIR

SIMPLY USE
AVA

the wonderful
NEW SHAMPOO
that contains no soap

Whatever your hair is like, AVA will make it lovelier. Brighter, silkier, more abundant-looking. Easier to set.
AVA is the latest scientific discovery—completely different from any other shampoo you have ever tried. It contains no soap and the rare ingredients really cleanse the hair, with never a sign of the dusty film so often left by soap.

Try AVA to-night. No need for any special rinse or setting lotion with AVA—and even in hard water it does its work to perfection.

 Ava Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

When you need a meal awheel...

When the cinema cuts out a meal...

When the next meal is miles away...

Buy a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as

A GLASS OF MILK, A BOILED EGG AND TWO SLICES OF BREAD & BUTTER

and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is real satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk, a boiled egg and two slices of bread and butter.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE

a very nourishing food
T H E S E cycles seem to be coming along thicker and faster than ever. The transcontinental bus series has arrived in this country and now the news from the studios indicates that the next will be a batch of behind-the-mike in the wireless studio stories. The first is likely to be Warner’s Hot Air, which is built around Dick Powell, and Monogram’s Loud-speaker.

Scenarioists are reported to be rejoicing at the discovery of broadcasting’s possibilities as a screen subject and are, apparently, hoping thus to escape from the confinement of back-stage and night-club settings.

Paramount and Fox, whose contract lists are loaded with radio talent, are already busy scouring the market for stories with a broadcasting angle.

Jungle Cycle

Then the jungle picture season will soon be on us again. A note from the Radio studio reminds me that Frank (Bring ’Em Back Alive) Buck has been busy for the last eleven months filming in the wilds of India and Malay.

He has returned with 100,000 feet or so of exciting celluloid and the results will be on the screen as Wild Cargo within the next few weeks.

In the meanwhile, the rival expedition, sponsored by Fox, has, I learn, completed Devil Tiger. It is a rival expedition in more senses than one.

It is headed by Clyde Elliott, who worked with Buck on Bring ’Em Back Alive, and started something of a feud by his statements to the Press on his return from the making of that picture.

Mr. Elliott apparently pins his faith on those animal “duels to the death” that were such a controversial feature of the Bring ’Em Back Alive film.

More Animal Fights

Highlights of Devil Tiger, it is announced, include a “mad stampede of wild elephants, desperate fights between a leopard and a python and between a crocodile and a tiger. "A panther is seen chasing a baby elephant; a monkey fights three giant crabs at the same time. The expedition finds a stream which is alive with alligators, one of which causes the death of a member of the expedition.

There are battles between a hyena and a black bear, a tiger and a lion, a water buffalo and a 40-ft. python and a rat-like toothed binturong and a monitor lizard.

"The end of a man-eating tiger is perhaps the biggest moment of the picture."

Every foot, the studio takes pains to assure us, was taken and every sound was recorded in the Malay jungle.

Now “David Copperfield”

The week has brought some interesting production announcements.

George Cukor, who directed the enormously successful Little Women, has been pressed into service by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a talkie version of David Copperfield.

The film, I understand, is to be produced as one of the studio’s super for the season, with Jackie Cooper and a cast of “star contract names.”

In the meanwhile, Radio Pictures are talking of doing an all-colour version of The Three Musketeers, with Francis Lederer, Joel McCrea, Richard Dix and Irene Dunne.

The silent “Musketeers,” it may be recalled, was one of Douglas Fairbanks’ biggest silent successes.

Big New Team

Another production announcement which intriguces me is the teaming of Marie Dressler and May Robson in a film which carries the working title of Gram.

Marie and May between them should be able to show a few points to the sex-appeal queens. Then there is Corinne Griffith making another come-back attempt in Crime Doctor, while Joe E. Brown, once a clown, is fulfilling an ambition of several years’ standing by making a circus picture, Souldust.

Novarro in “Kim”

The Culver City studio has also recently purchased the two Rudyard Kipling stories, Kim and Captains Courageous.

Ramon Novarro’s many and devout fans in this country may be pleased to hear that Ramon Novarro is the most likely candidate for stardom in the former.

Captains Courageous, it is announced, will be a vehicle for the team of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper who, incidentally, seems to be in for a busy season.

Lee Tracy’s Future

Following my reference to Lee Tracy last week comes news from Hollywood of a growing belief in the film capital that the star will shortly be reinstated on the M.-G.-M. payroll or that of some other studio.

Tracy has not left Hollywood and it is being freely rumoured in authoritative circles that all will be officially forgiven and forgotten after the release of Visa Villa.

The film will be released in America at the end of this month or early in March.

Raft Wants a Dancing Partner

Paramount officials are, I hear, busy helping George Raft to find a dancing partner for his stage tour in England and the Continent.

(Continued on page 7)
FRANCIS LEDERER

The Czecho-Slovakian matinée idol will soon be seen in his first Hollywood picture, "Man of Two Worlds." Lederer, who as a stage actor has swept the women theatregoers of two continents off their feet, began his acting career in Prague. In addition to his work, he is a keen student of international politics and he is seen in this unusual picture in his Hollywood study. Inset: Steffi Duna, one of Lederer's greatest friends, who plays the part of his wife in "Man of Two Worlds." Miss Duna, who is well known to English film and theatre audiences, is seen with Keen, a Siberian husky puppy, who also makes a Hollywood debut in the picture.
And George insists that his partner must be fairly dumb! “No girl with too much intelligence will suit me,” he says, “because once a dancing partner has any matter she tries to figure out the ins and outs of her own, whereas in a double dancing turn she should simply move and think like machinery!”

Rait has already turned down hundreds of prospective partners.

Rait, despite his recent fistcuffs with Barney Glazer over a script, seems to be the white-haired boy of the studio just now. He has just been given a new contract under which he will for the first time be officially starred.

King Laughton

It looks as if Charles Laughton, who started the costume boom with The Private Life of Henry VIII, will be doomed to playing kings for the next few months. As we predicted some time ago, he is to play the part of Louis XVI in M-G-M’s forthcoming production of Marie Antoinette, which is to be Norma Shearer’s contribution to the “Queen” cycle.

Paramount, to whom Laughton is under contract in Hollywood, is also reported to be talking of another historical film for him.

What Beauty is Worth

Darryl Zanuck, chief of Twentieth Century, has, I see, been working out the f.s.d. of screen qualifications.

His deductions should provide food for thought for those who believe that a pretty face and form will take them a long way in the movies. Here is an example of an actress who has achieved a high rating of the qualities “it takes to get along” in Hollywood —

Beauty, 30/- per day.

Brains, 20/- per day.

Beauty plus brains, £200 per day.

Mr. Zanuck also provides us with a new and, I think, excellent definition of glamour in “beauty plus brains.”

Case of Helen Hayes

It is his claim that, since the advent of talking pictures, not a single actress has become a star on the strength of beauty alone. “The most beautiful actress in the world is not worth more than £10 a week without brains and talent,” he emphasises. “We have them by the hundreds in the dance choruses of our musical films.

“Occasionally they have brains, and those few are bound to emerge from the chorus to stardom, but not in the case of Joan Crawford. But beauty alone cannot bring its own weight in dollars every week. Helen Hayes is an example of an actress who climbed to the heights by brains alone,” he continues, “but if she had to depend on beauty alone she would not be able to break into the ranks of a studio dance ensemble.

“With the exception of such rare individuals as Miss Dressler and Helen Hayes — those whom nature endows with the divine fire of artistry — an actress, for a big star, must combine beauty and brains.”

Katharine Hepburn’s Next

Katharine Hepburn’s next vehicle for Radio Pictures, a screen version of Lula Vollmer’s play, Trigger, will be released under the title. Spire.

It is the story of a mountain girl who becomes fanatically religious and practises the art of faith healing.

Hated by many, who believe her a witch, and loved only by a few beneficiaries of her miracles, she becomes an outcast.

The supporting cast includes Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy, Martha Shepperd, Sidney Toler, Louis Mason, Sara Haden, Virginia Howell and Theresa Witte.

Garbo Refuses £50,000

Extractors of the Garbo who have accused her, among other things, of being mercenary and even minorly because of the frugality and lack of personal extravagance of her private life, may receive something of a shock to learn that in the past twelve months Greta has turned her shapely back on more than £50,000 in cash.

It is no secret in film circles that she recently rejected £5,000 for a life-story interview for one of America’s national magazines. An inducement of £2,000 to speak the one word “hello” on the radio failed to tempt her, while she calmly handed back a £10,000 contract for one week’s work on the New York stage.

A cigarette manufacturer who was prepared to pay £5,000 for the well-known signature in endorsement of his product for advertisement purposes, got the most rigid Garbo snub.

Taking No Risks

Tactful declaration by Maurice Chevalier on delicate situation regarding choice of leading lady for The Merry Widow:

— Mr. Thalberg, who is producing the film, and Ernst Lubitsch, the director, will make a choice from among Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore. I trust their judgment implicitly. You may be assured that whoever they choose, the role will be most suited to it.”

Hollywood Reunion

I should like to have been present at the recent reunion in Hollywood of Misses Mrs. Patrick Campbell and C. Aubrey Smith.

Mrs. Campbell, who is in the film capital, of course, to play with Norma Shearer in Rip Tide, achieved one of her greatest successes on the legitimate stage in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Mr. Smith, now the Grand Old Man of the screen and one of the stalwarts among the studio’s featured players, was then her leading man.

That was more than twenty years ago.

Short Shots

While she was at Elstree Bebe Daniels wrote a screen story called Cross Your Fingers, which may be made into a film by B.L.P. — Wallace Beery drinks between two and three quarts of coffee a day when he is working—Greta Garbo uses the least amount of make-up of all the screen actresses, with only a slight tinge of greasepaint covered by light powder—Joan Crawford’s next picture is to be Sadie McKee—Zasu Pitts is to sing in her new picture, So You Will Sing, eh? — Violet Tobin, sister of Genevieve, will be seen with Irene Dunne in In Heather’s Wake—Ann MacMahon plays the part of a garage proprietress in her first starring picture, Heat Lightning—Deer Hunting is the new Hollywood failure—Part of George Arliss’s new picture, The House of Roksaln, will be in colour—Paul Muni seems definitely to have thrown in his lot with movies—Mae West’s books are now to be published in Britain—Claude Allister, who was in the original Bulldog Drummond, has been assigned to the cast of Bulldog Drummond Returns—Erich von Stroheim’s Scarlet Parade has been completed and arrangements are being hurried on for the star’s next.

The Movies in Mayfair

The movies have at last invaded Mayfair and I have been wondering if the establishment of the “exclusive little” (I quote the publicity bulletins) Curzon Theatre, in the heart of fashionable London, may not be the beginning of the era of specialised cinemas.

The Curzon, which opens early next month, only seats five hundred people and its managing director, the Marquis of Casa Maury, has been searching the Continent for unusual pictures for it. It will be one of these films with which the theatre will be opened.

Kinema Couplet

This week’s award of ros. 6d. goes to C. A. Norris, 13, Boundary Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire, for a curt political commentary:—

Whither Germany? — Up to the Neck

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to the following:

F. Jeffs, Northfields Farm, Horningsea, Cambs., for a little domestic interlude:—

The Passionate Plumber

Looking for the Girl

To Wal Starrity, 33, Gordon Road, Coventry, for an optimist couple:—

Prosperity

The Stranger’s Return

To H. V. Kitson, 62, Danby Dale Road, Wakefield, Yorks., for a callous couple for heartless homes:—

Little Accident

Journey’s End

And to Les J. Jones, Curpin Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware, for a sound piece of philosophy:—

Advice to the Lovelorn

To No More Women

For the benefit of the well-read reader, I should like to reiterate that the only rules of this competition are that all attempts must be submitted on postcards, you can only send in as many as you like on the same card—and addressed to me, c/o PICTUROGGR WEEKLY, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2., marked “Kinema Couples.”

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS

Our Cover This Week

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. AND DIANA NAPIER

FAMOUS son of a famous father who has established himself as one of the time’s most distinguished younger actors. Born in New York on December 9, 1907. Educated New York, London and Paris. Despite paternal influence, started his film career as an extra and played his first real role in Stephen Steps Out.

Hobbies: writing, sketching, music and an interest in basketball. Opposite Elizabeth Bergner in Catherine the Great. Has established himself here in a most fashionable part of London.

One of the most prominent of Alexander Korda’s discoveries. Daughter of a doctor, tall, a “red-head” and blue-eyed. Educated at Malvern College and then lived for some time in South Africa.

Went on the stage on her return to England and was put under contract by Sir Edward Julius. Diana will next play in Don Juan and will thus establish something of a record, by having appeared opposite both Fairbanks’s.
Plain Words to Doug. Junior

Malcolm D. Phillips has some pertinent things to say to Douglas Fairbanks Junior in this week's Open Letter.

Dear Doug, jun.,

With your esteemed father in the society divorce news and your own rumoured romance with Miss Gertrude Lawrence prominently featured in the Sunday papers, it might be said that your big bid to transplant Hollywood to London has been effective in at least one direction.

However, it is with another subject that this letter is concerned.

You speak rather more freely, I notice, in your interviews for American consumption than you do when, on occasion, you toss a dignified but polite odd word or two of wisdom to the English press.

Some time ago, amid one of Fleet Street's periodic outbursts of hysteria regarding film matters, we were invited to observe and applaud the arrival of the Fairbanks's "to put England on the world film map."—I think that was the phrase. Flags were hauled out, burial services were solemnly read over the future of Hollywood and a duly impressed and expectant nation was adjured to sit back and watch you produce the movie millenium out of the not quite brand new but still sound top hat of your Hollywood reputations.

Now that the shouting has died into the background and the initial applause faded, however, it appears, if you are quoted correctly, of course, that your main reason for leaving America (and therefore, presumably, your main reason for coming to work here) is the fact that you consider that you were treated rather shabbily in the matter of lines and scenes in Morning Glory.

You didn't even get within speaking distance of the glory, apparently.

"Morning Glory would be enough by itself," you are reported to have stated in an interview with Kathlyn Hayden (for whose prestige in the world of film journalism I have the highest respect) under the heading of "Why I Quit Hollywood" in the "Photoplay" magazine.

"My part was never even a fair leading man's," you complain. "Like all the others in the cast I was only a stooge for Katharine Hepburn." When "my public" (a phrase, incidentally, which is used rather frequently in the interview) pays its good money to see Douglas Fairbanks, jun., the distrebe goes on, they expect the money's worth out of seeing him doing his stuff.

The whole tenor of the interview, rightly or wrongly, in fact, leaves us with the inference that you are taking yourself rather seriously. You talk impressively of creativeness and rail eloquently against commercialism and the star system, but we are made to feel that you have no objection to "stellar vehicles"—provide they are Douglas Fairbanks, jun., stellar vehicles.

"Hollywood," you say again, "hasn't destroyed Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin. But they're their own bosses. Nobody can do them any damage. The picture may be good or bad, but at least it will be a star vehicle."

One might be pardoned for hoping that this "it doesn't matter if it is good or bad so long as it is a star vehicle" credo is not so much that he is nailing to the mast in your battle to put our little old British films on the map.

Nevertheless you must appreciate that it has been made very difficult for your public to form any other impression.

You might consider it worth while to explain. Some of the critics, I note, have been unkind enough to suggest that you have been guilty of overacting in Catherine the Great—a charge that has been made against you so frequently of late in films where by no stretch of imagination could it be said that you have been sacrificed to feminine stars that you might, again, think it worth while to investigate it.

I had the pleasure of reviewing the despised Morning Glory for this paper. I have said the pleasure because it happened to be a good picture, but perhaps that is a matter of minor interest beside the fact that it was not primarily a star vehicle for Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

You probably did not read it, but I think you should read it now, not because it is my opinion alone but because it was one that was generally confirmed by other and more distinguished film critics. "Douglas Fairbanks," I recorded, "whose mannered histrionic exhibitions in recent pictures have threatened the public with its last vestige of his early career, again appears as an interesting actor."

You might consider that point worthy of consideration. I have met a lot of ex-stars in Hollywood who are ex-stars because they could not appreciate that a good picture always enhances the prestige of a good player and because they looked for roles for themselves and not for stories for the public.

Otherwise they naturally feel cheated.

Other great actors like Coquelin and Irving, you point out, never had to sacrifice their cherished art to help the process of "building up" the feminine stars of their day.

"Imagine a Coquelin consenting to appear as Bernhardt's leading man," you say.

"The picture," you write us, "what Henry Irving would have had to say to the suggestion that he feed a woman star of his day."

It's beside the point perhaps, but I seem to recall that it is on record that Irving appeared on a great many occasions with Ellen Terry, who (if these comparisons must be maintained) must be considered at least as important as Katharine Hepburn, and as far as I know both their reputations still seem to be fairly sound.

Your personal quarrel with Hollywood does not, of course, concern us here—except in regard to your very welcome appeal for films.

We can, we assure you, to a very large extent, agree to the general principle of your complaint that actors are able to be better rewarded in performing what you are pleased to call "stout acts" on behalf of rising young screen queens.

We congratulate you, too, on your courage in so boldly expressing a view that one imagines will not endear you to high circles in Hollywood and many feminine members of that public of yours in Asia.

One would, however, have expected the exquisite and artistic Mr. Fairbanks, in burning his Hollywood bridges to be rather more tactful than to convey to his new-found friends the unfortunate, unflattering and doubtless quite mistaken impression that the British film field exists primarily for the glorification of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and any other actor who feels that he can strut his stuff more importantly on the smaller and less fiercely competitive Elstree stage.

Particularly when you go on to say: "In Britain I shall make only pictures that I consider worth while. And I'll be the star of those pictures."

February 24, 1934

A happy informal shot of the subject of this week's open letter.
February 24, 1934

There is an old ordinance in Hollywood to the effect that you must not ride on horseback without a "parade permit." Frances Dee, who has been in the habit of riding to and from the studio, did not consider herself a "parade" and had failed to get a permit—hence that puzzled expression, the cop and the traffic ticket.

Jean Parker in character as Beth in "Little Women" is shocked at the appearance of herself in very modern guise. Which has the most appeal is purely a matter of taste.

Baby Le Roy has not arrived at the Rolls Royce stage yet but he has a very efficient covered wagon drawn by those two canine stars Mutt and Jeff.

Pert Kelton may be a good imitator, but she is no imitation cook. She's a good mixer, too, in every sense of the word.

Madge Evans displays the latest dinner frock in black crepe with long, beaded sleeves of black chiffon. The high neckline is of an unusual diamond design and the ensemble is finished with a black suede beret accented with a diamond and ruby clip.
We again invite you to judge the best acting performances of the year.

Although it has only been in existence for twelve months, the Picturegoer Gold Medal for the best acting performance of the year has already become internationally the most important award of its kind in the film world.

"I have been so completely thrilled as I was when Mr. Louis B. Mayer presented me with the medal... My sincerest gratitude to you all," wrote Marie Dressler, last year's winner, after the presentation at Culver City.

It is now one of her proudest possessions. Over 26,000 Picturegoer readers helped to judge the outstanding portrayals of 1932. This year the same conditions of voting will be observed.

The honour, unlike others here and in the United States, is not limited to the films of any one country. The artists of Britain, Hollywood and the Continent can be judged solely on their merits as artists.

One gold medal is presented for the finest individual performance by an actress in 1933, and one for the finest individual performance by an actor.

The most important stipulation to remember is that only pictures that were generally released in 1933 are to be considered.

Write on a post card the names of the two artists of your choice and the names of the two pictures you consider they establish their claim, and address it to "Award of Merit," Picturegoer, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Many readers last year made the mistake of sending in the name of their favourite star with a list of all the pictures in which they had ever appeared.

The Award of Merit is not a popularity contest. Its aim is the acknowledgment and honouring of acting performances that gave us pleasure and contributed to screen art in 1933.

It might be interesting and helpful to recall the "first ten" in each section in the 1932 ballot. Here they are, with the actors given first, and in order of votes:

1. Ronald Colman in Arrowsmith.
2. Ricardo Cortez in The Melody of Life.
3. Fredric March in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
4. Emlyn Williams in The Frightened Lady.
5. George Arliss in The Silent Voice.
8. Wallace Beery in Hell Divers.

And the actresses:
1. Marie Dressler in Emma.
2. Barbara Stanwyck in Forbidden.
3. Greta Garbo in As You Desire Me.
5. Marlene Dietrich in Shanghai Express.

7. Edna Best in The Faithful Heart.
8. Helen Hayes in Lullaby.
10. Hertha Thiele in Madchen in Uniform.

It will be noticed that five out of the ten actors are British, and of the actresses only two.

This year the task may well be even more difficult. The period under review has not only been notable for some outstanding pictures but it is considered by many to have produced the highest standard of screen acting since the talkies.

Last year, too, we had the awards of the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to add interest to the judging and the result, but for 1933 the Academy has suspended its distribution of honours and there will be no statuettes for the stars to carry home from the annual banquet.

Several big pictures featuring more than one brilliant individual performance stand prominently when one looks back on the more pleasurable moments of a year which has done much to increase the all-round quality of acting in films and has all but marked the passing of the one-man band show.

Histrionic parades like Rome Express, Grand Hotel, Cavalcade, and I Was a Spy alone present difficulties. I am inclined to think that, though it has since been superseded in importance as a picture, Rome Express is still, on the whole, one of the most brilliantly acted films the talkies have given us.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Gordon Harker, Hugh Williams, Conrad Veidt and Frank Vosper, without sacrificing dramatic balance to personal "fireworks," all turn in performances that must be entitled to consideration in any list of the best acting work of the year.

The battle for honours in the all-star Grand Hotel, with its series of displays in more or less water-tight compartments, resolved itself into a no-decision affair, with the critics and fans awarding the palm to their own particular favourite star. Personally I preferred Lionel Barrymore in Sweptings, in which one was less conscious that it was Lionel Barrymore doing his stuff rather than the character of the book. Wallace Beery, who though restricted in regard to opportunity did excellent work in the Metro mammoth, also has Flesh. Garbo is represented only by the Grusinskaya rôle and the somewhat ponderous and inferior As You Desire Me. She achieved her usual individual brilliance in both.

Diana Wynyard lent a dignity and graciousness and histrionic polish to her role in Cavalcade that makes her Lady Maryott one of the most memorable screen figures of recent years. It might be contended, too, that Clive Brook has never been so good as he was in the Coward epic. Madeleine Carroll's characterisation in I Was a Spy has won her much acclaim from the critics and public, and puts her in the forefront of the younger English actresses of the year.

One of the most distinguished feminine performances of the year, and a performance no less distinguished because it was one of the most popular at the box-office, was Norma Shearer's...
succession to the Talmadge rôle in "Smilin' Through.

Breaking completely away from the post-talkie tradition of sophisticated Shearer heroines, Norma created for us one of the most appealing characters of the year. The memory of the fine sensitiveness and gentle, unforced charm of her portrayal leaves me with no hesitation about choosing "Smilin' Through" as the Canadian star’s entry, rather than the dramatically more ambitious "Strange Interval."

I think, however, that most people are with me in preferring Leslie Howard’s work in "The Woman in His House." It was, I think, his best performance since "Holiday." That picture also produced two fine feminine characterisations—from Ann Harding and a much improved Myrna Loy—that one can hardly overlook.

Marie Dressler, winner of the 1932 medal, although represented solely by "Prosperity"—far from being her best film—reveals all the old mastery over comedy and drama and must again be a serious contender.

I shall expect, judging by my post bag, to see much support for the claims of Sylvia Sidney’s "Jennie Gerhardt"—a not too good picture that turned out a personal triumph for the star. Miss Sidney is also entered with Madame Butterfly, according to much weight of expert opinion, an even greater characterisation.

The year, I think, has been particularly notable for the quality of the contributions of the leading male performers.

Walter Huston, who with a comparatively small part as a degenerate weakling in "The Wet Parade" won inclusion in last year’s "ten best," is represented this time with not much less than a tour de force as a dynamic leader of men in "Gabriel Over the White House." There are few actors on the screen with the versatility to stride the range from the lowest to the greatest in man.

Paul Muni has "I’m a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," one of the most widely acclaimed performances of the year; Edward G. Robinson was at his brilliant best in "Silver Dollar" (and I think most of you will, incidentally, take Aline MacMahon’s fine characterisation in that film into consideration, too) and "Two Seconds;" Spencer Tracy should secure some votes for "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," and Lee Tracy for "Blessed Event" and "The Half Naked Truth"; and one of my most pleasurable memories of the year is of William Powell (and Kay Francis) in "One Way Passage."

Ronald Colman’s claim stands on "Cynara," while George Arlis was seen at the top of his form in "The Working Man."

Then, in view of the importance which has subsequently become attached to them, it is impossible entirely to pass over "Bill of Divorcement" and "She Done Him Wrong" which produced the stellar "sensations" of 1933.

In the former Katharine Hepburn leapt at one bound to the very forefront of the younger screen actresses.

"She Done Him Wrong" started for Mae West the greatest "vogue" since Garbo.

They may easily be the two most significant events of a year, my random recollections of which have gone on quite long enough.

The latter, by the way, should not be regarded as anything more important than a personal opinion. It is your opinion that we want.

Write the names of your candidates for the PICTUROER Gold Medal for 1933 on a post card with the names of the films concerned and address it to "Award of Merit," "Picturegoer," Long Acre, W.C.2. It is important to remember that only pictures released in 1933 are to be considered.
ANNA NEAGLE—transcending every other rôle in the supreme performance of her career!

THE QUEEN

A modern satirical romance, directed by

HERBERT WILCOX
SUNDAY (a few minutes past midnight).—Good-bye, New York! Hello, Hollywood! 12,000 feet above the Sierras—a forced landing in the fog. Thirty-five miles by limousine to Glendale Airport—party of friends headed by Gordon Wescott waiting in cars—off to a party at his house where Diana Wynyard, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. Wallie Reid, Betty and Louise Carter and others of the film colony were enjoying themselves.

In the afternoon—celebration at the Rupert Julians—hors-d’oeuvres and wine in their baronial hall—Eric von Stroheim, Alan Hale, Stuart Holmes and their wives.

Monday.—Greetings from many old friends—Elizabeth Allan, Clive Brook, Herbert Marshall, Mignon Jordan, Miriam Jordan, the Gleason, George O’Brien and Marguerite Churchill, Louise Fazenda, Elsa Buchanan, the Paul Scoons, and many others.

Tuesday.—United Artists Studio, now called Twentieth Century. Saw the big set of House of Rothschild in action—a street in Frankfurt in 1830, in which George Arliss and Loretta Young in a scene of particular charm and these Britishers taking part in the film—Boris Karloff, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Owen, Alan Moway, Florence Arliss, Ivan Simpson, Holmes Herbert, Leonard Mudie, and Peverell Marley at the camera.

Wednesday.—Fox Studio—talked with Heath Anderson. Greeted in sawillian Jordan and the days when she was a beauty queen at Wembley Exhibition. Prescott Foster anxious to come to England. Streets of London set wissing for the benefit of studio visitors but too busy to chat awhile—Jimmy Crazo directing Will and turn out a grand picture if early results are to be relied upon—at Columbia studios—Frank Reicher doing a scene. Jimmy Thomas making retakes for Night Bus and Walter Connolly—setting for some from same picture. Everyone greatly excited over Leslie Howard’s return—met also Binnie Barnes, Claude Allister and a number of British players.

Thursday.—Paramount lot. The colourful Dietrich and her equally colourful director, Josef von Sternberg, lunching together in the studio café, Garbo in one of her costumes from Catherine the Great. Jameson Thomas and C. Aubrey Smith in the cast. Baby in the Ice Box with Richard Arlen in the lead and his own baby going into the ice box—Robert Armstrong anxious to talk about his wonderful times in London and Sally Eilers strangely silent about the subject!—George Raft playing a scene showing a rainy day in the trenches (and how it did rain!) This from Bister, in which George does some wonderful dances with the war sequences as a vivid contrast to the modern part. Fredric March saying good-bye to the same set to the Paramount lot for a while. His last part before a vacation and a new contract.

Friday.—M-G-M Studio. Johnny Weismuller in Tarzan and His Mate in a marvellous outdoor set that out-Afroica Africa—his bride Lape Velez making some solo scenes in Laughing Boy—signing autograph books in between and providing plenty of entertainment for everyone—W. S. Van Dyke directing and protesting that work in a studio was far more pleasant than in the jungle—Ramona Novarro the star—watching on the Men in White set and having some good laughs at the comedy in the scenes on the big hospital set in which Clarke Gable, Jean Hersholt, Wallace Ford, Otto Kruger and Myrna Loy were taking part—Rip Tide with Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery working behind closed doors without a “Welcome” sign on the mat, but Viva Villa with Wallace Beery, Fay Wray, Katherine De Mille, Joseph Schildkrout, and Stuart Erwin in the role vacated by Lee Tracy were glad to see us and Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, chatted of the pleasant days he spent in London on Sorrel and Son—It Happened One Day had Lionel Barrymore, Mary Carlisle, Mae Clark and Fay Bainter (well-known stage actors making her one and only screen appearance)—sorry to be too late for the Mystery of the Dead Police which had Robert Montgomery, Eliza-
A GARBO picture is an event. The long-awaited Queen Christina has come to the screen and the usual discussion will take place.

Garo's fans (and many who have hitherto not been her admirers) will vote this as her best interpretation. Her detractors may shrug their shoulders and say, "Just Garbo!"

I am one of Greta's ardent fans. I have always considered her a great artiste, and in this fictionalised conception of Sweden's seventeenth-century queen I think she is superb.

The part of Christina, a woman who preferred to go about in male attire, gives her a fine opportunity to show the range of her ability. She dominates as a queen should. Her personality triumphs, even when the story is sometimes a trifle slow. And when she falls in love she is able to bring the woman in her uppermost, and get the full value out of the romance.

She is able to convey more in a few words or in a glance than almost any other screen actress can in a long speech. Her voice retains that fascinating deepness and she gives every word its correct inflection.

I will only deal briefly with the story, which is being serialized in the Daily Herald by Philip Lindsay, the famous historical novelist.

Christina is a much-beloved queen, but she is tired of war and its empty victories. Her advisers are anxious for her to marry the heroic Prince Charles, but she does not love him. She is partial to Magnus, the Court Treasurer, until she meets Don Antonio, the Spanish Ambassador.

He is bound for Stockholm, and Christina, dressed as a youth, gives advice how to move the coach which has become stuck in the snow.

For services rendered, the "youth" receives a tip—a shilling on which is inscribed her own profile. She continues her ride and decides to put up at an inn where she engages the only vacant room.

Enter the Spanish Ambassador. He, too, decides to stay the night at the inn. He and the "youth" become friends and there are many amusing episodes until it is time to go to bed. The only solution is that they share the room.

Christina offers to give up the room to Don Antonio. She will spend the night by the fire, but the Spaniard will not allow the "youth" to put himself out. They enter the bedroom and as soon as Christina takes off her coat the Spanish envoy realizes that his companion is not a youth.

No suggestion of separating comes from either. The next day they say "good bye" vowing to meet again. Her farewell to the room in the inn is exquisitely done.

She knows they will meet again, and when next he sees her he is presenting his credentials to a dignified queen.

He is so overcome that he cannot find words to explain his mission. A private audience, however, reassures him and the love idyll begins.

Magnus is jealous of Antonio and works up the people against the Spaniard. Eventually, to save him, Christina decides to send him back to Spain. She abdicates in favour of Prince Charles and is going to sail with Antonio.

The last scene ends in tragedy. On the way to the boat, Magnus and Antonio fight a duel and the Spaniard is mortally wounded.

And so we leave Christina facing the future alone.

This picture, too, reunites Garbo and John Gilbert as lovers. Gilbert's Antonio is a good piece of work. He is naturally overshadowed but there are scenes in which he share the honours.

Of the others, mention must be made of Lewis Stone, fine as usual; Ian Keith as Magnus, an admirable villain (who will probably graduate to the role of a Garbo leading man); Reginald Owen, a dignified Prince Charles; Aubrey Smith as Christina's valet; the valet to Antonio

C. Aubrey Smith

GARBO STAGES a REGAL

(unnamed on the programme); and Cora Sue Collins as the child queen.

The director was Rouwen Mamoulian. He took a firm control of the picture and has turned out a fine, restrained piece of work, with the right light and shadow, and some splendid pictorial effects.

He has made the whole story live.

If you are a Garbo fan I need not advise you to see the film, because you will certainly go. To the others I say: "Go and see a great artiste and a fine film."—M. B. Y.

Blood Money

Far be it from me to quarrel with a film that restores George Bancroft to our midst and introduces so talented and ingratiating a newcomer as Judith Anderson, the popular American stage actress, but I cannot help wishing that so notable a double event could not have been marked by something more important than a merely workmanlike crime melodrama.

Mr. Bancroft has a colourful role, however, and the picture achieves a fair level of entertainment.

I had occasion to remark last week on Hollywood's continued preoccupation with the gangster. Blood Money introduces us to a new sphere of American racketeering.

The hero appears as Bill Bailey, a professional bail bond provider—a figure in United States communities who apparently wields enormous power not only in the underworld but in civic life and politics.

Bailey swaggers through and dominates a world made up almost entirely of crooks of one sort or another—restoring safe-breakers to their friends and their relations and "O.K.ing" nominations for the mayoralty. Even the ingenue, a wealthy society girl played by Frances Dee, is a kleptomaniac with a kink for the thrills of law-breaking and a weakness for big-shot burglars.

It is the girl who, coming into Bailey's life as a result of a little unsuccessful shop-lifting venture, causes all the trouble.

He falls in love with her; of course, but she finds a bank bandit who happens to be the brother of Bailey's mistress, Ruby, more exciting and elopes with him when he finds it necessary to make a quick trip out of town for the benefit of his health.

She outrages all underworld ethics, however,
by appropriating the money which her lover had given her to provide Bailey with ball and the latter gives away his hiding place to the police.

The infuriated Ruby, thinking he was actuated by jealousy, then incites an underworld war against the bail-bond king.

From this point the film, which has been almost cyclically sophisticated, takes a sudden nose-dive into the naivety of the old-time serial, complete with a billiard ball loaded with explosive and a hectic race by the heroine to the hero’s rescue.

Bancroft is as powerful and engaging a personality as the bluff, big-hearted Bailey. Miss Anderson, who lends distinction to the role of Ruby, brings to films one of the most distinguished reputations in the American theatre. She will not cause Hollywood’s beauties any loss of sleep, but she is a mature artiste in the highest possible sense and J. for one, hope that we will see a lot more of her on the screen.

Frances Dee turns in another good job of work as the kleptomaniac débutante, although the script has rather over-emphasised the character.

The direction of Rowland Brown is for the most part colourful and there is much neatly timed incident. Nevertheless, I cannot think that Blood Money, reasonably good entertainment though it is, is a sufficient excuse for once again idealising and glamourising America’s crooks.—**M. D. P.**

**Fugitive Lovers**

A new cycle has started—the vogue of setting a story in the amazingly efficient charabancs which run across the continent of America, from New York to Hollywood, and so on. Columbia has done one, Universal has also produced one, but this M.-G.-M. effort is the first I have seen and an excellent job they have made of it.

There is an original and strongly dramatic plot with an emotional climax that avoids being maudlin and contains a strong child interest which will appeal very widely indeed.

For my own part I must say that the somewhat sudden transition of the plot from the cynical and hard-boiled variety to the intensely emotional rather upset my sense of dramatic balance, but maybe I am inclined at times to become a little pernickety about these things.

It is all so very well directed by Richard Boleslawsky that such a criticism may be carping—nevertheless, I feel impelled to record the impression I received.

What I particularly like about the picture and what I like to see in any screen entertainment is the attention paid to detail, to minor characterisations which fill in the bare outlines of the plot and to pictorially efficient continuity; thus, there are no dead ends; the picture flows from one sequence to another, being linked by little pictorial details which match up with their immediate predecessors.

The picture naturally has action and plenty of it; when you are following the eventful lives of several characters crossing across America, it just has to move.

Just a snapshot of the story will give you an idea. “Legs,” a prominent gangster, in order to get hold of a chorus girl, Letty, he fancies, buys up the show she is in and attempts to force her to come with him to Atlantic City.

Letty has managed to avoid him takes a charabanc from New York bound for Hollywood. Legs follows and makes himself a positive nuisance.

As they are passing through Eton, a prison break takes place and one of the convicts manages in an ingenious manner to conceal himself in the luggage van of the bus and change into someone’s clothes. Later he joins the passengers and makes friends with Letty, who asks his protection against the attentions of “Legs.”

“Legs” discovers his identity and finally he is forced to leave the bus in order to escape being caught. However, at another stopping place where the charabanc has been held up by a blizzard he rejoins Letty and together they try to make a getaway, stealing the bus from its garage.

They come across a party of children stranded in the snow and the convict and Letty set about rescuing them. The convict is seriously injured while rescuing one of the children, who has strained, and next morning the police arrive and have to dig them out of the snow drift.

In other words, the convict has sacrificed his chance of liberty for the lives of the children and, naturally enough, he wins a free pardon.

That is only a very bare outline of the plot; the entertainment relies more on the introduction of characters, passengers in the bus and the sinister detail work, and develops its plot cleverly interwoven into the main thread to make a dramatic whole.

Robert Montgomery departs rather from his usual type of characterisation and gives a soundly dramatic performance as the convict, while Madge Evans is natural and attractive as Legs.

But the performance that struck me as far and away the best is that of Nat Pendleton as the overbearing gangster. It had a childlike quality about it which was wholly pleasing and I’m afraid my sympathies were engaged much more by him than the less amorous and more chivalrous convict.

Ted Healy, of whom I did not think a lot in Dancing Lady, is extremely funny here as one of those talkative characters who try to ingratiate themselves with everyone; incidentally, it was his clothes the convict stole and it is he who puts the police on his track.

As usual, C. Henry Gordon gives an excellent characterisation; this time he is on the side of law and order as a detective.—**L. C.**

**The Crosby Case**

While there is not much action in this crime story—most of it takes place in a police station—there is a good deal of ingenuity of plot and some very good characterisations which make the picture an entertaining one.

Edward L. Cahn, who directed, keeps you guessing all the time as to the identity of the murderer, and while you may not be very deeply interested in the fate of the people concerned, you are in the solution of the mystery and in the clever manner it is developed and solved.

The story concerns a certain Dr. Crosby, who is run over by a taxicab. It is discovered that he was dead from a bullet wound before the accident happened.

Inspector Thomas and a cocksure but dumb sergeant collect all the possible suspects, which include the driver of the cab, the hall porter at Crosby’s apartments, an old German mechanic who had been, apparently, the last person to see the murdered man alive, Lynn Ashton, who had been Crosby’s mistress, Scotty Graham, an aviotor with a police record who had been married to Lynn but had left her stranded when he was gauged for forgery, and a cheap crook who was noted for “squealing” on his employers.

All these people had some apparent connection with Crosby. The evidence at first points strongly at Scotty as the criminal, but further investigation reveals the murderer in a highly dramatic manner.

The lives of all these characters are cleverly interwoven and the detail work throughout is intelligent and significant.

William Collier, sen., is very good indeed as the dumb sergeant who rapidly jumps to conclusions and is ready to arrest anyone he may momentarily suspect.

Alan Dinehart, too, is excellent as the Inspector; it is a thoroughly convincing and natural performance. In a humorous vein Warren Hymer scores as the taxi-cab driver, while both Edward van Sloan and John Wray are very good as the German and the cheap crook respectively.

Skeets Gallagher has been badly neglected, he only has a walking-on part as a reporter who watches the inspector’s methods in unravelling the mystery.

As Lynn and Scotty, Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens are quite good and add a little romantic touch to the proceedings.—**L. C.**

**Dark Hazard**

Two excellent characterisations in search of a story. Although the title is derived from the name of a champion dog and the film was, I believe, made to “cash in” on the current greyhound-racing boom in America, it never quite makes up its mind whether it is to be a race-track

(Continued on page 10)
thicker or a domestic psychological drama (in the latter of which categories it occasionally rises through its primary and considerable heights).

Interest, therefore, depends chiefly on the character creation of Edward G. Robinson, as an inveterate gambler and Genevieve Tobin as the prim, straight-laced small-town girl be marriage.

The alliance is inevitably doomed to disaster. Though they are in love with each other, their ideals and mode of life are a world apart.

It is in the general by-play and detail of this psychologically sound clash of viewpoints that you must find your interest in the story.

The greyhound racing part of the picture, which has not been too neatly grafted on, is mainly concerned with Mr. Robinson's obsession for and subsequent ownership of the dog Dark Hazard and I shall be very disappointed if the forthcoming British films dealing with the sport do not do so a great deal more successfully.

There is one glaring instance of careless production in the fact that although the canine hero is shown winning two big events, one in America and one in Australia, the same race has been photographed for both.

Mr. Robinson, as usual, contrives to make the principal character interesting and Genevieve Tobin creates the misunderstanding wife with a sure, incisive touch that makes the character live and adds to me at least one measure of my acquaintance.

Otherwise, Dark Hazard's only novelty lies in the fact that Glenda Farrell, as a "spooky" girl friend, for once gets her man in the end.

M. D. P.

Important People

This is a very unpretentious little picture obviously made in a thoroughly economical manner and it is put out by M.-G.-M. as part of their quota.

Quota pictures have not earned themselves a very good name as a whole, but this one certainly deserves consideration for it is entertaining and has a somewhat novel basis for its domestic and marital comedy.

A husband and wife who are living a cat-and-dog life both stand as candidates in a Parliamentary bye-election—the latter as a prohibition candidate and the former in the noble cause of the drinking classes.

Their progress to the poll is most amusingly shown with many a shrewd hit at politicians generally, while the domestic side of their life is also entertainingly depicted.

The result of the poll shows the wife as the victor, so her husband decides to go away. A recount, however, reverses matters and the wife decides to leave home. On a third count the result is a draw, so they both decide to go away together and leave the county to its fate.

Both Stewart Rome and Dorothy Boyd show to advantage as husband and wife, although the former tends at times to be a little theatrical.

Minor roles are well cast and characterized.

Adrian Brunel, who directed, made an attempt at novelty by having the main characters' life at home explained to the audience by two minor ones, friends of the family, who tell you what they think about it and what they intend to do.

This has rather an irritating effect and produced an unnecessary sense of artificiality to my mind. However, it does not spoil what is, as a whole, an amusing trifle.—L. C.

The Poor Rich

A rather apt title for a film which is poor in material, but rich in talent.

The new comedy "team" of Edward Everett Horton and Edna May Oliver, individually two of the most brillia1t artists on the screen, does not commence business too auspiciously here, in spite of the support of such gifted laughter-makers as Andy Devine and Thelma Todd, and one cannot help wishing that the Laemmles had provided something better for the occasion than the hackneyed story of an aristocratic, impoverished family striving to "keep up appearances" in entertaining distinguished guests for the week-end.

We even have such conventional situations as the deputy sheriff, who has come to attach the furniture, being pressed into service as butler and the dinner party goose being reclaimed by its rightful owner at the critical moment.

The distinguished guests are presented in the broadest American musical-satirical conception of English aristocrats and are played by E. Clive, Merle Tottenham and Miss Todd.

The players, making the most of the material at their command and most people should find The Poor Rich pleasant enough entertainment.

M. D. P.

Madame Spy

It would appear that a "spy cycle" has begun. Here is another story (unfortunately, very similar to Scandal Sheet) that deals with two spies—a man and a woman.

The man is in the employ of the Austrian service, the woman is the wife of a Russian Tsar. They meet, fall in love, marry. She knows who he is, but naturally he is ignorant of the fact that his wife is giving the enemy information. (Hint to producer—why not reverse the positions sometime.)

The associates of the husband suspect the wife and she goes through exciting adventures until she escapes and leaves her husband to go back to Russia.

The husband follows as a spy and they meet at a grand ducal reception. More excitement, a misunderstanding cleared up, she risks her life to save his and we leave them in the "happy ever after stage."

The picture owes a good deal to the director, Karl Freund, since he has made the conventional story really exciting. He works up to a good climax whenever occasion demands it.

Ray Wray and Nils Asther are very good in the principal parts and competent work is contributed by Edward Arnold, John Miljan, Oscar Apfel, Vincent Barnett, Robert Ellis, Mabel Marden and Noah Beery.

Had this picture been made two or three years ago its success would have been automatic.

M. B. Y.

Beloved

This is the type of film I enjoy. Some of my readers may call it "sentimental" or "shabby" but occasionally I like an extra lump of sugar in my tea or coffee.

A good deal of the story is very true to life and even if some of it is "fairy tale," I forgive the authors. I like to dream sometimes.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

February 24, 1934

The story opens in the Vienna of 1848. Carl, the infant son of Baron Hausmann, is reared in an atmosphere of music. His father hopes that he will become a great composer and at the age of ten the boy shows decided promise as a violinist.

Revolutionists kill the baron and Carl and his mother are next seen in Charleston, where, disguised as a boy, Carl plays a duet with his mother. Carl, progresses musically and, reaching manhood, he falls in love with a beautiful pupil, Lucy, daughter of a proud and wealthy family.

Her parents refuse to consider his suit. The Civil War breaks out and Carl goes off to fight. On his return, Carl finds Lucy and her mother living in poverty. The young people marry and they go to New York, where Carl tries to earn a living as a cellist, while hoping to compose his great American symphony.

They have their adventures but through all their love triumphs and their hopes are centred in their son. Carl, however, has no use for music and during the Spanish-American War the son is killed and his wife dies in giving birth to a boy. The boy has "music in him," after the Great War achieves fame as a composer of jazz songs. He gives his grandparents luxury and is finally able to arrange for his own son (the grandson (the grandmother is dead) to realise his ambition. His symphony is played and in the hour of success he clings his eyes in death.

There are one or two sad moments that might be cut for those who do not like them, but I would prefer the film as it is.

The principal parts are excellently played by John Boles (who sings, of course) and Gloria Stuart. Once or twice Gloria's make-up as an old woman failed to seem very convincing, but her "modern" eyebrows. She has rarely acted as well as she does in this film.

Orient Express

This picture struck me as a very weak variation of the theme of the Orient Express that was seen many years ago. This time the journeying from Ostend to Istanbul, where we meet the dramatica personae in the shape of a group of Nazarenes," a young Turkish officer, a Balkan communist leader who hopes to lead a revolt in Belgrade, a wealthy young date merchant, a woman newspaper reporter, a cockney and his wife and a murderous crook.

Thus it has much the same ingredients as the British production, but it lacks its fine characterisation and brilliancy of acting force.

Here we just amble along in a vague sort of manner. During the course of the journey the crook is killed, several people fall in love, and at Belgrade, where the revolutionary gets off and is arrested, the former is also held because she had been seen taking a letter to him just before she was imprisoned.

The frontier guard also arrest the crook for carrying firearms.

The crook is an impromptu military court—the country is under martial law—the revolutionary is sentenced to be shot, the girl to be deported to her own country and the crook to a month's imprisonment and deportation.

As they are in their cell, in a sort of barn, the crook picks the lock and urges them to fly—suggesting that they get off scot free because he has not attempted to escape.

Unfortunately, the passport he had stolen happens to be that of the revolutionary leader and he is shot out of hand.

The other two manage to get away with the help of the bus driver, to the business end of which by car to find out what has happened to his girl.

It is all very ingenious and lacks any real dramatic grip.

Weather Angel is attractive, but is not called on to exercise her histronic powers to any extent.

Norman Foster is pleasant as her lover, while Frank Morgan is amusing as the revolutionary although a trifle wooden at times.

Neither Herbert Mundin nor Una O'Connor, with whom the crook and his wife are still closed to supply the humorous relief, appears to much advantage.

As the woman reporter who considers that robbing a passenger's luggage is part of her job—she is trying to get a story about the revolutionary—Dorothy Burgess is distinctly artificial.

Roy D'Arcy makes a convincing crook.—L. C.
PHIL LONERGAN SENDS IT HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

CARL BRISSON—An See MAE SOMETINE

Miss West’s next-door neighbour—Joan Crawford mystery—Remodelling her home—Julie Hayden’s “come back”—Clark Gable springs a surprise

CARL BRISSON can go up and see Mae West sometime—he won’t have to go far. Carl has been assigned the luxurious dressing-room bungalow on the Paramount lot, formerly occupied by Fredric March.

On the one side of it is the dressing-room of Miss West and on the other that of Marlene Dietrich.

Brisson has been so busy at the studio, working on his debut picture, that it was necessary for me to journey to Beverly Hills to interview him. He has most luxurious quarters at one of the finest hotels in Beverly Hills, where he is living with his wife and family.

While I was chatting with Brisson, he received a letter from the Danish Crown Prince, congratulating him upon his arrival in Hollywood.

Denmark, his native land, means much to this actor, and one of his most cherished possessions is a wooden nut cracker presented to him by the Premier of Denmark, upon which is fashioned a remarkable likeness of this statesman.

Hollywood impresses Brisson as “stupendous,” and he glad of the opportunity to come to California. He was very pleased at the impression which recent British pictures have made in the United States, and points out that London producers are entitled to much credit because they do not possess the almost boundless resources of the Hollywood studios.

Brisson’s first picture will be Murder at the Varnishes.

Greta’s Romance

Despite speculation concerning the automobile trip to Arizona made by Greta Garbo and her director, René Mounilier, no one seems to know whether wedding bells will ring out for the film celebrities.

Greta preserves a deep silence, but Mounilier told me that it was merely a trip for recreation. He and Garbo are the best of friends, he says, and that is all.

A Stern Father

Actresses often suffer from the domination of their mothers, but a father rarely intervenes in film affairs. In fact, Hollywood hardly ever hears of a feminine celebrity’s male parent.

It is quite different with Evelyn Venable, the clever young actress who, hailed as a coming star, may leave films on account of a paternal veto. This young lady gave excellent performances in Child of Mating and other films, her most recent triumph being with Fredric March in Strange Holiday, based on the stage success, Death Takes a Holiday.

Paramount had Evelyn lined up for a leading rôle in Double Door, a New York stage play, when Professor Venable, who has exercised a close watch over his daughter’s career, ordered her to join him in New York. Evelyn, who is still under age, had to obey.

The worthy professor does not care for the films, and desires his daughter to confine her acting efforts to classical plays.

Hollywood is hoping that Evelyn’s father will relent and permit her to return to the talkies.

A Mysterious Lady

The film colony is wondering why Joan Crawford is remodelling her house in Brentwood Heights.

William Haines, who is devoting more time of late to interior decorating than to acting, is engaged on changing the aspect of the former abode of Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

The music room has been transformed into a bar—a necessary adjunct in many film homes—a new swimming pool is being installed, and the entire place is being redecorated.

Joan is non-committal as to the reason for all this activity. Her divorce will soon become final, so it looks as though a new master will be welcomed to the Brentwood Heights home, and it would not be surprising if it turned out to be Franchot Tone.

The Girl Who Came Back

A medal for dauntless courage should be awarded to Julie Hayden, who recently scored a success in Autumn Crocus, playing the leading rôle in this stage play opposite Francis Lederer.

After many months under contract at RKO-Radio, where she attracted little attention, Julie was cast adrift, and found other studios evincing little interest in her ability. Instead of losing heart, she kept fighting. Her stage appearance has turned the tide.

This little girl is now showered with film offers, which she cannot accept until the play finishes its run.


Genius Burns

Eilis Landi and Mae West have caused their film sisters to become literary minded.

Jean Harlow and Dorothea Wieck are both pounding the typewriter. Jean is writing a novel, while Dorothea is working on a story which she hopes Paramount will permit her to film.

Miss Harlow is absent from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, and the deadlock over salary still exists.

A Splendid Actress

The advent of the talkies has given opportunity to many middle-aged actresses who would have had little chance for prominence in the silents. Marie Dressler and May Robson head the list.

Another player who has been on the stage for many years is winning her way steadily towards the film pinnacle. She is Marjorie Rambeau, formerly a noted stage star, who has a leading rôle in Palooka, which I recently saw at a preview.

Miss Rambeau, in the rôle of a prize-fighter’s wife, “hard-boiled” and slangy, dominates every scene in which she appears. An episode where she “knocks out” one of her husband’s “lady friends” makes one wonder whether she is not rather a good boxer herself! Her comedy scenes would do credit to Mae West.

A Wise Mother

Adrienne Ames tells me that she does not desire a film career for her 9-year-old daughter, although one of the studios recently suggested that little Barbara would do very nicely in a forthcoming production.

While Adrienne believes it is quite all right to play opposite her husband, Bruce Cabot, she considers that children should remain in the home until they are old enough to decide whether they desire a career in the movies.

A Racing Owner

It will be a surprise to Clark Gable’s many admirers to learn that the famous screen lover is the owner of a stable of race horses which have acquitted themselves creditably at Agua Caliente, the famous track across the Mexican border.

Gable’s favourite of the string is Beverly Hills, a speedy horse that has shown its dust to many highly touted animals.
Suzanne (Eillian Harvy), the ballet dancer, having broken her leg is nursed back to health by Tony (Gene Raymond) and interests herself in his puppet show.

"The Baron" (Leslie Banks), Suzanne's manager and fiancé, is deeply concerned when his protegee breaks her leg and he sees his profits going.

"The Baron" to ensure that he retains the managership of Suzanne artfully persuades her to marry him.
ILIAN HARVEY'S third American picture shows her as a stage dancer and gives her a chance to show that terpsichorean art which first brought her into prominence. It is a sparkling romance, most artistically set, and introduces a novel puppet show interest. Directed by Rowland V. Lee and produced by Jesse L. Lasky.

The climax of the picture when, her leg healed, Suzanne makes a triumphant return to ballet.

Left: The puppet which Tony had made in Suzanne's likeness creates a furor at its first big stage performance. At the reception afterwards, Suzanne, still crippled, flies into a jealous rage at the attention it receives.

Right: Tony's puppets give a concert party consisting of excerpts from famous operas.
THE STORY
OF THE FILM

By MARJORIE WILLIAMS


"Being aware of you prefer how you to a the, I'm naturally wondering what this is. "Sure; it's my grandmother's bathing suit. All the same, you might hand it over. I can count on having this to myself as a rule; but how did you know?"

Jo Miller had not been up the previous night, walking the San Diego waterfront, in the utterly barren hope of stumbling on a news story that his vitriolic news editor would print; he might have found the girl who faced him, three parts protected by a stalwart rock, as fresh and lovely as the morning.

Instead, he wished somewhat morosely that her reasons for a dip au naturel were more sensational. "Two old biddies saw you through a telescope; that's why I'm here," he explained. "By the way, what's your name, seeing that I have to write half a column about you?"

"Julie Kirk."

"Eli Kirk's daughter?"

"Yes, you know him?"

"A little. Thanks for helping a poor journalist to keep his job."

Tossing Julie her property, Jo left the region of gold sand, rust-red rocks, and sapphire sea for the more sophisticated scene of a typical South Pacific coast town. San Diego, head of a fish-canning industry, though little more than a huddle of stone houses, and factories, possessed a considerable harbour and waterfront.

"It's not the girl, but old man Kirk, where my story's coming from," Jo announced on reaching home. McCoy, a lean Irishman who had added to the casualness of Jo's two-roomed abode, facing B dock, was always helpful unless, which was often the case, he was drunk.

Handing Jo the binoculars through which he had been studying the harbour, he observed: "Take a look at that if you're thinking of Kirk. You're interested in him, you believe in him."

"H'mm. Does look as if Chris had got something heavy at the rope's end. If you get a suspicion of what mine are—well, see you later."

Inside five minutes Jo was bobbing beside the dinghy owned by Chris, an aged salt who eked a precarious living from dragging for salvage.

"Want any help?"

After a pause, devoted to tying up his own boat, Jo joined the old man in hauling. Gradually, on the surface of the greenish muddy water they raised the trussed-up body of a defunct Chinaman.

Chris regarded the pathetic thing without sympathy. "Phew! So that's what made him go to the bottom."

He indicated the chain several times wound round the saturated figure. "I know that comes from Eli Kirk's smash. I bet he was kinda in a hurry to lose this chap. The coastguards have been smart on smugglers lately."

"Sure you know the chain comes from Eli Kirk's?"

"There ain't another smash within miles as carries this type of chain."

"Very well, give me a hand, will you, when we get ashore? I'm about to hand my boss a piece of evidence."

If Jo Miller thought to impress the city editor of the San Diego Mercury with corroborative of Eli Kirk's guilt as a smuggler of Chinese immigrants, he received a definite impression to the contrary. The boss, whose voice when he talked over the phone, seemed capable of making the wire red-hot, treated his subordinate to a few terse statements.

"If you think this dead Chink evidence—well, he's not. Nor a length of chain either. Remember how you messed up that account of killing on the East side from jumping to conclusions. You've got to get facts before I print a line of your story. And, moreover, if you don't get a story worth printing pretty soon you're fired."

Which remarks were received by Jo, with a depressing certainty that pretty soon he would lose his job.

Having nothing to do that evening, he wandered into Tony's, the better, if comparison could be allowed, of two night resorts in the same street. With a word to the hostess, Jo penetrated to where Eli Kirk, surrounded by half the women of the establishment, was seated at the piano. He was a fine-looking man, but for the weak mouth hidden by a beard, and the sentimental sea shanty which he was rendering with lachrymose fervour delighted his audience, although he was obviously three sheets in the wind.

A girl came in, looking for someone. Jo recognised Julie.

"Hullo, swimmer!" he smiled. "How about a dance?"

Now he came to think of it, she was attractive and earned his approval when she said, taking the words out of his mouth, as they foxtrotted round the room:

"Don't tell me I'm too nice a girl to be in this place. I know that already. One turn and we'll go home."

She broke off dancing to grasp hold of Eli, who was rising uneasily from the piano. "Come along, Dad. Pay your score and let's get going."

When Eli had opened his pocket-book he found it empty, Julie pounced on Miriam. "Now, then," she demanded, "what have you done with Dad's money?"

But when Eli had fumbled for and opened his pocket-book he found it empty. Julie pounced on a brother who had discreetly withdrawn from the piano. "Now, then," she demanded, "what have you done with Dad's money? Do you want your face slapped?"

The noise of the slap startled Jo, but it didn't come from the hand of the charmer. While Miriam, outraged, was recovering from the sting, Julie pounced and withdrew a wad of notes from her pocketing. Having paid the patroness, Julie got her father into the street, where he promptly fell down.

"What's the matter?" Jo inquired. Between them they huddled the old man to his feet and through the deserted streets. Even then, Julie's spirits didn't fail her. "Isn't it a gorgeous night?" she declared, pressing across at Jo. He tried cynicism, feeling there was nothing particularly romantic either in the night or the situation, but she laughed him off.

"And don't think I want help any more, either," she added. "I can manage perfectly well."

He saw her, however, to the doorway of Eli's cabin, which was not far from Tony's, because his late-night habits had given him a distaste for bed, took a stroll along the waterfront.

To neared Eli's cabin again, built on pilings, with a staircase leading to a trap door on the second floor above. A girl was at the bottom of the stairs. For the second time that evening, he recognised Julie.

"You're all different," he announced, taken back more than he cared to admit by her Western charm in Oriental attire. "Where did you get that gown?"

"Dad gave it to me. He brought it back from his last long trip. It's real Chinese."

They had moved out on to the dock. Jo invited her to sit beside him on a bollard.

"Your father goes shark-fishing, doesn't he?"

"Rather! I know you thought he acted to-night pretty poorly, but you should have seen him at the wheel and with a harpoon."

A tug hooted and passed beyond the red light of the jetty, "Isn't this place beautiful?" she broke off.

"I don't want father to leave."

"Beautiful! I can't see it. Don't you get the suspicion of rotting sardines? I'm bothered if I think those fish canneries aesthetic, great ugly squats with chimneys on a straight line."

"I'm pretty hard-boiled as far as the waterfront's concerned."

"You don't write as if you were, February 24, 1934
anyway. Look what pretty things you said of me in your half-column you wrote about me. When you come to look at them, aren't most places where folk make a living the same? There is a bore with chimney, and when the mist comes up they are marvellous. Father wants to come for a visit to the South Seas, but I'd rather be here.

"Isn't your father making his money by his boat?"

"Yes—but—well—he doesn't tell me much about his reasons for things."

She passed it off, but even in the half-dark Jo saw that she was embarrassed.

"To find out how much the Kirk girl knows about that boozing, rascally father of hers, I'm following her around," he confided next day to McCoy, who had suggested a meeting for lunch.

"Including making love, I suppose?"

"I might kiss her if necessary. She's the best looker that's been round this place in weeks," Jo admitted.

Having an assignment to write up a discussion on ship, an antique structure that had occupied the harbour since its inception, and supplied a "copy" during bar- rent intervals, he asked Julie to accompany the tour.

She arrived in a coquetish turn-out that put him into attempting a kiss as soon as they were alone in the hold, inspecting horrible instruments of torture. The attempt was a failure. Julie repulsed him laughing, and it was only by the under-hand method of clamping her into a vice, intended for the reception of fifteenth-century prisoners, that he obtained toll of her lips.

Eli had left home that morning, was reputed by Julie to be out at least three miles, shark hunting, and Jo thought to follow up the ship episode with lunch, when the office telephoned.

"Come down, they're out after Eli Kirk. If you can find out where he docks smuggled Chinese, I'll print your story in headlines," came the curt voice of the city editor.

Enlightened by suppositions of a Juvenile nature, and her father assuming place, Jo got in touch with the coastguard's office, and spent the afternoon in summoning officials in khaki and peaked helmets. The chief officer, having been on board the Kirk smack and never found contraband, was averse to calling in the cutter from the high seas to attend Jo Miller, news-reporter, because he had a fancy to await Eli's bertaining in a certain disused dock in the south-west corner of the bay.

Julie, who said her father would not be home till the day following, spent the night with McCoy and Jo at their lodgings, to which she imported a certain life and freshness, even chaffing the owner about the dirty state of his bedroom. The silence, however, was a welcome.

"No wonder you can't see anything in the view when you only look at it through inches of dust," she complained at breakfast, and tried to remedy matters with a home-made towel, while Jo chided her for being unhygienic.

He was quite glad when she departed to get ready for Eli's return. She had tripped down and begun to attend to his wants in a homey, comfortable fashion, which, while it appealed to him, was disgusting in view of what he had to do.

When, three hours later, he stood among a squad of slightly contemptuous officials on the dock and saw the Kirk smack coming in on a gentle swell, he felt that life was grand, after all.

Seen, even from a distance, the deck, as Julie had described it, was littered with shark. Somewhere on board Jo could almost smell Chinese. He pressed his way confidently to the fore when the gangway was in position.

Eli greeted him with a forced smile and a rheumy eye. Kirk had been through a rough passage on the voyage, losing his mate from shark-bite when the latter had been left struggling in the sea, due to the capsizing of a boat.

The mate had been carried on board the smack and had passed out while staring at an obelisk of the Virgin and Child, the nearest approach to the priest for whom he had constantly asked. Tears had filled Kirk's eyes when he had gone and he had berated the men for failing to take off their caps, forgetting that his own head was covered.

Now Jo leaned at the government officials and invited Jo to a seat on one of the giant sharks that extended along the sea of the deck.

"You've found nothing on my ship before, and I warn you you'll find nothing again, gentlemen," he told the former, who dispersed with a considerable show of energy.

Jo was sitting on the shark's head and, while talking, accidentally slipped his hand between its jaws. He was touched by something hard and cold, and had no difficulty in withdrawing a full bottle of whisky from the creature's mouth.

Eli shot him a none too pleasant look, which Jo ignored until the custom officers appeared.

"Nothing to be found, Eli. All quiet this time."

"Thanks, gentlemen!"

Still no word from Jo until he came round the ship's side in the wake of the official escort. The single crane on the dock had got busy and was just about to lift a monster shark in mid-air, when Jo called for him! and he went through there! Don't move! Stop!"

At last the mechanic in his box understood. In face of the ship's crew, Eli, and mildly astonished custom's officers, the tail of the long grey carcass gently touched the deck.

"Hand me a knife, someone."

Jo turned on one of the crew, who handed from the folds of his dark-blue jersey a prized jack knife.

With a vicious gesture, inspired by the feeling that his suppositions were grounded on fact, Jo ripped up the monster, the fact that the two sides had at some time been skillfully stitched together accounting for the empty mouths of sharks.

A Chinaman, frozen with horror to the immobility of a corpse, was exposed to view! With a whole force, Kirk landed a blow at Jo's chin and, while the latter was seeing stars, dashed along the gang-plank. A bullet from the chief inspector's gun brought Kirk to his knees as a red-hot pain seared his back. He struggled along the dock, the chief inspector behind him. The two men grappled, rolled and entered the water, where Eli, being an excellent swimmer, soon outdistanced his pursuer.

(Continued on page 22)

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH POND'S 2 CREAMS

POND'S Skin Treatment—the method of Beauty Care shared by these two beautiful Leaders of Society—is the simplest, most economical way of keeping your skin smooth and white—always radiantly clear.

First: Spread Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Massage it into the skin with a light upward movement. Wait until the soothing oils have penetrated right into the pores and floated out the dirt. Then wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues (soft, more absorbent). Next, pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to refine your skin.

Sun, wind, cold, heat

whip the natural moisture out of the skin—it becomes rough and coarse. But Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients chosen to check this loss of moisture and keep the skin soft. It soothes away little lines and wrinkles and makes your skin so satin-smooth that powder lasts for hours. As the Countess of Warwick says, "It holds powder perfectly."

Other distinguished users of Pond's

THE COUNTESSE HOWE
LADY SMILEY · LADY MILBANKE · LADY MARY LYON · THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER · LADY JUNE CHARLTON · LADY ASHLEY

PRICES FROM 6d.
I COVER THE WATERFRONT — Continued

When Jo was next capable of taking interest in anything but a pain in his head, he heard from the cutter's captain that the search for Kirk had been temporarily abandoned.

He went to the office to turn in his story, thence home to the company of McCoy, who, fortunately, was, for once, entirely sober.

Whether from Eli's blow or not, Jo's depression had returned in full force and he was badly in need of sympathy as he wandered restlessly about the two rooms. At every turn he was reminded of Julie.

The old-fashioned fireplace had caused her comment. "Wouldn't it be nice to have a new brick one here in the summer?" just as though she never meant to go away. She had, in fact, more than hinted that, whatever her father did, she intended to stay in San Diego. Then he didn't greatly care one way or the other; now the fact that Julie liked him, if nothing more, was an additional burden.

"I've done her a rotten deal," he burst out to McCoy. "Whichever way you look at it, I needn't have pretended to make love to her, kidding myself I didn't care. At least, I suppose I ought to tell her.

He hurried down the waterfront, took Eli Kirk's stairs two at a time, and banged on the trap-door owl.

"It's you, is it?" Julie looked no happier than he felt. A too-bastly application of powder to her face enhanced the impression that she had been crying. "Go away! I don't want to speak to you!" she flew out.

"But, Julie, let me explain. I know I served your old man a hard turn, but I had to. It was my job."

"Never mind what it was; you needn't have tipped him off to the coastguards. It was mean after—after pretending to like me."

"Let her just it," he took a step closer, longing to kiss the misery out of her eyes, longing to say that he loved her, to have the right to come home evenings and find her there, seeing beauty and romance and laughter in all the commonplace things. "I didn't know I cared, Julie. Now I do. Can't you understand a fellow?"

"Get away from here and don't try to come back."

"Julie, answer me one thing. Do you know where your father is?"

"As if I should tell you if I did."

"Now get out!"

Jo went, but neither to the office nor his rooms. For a time he hovered about the Kirk abode; from a stance under the staircase, seeing first a ginger cat, then a Chausman, going up to Julie's room.

Lastly, Julie herself, accompanied by her faceless guest, came out and disappeared along the waterfront. For an hour or so Jo pondered the problem of Eli's misfortunes, and eventually set off in the direction of a derelict barge embedded in mud off one of the docks. It struck him as a good hiding-place for a wounded man, for it was accessible both from sea and land, and, once dismantled, the and hold were empty of everything except bilge and rats.

The sight of a Chinese doctor carrying a bag, coming away from the barge, was a boost to Jo's suspicions. He got on board and went down the companion-way. It was so dark below that at first he could see nothing, though he heard groans. Gradually he was able to distinguish a figure huddled on the damp-robbing boards. Hearing footsteps, the figure with expression of pain turned itself over and faced the reporter. It was Eli Kirk.

"So you're the swine who tipped me off. Come to worry me to the finish, have you? Take that!"

There was a flash of steel, a report, and Jo collapsed with a searing pain along his chest. Kirk, who had struggled to his knees, was about to fire a second shot when there was a rush of high heels on the companion-way and Julie's terrified voice echoed through the mournful barge:

"Don't, father! Don't!"

She put her arms round him. Kneeling together, they stared at the limp body of the young man with blood trickling through his coat.

Eli looked at his daughter. Whatever his faults, he had always been fond of her.

"Listen, Julie child. Last night—we were home together—you told me you loved some newspaper fellow, but you wouldn't tell me his name. Is this the one?"

She nodded. "Never mind what I said, though. You can't stay here. Come along at once."

"I can't. The place in my back where the bullet was taken from makes me weak."

"Nonsense, father! Come on."

She hauled him up, urging him towards the companion.

Jo, regaining consciousness, saw her, tried to move, failed, and mentally gave himself up. Suddenly she was bending over, trying to pull him to his feet.

"I can't leave you here. Do try to walk. The dinghy's outside. We'll take you some place."

With superhuman effort he staggered to the steps over which Eli had fallen, temporarily overcome. A rush of air, thick with mist, revived Jo. The pain in his chest was excruciating, but he managed to gain the dinghy. Once inside, he struggled into a boat, Eli seemed more himself. He took the wheel. Fog surrounded them, no less dense than the doubts in Jo's and Julie's minds as to their destination.

The chugging of the outboard motor had lasted a bare ten minutes when the dinghy's bow bumped against a stone jetty. Familiar objects loomed through the mist.

"You've brought us back, father!" cried Julie, awed by something in his face as he made clumsy efforts to keep the boat alongside.

"Get Miller to hospital!" Eli articulated and collapsed with his head over the wheel—dead.

"Cushions, clean windows, new fireplace, a ginger cat, and you've prettified the place so that I don't know where I am," Jo confessed, facing the fact of the changes that greeted him on coming out of hospital, more or less patched up and ready for work.

"It's only my way of saying thank you for looking after things for me, since father died," Julie said. "Have you finished the novel you told me you'd begun, yet?"

"Nearly. I've just thought of the ending. Right now. The man marries the girl. How do you like it?" Jo inquired and took her in his arms.
The week's best offering is *Ring Up the Curtain*, a back-stage character drama in which Alice Brady makes an extremely interesting insight. Jack Dale and Frank Morgan give the best performance of his career. It is a very human story and avoids being sentimentally spectacular, concentrating more on the development of character and giving us a glimpse of life behind the scenes with its successes and failures.

Other interesting films are *Bureau of Missing Persons*, a novel picture dealing with New York's special investigation department, and *I Cover the Waterfront*, a strong melodrama with a delicate vein of romance with an outstanding performance by Claudette Colbert in the leading feminine role.

**RING UP THE CURTAIN**


Directed by William Beaudine; a story by Willard Mack and Edgar Allan Woolf.

A n excellent back-stage story, this, which traces the career of a pair of music-hall entertainers from the 'eighties up to the present day and introduces you in turn to their son and later to his son, who becomes a successful talkie star.

It is all very human and gives an extremely interesting view of life behind the scenes as well as containing some poignant moments and clever comedy touches.

Alice Brady is excellent as a music-hall artiste who is married to a gentleman who considers himself a bit of a dog with the ladies but who is a very good trooper at heart. Frank Morgan fills this latter rôle admirably and brings to it a wealth of humour and not a little pathos.

The pair "age" very well and there is a very human note in the way, as they get older, they are forced to play in smaller and smaller halls, with their names lower and lower on the bills.

As the son Ted, Russell Hardie is also very good. His life presents a tragedy in that his wife, unable to bear his unfaithfulness, commits suicide, while he himself is killed in the war.

Jackie Cooper is quite good in a precocious manner as Ted as a youngster. As the unfortunate wife, Madge Evans is attractive and sympathetic.

In the part of Ted, the third, as a child, Mickey Rooney is very effective, while Mickey Rooney makes an interesting study of him as a youth whose success makes him swallowed-headed and nearly loses him his position.

Willard Mack's direction is very good. The period atmosphere is convincing and the back-stage and stage sequences realistic except for one spectacular number in colour which only succeeds in holding up otherwise smooth continuity of the plot.

Dialogue is excellent and there are several telling witticisms and a moral to adorn the tale.

**I COVER THE WATERFRONT**


Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, Richard Dix, Joseph Miller, Dressel Tovar, Elsملاب, Hobart Cavanaugh, Harrie Black, Orpheus Adam, Harry Hines. Purnell Pratt, Policeman. John Phelps, George Hembury, Silva; Rosita Marassi, Mrs. Silva; Claudia Coleman, Mother Morgan; Wilfred Lucas; Randall; Victor French, James Cusack, Isaiah Taylor, Adolphe Menjou, Clara Sando, Perry Nolan, Margarette Deane, Patricia Ellis,ting Causser, Russell Young, Morgan. Directed by William A. Seiter.

Vigorous, well-planned melodrama dealing with the smuggling of Chinese into America which is based on fact and put over with a number of thrills which escape sensationalism for sensationalism's sake.

Outstanding is the performance given by Claudette Colbert as the daughter of the smuggler to whom Joseph Miller, a reporter, makes love in order to trap her father, but who later loves her in real earnest.

It is a fine characterisation which adds still further to Claudette Colbert's rapidly growing reputation.

Ben Lyon is good as Joseph Miller, while the late Ernest Torrence is fine as the smuggler; it is one of the best pieces of acting he ever gave us.

James Cusack's direction is virile and the San Diego waterfront settings convincing and painstaking in detail.

The strong meat of the melodrama is balanced by the love romance, which is delicately and intelligently handled.

One of the thrills of the picture is the way the Chinese are smuggled into the country in the bellies of sharks and the encounters with these sea tigers.

**NO MARRIAGE TIES**


Richard Dix gives a very good and characteristic here as a hard-drinking, carefree journalist who regards marriage as an unnecessary evil but who in the end takes a life-partner.

The character is not a particularly likeable one, but Dix's performance brings out all its weaknesses and viritly in high relief and makes it an interesting study.

The theme of the picture exposes those adventurers, forlorn Caesar are in this country, who prey on the credulity of the public and sell them worthless and even injurious commodities.

Dix is depicted as being successful in his racket until suddenly the suicide of a girl whom he had jilted brings him to a sense of shame and remorse.

As a matter of fact, this suicide is the chief weakness in the film. It touches the tragic note which is quite out of keeping with the general atmosphere of the picture.

Elizabeth Allan is sensitive and convincing as Peggy, a young woman who, having come to the end of her resources, is prepared to start living an immoral life, but who instead, 'mothered,' the journalist and eventually wins his love.

Doris Kenyon is good as Adrienne, the girl with whom the journalist thinks he is in love but whom in the end he jilts, realising that they would not be happy together.

Alan Devices' excellent as Bruce's partner, while two very good character studies are given by David Heusser as a newspaper editor and Hilda Vaughn as a highly efficient secretary.

**BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS**


The activities of a little-known branch of the American police force, the department confined to the tracing of missing persons, forms the background for this interesting and hum of a picture which is full of clever little character studies.

Captain Ayres, from whose book the film is adapted, has been a police officer for the past fifteen years chief of New York's famous bureau and he introduces us to several hitherto unpublished stories dealing with the work of his department.

Actually, the main plot is of less

(Continued on page 24)
A scene from the fourth phase of "The Wandering Jew," showing Conrad Veidt as the Doctor attending to "Galla," played by Peggy Abarcat.

(Continued from page 23)

consequence than the detail, which, in a vital and wholly convincing manner, introduces you to cases that come up for investigation, but the romance of a detective and a girl who is suspected of murder is ingenious and contains several unexpected twists.

Lewis Stone is dignified and natural as the chief of the department, while Pat O'Brien acts well as the tough detective who is humanised by his contact with his chief.

Allen Jenkins is very good as a detective of the comedy variety, while Bette Davis shows to advantage as the heroine.

A clever little study comes from Glenda Farrell as the hero's divorced wife, who is always after him for alimony, but who in the end discovers to have married him bigamously.

There is a wealth of wise-cracks and the treatment generally is very good and full of action; it plays on a wide variety of emotions.

**VOLTAIRE**


Conrad Veidt ..... The Unknown Knight
Anne Grey ..... Joan de Beaufort
Benjamin Wallis ..... Boemaid
Hector Amra ..... Ismao
Dennis Hoey ..... De Beaudocur
Jack Jace ..... Prisca

Conrad Veidt ..... The Unknown Knight
Matteo Battadino ..... Gianella
John Stuart ..... Pietro Morelli
Arnold Arlen ..... Michaelities

Peggy Abarcat ..... Galla Quintana
Francis L. Sullivan ..... Juan de Tregua
Felix Allyn ..... Pierre
Ivan Barnard ..... Castro

OSCAR DOPPSTADT ..... Second Monk

Directed by MAXWELL ELVEY. Adapted from E. TENNENT THOMSON'S play by the author and H. POWLER NEAR.

An uninspired adaptation of the Burton novel, which was theatrical and pedestrian manner follows the life of the legendary Jew who spits on the Nazarene on his way to the cross and was condemned to walk this planet until He should come again.

It is divided into four sequences, the first, the pronouncement of the curse; the second, with the Crusaders in the Holy Land; the third, when the Jew is a merchant in Italy; and fourth and best, the Jew as a doctor in Spain where he is taken before the inquisitors and condemned to be burnt, and where he finds the rest in death for which he has so passionately longed.

This final phase has a sense of股权 which is absent in the others and the Inquisition is conducted in a sincere and convincing manner.

Conrad Veidt is good as the Jew, but somehow he failed to move one deeply; his accent militates to some extent against his full effectiveness.

Abraham Sowa is very good as a fellow Jew who betrays his benefactor in the last phase, but otherwise the acting is not remarkable.

As a whole, the picture is depressing and lacking in full dramatic force and its lethargy treatment makes it boring without being dignified.

**THE WANDERING JEW**


Conrad Veidt ..... The Wandering Jew
Jennie Cupples ..... Adelai
Based on a melodrama by Sir Henry senior. Runt 48 minutes.

Charles Bukford ..... Louis Garrett
Richard Cromwell ..... John Smith
Judith Allen ..... Gay Merrick
Harry Green ..... Herman
Bradley Page ..... Toledo
Edgar Young ..... Dan Merrick
Ben Alexander ..... Monty Diver
Leota Kitson ..... Avis
Michael Stuart ..... Billy Anderson
Oscar Neebe ..... Gun Rollo
Mickey Daniels ..... Mother
Perry Knight ..... Max
George Barrie ..... Judge Maguire

Directed by Cecil B. de Mille.

This picture, in which a band of boys kidnap a gangster and torture him into confessing to his crimes, is any reflection on American justice or American youth, there must be something rotten about both.

It is a highly coloured melodrama which strikes an unhealthy note, but there can be no doubt that Cecil B. de Mille has treated his sordid subject in a masterly manner.

There is a wide sweep about the production, which apparently points the moral, that it is up to youth to sweep away corruption, that is interesting, while the spectacle mob scenes are splendidly handled.

De Mille's attention to detail and continuity is also excellent, but in spite of all these good qualities cannot recommend the picture to any extent, its brutality and artificiality are overwhelming.

Charles Bickford admirably represents a whole conscientiousness gangster, while the schoolboys who bring him to book are all well played by Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent, Ben Alexander and Lester Arnold. Judith Allen, a newcomer, shows excellent promise in the role of a schoolgirl who endangers her honour in order to trap the gangster.

The best acting comes from Bradley Page as the gangster's sinister bodyguard; a thoroughly evil but compelling characteristic.

**WALLS OF GOLD**


Sarah Bernhardt ..... Jeanie Satterlee
Jimmie Satterlee ..... Norman Foster
Barnes Ritchie ..... Gordon Ritchie
Walter Drake ..... Elisha Holmes
Carla Munsters ..... Rochelle Hudson
Joe Grey ..... John Street
Fredric Bantes ..... Tony van Riale
Marjorie Gavard ..... Cissy Street
Helen Gordon ..... Margaret Seddon

Directed by KENNETH McKENZIE.

A story dealing with the seamy side of society life which shows how Jeanie Satterlee, a fashionable business girl, attracts a man who wants to marry her, but after a quarrel marries his uncle for his money and finds nothing but misery.

Of course, all comes out all right in the end. The characters are unhurried and theatrical and the plots out purposeless. Ralph Morgan gives a good, if unpleasant, study of the pinched character who upsets his nephew's romance.

**CROSS FIRE**


Tom Keene ..... Frank Brady
Betty Furness ..... Patricia Plummer
Edgar Kennedy ..... Ed Wainey
Edward Phillips ..... Bert King

Directed by JOHN ADOLFI.

A story of stage drama based on some episodes in the life of Voltaire and coloured with fictional touches.

The picture is again mostly Arliss who, as usual, gives a polished performance, but as a whole it does not seem one very deeply. There is an air of artificiality about it which is induced, perhaps, by some members of the cast who do not seem quite at home in their costumes of the time of Louis XIV.

The splendid and bawdiness of court life is well mirrored and good in detail. Doris Kenyon makes a beautiful Madame Pom-Jor and Reginald Owen an effect: e pleasure-loving Louis XIV.

February 24, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

A spectacular cattle stampede is the highlight in this typical Ken Maynard offering, which has the conventional Western situations enlivened by camp-fire songs and dances.

I SPY


Sally Eilers ..... Ola
Ben Lyon ..... Wally
Harry Taft ..... George
H. E. Morty ..... Herb Duker
Harold Warden ..... Red N.B.
Andrew Englemann ..... Commander Oppenheim
Dennis How ..... M.N.T.
Henry Vinton ..... K.P.S.
Marcelle Rooge ..... The Vamp

Directed by ALLAN DWE from a story by FRED THOMPSON and scenario by ALLAN WOODS.

Very weak burlesque of an espionage age which is deficient in humour, poor in construction and which, by asking you at times to take it seriously, defeats its own object.

Sally Eilers and Ben Lyon make their British debut in this picture: it would probably be kinder to forget it.

TWO WIVES FOR HENRY


Carrie Martin ..... Henry Stetson
Dorothy Boyd ..... Estelle Stetson
Jack McMath ..... Hugh Honeymooner
Milliecute Wolf ..... Vera
Paul Cress ..... Alphonse Pajol
Melinda McWilliams ..... Gonzalo

Marital comedy of a business man who engages a second "wife" for business purposes and discovers she is a blackmailer.

Weak plot adequately handled and moderately well acted.
How To Shampoo
Fair Hair to Keep it
Golden Always

Blonde hair requires special care if you wish to prevent degeneration (colour pigment elimination) due to coal dust, gases in the atmosphere and fatty diet. Now, at last, Stablond, this wonderful new secret formula shampoo, not only brings back to even the most faded blonde hair that golden beauty of childhood, but it absolutely prevents the hair from darkening. Stablond, also known in many other countries as Blondex and Nurbland, is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Makes the permanent wave last longer. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silker, and more beautiful. Wonderful for children. Not for women who wish to bleach their hair. Stablond contains no henna, camomile, dye or injurious bleaches. Money back if not delighted. Stablond is made in England—sold by all chemists and hairdressers at 6d. Stablond Laboratories, Ltd., Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

Sole Distributors: Fassett and Johnson Ltd.

STABLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

CHILDREN'S
STOMACH PAINS
ARE A WARNING

If your kiddie has "tummy ache" and pain after eating, take heed. childish indigestion gives rise to acidity, the root cause of so many gastric troubles, even of terrible gastric and duodenal ulcers.

That's why doctors advise mothers to keep the wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder always in the house—the remedy made from the formula of the famous doctor which ends indigestion pain at once, counteracts the harmful acid and coats the poor, tortured, inflamed lining of the stomach with a soothing coating of curative powder.

This formula is being used in famous hospitals and clinics to cure practically every form of stomach trouble, and you can get it from your own chemist, simply by asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. But be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets, at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

For those who know and can command the best, the Yardley Lavender is the chosen perfume for outdoor sports, and for all informal occasions. Charming at all times, its fresh, clean fragrance is then delightful when heavy, exotic perfumes are out of place.

And the same exquisite fragrance weaves its way through all the delightful Yardley Lavender toilet luxuries, each one of the finest quality procurable.

Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/-, and in larger sizes up to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Powder 1/9, Complexion Cream 2/6, Compacts 2/- & 3/-, Lipsticks 2/- & 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, Talc 1/2 & 2/6, etc.

Prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

ICILMA HAIR POWDER SAVES THE SITUATION

"I'd love to come Joan, but really, my hair......" "Why not slip out and get some Icilma Hair Powder?" "That didn't take long—and how nice it looks!"

"Who is the girl with such lovely hair?"

However pressed for time you may be there is no need for your hair to be dull or greasy. In ten minutes Icilma Hair Powder gets rid of all the dust and grease, leaves your hair soft and glossy and revives the waves. Just sprinkle it on and brush out again—that's all there is to do.

Icilma
HAIR POWDER
for a quick Dry Shampoo
3d each 1/6 box of 7

February 24, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
I barged fairly extensively round the Thames Valley this week, and found quite a little going on.

For instance, they were in the thick of things at Twickenham, where they are making a talkie of the old Edgar Wallace play The Man Who Changed His Name.

If I'm not mistaken A. V. Bramble directed a silent version of this five or six years ago, with Stewart Rome in the title role.

Now Lyn Harding is playing it—the man who has been acquitted some years before of a series of particularly brutal murders, and has changed his name in order to live it down.

In the true Wallace vein, the story is an exciting one, because a circumstance arises (to wit, a spot of philandering on the part of the ex-suspect's young wife with a much younger man than her husband) which makes it seem probable that all these murders may be repeated.

A Better Betty

Betty Stockfield is playing the young wife. Betty has developed surprisingly as an actress since the days of 77 Park Lane and City of Song. Also she has an extremely attractive voice, which appeals equally to me and to the microphone.

The young man who is trying to cut in on Lyn Harding's preserves (and, glancing at Betty, it's difficult to blame him) is Leslie Perrins, whom I last saw as the "menace" in Lily of Killarney, with a very creditable Irish accent which was entirely assumed.

Ben Welden (who is one of my favourite screen Americans) is embroiled, as is also Aubrey Mather and Richard Dolman.

You know Dolman? Played the young dancer, Jerry Jennings, in The Good Companions. Lyn Harding's most successful recent screen appearance is as Sanger in The Constant Nymph, but you may not have seen that yet.

Henry Edwards is directing. "Tedwards" was very much in evidence in this studio (in which he had an interest) some years ago; it's pleasant to see him back at the old spot.

Tangled—and How!

The unit which (pending the completion of the new sound stage) has overflowed from Twickenham to Morton Park to make Tangled Evidence is also going right ahead. After hearing a brief resume of the plot I am inclined to think the title is one of the most apt I have come across for some time.

There are a number of people who blackmail each other, and one of them murders another; but as to exactly who, . . .

Anyway, Reginald Tate has now been added to the cast; and if you saw his performance as the Captain in the stage-play Eight Bells you will realise the importance of this screen debut.

I advised Tate some weeks ago to try his luck in films; I hope my advice will prove justified.

Monty's All Right

At Tweddington Warner Bros. have got well under way with their new film Father and Son, the village drama which Monty Banks is somewhat unexpectedly directing.

Still, it's perfectly logical for a director of force to undertake a drama, since force and drama are closely allied. For instance, they are more conclusive than straight comedy, they deal more in sharp blacks and whites ("soot and whitewash," as they say in the theatre) than does comedy with its half-tones, and in tempo they are both quick, whereas comedy is leisureed.

Having watched Monty at work on this picture, I feel fairly confident of the outcome.

It's a popular theme, of course, this relationship of parents and children. It was exploited with conspicuous success in Sorrell and Son and Sarah and Son.

This time we have the reactions of a very average young bank clerk to the fact that his father has come to live in the village after putting in a trifling matter of fourteen and a half years as a compulsory guest of His Majesty.

Gwynn, Jailbird

also we have the reactions of the father to his son's embarrassment—and as the father is that fine actor Edmund Gwynn this is going to be pretty interesting.

Esmond Knight is the son. The sex-appeal is little Daphne Courtenay, who I believe is still under contract to R.P., and whom I last saw in Bill, M.P., I think.

She's pretty, and intelligent. All that is required in addition to that is the right director and the right cameraman, and lo a star.

Farther up the Thames, they are making By-Pass to Happiness, which sounds encouragingly like the Road to Recovery we have all been searching for.

This By-Pass is being constructed at Sound City, and the chief travellers along it are Maurice Evans and Tamara Desni.

Evans you remember as the young man so completely led from the path of virtue and terribly forgetful of the Old School Tie in White Cargo.

He's a pretty useful actor, but until he went into Ball at the Savoy I had no idea he could sing.

A Bell is Rung

In this film he is a young man who starts a garage where a by-pass road is expected to be constructed, but finds himself "out in the blue."

(Continued on page 28)
Thick, wavy hair!

You, too, can have soft, abundant hair. It's simply a matter of using this easy method; approved by hair-specialists; endorsed by stars of stage and screen; used by millions who haven't time for the more laborious treatments.

To-night when you arrange your hair, just put a little 'Danderine' on your brush. Then as you draw the bristles through your hair, see how the scalp is toned and soothed. See how the hair becomes softer, easier to manage; how its natural colour is brought out; how it takes on new brilliance and lustre.

'Danderine' dissolves every particle of dandruff; helps to stop falling hair; keeps hair and scalp healthy; encourages the growth of soft, silky, abundant hair. Five million bottles a year. That proves Danderine's effectiveness!

Sold by Chemists & Stores, 1/3d, 2/6d and 4/6d

‘Danderine’
The One Minute Hair Beautifier
Made in England.

MASCOT BIRTHDAY STONE RING.
Quartz 1914, gold-lined DRESS RING set with Mascot Birthday Stone of exceptional brilliance.

JAN....January.  JUL....July.
FEB....February.  AUG....August.
MAR....March.  SEP....September.
APR....April.  OCT....October.
MAY....May.  NOV....November.
JUN....June.  DEC....December.

Every ring guaranteed to suit the individual will be returned if not found actually suited. Sold f.o. by 14 and Post Ltd. to HUM & MAYER (Dept. F.G.8), 418-426 Strand, London, W.C.2. Established 11 years.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT TODAY No deposit, no references required.
Call or write for Spring Catalogue, also Gentleman's Catalogue, sent post free.

SMARTWEAR Ltd.
292-297, Regent Street, London, W.I.

NERVOUSNESS
A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear robs your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION "INFERIORITY COMPLEX" GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS MORBID THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA WEAK NERVES WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quick remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1

Here are the 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

You can't see all these stains right away. But gradually they hide the lustre of your teeth — discolor them, make them dull.

And all these stains — because they are chemically different — will not yield to any one cleansing action.

But the TWO cleansing actions of Colgate's get every last one of them off your teeth. An emulsive action dissolves and washes away some of the stains. A fine polishing agent — such as dentists use — removes the others. Together they clean your teeth beautifully, down to the bright, sparkling enamel.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Real Summer flavours the whole year round

Melts
NEW BERRY FRUITS

with Fruit Liqueur Centres

Six flavours
GOOSEBERRY
TANGERINE
RASPBERRY
GRAPES
LEMON

26 boxes £1 cartons
The CHARM of a LOVELY FIGURE

is yours if you wear a KEMPAT, the brassiere that stretches both ways.

For, wherever you may be—at a party, a dinner or a dance—the KEMPAT adjusts itself to every movement of your body. It is never slack and never tight, always just right, moulding the contour into lovely natural lines without the hint of a cutting strap.

THE KEMPAT SECRET IS PATENTED
It is the little ring at the back which makes the KEMPAT Fat and Snugly. It makes all the difference in the world! Patent No. 595,776, British made.

Designs for day wear in everything from fine mercerised lawn to pure silk-velvet satin in ten sizes from 2/11 to 14/11.

KEMPAT BACKLESS Evening Brassiere Indispensable beneath the simplest creations. From 5/11 to 15/11. All models available in sizes 39 to 42 in, even only from all Stores and Drapers.

KEMPAT, LTD., KENILWORTH HOUSE, MARGARET ST., LONDON, W.I. (Wholesale only)

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

That situation rings a bell—and a loud insistent bell at that.

Yes, I know. In The Millionaire, George Arliss is in partnership with a young man who unwittingly buys a garage where a by-pass road (diverting the traffic from it) is constructed, and finds himself "out in the blue.

Really, this story problem is growing acute. You can seldom see a film nowadays without being vaguely reminded of one you have seen before. Sometimes, of course, it's the silent version. Sometimes it isn't.

For example, when I dropped in at the Gaumont-British plant at Shepherd's Bush this week I found they had just finished the Old Tivolii sequences in Evergreen, in which chorus ladies in pink tights performed the mildly indecorous evolutions that cause fathers to sit up in their red-plush seats and cheer.

The More it Changes—
And at Elstree I found a very life-like representation of an old-time music-hall, in which chorus ladies in pink tights performed the mildly indecorous evolutions, etc. (as above).

This Elstree one (for British International's The Magistrate) goes back further than the Gaumont one—back to the days when beer and the chairman were frequently drunk together—back to such songs as "Don't Dilly-dally" and "A Little Bit Off the Top," back to the heyday of Marie Lloyd and Little Tich, when the British music-hall was British and no error; before a single negro saxophonist or yellow crooner had seeped across the Atlantic.

It was all very noisy and beery and hearty in those days and the audience had a thoroughly good time, because they were being given exactly what they liked by people who had taken the trouble to find out what it was that they did like.

This, let me tell you, happens so seldom nowadays in the theatre that it's worth having a look at a reconstruction of the jolly days when it did, if only as a museum piece.

In other words, it's History Without Tears, and even without a single tear shed in. But the belly-laughs of yesteryear died away in our music-halls the night the last bottle of beer was removed from the stalls, and don't we want them back... or don't we?

Marie is Barred
Any way, the elders of us will have a lot of fun criticising the imitations of old music-hall favourites in this, done by such people as Jane Carr (I like Jane Carr), Morris, Harry Bedford, Sam Curtis, and the Heartly Sisters.

Unfortunately, even if anyone could give an adequate imitation of Marie Lloyd at her fruitiest, the censor wouldn't allow it, so what's the use?

There are three productions under the B.I.P. roof-tree at the moment—The Magistrate, Over the Garden Wall, in which John D'arcy is directly playing Bobby Howes and Marian Marsh, and a new one called Freedom of the Seas, in which Clifford Mollison will play the lead.

This will be directed by Marcel Varnel.

Gracie Gwyn

At last, it's happened. They have cast Gracie Fields as Nell Gwyn. However, reserve your judgment: for a moment. It's all right, it's only as a burlesque.

It occurs in Love, Life, and Laughter which Maurice Elvey is directing at Ealing Green. The action calls for the filming of a scene from "Nell Gwyn," in which Gracie plays Nell to John Loder's King Charles.

We are to be treated in this scene to a film studio's notion of what film production is really like—and if it's not, what shouldn't it be? I don't suppose Shakespeare was the first to exploit the "play within a play."' Wrenn when he wrote "I know who he will be the last to feature the "film within a film" idea? And when?

The publicity-line about Gracie getting "& a minute" for her work in this film has produced a great many people who think they can try to work out how much she is receiving for the picture; but it has had one good effect—the somewhat leisuredly-youthful youth whose job it is to inform the players in their dressing-rooms that they are wanted on the set has now developed a habit of running to summon Miss Fields, lest a delay of twenty seconds should cost the studio an extra 135. 4d.

Gracie Gwyn is having a field-day in this production. She becomes in turn a defendant in a police-court, a debauchee at a royal reception, the proprietress of a "Chelsea Inn de Luxe" [whatever that may be, if anything], canvasser in a London Hospital fund procession, singer, dancer, and broadcaster.

Who Threw—?
I regret to report that "lover Gracie" has been guilty of conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in this film.
February 24, 1934

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

OXYGEN BATHS
HOLD SECRET OF LOVELY SKIN

TO-DAY'S chic dress lines pitilessly expose skin blemishes and coarseness—just as you have noticed unattractiveness in others, so you too are subject to critical scrutiny. A bath, therefore, should not merely cleanse, it MUST be a beauty treatment too! Make your bath enchantingly fragrant, luxuriously soft and supercharged with beautifying oxygen by crumbling in a Reudel Bath Cube. The oxygenated water dissolves away secretions and holds dirt and soap in solution so that it cannot wash back into the pores. Thus imperfections disappear and body skin takes on that glowing, velvety smoothness which is the elusive secret of loveliness and charm.

Reudel Bath Cube
oxygenates your bath 2p each.

Hoarse? You need
Allenbury's PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 6d. 4-ozs. 1/3

LASHES that
ALLURE

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES
LONGLASH

the medically approved Lash Cream. Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beach. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beach. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

LASHES that
ALLURE

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES
LONGLASH

AMAMI WAVE SET

Sets deep Waves and Tight Curls.

6 Wave-Settings for 6½

GLYMIEL Jelly

Tubes 3d, 6d, & 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

GLYMIEL Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.

Glymiel Jelly

The medically approved Lash Cream, Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beach. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.

Hoarse? You need
Allenbury's PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 6d. 4-ozs. 1/3

LASHES that
ALLURE

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES
LONGLASH

AMAMI WAVE SET

Sets deep Waves and Tight Curls.

6 Wave-Settings for 6½

GLYMIEL Jelly

Tubes 3d, 6d, & 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

GLYMIEL Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.

Glymiel Jelly

The medically approved Lash Cream, Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beach. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.

Hoarse? You need
Allenbury's PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 6d. 4-ozs. 1/3

LASHES that
ALLURE

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES
LONGLASH

AMAMI WAVE SET

Sets deep Waves and Tight Curls.

6 Wave-Settings for 6½

GLYMIEL Jelly

Tubes 3d, 6d, & 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

GLYMIEL Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.

Glymiel Jelly

The medically approved Lash Cream, Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beach. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/-. Special Brush 4d.

Glymiel Jelly contains special softening and beautifying ingredients and is made by a private process that cannot be copied. Get a tube TO-DAY. Ask for GLYMIEL Jelly.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

DEBUNKING the DIRECTOR

"Box-Office must be combined with artistry."

ITLTH so much de-bunking of stars going on, the legend of 'the great director' might also be exposed. The industry and public would benefit equally if the genius behind the megaphone were brought into perspective.

"For too long there has been a tendency to hail films made by certain publicised directors, as works of unparalleled genius. In many cases the less reverent public reverses this judgment, but it seems that box-office stars have little effect on some directorial reputations."

"As films are made with the sole object of separating the public from its money, the director whose film loses money is incompetent. The plea that a picture is too artistic for popular consumption, does not bear examination. The director who cannot combine artistry with entertainment does not know his job."

"The great directors, such as Lubitsch and Milestone, succeed with genuine art. Those whose masterpieces never want to see are 'phony' or 'geniuses.' "...E. E. Holland, Cliffside House, Boundary Road, Worthing, Sussex."

(I agree that there are many inflated directorial reputations, but I would hesitate to say that at the present time artistry can be combined with 'box-office.' At any rate very few 'artistic' films, even by Lubitsch, have made money.)

Ernst Lubitsch

Kinema's Threatened Popularity

"Is the cinema losing its popularity? Undoubtedly aalty, the keenness of many regular kinema-goers is approaching saturation point. A film that will grip the imagination of these regular patrons must be original and an absolutely first class production. If they have, by now, become thoroughly acquainted with most variations of the 'eternal triangle,' murder plots, and such like.

"Plain common sense should tell the film producers that public taste will inevitably sicken if they continue to present a succession of films of the same, monotonous type."

"In the stage, dancing, greyhound and dirt-track racing, all these and many other forms of public entertainment are now seriously competing for the enormous popularity enjoyed by the screen."

"Bright, sensible, logical and, above all, original film stories aided by first class acting and photography, is what the public really desires and must have—otherwise the pendulum of public entertainment will swing in another direction."—J. Roslym, 36 Eileen Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, winner of this week's guinea prize.

(Picturegoer has, for months, been warning the movie moguls that this situation is arising. There will be no substantial remedy, however, until the output is reduced and kinema classification is instituted.)

Those Screen Doctors

"More often than not, I have observed an absolute ignorance displayed by 'doctors' in film stories as regards the elementary rules of diagnosis or treatment. I can give only one or two examples:"

"In Gabriel Over the White House, the President collapses, and his doctor complacently allows him to be propped up with his head above the level of his body, while he diagnoses a 'heart-attack.' He then proceeds to administer some drops. Surely, the President's physician might be expected to have a hypodermic syringe near at hand!"

"In The Doss House, a woman falls in a heap, but continues to converse placidly; the doctor pronounces the attack to be 'angina pectoris'—which, is, perhaps, the most exquisitely agonising affliction that flesh is heir to."

"I am sure I voice the feelings of my medical colleagues when I protest against this slip-shod treatment of medical matters in films."—V. E. Kamath, M.B.B.S., 50 Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

Benita and The Bath Tub

"I was amused to read Malcolm Phillips's open letter to Caudette Colbert entitled 'Come Out of the Bath Tub.' I wonder what Benita Hume thought about it all?"

"By a curious coincidence, you published a scene from few Sins in the same issue of Picturegoer which depicts Miss Hume, once again in the bath tub."

"I wonder why it is, that as soon as Benita enters a British studio, they start to get out the bathroom fittings? If I remember rightly, Miss Hume spent some of the footage of Ladies in the bath tub, and before that, in High Treason."

"Bath of the Bath Room is surely an easy winner of the bath tub queen title. Incidentally, Hollywood preferred to exploit Miss Hume fully dressed, I think a great admirer of the actress, but I do wish that she, too, would come out of the bath tub."

"However, before Miss Hume does that, I think it's only fair that she should take part in a 'de Mille' epic. With the experience of Miss Hume and Mr. de Mille combined, surely it would be the bath tub film, to end bath tub films."—L. Scrismshere, 9 George Street, Hertsford, Herts, winner of the second prize of half a guinea.

In Defence of Westerns

"M. being said against Western dramas these days, I feel it is only right to say a little for the other side. Judging from personal experience, and I can safely say I am a frequent frequenter of Westerns and out of and out of cinemas, there are still many who, now and again, honestly enjoy a good Western picture."

"The Western, to the American Indian, is a symbol of justice and fair-play, and perhaps, would seem to break the chain of murders, marriages, mix-ups, etc., which form the main part of other films, and which, eventually, seems to become rather boring."

"Nevertheless, I do agree that they need brightening up."

"If the heroine wouldn't get carried away in the almost proverbial buggy, and if the hero would get killed for a change, it might give to this comparatively sound type of film a further lease of life."

"My letter, I know, seems two-sided, but I know that many will agree with me that these spectacular and still entertainment movies should not be stamped out entirely. Good luck to them."—(Mr.) T. Sagin, 8 Lamark Mansions, Penndall Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

[It, too, think there is still room for good Westerns on the screen.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. 10d. will be paid for the two most interesting and 5/- for other letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to 'Thinker,' The Picturegoer Weekly, 12, Upper Acres, W.C.1.
Get ready for the Big Picture. Pop a Zube into your mouth. There's nothing finer for the throat and chest. Tobacco smoke won't irritate your throat now. Ensure comfort...

Go... Suck a ZUBE

2½ OUNCE 3d. • 6d. IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

MAKING YOUR HAIR LOOK ITS LOVELIEST WITH THESE BEAUTY RINSES

When you have not time to give your hair a proper wash or shampoo, rinse it with Camilatone Golden Rinse or Tonrins—the gentle, harmless rinse which makes the hair sparkle and glow, however dull or faded it may have been.


SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

For a limited period only good Chemists or Hairdressers will supply you with two 6d. packets (each containing sufficient for three rinses) for 9d. Choose the rinse to suit your shade of hair.

YOUR TONGUE WILL WARN YOU OF FILM ON TEETH

Feel with your tongue for a slippery coating on your teeth. That is Film—constantly forms; absorbs stains...it shelters germs. To fight decay you must remove Film every day.

Obsolete methods will not remove Film. That is why dentists urge the special Film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Pepsodent is safe, its special cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as those in common use. As it removes Film, Pepsodent polishes teeth thoroughly and effectively.

Pepsodent stands unique in Film-removing power...in giving teeth back their natural lustre.

L. T. PIVER Paris

the ORIGINATOR of the MATT FINISH VOGUE

CLEAR SKIN! SPARKLING VITALITY!

this pleasant, dependable laxative makes them YOURS!

Feen-a-mint gives glowing health by giving thorough relief from constipation. No over-action; no griping. Children especially love its fresh, mint flavour!

Feen-a-mint for the whole family

Obtainable at all Chemists. 1/3 a box
FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. (in stamps to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd., Dept. B.A., 141, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6D. SIZE

L. T. PIVER

is the original matt-textured face powder, the one and only. The ever matty and exquisitely fine texture of Poudre MATTEVER with its delicate perfume will appeal to you. The only powder to give the perfect matt finish complexion. 1/3 a box in 9 shades.

Parfum MATTEVER

one of the loveliest notes of L. T. PIVER preparations. 1/9 to 5/-. Trial size 1/3.

by the same creator as Le Trefle Incense and d'Aventure Perfumes, Powders, etc.

Don't let "economy" spoil your pleasures.

THERE is no need to say, "I can't afford it."

We offer you a new hobby that will ADD POUNDS TO YOUR INCOME and that will also give you a new dignity and respect among your friends.

It is an easy, pleasant and friendly hobby that will bring you a good Commission and Profit-share (from £2 up to £5 and more) for a few minutes of your spare time each week. You have no samples to carry or selling to do — you need no experience or capital, and it will not interfere with your present employment. It is simply the organising of a "Worldwide" Club amongst a few friends or acquaintances, who buy direct from the Warehouses, saving 5s. to 10s. in the £, on the very items that is. weekly.

Send the Coupon to-day for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of this money-making opportunity—FREE and without obligation.

"George" and "Anne" are your inquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREROGER WEEKLY. When a reply is received a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

E. B. (Brighton).—Caits as required; (1) The Last Parade; (2) Cookie Lookout; Jacki; Hob; Mike O'Dowd; Tom Moore; Molly Fleming—Constance Cummings; Larry Frieson—Gayford Pendleton; Marino—Robert Ellis; Lefty—John D. Burns; Vivi—Vivian Rousenberg—Jean de Vorsta; Chief of Police; (3) The Daring Editor—Edward G. Robinson; Alaham—Clarence Muse—Joe; Lines to the Kitchen—Danny Manchini—Robert Oldham; (3) Soldiers of the Storm—Brad Stevens— overflowing—Natalie Blanc; Anna; Tyee—Spanish Waiters—Barbara Weeks; Man—Robert Ellis; George—Wheeler Oakman; Sonia—Barbara Barondess; Chuck Blakiston; Dewey; Robinson; Red—George Cooper.

INDUSTRIAL FAN.—(1) Francis was born in 1903 on January 13; she married Kenneth McMenam in January, 1931. R. L. (South East Half).—(1) Write to Sally Eliders c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, and to Richard Barthelmess, c/o Warners-Finest National Studio, Burbank, California. Sally Eliders' pictures are made on Broadway, Wall of Gold, and Hollywood. (2) Richard Barthelmess' new films are Heroes for Sale, Massacre, and A Modern Traitor.

REGULAR READERS (Middlesex).—(1) Here is the cast of The Circus Queen Murder: Thelma Todd—Adolph Menjou; June Jones—Your—Greta Nissen; Kelly—Ruthless Uther; Werner Bross—Dwight Frye; Sebastian—Donald Cook; Duane—Harry Holman; Truman—George Ramsey. A criticism of the film appeared in the September 23 issue of this magazine. (2) Address Adolph Menjou c/o Warner Bros., Burbank, California; latest films are The Worst Woman in a Town in California, and Rare to Love. (3) Write to Claudette Colbert c/o Paramount Studio, 5235 San Vincente Street, Hollywood, California; latest films are Three-Cornered Moon, The Cowboy, and Four Frightened People and Night Bus. (4) Release dates as follows: Prisoner of Love, May 1, 1934; Henry VIII, February 19, 1934; and Turkey Tier, April 16, 1934. (5) Colette will be in May on July 7; he also works at the Paramount Studio, and is a member of the cast of Man Who Broke His Heart.

C. F. (Bromley).—John Giegud was born on April 14, 1904, in London, educated at Westminster School and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; 5 ft. 9 in., tall, brown hair and blue eyes, clean shaven and usually well-dressed. He is not married. Films include Smiles and The Good Companions.

M. H. (Falseth) and AN FAN (Littleborough).—Jan Kipper, comes from Stockholm, Poland, and will be 32 this year. He has signed a contract to appear in films in Universal Studios, Universal City, California, and to be addressed to that studio should he arrive.

W. G. H. (Newbury).—(1) There is no W. H. Smith & Son bookstall on Paddington Station, but there is one in Craven Street close to the station. (2) Yes, Charles Laughton comes from Scarborough, England. He was born on January 1, 1899, educated Stourbridge College and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, appeared during the war. Married Elsa Lanchester; 5 ft. 10 in., tall, fair hair and blue eyes.

AN ADMIRER. — Frank Lawton was born on September 30, 1904, in London. Pictures include: It's a Wonderful Life; Big House; Your Old Man; Office Hours; Martin and John; Cavalcade; Journey's End; and In Flanders Fields. Address him c/o Grosvenor British Film Studios, 23 Greene, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

E. B. W. (Bolivian).—(1) David Manners' real name is Robert Ackdon. He was born on April 30, 1902, at Halifax, Nova Scotia; 6 ft. tall, brown hair and blue eyes. University of Toronto, Canada. Married Marion Foulds (marriage dissolved). (2) Addresses: David Manners, c/o United Artists, 4041 Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood, California; John Leder, c/o Paramount Studios, 5235 San Vincente Street, Los Angeles, California; Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12; Charles McGraw, c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

FRILLY STRICKLING (Dartington).—Mary Pickford will be 44 on April 8. She was born in Canada; 5 ft., tall, fair hair and blue eyes. Read Charles Lamb.

INTERESTED (Pupler).—Magda Schneider was born on May 17 at Aussig; entered films in 1931. Has just made Jablot, a French film.

BILL (Ballot).—The actor who appeared in Adorable, International House, When Ladies Meet, Gold Diggers of 1933, and Imaginary Spoilt.

OR. E. — Conrad Veidt was born on January 22, 1893, in Berlin; 6 ft. 2 in. tall, dark hair and blue eyes. Busy with driving, motorizing and sailing. His latest film is The Serenade. Write to him c/o Gaumont-Brill British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. Your request has been passed on to the studio.


A. J. (Pennarth).—Anna Neagle went to Italy in September last year to make a film entitled The Queen.


13' (Birkenhead).—I have managed to find the replies to most of your inquiries. (1) The role of Sedley Brook in The Krayside was played by Henry Kolker. (2) Frank Ashton costume in The Chicagoan's buddy, Alf, in Smoke Lightning and as the Haberdasher's Assistant in that film. (3) Maude Eburne, who you saw in My Man Godfrey, was related to the actor, who played the role of the scientist, Prof. Seabury, in Six Hours to Live. You are no trouble.

N. W. (Gloucester).—Henry Kendal was born in 1900 and is the son of stage parents. Educated City of London School; 6 ft., tall, brown hair and blue eyes; hobby is football. Worked as an actor for two years after leaving school and gained the Air Force Cross. His films, other than the ones you mention, are: The Cabin in the Iron Tree, Tristamion, Great Occasion, Innocent of Chicago, High Speed, Mr. Bill, In the Name of King, Rites of Man, This Week of Grace, and The Flau.

FILM GEORGE. — Herewith the cast of his latest film: Woman's Boyfriend, and Alison Skipworth; Wilmer Hicks—Richard Bennett; George—Donald Grant; Harvey—John Burton; Brides—Alphonse Henderson; cages—Alice Evans; Patsy Hicks—George Wanger; Easie—Maudle Eburne; James Betterton—Robert McIre; John Adams—J. Farrell MacDonald.

LILLIAN FAN (Oxford).—(1) Lilian Harvey uses her own name for publicity purposes. She is a native of Mussel Hill and was born on January 19, 1907; 5 ft. 1 in., tall, blue eyes and fair hair. Engaged to marry Willie Frisch. Films include: Maysee, A Knight in London, The Temporary Widow, Our Dark Spot, Horse Power, The Model for Paradise, The Love Waltz, Le Chemin du Paradis, Her Highflying Camper, Congress Dancing, Happy Ever After, My Lips Betray, My W fals, and I'm Samson. Address him; c/o Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. (2) Robert Montgomery's picture includes: So This is College, Their Own Desire, Free and Easy, The Divoise, Big House, Rich Man's Poor Man, Nature of the Child, Love in the Rough, War Nurse, Tavern, May Kin, Inspiration, Shipmaster, Man in Pasticion, but the Fish is Weak, Poor Patsy, In the Name of Courage, Letty Lynton, Blinds of the New Woman, Ladies Meet Night Flight, Another Language, Pageant of the World, and Robert Montgomery was born on May 21, 1904, at Moscow, New York; 6 ft. 1 in., tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Married Elizabeth Morrison recently. Marred a police officer, travel and writing. Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Studio City, California. (3) Maureen O'Sullivan will be seen in A Love Affair, The Sea Hound, Peggy Ann, Stage Mother, and Tatsumi and His Little Sisters. For further information, write to Miss E. J. Smith, Queen St. Luxe—Renate Muller; Arvey—Owen Newfield; Lord Chancellor—Mrs. Mumpis. Morris Harvey. The theme song of this film is To-day I Feel So Happy. (5) Fernando Graczy was born in Berlin; and he is the son of a Belgian refugee family. Has been appearing on the stage in New York, which marks his first appearance in British films.

WORRIED (Wembley).—Hawaiicr the players in Mrs. We Go To — — — — Sylvia Sidney, Freddie March, Adrienne Allen, Skeets Gallagher, Esther Howard, George
Beautiful down to her finger-tips

**HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she’s very beautiful, but—"**

It is the attention to the minute details which count, and a girl’s hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous Kraska Nail Polish. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

**"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER** instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off.

1/- cuticle extractor.

1/-. 1/-. 1/-

**"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER.** Supplied with patent touch and then wipe off.

Prices 1/-. 1/-. 2/-. 2/. 2/-. 2/-

**"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH** is made in 25 fascinating colours.

Blanche, Nacratelle, Royce, Double Rose, Quadrupe Rose, Deep Quadruple Rose, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake Deep Chinese Red, Orange, Purple, Rose Pearl, Gold Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tange-Coral, etc.

**"KRASKOL"** for under-arm hygiene, Odourless, safe, antiseptic, effective for the prevention and cure of underarm perspiration.

1/- and 1/-

**"KRASKA"** for use with Kraska Polish Remover. For keeping the hands free from unsightly stains.

STOP THAT COLD IN HALF THE TIME deep-seated colds start to go after the first spoonful of Galloway’s. It’s the same with coughs—Galloway’s means complete recovery in next to no time.

**GALLOWAY’S Cough Syrup**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/- or 2/-. 1/- or 2/-. 1/- or 2/-. 1/- per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E. 17.
WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

ANDERRUFF or scurf is a common affection of the scalp and a serious enemy of beautiful hair. Hair, of course, is extremely obstinate, and to cure the condition the greatest patience and persistence must be shown. It cannot be cured in a week.

Both kinds cause the hair to lose all bright lights, prevent growth, and ultimately make the hair fall. Dry scurf comes from deficient secretion of the sebaceous glands and in consequence the scalp is at- able, and the hair brittle and poorly nourished. In the case of greasy scurf, the secretions are excessive, and the scalp often thickened and inflamed.

Both kinds are highly contagious because bacteria are invariably present, and therefore great care should be taken to keep hair brushes and combs separate, so that healthy scalps may not become infected too.

This, particularly true where children are concerned. They are liable to catch it very quickly.

It is important that the scalp should be treated when it shows the early signs of this trouble for if left untreated the original patches tend to spread and join up, so that the complete area is affected.

The Treatment

The first essential in the treat- ment of the condition is scrupu- lous cleanliness by means of frequent hair-washing.

Many suffer from the dry form refrain from frequent shampooing under the mis- take that to do so is to make the condition worse. This is not so.

Many medicated soaps may be obtained for the purpose, or any chemist will make up a spirit soap lotion consisting of 3 oz. of soft soap and 3 oz. of methylated spirits. To this should be added 1 grain of bichloride of mercury.

This affects the temporary removal of the trouble, but it will not cure the trouble and the patches will return again. There are a number of lotions and pomades for treating the cure of the trouble, but they need to be varied according to the particular type of the trouble and the state to which it has advanced. It is impossible to print them all here.

But if sufferers are interested, they should write to me, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and describe the exact condition of the trouble. I shall be happy to give them all the help possible.

Generally speaking, lotions are easier on the texture of the skin and difficult for the girl who goes out to earn her living to use an ointment, for it means that the scalp must be washed next morning before she can go to business. But the woman who stays at home can try that form of cure.

Restoring the Hair

W hether in the case of dandruff or scurf has been cleared up, it is necessary to undertake a course of treatment to nourish the hair and encourage new growth.

Until the hair is completely healthy again, it is better to use a shampoo, for the soap, which is very hard, should be whipped up and brought to the hair. From this point onwards may then be whipped up and will leather easily on the head. Take care when using the soaps to avoid traces adhesive, and a tablespoonful of strained lemon juice to the last rinsing water, and if possible dry with towels. While the hair is in an unhealthy condition this is infinitely better than drying by heat.

Clean Brushes

H ave two brushes in use so that you may take a clean brush every morning, and if you use a large bag, the brushes may be kept clean and dry.

Part the hair in sections and brush each section thoroughly. Brush it from underneath towards the ends. This allows the air to get to it, stimulates the scalp, removes dust and dead scales, and dries the natural oil along the length of the hair.

If not well kept, the scalp will not be of much use, and many a girl who has a healthy scalp will lose it because it has not been cleaned and kept clean.

Conservative Cooking

C ooking in general has a damaging effect on vitamin C. For reasons of convenience, fruit and vegetables should be eaten raw. The shredded heart of raw cabbage can be eaten raw. The grated raw carrot is both refreshing and delightful. It goes specially well with a lettuce salad or a cheese salad.

Steaming vegetables is to be preferred to boiling them. Cooking them in a casserole is better still, for in this way practically the whole vitamin content is preserved undamaged. If you must boil vegeta- bles, avoid the use of a bicarbonate nor bicarbonate of soda should be added, and the boiling should be rapid. The longer the boiling process, the more destructive to the vitamins.

Instead of throwing away the water in which the vegetables have been cooked, make a tis- sue of your own gravy from it and drink a cupful of it when it has cooled. In making the gravy, use also a yeast extract which you can buy ready for use. This is rich in vitamin B, which prevents anemia.

Answers to Correspondents

Poets (Bath)—“Spaura” would be excel- lent for your little girl’s sanitary tools. You can obtain this material in plain shades at 12 per yard and in printed designs at 15. per yard. I would recommend your ordering in “Spaura,” 44, Spout House, York Street, Manchester, for a booklet.

Marie (Tottenham)—A bluster on the heel should not be neglected as it may develop into a sepia place. Use a footbath con- taining a mild antiseptic. Soak the foot for ten minutes, renewing the water as it cools. Apply an antiseptic dressing and bind in place. The blister needs care while it remains moist, and will be as it has dried up it will take care of itself.
Head colds with their attendant coughing, sneezing and dizziness are about. They can definitely be stopped quickly with 'ASPRO'. The reason is because 'ASPRO' reduces feverishness in a few minutes and has a soothing influence on the nerves. The attendant congestion is relieved—irritability soothed away—the temperature reduced. The result is that after one or two doses of 'ASPRO' you will be quite free from your cold. Definite relief follows the first dose. So you see there's no need to put up with colds. It costs little to try 'ASPRO', so why not try it?

REMEMBER—FEVERISH COMPLAINTS

YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' COSTS MORE THAN ASPIRIN—IT DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer it in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 16 years, 1 tablet. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

3½, 6½, 13½
PER PACKET
EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2½ packet, it contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3½ worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1½ packet, which contains two extra tablets.
LOVELY STARS use this beauty soap

“keeps skin so smooth—” they say

“No experiments,” say the film stars. “We use Lux Toilet Soap, it keeps skin clear, smooth and youthfully attractive.” The film stars discovered this simple complexion care and now declare it essential. Actually 705 out of the leading 713 screen and stage stars are using Lux Toilet Soap—regularly. In Hollywood and England it is—

THE OFFICIAL BEAUTY SOAP IN ALL GREAT STUDIOS

Such a simple, inexpensive beauty care... yet so very effective! Use Lux Toilet Soap—regularly. It will do for you what it has done for Jean Harlow and hundreds of other lovely stars. Hold youth and beauty in your skin... have a thrilling complexion that is always clear, smooth, and youthfully attractive.

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary soap! Gives a rich, quick lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin... A lovely pure-white tablet delicately perfumed, daintily wrapped. Buy it from your grocer or dealer and use it regularly—for your bath and shampoo as well.

JEAN HARLOW (M.G.M.) says “I use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully, for it keeps my complexion exactly as I like it—velvety smooth, clear and always youthful.”

Lesley Wareing ★ Enid Stamp Taylor ★ Jeanne Stuart ★ Wendy Barrie

LUX TOILET SOAP ★ 3d A TABLET

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A LEVER PRODUCT
Still another reason why ‘Mine’s a Minor’

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large — big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.
Plain, ‘Cork’ or ‘Ivory’ tipped

De Reszke MINORS
Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS • 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-
For Your Child's Tender Skin

USE

Cuticura Soap

And know that you are laying the foundation for a healthy skin in later life. Pure, gentle and delicately medicated, it is ideal for keeping tender, sensitive skins clear and healthy, FREE FROM RASHES AND IRRITATIONS.

Price £1. Sold at all Chemists.

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by method fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self, to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear ruins your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION, "INFERIORITY COMPLEX", GROUNDLESS FEARS

LASSITUDE, SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, MORBID THOUGHTS

INSOMNIA, WEAK NERVES, WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 13) 40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

TO THE RESCUE

Just when the picture gets exciting, throat noises are most annoying. Get some Zubes and ensure your own comfort and that of your neighbours. To protect your throat and chest...

Go... Suck a ZUBE

2 1/2 OUNCE 3 & 6 D IN FLAT TINS

ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

New FACE POWDER SECRET

Gives "DULL FINISH" to Greasiest Skin

This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loveliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Poudre Tokalon, by which "Mousse de Cream" is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. Even after a long evening's dancing in a hot room your complexion is as fresh and lovely as when you began.

The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.


"As it should be" the tunic frock is at its smartest in two tones of novelty woolens, with leather buttons. Cash £5 15/- gns. monthly

"Some of these days" a touch of check in the revers and unusual buttoned shoulders make this novel- ty woolens coat of importance. Cash £6 19/6 gns. monthly

TINS, BOOK, "DULL FINISH" TO- DAY, 50 CENTS. DULLEST Poudre Tokalon, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

"It is remarkable how with a simple line of powders and creams a greatly economical and practical saving is obtained..." - Making of Your Own Dress, "Surgical" Dept. P.G. 139

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon.

Go... Suck a ZUBE

A SLIM FORM

Do you wish to slim yourself of those attractive "extra" inches? No one can refuse 3 to 5 inches and have a lovely skin (storage is in a few weeks). Simply call in a Slimmer, Guaranteed harmless. Wonderful testimonials. Absolutely for Free Rocket. Send postcard, SLIM CREAM, Dept. P.G., 32 Dean Rd., LONDON, N.W.1.

shop in bond st.
the practical way

open an instalment account with corol, and you can purchase the latest models by instalments.
call at the showrooms and see the spring collection of afternoon and evening gowns, coats, ensembles, etc., or post the coupon below for the corol spring fashion guide and full particulars.

33 old bond st.,
london, w.1

free please send corol spring fashion guide and full particulars.

address...

name...

P. 139

March 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
When you can’t spare the time for a meal . . .

When you’re chained to your desk . . .

When the lunch hour is your shopping hour . . .

Buy a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as

When you are hungry Cadburys Milk Chocolate gives you a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is real satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and a medium sized ham sandwich.

**Cadburys Milk Chocolate**

*a very nourishing food*
A MAE WEST MYSTERY

Age Controversy—Garbo’s Supremacy Challenged—Meet Jean Muir—Barbara Bennett’s Comeback—Dietrich Film on Fire—Lubitsch Condemns “All Star” Pictures.

HOW old is Mae West? The question of the age of the “Queen of Sex” is developing into one of filmland’s major controversies.

Even the mystery of Joan Crawford’s birthday date has faded into insignificance. The query is usually met with a shocked silence within the precincts of the Paramount studio, while the star’s personal entourage have been known to become aggressive when questioned.

Cary Grant was masterfully tactful on the subject during his recent visit to these shores, but some of Mae’s friends have gone on record as saying that she is thirty-one.

On the other hand, it is well known that May (the Mae was a later development) was doing an adult act in American vaudeville “small time” before 1912.

Make your own guess.

Seniors Challenge to Garbo

The days of Garbo’s supremacy are numbered, according to a Hollywood report.

No longer may Greta stand, literally and metaphorically, unchallenged. Jean Muir, the new Warner “discovery,” who played her first lead in As the Earth Turns, and who according to people who should know is very beautiful, takes a number nine to accommodate her dainty little tootsies!

No Feminine Stars

The failure of the Warner studio to create a new feminine star has become almost a talkie tradition. I wonder if Jean Muir will succeed in shattering it.

Joan Blondell has probably come nearer to breaking the spell than anybody, but ingratiating player though she is, Joan is no Garbo. The same might be said of Ruby Keeler.

Ray Francis, Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton, the other big feminine names on the pay roll, were all established stars before they moved over to the Warner lot.

It appears probable now, too, that Chatterton (to whom, by the way, there is an Open Letter on page 8) will make Journal of a Crime her last picture for the firm.

More Film Feuds

Ruth’s departure has left her luxurious bungalow dressing room, the most magnificent in filmland, vacant and after many executive head-aches over the rival claims of Ray Francis, Ruby Keeler and Barbara Stanwyck, the honour has been awarded to the last named.

The Burbank studio, incidentally, seems to be the storm centre of screenland at the moment.

Hollywood’s most spectacular current feud is between Jean Blondell and Genevieve Tobin, who since they appeared together in Goodbye Again are reported to be not too complimentary about one another.

And Wonderbar, on the same lot, is said to have produced a first class quarrel between Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez.

Debut as Corpse

Jean Muir has only been in pictures for a little over six months. She made a somewhat unusual screen debut as the corpse in Bureau of Missing Persons. Since then she has been in five pictures—something of a record for a new-comer.

Jean is from New York and has had two or three years on the stage.

She does not smoke, never drinks cocktails and takes a certain amount of pride in the fact that she has bigger feet than Garbo.

The Sheik’s Steed

Many picturegoers over 25 may be interested to learn that Jadaan, the late Rudolph Valentino’s Arabian horse, is returning to the screen. Jadaan carried Rudy through many of his greatest successes, including The Sheik.

For several years the horse, now the property of

(Continued on page 7)
The Fox Company has high hopes of making a big star out of the young English girl who once ran away from school to go on the stage. Pat is making her Hollywood debut opposite John Boles and Spencer Tracy in one of the studio’s biggest musicals of the season, at present untitled in this country.
The Girl on the Cover

METEORIC CAREER OF ANNA NEAGLE

The career of Anna Neagle is one of the great romances of the British stage and screen.

Formerly a gymnasiummistress, she took up ball-room dancing with such success that she reached the final of the all England championship.

Determined to win fresh honours on the stage, she entered the profession via the chorus of Cochran and Chalet shows.

She went to America with Jack Buchanan's Wake up and Dream company, and so impressed that popular star that, on his return, he promoted her to the position of his leading lady in his next show, Stand up and Sing.

And when Buchanan decided to make a film of Goodnight Vienna, he again chose her to play opposite him.

Her screen success was as instantaneous as her triumph in Stand up and Sing was on the stage.

To-day she is among the most important stars in English films.

Anna's real name is Marjorie Robertson and she was born in Essex on October 20, 1908.

She is 5 ft. 4½ inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Pictures of Anna Neagle's latest success, The Queen, will be found on pages 18 and 19.

Lubitsch Condemns All-Star Films

All" star" casts are out of favour at the stage, the former profession I note, the latest authority to enter the lists against them.

No picture, he declares, should carry more stars than can find a legitimate place in that picture—and by this I mean a legitimate place for the kind of performance that the public has a right to expect from them.

If, he adds, the industry has reached a point where a production, in order to sell itself, has to carry an array of distinguished performers simply because they have big names for the display on the marquee, then it is time that the industry woke up.

"I believe in stars," says the Herr Ernst.

"But I believe in playing honest with both the public and the stars. And it is not honest to exploit a 'Multiple star' cast of big names, with nothing for the big names to give to the audience."

Kinema Couples

The award of 10s. 6d. goes this week to Miss Violet M. Freeland of 4, Adelina Pati Hospital, Craig-y-nos, Penycae, Swansea, for —

Gioiopatra

Bomman Scandals

Prizes of 2s. 6d. each go to James A. King, 10, Burnham Gardens, Hounslow, Middlesex; for —

An American Tragedy

The Percher

To Miss M. Long, Deanwood, Pitville Circus Rd., Cheltenham. Glos., for —

Purr in Your Troubles

Excess Baggage

To D. C. Crooke, 35, Gibe Road, Barnes, S.W.3, for —

Murder in Covent Garden

Say it With Flowers

And to Miss K. Stanley, 179, Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol, for —

Out All Night

The Man Who Dared

The only rule in this contest is that all attempts must be sent in on postcards—envelopes will not be opened. Address to me, c/o PICTUERGOER, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Short Shots

John Barrymore has practically decided to make a Violet M. Freeland of a story based on the life of George Sand, has been purchased for Katharine Hepburn—Zasu Pitts recently revealed that she was secretly married in October to Edward Woodall, a broker—Edna May Oliver will support George Arliss in his next picture, tentatively titled, Head of the Family—It is now officially announced that Jeanette MacDonald is to be Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in The Merry Widow—simultaneous with the news that Buster Keaton is back in two-reelers, comes the report that his sister Louise Keaton is embarking on a career as a screen comedienne—the role that Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., has in Success Story was created on the stage by Franchot Tone.

"Picturegoer" Gold Medal

Voting for The PICTUERGOER Gold Medal Award is keeping my postman busy.

Have you recorded your vote yet?

Gold medals are awarded for the best performance by an actor and actress in 1933. Write on a post card the names of the two artists and the pictures in which you consider they established their claims and address it to "Award of Merit," PICTUERGOER, Long Acre, W.C.2.

The most important stipulation to remember is that only films that were generally released in 1933 are to be considered.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
A LITTLE Chat to CHATTERTON

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS addresses this week’s Open Letter to an actress who was “The First Lady of the Screen,” and whom he considers has been apathetically dissipating her talents in indifferent talkies.

If you keep this sort of thing up, you know, they will be calling Mae West the “First Lady of the Screen” next.

I believe, by the way, that for many you still hold the title even if you did commit a hitherto unpardonable breach of Hollywood etiquette by announcing your engagement to George Brent before your divorce from Ralph Forbes had gone through.

Among the few revelations which we were not permitted in Female, however, were the flashes of thespian genius that made you the queen of the early talkies.

Let us admit at once that the part was not designed to give you many opportunities for excursions into the higher flights of histrionics. As always, you turned in a neatly efficient and polished job of acting.

Nevertheless, there was a time when the Chatterton name on a cinema marquee was almost as good as a gilt-edged guarantee that we were going to get the best show in town for our money.

We were at least certain of seeing some of the most distinguished acting the screen had to offer. Would you mind, sometime, when you have a minute, looking back and adding up the really good pictures in which you have appeared in the last eighteen months.

It may not be a pleasant task, but, after all, we had to see the films.

The Crash? The Rich are Always with Us? Frisco Jenny? Lilly Turner? Female? Well, it does not demand the services of a chartered accountant, does it?

They have all been reasonably agreeable “stellar vehicles.” Some of them might even have “got by” as good entertainment had they come from lesser actresses than Ruth Chatterton.

That, for some reason or other, they lacked the production and story values of some of your earlier pictures is a fault that cannot be charged to you, although it is understood that under your contract you do have a large say in the selection of your pictures.

But how are we to regard the fact that they have lacked also the histrionic inspiration of your first talkie triumphs? Please do not misunderstand me. Technically, all the characterisations concerned were so flawless as to defy criticism. An examiner at a dramatic academy must have awarded them full marks.

I hope that I am not ungenerous, however, and I hope more still that I am mistaken, if I say that while the Chatterton of Lilly Turner and Female still has the power to charm us, she is in grave danger of being no longer irresistible.

Perhaps the explanation may be found in what a colleague who watched you at work on one of your recent pictures told me once.

You were about to do a movingly dramatic scene. As you waited on the set to go into action you were pensively chewing gum. I believe, by the way, if I may digress for a moment, that you have given up the gum habit which put the publicity men to the trouble of thinking up that explanation for a trusting public that it was good for the chin line. Your own explanation now, in eschewing it, I understand, is that you have given up smoking and as you only “chewed” to take away the taste of the tobacco the gum is no longer necessary.

However, to return to that set. The camera and lights “O.K.s” were given. The director yelled out his “roll ’em.” Ruth Chatterton commenced to act—faltrily. Her eyes swept over her features, tears streamed down her cheeks, every movement conveyed the tragedy of the scene.

“All right, cut,” signalled the director. In less than a split second the anguish was gone, the tears had ceased and the only discernible movement was the rhythmic champing of the Chatterton jaws on the piece of gum that had not even been removed from her mouth.

Perhaps it is very clever indeed to be able so easily to turn the dramatics on and off, but the incident coupled with the signs I have indicated cannot but make one wonder if Chatterton is relying too much on her mastery of the technique of acting and too little on sincerity.

It is an error into which many artistes fall, particularly when it is so easy to be superior about the screen.

It has been recorded that on occasion you have expressed the sentiment that you “hate the talkies.” But, really, have you any reason to?

You might like to cast your mind back a little way into the past even if they nearly had to call out the riot squad when some of the Hollywood girls who were starting a club with a membership confined to film stars who had once been “in the chorus” invited you to be President!

It might remind you that you were, if not “all washed up” on Broadway, at least no longer the power on the Great White Way you once had been when you packed your bags and trekked to Hollywood.

Talkies have given you a new and greater career, a larger fortune and wider fame and prestige than you had ever before enjoyed—scarcely valid reasons for “hating” them.

Neither, one imagines, is the loyalty with which your public has supported you through the months of indifferent Chatterton pictures.

Perhaps this little sermon may be opportune view of the fact that with your contract expiring, your future plans are at the moment, I understand, uncertain.

I hope so.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.
Shooting a scene from the new Universal picture, "Beloved," which represents another return to the romantically sentimental and was directed by Victor Schertzinger. Gloria Stuart is seen seated and John Boles facing her.

Isabel Jewell displays this sheer wool frock with new dolman sleeves and high draped neckline, which continues to form a cape at the back.

Elizabeth Allan, who is playing the dramatic role of Barbara in "Men In White," undergoes a voice test at the M-G-M studios.

Diana Wynyard, the brilliant star of "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna," had much to say in the designing of her beautiful studio dressing-room, which is one of the finest on the M-G-M lot.

Miss Wynyard's sitting-room, which adjoins the dressing-room, also displays the star's innate sense of taste. Here she spends her "between-scene" time resting.
SOMETIMES in the career of a journalist there occur the strangest incidents. I went to Elstree recently to interview a friend of mine, a film star who had unexpectedly been called to England from Germany; but on arrival I discovered that just on that day his celebrity was not filming.

Disgruntled, I was just making my way to the British International canteen to get a cheering cup of hot tea when I felt a light but firm hand on my shoulder and heard a voice say: "Hallo, Mr. Witt, wie geht es Ihnen?"

It was my old friend Paul Ludwig Stein, the famous producer, who had recently finished work on his latest film, Red Wagon.

Five minutes of greeting gradually spun themselves out into an hour's conversation during which Stein gave me an account of his many experiences in the film world of England and America.

In the first place he told me how he himself had fared. How, many years ago he, the most successful actor in Vienna, suddenly and

without any real reason, gave up his work and turned his enthusiasm to films, which were then struggling against technical limitations, foreseeing the tremendous possibilities which the future held for this newly discovered sphere of art.

"With my modest savings, but without any contract or definite prospects, I bought a ticket to America one day, having then already worked in the Berlin studios for a year or two.

"For weeks I wandered about New York in search of an engagement. But without success. Until one day Warner Brothers entrusted a small film to me. "Either you make a success of it, or you go," was their hardly reassuring word of encouragement.

"Well, a success it was; and that was the beginning of seven busy years in Hollywood, years full of toil and joy and success, but not without the anxiety and setbacks which can be avoided as little in our profession as in others.

"For seven years I worked in Hollywood amongst the world's brightest stars, and at the time when this new art was going through a period of artistic development more spectacular and impressive, I suppose, than has ever been known anywhere.

"The zenith of my career there was reached when Variety, the most famous theatrical journal in America and, indeed, in the world, numbered me among the world's ten most successful producers.

"Of course," continued Stein with a smile, "I was terribly proud. But a bit ashamed, too; for I felt that they were crediting me with too much.

"Then I suddenly realised that if one was to serve the art of the films as such, one could not do so by working exclusively from America, with its somewhat one-sided, stereotyped taste.

"One must not lose touch with Europe and its ideas on art, often so very different from those of America, of course, no less valuable.

"And so I suddenly decided, having arrived at the peak of my career, to turn my back on America with just as little provision as when I had originally set out thither.

"I wanted to go back to Berlin. There where, in the film-city of Neshabelshberg and in the stalls of the German theatre, as one of the pupils of the unrivalled Max Reinhard, I had once learned something of his great artistry—there in Berlin I wanted to continue my film work and put to the test the wealth of experience that I had gathered in America.

"Just as a murderer is always magnetically drawn back to the scene of his crime," Stein continued laughingly, "so I too was drawn back to Berlin and to the places of my unforgettable years of apprenticeship.

"But there it was against the trend of political events. German filmcraft, which has been completely shattered by political experiments, is hardly the basis on which I can work out my ideas.

"I came to England really on chance. But one day Mr. Maxwell, the General Manager of British International Films, asked me whether I would make two films for him here in Britain. I accepted, and one, Red Wagon, has already had a run in London.

"Yet what really makes my work here so particularly interesting is the fact that, just as in America some years ago, when I was caught up in the almost superhumanly rapid surge of pro-
BRITISH SUPREMACY
by Paul STEIN

FEW men are better able to assess the real strength of Britain’s film challenge to Hollywood than the director of “Red Wagon,” who achieved distinction during seven years in America before he came to our studios. In this special interview with Peter Witt he tells you his conclusions.

“In these little towns people often just don’t understand English films. They laugh at the treatment of the story and indeed even at the accent of speech. The public is conscious of a foreign body with which it is not at ease.

“That West End dialect upsets them. And for this the English industry must find some remedy, sparing neither money nor trouble. It must, as it has, as a matter of fact, already done to some extent, bring over American actors; but at the same time in spite of this it must preserve a distinctively English character.

“A part from this, of course, I am well aware that films are produced here which are intended exclusively for the British Empire and which can therefore dispense with the need of flirting with the American film-market. This is what we call ‘Heimatindustrie’—goods for home consumption.

“England stands at a turning point. In an ascending course which in my opinion neither can nor will be interrupted. I am lucky indeed to be able to play a part in this remarkable triumphal progress. I know that my work is still far from perfect. But it is already better than it was.

“I feel like a schoolboy who learns something fresh and something more in every form. In my case the film takes the place of the school. Until the spring I shall continue to work in London. ‘Soon we shall be commencing a new film in which I am presenting Richard Tauber the famous tenor, one of the greatest of the present day.

“Tauber is considered the most perfect Schubert singer in the world and now in a film we will reincarnate the composer whom he interprets so marvellously. But this Schubert film has nothing to do with Lilac Time; it is just a play set to Schubert’s original music.

“When this work has been completed I shall go back to Hollywood, where I am still under contract; but I hope that my activities in England will be interrupted only and not finally terminated by this trip.”

NEXT WEEK
“Who’s Afraid of the Big, Bad West?”

“Picturegoer” writes an Open Letter to the star of the hour, Greta Garbo, whose big come-back gamble has been one of the major sensations of 1934.
THE NAME 'CRAVEN' ON CIGARETTES OR TOBACCO IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

"I have smoked Craven 'A' for several years; 20 a day at least"

SEALED-FRESH • SOLD-FRESH
CORK-TIPPED: 100% Pure Virginia

★ From a Lady Smoker at New Barnet: the original letter can be inspected at Arcadia Works.

To Carreras, Ltd.

"May I say a little word of praise for Craven "A"?

I have smoked them for several years. Previous to that, I dare not smoke more than one a day as other Cigarettes used to make me cough so much and hurt my throat.

Then I was recommended your wonderful Craven "A," I smoke at least 20 per day and I can safely say they do me no harm. I cannot praise them too highly."

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A. 76
Screenland's Latest Sensation

Will Alice Faye be a Big Star?—Gloria Stuart on the Warpath—
A Boom in Crooners—Novarro's Sister Renounces Career

At the Fox studio, the other day, I met Alice Faye, a little blonde who has become Hollywood's latest sensation. Publicity departments are wont to wax over-enthusiastic, but a quiet tour of the Fox and an opportunity to "check up" on highly heralded discoveries.

Hollywood is "sold on" Alice Faye, and when Scandals is released she will, I think, be high in the film firmament. She was a singer in Rudy Vallee's radio hour, and soon reports were circulated that Rudy and Alice were contemplating matrimony as soon as the crooner could secure his freedom from Fay Webb.

Rudy was signed for a star role in George White's Scandals at the Fox studio, and brought Alice to Hollywood, where she was given a small part in the film.

Opportunity knocked when Lilian Harvey "walked out" on the picture. Alice took Miss Harvey's role, and studio employees who have seen the rushes are still raving about her acting, her singing and her charm.

Alice is a quiet little blonde, who is overwhelmed by her success. She told me that she hopes she will live up to the expectations of her film friends. She looks at Hollywood through rose-coloured glasses.

She certainly has reason to feel that way.

A Defiant Actress

Gloria Stuart is on the warpath, and she does not care who knows it.

The charming Universal player feels that she has been given minor roles, while other actresses have been presented with outstanding parts.

Gloria did not like the idea of Margaret Sullivan receiving the star role in Only Yesterday, and the last straw was when Constance Cummings was given the lead in Glamour.

The young actress would like a release from her Universal contract, which the studio will not grant. A close friend of Gloria tells me that she was offered $3,500 per week to appear in British pictures, but that Universal does not want her to become accustomed to such a pleahtech salary.

At last accounts, the affair was a deadlock.

Profitable Rivalry

Many clever girls are buried by their studios in unimportant roles until other companies try to borrow them. The home studios thereupon show interest in the neglected actresses.

RKO-Radio has a far higher opinion of Helen Mack and Julie Hayden since these young ladies scored acting successes away from RKO. So it is scarcely surprising that Kathryn Sergava, under contract to Warners, is highly popular at the Burbank plant since other producers began to battle for her services.

Although Kathryn has only appeared in minor roles for Warners, Columbia is trying to secure her services as John Barrymore's leading woman in Twentieth Century, one of the big specials of the year, while Fox would like to borrow her for the Fox Polls of 1934.

Crooners in Demand

Every studio in Hollywood is competing for the services of male radio singers, popularly known as "crooners".

Among those now under contract are Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo, Ben Bernie, Lanny Ross, and Jack Haley.

So movie-struck boys are doing their utmost to cultivate their voices and singing teachers are reaping a harvest.

Travelling in Style

Carl Brisson amazed Hollywood when he arrived from London with eighteen trunks and a huge, foreign automobile. Incidentally, I understand that Brisson and one other star are the only players permitted to drive their cars through the gates of the Paramount studio.

The actor's charming wife avoided the limelight and quietly slipped off the train while Brisson was greeted by a waiting throng. Mrs. Brisson has no desire for a film career. She is quite satisfied to be Mrs. Brisson.

Brisson's first American film will be Murder at the Vanities, in which he will sing a number of songs.

All for Love

Carmen Samaniego, Ramon Novarro's sister, who has won considerable fame as a dancer, will abandon her career in June, when she will marry Carlos Novarro, studio technical advisor.

Carlos and Carmen have been devoted to each other since the days when they were children in Mexico. Both families were from Chihuahua, and moved to Durango when the children were young.

As we all know, Ramon Novarro's family name is Samaniego, the Latin star adopting the film appellation of Novarro after his success in The Prisoner of Zenda. It was a graceful compliment to old and loyal friends.

Spare the Rod

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, recount they will never spank their small son, Richard Ralston Arlen.

The child, according to Dick and Jobyna, is to be raised with love and kindness, and the inexperienced parents fondly believe that this method will be highly successful.

I sincerely hope that the Arlens will never have to use a hairbrush upon their offspring but, if he is like the average child, stern measures may be necessary.

A Boomerang

Lyle Talbot, Warner player, permitted a fan magazine to publish an article entitled, "Wanted—A Wife," wherein Lyle was quoted as yearning for a mate. Actor and writer believed that the story would bring Talbot plenty of publicity, and it did, but not in the way they had hoped.

From all over the U.S.A. and from foreign countries, came letters from women of all ages and sizes, ready to wed Lyle and settle down to life in Hollywood.

A new stellar sport, "Skataplaning," with its inventor, Adels Thomas, the Radio Pictures starlet. The "Skataplane" can achieve 40 miles an hour.

"Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Scorned," so the unfortunate Thespian, who is not matrimonially inclined at the moment, is in a quandary.

A Jealous "Tarzan"

When Ken Maynard's wife gave him a motor-cycle for a Christmas present, she gratified a wish he has bad since he was a boy. What she did not anticipate was that the gift would change Tarzan, Ken's famous film horse, from a well-mannered and mild-tempered animal into a creature of temperament and fury.

The day that Maynard rode into Universal City on his motor-cycle, the office force lined up to admire the shiny new gift. But Tarzan, when he saw Ken riding along on the motor-cycle, started out after him, snorting and showing anything but pleasure.

It looked like a plain case of jealousy.

Hollywood Says That—

—Dolores Del Rio always gets out of bed on the left side because she never had any luck when she got out on the other.

—Sally Rand slept on a Central Park Bench in New York city after being ejected from a $4 a week room.

March 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
They both bought expensive wool jumpers...

BUT Oh, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...

ONE wash pretty well ended the useful life of her friend’s jumper: a tiny bit of lost shape. Had she only used Persil it would have kept like new.

ALL your garments will look and last better if all the dirt is really got out each washing.

Persil’s mild soapsuds, made active with oxygen, make certain of that. Ordinary washing sometimes leaves dirt behind which gets hard and stubborn. But Persil alone—without the addition of soap or anything else—ensures that every wash leaves your linen absolutely pure and white. And for silks and woolens Persil is just as good.

Throat Sore?

You need

CHARMING LINGERIE

Actual patterns of Cash’s Lingerie Ribbons are included in the Free Leaflet which you may have by filling in the following coupon.

Don’t delay—the beauty of your lingerie will be enhanced by these dainty ribbons.

To J. & J. Cash Ltd. (Dept. R.E. 1), Coventry
Please send me a FREE copy of “Cash’s Ribbon Leaflet” containing actual patterns.

Name

Address

Play The Beauty Game—

MRS. NEWLY-WED!

It is a wife’s business to keep her home lovely and it is equally important that she should keep herself lovely, too. And it is so fatally easy to "let yourself go" when there is cooking and washing and cleaning to do. No young husband likes to see the pretty girl he fell in love with develop into a drab, unattractive wife—so play the beauty game, Mrs. Newly-Wed. Our Beauty Expert tells you below of the simplest and quickest beauty methods.

KEEP COMPLEXION LOVELINESS.—First of all, remember that a clear, unblemished complexion is the foundation of beauty. Housework plays havoc with sensitive skins unless you adopt modern beauty methods. If you would keep your skin pink-and-white and youthful, just get an ounce or two of Mercerized Wax from your chemist (this wax is only sold by registered chemists, so be on your guard against the many spurious imitations on the market). Smooth a little of this wax over face and neck (hands, too, if you would keep them smooth and unlined) at bedtime. While you sleep the wax will do its work, gently and imperceptibly removing the outer skin with all its blemishes, keeping lines and wrinkles at bay, leaving your complexion fresh and flawless.

SHAMPOO Lore.—Though you may have neither time nor money for frequent visits to the hairdressers, there is no need to let your hair lose its loneliness. Frequent washing with the right shampoo will keep the scalp healthy and the hair clean. But if you have neglected your hair and find that it lacks lustre, and is dry and brittle in appearance, then you must revise your shampoo methods. Try a Stallax shampoo. Not only does Stallax make home-setting easy with permanent waves, but it encourages natural curls to ripple with new beauty and even induces the most obstinately straight hair to take on a hint of curl. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads can use it with equal satisfaction results, and, as a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water sufficient for a shampoo, it is quite inexpensive.

PRESERVE YOUR CHARM.—If you would preserve your charm and daintiness, be on your guard against the disfiguring blemish of superfluous hair. Fear of drastic depilatories or the use of the toilet razor is no reason for neglect, for nowadays, Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, comes to the rescue. Sipolite can be used with confidence on the most sensitive skin for removing both facial and body growths, never leaving any trace of irritation. Just try it yourself—get half an ounce from your chemist and mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply this to the unwanted hairs, and, as the paste dries, they will shrivel off leaving the skin satin-smooth, unblemished.

KEEP COMPLEXION LOVELINESS.—First of all, remember that a clear, unblemished complexion is the foundation of beauty. Housework plays havoc with sensitive skins unless you adopt modern beauty methods. If you would keep your skin pink-and-white and youthful, just get an ounce or two of Mercerized Wax from your chemist (this wax is only sold by registered chemists, so be on your guard against the many spurious imitations on the market). Smooth a little of this wax over face and neck (hands, too, if you would keep them smooth and unlined) at bedtime. While you sleep the wax will do its work, gently and imperceptibly removing the outer skin with all its blemishes, keeping lines and wrinkles at bay, leaving your complexion fresh and flawless.

SHAMPOO Lore.—Though you may have neither time nor money for frequent visits to the hairdressers, there is no need to let your hair lose its loneliness. Frequent washing with the right shampoo will keep the scalp healthy and the hair clean. But if you have neglected your hair and find that it lacks lustre, and is dry and brittle in appearance, then you must revise your shampoo methods. Try a Stallax shampoo. Not only does Stallax make home-setting easy with permanent waves, but it encourages natural curls to ripple with new beauty and even induces the most obstinately straight hair to take on a hint of curl. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads can use it with equal satisfaction results, and, as a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water sufficient for a shampoo, it is quite inexpensive.

PRESERVE YOUR CHARM.—If you would preserve your charm and daintiness, be on your guard against the disfiguring blemish of superfluous hair. Fear of drastic depilatories or the use of the toilet razor is no reason for neglect, for nowadays, Sipolite, the safe hair eraser, comes to the rescue. Sipolite can be used with confidence on the most sensitive skin for removing both facial and body growths, never leaving any trace of irritation. Just try it yourself—get half an ounce from your chemist and mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply this to the unwanted hairs, and, as the paste dries, they will shrivel off leaving the skin satin-smooth, unblemished.
CHESTER
MORRIS

Who is seen in "King for a Night," and "Golden Harvest." Morris, who comes from a theatrical family, was born in New York and achieved success on the stage before he entered films in 1928. Scored his first screen hit in "Alibi." Has been married for seven years to Sue Kilborn, has two children, and lives in Beverly Hills.
PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

PAUL MUNI SHEDS the Chain Gang SHACKLES

He is unmercifully ragged by his colleagues whose ironic greetings of "Hi! Nellie," at every available opportunity, give the picture its somewhat unusual title, while the job drives him to desperation. It is no wonder then that Joseph Krupa (Glenda Farrell), a sob sister on whom the former managing editor has inflicted the same punishment, twists him with not being able to take his own medicine.

He settles down to make a good job of the column and subsequently an odd assignment connected with it leads him to a clue to the mystery of Canfield's disappearance, which he is able to clear up in an exciting last reel.

In the final shot we see Muni, Miss Farrell and the rest of the boys giving the "Hi! Nellie" greeting to Muni's hated rival for the managing editor's desk.

Sound characterisation rare in a film of its speed and the well maintained atmosphere of the newspaper office give an air of conviction and with the ingenuity of Mr. Le Roy's direction help a familiar theme immensely.

The comedy relief is natural and unforced and is free both from vulgarity and double entendre—a fact so unique in these days as to deserve special mention.

A romance interest is merely hinted at, but Glenda Farrell in one of her best impersonations of harried femininity with the heart of gold gives us the impression that she will get her man in the end.

Ned Sparks contributes a characteristically lugubrious cameo as Muni's faithful henchman and the rest of the cast is well up to standard.

Fashion Follies of 1934

A n ordinary member of the male species is likely to be flabbergasted by the magnificence of fashion display in this new Warner Brothers picture.

He will also learn many things about dress designing and Paris fashions of which he had hitherto been ignorant. Above all, he will enjoy this fast moving film in which the revolution is incidental and is introduced quite naturally.

Sherwood Nash is a man who is always founding new "Enterprises." When I tell you that this "live-by-his-own" fellow is played by William Powell, you will immediately range yourself on his side, no matter how cunningly he breaks the law.

With Snap, his assistant, and Lynn, an artist, he establishes a designing shop. He bribes truck drivers to allow him to copy the exclusive Paris models before they are delivered to the rightful owners.

Importers discover their wonderful models are being copied and sold in the stores and they intend to put a stop to it. But Nash soon persuades the police to send him to Paris to steal the designs for them.

The trio, Nash, Snap, and Lynn, arrive in Paris, and Lynn makes designs which Nash signs "Baroque" or some other famous artist. Things are pretty tough with them when Nash sees Baroque, King of Paris Fashion, with a beautiful woman masquerading as a Russian Grand Duchess. Nash recognises her as one of his old flames—a Hollywood small part actress.

At the same time, Nash meets Joe Ward, who has an ostrich farm, but cannot sell the feathers. Our lovable rogue soon has an idea. The Grand Duchess, Baroque, ostrich feathers—a revue to make the world ostrich feather conscious.

Baroque finances the show, it is an enormous success, and Baroque tries to double-cross Nash, whereupon this resourceful rascal establishes a rival house which draws all the fashionable people.

Meanwhile, Baroque has discovered that Nash has been selling designs to America with forged names and has him arrested the day Baroque and the Duchess are married.

Naturally it is quite simple for Nash to extricate himself from this trouble and we leave him with Lynn and Snap—and a big cheque—aboard a liner bound for America.

I should have mentioned that Lynn and Nash are in love with one another and that their love story runs a bright thread through the film.

The grand climax of the picture is the ostrich feather number in the revue. It is the last word in staging girls. Another fascinating number is the Mannequin Exhibition, showing how modern fashions are derived from old prints.

Through the film breezes our old friend, William Powell. He is as delightful as ever, which is maximum praise.

Our readers will remember that some time ago we told them to keep an eye on a newcomer, Verree Teasdale (wasn't it Skyscraper Souls?). Well, see her in this film. She is magnificent as the phoney Grand Duchess.

Bette Davies as Lynn is fine. She has a much surer touch now and should be headed for real stardom.

The comedy has been left to two of my favourites

Verree Teasdale, who makes the most of her opportunities in "Fashion Follies of 1934."

P AUL MUNI has followed in the footsteps of his Warner colleague, Edward G. Robinson, in an essay into light comedy, Hi! Nellie, as a change from heavy drama, and it must be conceded that as in the case of The Little Giant the experiment is a success for everybody concerned.

Mr. Muni, indeed, when he sheds the bullet-proof vest of Scarface and the chains of the Georgia fugitive, stands revealed as one of the screen's most ingratiating, as well as one of its most skilled, actors. He carries through a characterisation that might easily have been boorish with something like the easy grace and charm that has hitherto been the monopoly of Ronald Colman.

I hope the fact that in certain respects it is similar in theme to the previously previewed Advice to the Lovers will not be allowed to prejudice the picturegoer against Hi! Nellie. Mervyn Le Roy, the director, is a master in this particular field and here he has, by extracting the most out of a colourful, well characterised and reasonably plausible story, given us the best newspaper picture we have had for a long time.

Muni appears in the managing editorial chair of a newspaper office which bears more resemblance to the newspaper offices I know than those in most screen journalistic epics. A bank and reform leader named Canfield has disappeared mysteriously and a big deficit has been discovered at the bank. Muni, who has faith in Canfield's integrity, refuses to "splash" the story as a "defaulting banker sensation" and he is apparently "scooped" by every other paper in town.

As a result he is demoted to the Nellie Nelson 'Heart Throbs' column, a journalistic institution and punishment which I am particularly grateful has not yet invaded this country.

P HOTOGRAPHER Weekly

Allan Dinehart, Mona Gambell, Leon Ayres and Jane Knight in "Cross-country Cruise" which will be reviewed next week.
March 3, 1934

Let Our Film Critics Who Really See The Pictures Guide You

Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert. If you cannot laugh at them and with them, there's something wrong with you. 

There are a few feet of film I would have cut out had I been Warner Bros. (or the Censor). It is a picture made by a grimace even for a moment during this fine entertainment—

M. B. Y.

The Big Shakedown

America is determined, apparently, to stick to the old-time western. The beer racket is a thing of the past, but in this picture we are introduced to a new one—the drug racket.

This consists in making illegitimate concoctions of well known proprietary commodities and under-selling the genuine article. The racketeers, too, have the same pleasant little habit they had in the beer business of forcing chemists to buy large stocks. 

How all this is possible I do not know; the law must be singularly lax, for I am assured that the game has been operated.

In this picture the drug racketeer is played by Ricardo Cortez, who gets a young chemist to fake various toothpaste and toilet commodities. But when he starts asking him to imitate a famous antiseptic by drinking a powerful heart stimulant, the chemist rebels.

The racketeer thereupon frames him in the shooting of a rather important mistress who had been holding him up during the last few weeks.

The chemist is forced to go on with the fraud until at last his wife nearly dies in child-birth through being given the fake digitalis; as it is, the baby has to be sacrificed.

The chemist goes running for the racketeer, but finds he is too punctilious to quarrel with him. So he throws the body into a convenient vat of sulphuric acid which dissolves it and eliminates all traces of evidence.

He then hands the rest of the gang over to the police and being freed himself starts again, as the synopses somehow naively puts it “with an honest heart.”

It is all rather tedious and slow in development and one is never really convinced by the characters or the plot. No one can think of the easy naturalness which always distinguishes him.

Perhaps some company will give him another break like his success in the first of these days. Bette Davis has little to do but look attractive as an ingénue, the wife of the chemist, which latter rôle Charles Farrell plays competently but not remarkably.

Glenda Farrell is very good in the small rôle of the ex-lover who is so unceremoniously “bumped off,” while Allen Jenkins is excellent as the racketeer’s lieutenant.—L. C.

I Am Suzanne

Since his declaration of independence something like a year ago, Mr. Jesse L. Lasky has become one of our most original and individualistic producers, and here again he turns in a picture that is distinctly “different.”

I Am Suzanne possesses the merits of novelty, fine craftsmanship in construction, an agreeable, if leisurely, story and, by no means least important, a good Lilian Harvey rôle.

It is, moreover, a very pleasing antidote to the convention in plots which has in the past few months begun to lull. It is true experience the symptoms of acute movie indigestion at the mere mention of the words “back stage.”

Although the picture is set in the theatre, no cherrying chorines blossom overnight into Broadway sensations, no pale young crooners turn up to “save the show” or “out_Device_1" those inevitable spectacles which ensue themselves into flower patterns for the purpose of holding up the action interminably.

Novelty is provided by the introduction of the famous Piccoli Marionettes and the Yule Puppeters in support of the human players.

“Suzanne,” played by Miss Harvey, is a successful Parisian actress who is managed by an engagingly unscrupulous bogus Baron and his mistress.

She meets Tony, a boy marionnette impresario, and their friendship is so disturbing the Baron that in order to preserve his "meal ticket" he proposes marriage to her by and by skilfully arousing her sympathy wins her consent.

Then Suzanne crashes in her tight-robe act one night and breaks her leg. Forsaken by her manager who believes her career is over, she is nursed to health by Tony and his family.

Here we are initiated into the strange back stage life of the Marionette people and made to feel as if we know the members of this ancient and hereditary craft whose lives are bound up with their puppets intimately.

The exhibitions of the dolls, too, staged on an elaborate scale are always interesting, and almost overtop the plot itself. That the movies are not a good medium for marionettes.

The effectiveness of the picture lies largely in the moderation with which all its points of appeal have been given. Its delightful moments of fantasy are never overdone and the sentiment never overstrained.

Mr. Lasky and Director Rowland V. Lee have succeeded, too, where her other Hollywood directors have failed, in creating the right mood for the portrayal of this most interesting character. And she is better here than in anything I have seen her since Congress Dances.

The rôle, of course, gives her scope to demonstrate her talent as in and by one in a bagfeature, as many people to a star in films to-day.

The stars, of course, are all stolen by Leslie Banks, who brilliantly contrives to make the Baron both the villain and the comedian of the piece. He is, indeed, the most interesting character.

Another fine piece of action comes from Georgina Caine, an artiste I cannot recall having seen on the screen before, in the role of the mistress.

The photography is by Lee Carmes.—M. D. P.

Easy To Love

Here is a very good example of the way in which farce should be put over. There is not a great deal of natural comedy, but the director, William Keighley, has seen to it that the action keeps moving, and that there are no long dull passages ordialogue.

It might perhaps have avoided stage conventions a little more rigorously but generally the camera work is good and avoids giving a cramped theatrical effect.

The cast is an exceptionally strong one. While it does not contain names which scintillate in the big lights, the artists are drawn from the ranks of those who really form the backbone of most screen entertainments.

 igor Dem janjou, as serene and debonair as ever in the rôle of a husband who neglects his wife for polo. At least that is what he says. Polo actually a very attractive brunet equally attractive to the public and Mary Astor.

The wife, excellently presented by that brilliant artiste, Genevieve Tobin—who is another of those people whose sight does not shine sufficiently often—employs a detective to watch her husband. Hugh Herbert is the sleuth so you can imagine that the rôle has plenty of humour.

Having discovered the worst, the wife proceeds to pretend to be in love with her husband’s best friend, Edward Everett Horton. The hitherto happily married pair drift apart, much to the disappointment of the daughter, charmingly played by Patricia Ellis, who has always looked on their marriage as an ideal one and held it up as a pattern to her fiancé (Paul Kaye).

This pair shock the estranged couple into a reconciliation by running away to a hotel and telling them they are going to live together, since marriage is obviously a disastrous affair.

They are followed by the outraged parents who find them in bed and insist on sending out at once for a justice of the peace to marry them.

(Our old friend Guy Kibbee makes of this small part a clever little character study.)

The runaway couple agree to marry if the parents will re-unite. A promise having been obtained, they disclose the fact that they were married the day before.

The dialogue is extremely witty and at times daring, but the thin ice is skillfully skated over and there are no offensive vulgarities.

The general atmosphere is sophisticated and piquant.—L. C.

Sleepers East

There is little left of the original story by Frederick Nebel in this adaptation of it. so if you have read the novel you must be prepared to be disappointed.

If you have not, you will find it quite good entertainment, rather slow in starting, but working up a soundly exciting climax.

The plot deals with a woman convict on parole who gets involved in a shooting affair and runs away.

A gangster is arrested for the crime, but actually it was committed by the son of the mayor. The gangster's attorney, Miss Glenda Farrell, makes the missing witness and bring her back, while the other side do all they can to prevent her getting into court.

A romantic note is introduced by the woman meeting her ex-girlfriend in love on the train which is taking her back as the all-important witness.

There is plenty of excitement since the train crashes and the lover is shot and wounded whilst attempting to escape with the woman.

Also the counter-intrigues between the gangster’s attorney and the mayor's are ingeniously worked out.

The woman is finally brought to the trial—the court scenes, by the way, are some of the most convincing I have seen in American pictures—and forced to give evidence.

I will not spoil the denouement for you by telling what actually happens except that it provides a good, exciting climax.

Train sequences—quite a lot of footage is taken up by the transport of the witness to the court—are very well done, as is the actual smash in which the engine driver is killed.

He, by the way, is made quite a character and his little story is interesting in itself. He is doing his last run before retirement and has been given an old engine which he is determined to bring in on schedule or "burn" its boilers.

Actually in the book the latter is what does happen and I think it much more effective than the collision which takes place in the film....

Preston Foster is very good as her lover and an excellent study of an unscrupulous private detective is given by J. Carrol Naish. Harvey Stephens is natural and engaging as the gangster's attorney.

Roger Imhof makes an interesting little character study of the old engine driver.—L. C.
An example of the pageantry in this light-hearted romance. The ex-shop girl Nadina (Anna Neagle) is brought from America and brought from America.
In contrast to the wistful romance of Bitter Sweet, Herbert Wilcox gives us in his new production a wealth of comedy and satire. The story concerns a young girl working in New York who is called to be Queen of a Ruritanian country, where she faces revolution and finds romance. The part is different from any that Anna Neagle has yet played. She is supported by a strong cast which includes Fernand Grauvey and Miles Malleson.

A romance develops between the President and the ex-Queen, but when they discover each other’s identity, hostilities commence and finally the Queen is recalled to the throne.

A deputation from the European Kingdom arrives in a New York store to offer the
Biff, you ought to have married Virginia." Naturally, he ought. Moreover, Snappy Downer of the fat, drooping curl and broad grin, wasn't the first man to appreciate—if he was, to give tongue to—a fact that had been resented for twenty years. Swaying slightly with the dentist's drill in an unsteady hand, Biff started to file the lower denture intended for Snappy's massive jaw.

"Am'y old-fashioned," he conceded as just criticism of the wife of his bosom and frowned through the consulting-room door to the hall, whence her admonition had proceeded:

"Biff, Snappy—do stop! You're making a fearful noise."

Why should she complain because a couple of old friends thought to enliven an afternoon's work, in addition to the absence of the formal white coat and the consumption of much whisky, by vocal rendering of songs from the shows? Possibly because Amy disliked hearing songs of twenty years since—songs that excited Biff making him reminiscent, sentimental, and bitter.

"I don't know why Virginia should have married Hugo Barnstead," Snappy mused. "The bottom teeth don't bite too well, Biff.

"If—m, they don't. Maybe I've given you another fellow's plate. Let me look."

Things were slightly hazy to Biff as he quitted the chair for a side-table. Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Answer, will you, Snuppy?"

"It's a bloke wanting an appointment right now."

"Tell him I don't see patients on Sunday afternoon."

Snappy appeared with his hand over the old-fashioned mouthpiece.

"It's Hugo Barnstead. He wants a tooth pulsed."

"Hugo—Virginia's husband. Tell him to come along."

This was adventure. Hugo Barnstead, object of Biff Grimes' most profound hate, would, by this trivial incident to a tooth, be for seconds, possibly for minutes, literally under his power. Amazing thought!

"Did you ever?" Snappy was commenting. "Wonder how much Hugo will soothe this town for. They do say he cleared a million in Denver. 'I'm on business here,' he says, 'and got a raging toothache'!"

"Stop talking, Snappy. Listen. Am I all right?"

"So far as I know."

"Don't look as if I had been drinking, do I?"

"Not specially. Whatever's the matter?"

"Nothing. Hugo's coming here, isn't he? Well, I'm not going to let the miserable blighter look down on me. He and his millions."

"Quite so, Biff; then, I'd better be going."

"No. Stop right here. I'll fix you up later. Just a minute."

He disappeared into the cloak-room. A clean white drill coat was in the cupboard. Amy never let him down that way. Buttoning it, Biff surveyed his unruly hair. The mirror showed him to be good-looking for his forty odd years, except for signs of dissipation about the mouth and eyes. Mastering the excitement that invaded every limb, he reappeared in the consulting-room.

Hugo Barnstead had arrived and was in the act of demonstrating to Snappy the exact tooth that had caused a sleepless night. Chubby-faced, clean shaven, smiling, "Prosperous rogue" was written in every line of his face.

Tapping his mouth, he embarked on the details of prices paid in Chicago and New York for exclusive sets and professional services.

"How's Virginia?" Biff inquired and, hearing that she was well, installed Hugo in the chair and located the root of the trouble, a decayed molar in the upper jaw.

"I'm having gas," Hugo warned. Could he have guessed the temptation that thereupon laid hold of Biff's imagination, he would never have yielded as complacently as he did.

Here was a chance of a lifetime. Hugo's weak heart, rendering an inquest innocuous, justified in Biff's mind with the idea of prolonging the flow of gas until the officer ceased to be. He brought up the apparatus, operated levers.

Romance began in the early nineteen hundreds. Virginia and Amy were sitting in a high-waisted, high-necked summer muslin on a bench in Avery Park.

Biff and Hugo were workers in the same carriage factory. Biff nourishing the while, ambitions for a dentist's diploma; ambitions which, nevertheless, didn't prevent him from casting furtive glances at Virginia, tall and blonde and beautiful, beside her friend.

"What'll I say to her?" Biff wanted to know after Hugo with a practised eye, had noted a drooped handkerchief on Virginia's part, deeming it sufficient encouragement to conversation.

"Never mind. I'll do the talking."

Which Hugo did. There was a tree opposite the young women's bench, and Biff swung to and fro, holding the trunk and using one foot as a pivot, just to show how at ease he was. When they speak it was to say with disconcerting frankness:

"Why, of course, I know you, Miss Amy. We met at school. Remember the red flannel stuff you used to wear?"

Virginia looked shocked, and Amy went one better in causing her to frown by admitting frankly:

"I always liked you, Biff."

Even after the ice was broken and the four agreed to go for a walk, things were not always plain sailing.

If Amy liked Biff, Virginia plainly showed her preference for Hugo. Try as he would to prevent it during their precious meetings Hugo and Virginia would pair off.

It spoiled the joys of the park fairground and robbed the gift off his victory in catching a baby perker which he won in competition with a dozen stalwarts.

Muddy and perspiring, Biff emerged from the trampled-down enclosure with the arms and a smile for Virginia, to find waiting for him, outside the circle of spectators, Amy.

Her confiding "Virginia and Hugo have gone to the roundabouts. I think they'd like to wait for you, Biff," expressed a devotion that did nothing to assuage its object's annoyance.

Deeply searching for a cause of Virginia's indifference, he revised his wardrobe. For a meeting on the roundabouts, for instance, he, attired himself in a new flannel suit with pin stripe, gaudy, ready-to-wear tie, and straw boater.

Over ices and lemonade he succeeded in getting a date with Virginia, when voices, loud-pitched, travelling from a nearby refreshment table,came disasterously to their ears.

"I wonder at a nice girl like that keeping company with a factory—hand, Biff! I guess Virginia is, if she goes with that type of fellow."

"Don't, Biff, please!" Virginia cried, rightly alarmed at the glare in her escort's eyes as he approached the slasher's tent.

"Take that!" he announced and
Amid the many, as the mention of foods unknown to her, as they were to Biff, the bloom had left the home-made scones and blueberry pie, prepared to obey his orders to go to dress with a shy, "I'm afraid I've nothing grand to change to." 

"Does matter. You'll do as you are," Hugo concurred. Left alone with Biff, Virginia having followed Amy, he became even more patronising. I've been wanting to talk to you, Biff. I've got a scheme for making you as big a man as myself. I just want you to come round and tell me what men you think I ought to fire. "Some of the men who are a bit slow, or been there a long time; got a bit old-fashioned, maybe. "That's it. Those are the kind we want out. Find out their names, see."

"Doesn't sound right, kicking a man out who's been in his job twenty, thirty years. I can't get on that way, Hugo."

"Nonsense! You'll never succeed in business."

"It's not intended to in that line. I mean to be a dentist."

When Amy reappeared she found Biff in no mood to go on. Hugo and Virginia having gone to consume caviare alone, she watched Biff enjoy her dainties until he was in a sufficiently good temper to be enlisted as a washer-up. "Mother's struck a patch of bad luck. I heard today she's had to sell up almost everything. I wonder if you'd mind her coming here for a little?" Amy said as they were wiping the dishes. 

He acquiesced and promptly forgot the matter. 

Next day, with he learned the folly of offending the man at the wheel, by receiving in his pay envelope a notice, signed by Hugo, to quit. He passed Hugo in the lobby and was glad to share the factory dust from his feet when, crossing the road, he ran into Amy and an elderly woman who smiled at him very pleasantly. "It's extremely nice of you to offer me a home till I get settled. I hope I shan't be in the way," she said, shaking his hand. (Continued on page 22)
A CLOSE-UP OF LOVELY HAIR

He answered somehow, making tremendous efforts meanwhile at swallowing pride, and escaped, with one idea—that of getting quickly back to the factory, before he had time to change his mind.

"Mr. Barnstead's in his office," he was told by the doorman.

Biff knocked and went in. "Can I see you alone for a minute?" he inquired.

"Anything you have to say can be said before the Inspector," Hugo returned, indicating a prominent member of the local police to whom he had been talking.

Wringing his cap as though it were wet, Biff began:

"The fact is my mother-in-law—I wanted to ask you—Well, the old lady's been unlucky and—she's coming to live with us; so I thought—"

"If you want your job back you can have it. You'll have to brsk up a bit, that's all."

"Thank you, Mr. Barnstead."

"Listen to me," Hugo leaned confidentially over his desk. "Tell me the names of the chaps who need firing—you know them—right now.

"Can't do it, Hugo."

"Mr. Barnstead."

"I'm judge of that."

"Not on your life. It's a dirty trick."

"Inspector, put this man out."

As usual when his back was well against the wall, Biff was the prince of bluffers. He got away, walked home, and, with certain co-operation from the friendly members of the force who arrived to take him in custody, bluffed Amy and her mother into believing he was being called away on a friendly errand.

All too soon Amy was destined to know that Biff was to serve two years in an estate prison for assaulting an officer. None the less, she remained loyal, supported herself and her parents by taking in laundry and even managing to send Biff correspondence courses in dentistry.

The day the prison gates shut behind him, Biff hung about till evening before sneaking into Avery Park and sitting on the bench where four years ago he had waited for Virginia.

As then, not Virginia, but Amy came to him. She hadn't altered in two years. In the half-light he fancied for the first time, that she was pretty, though perhaps that was because he had lately seen so few women.

"I couldn't face the townfolk seeing me again," he confessed.

"There's no need to, Biff. I'm ready to go anywhere with you."

Showing the first sign of weakness in front of her, he dropped his head down on her lap.

That was sixteen years ago, and his breath of affection for Amy had fluttered and died away under the drab, depressing influence of life in a small town.

"You're dead got his dentist's diploma. The illuminated scroll of honour, bearing his name on the consulting-room wall, was the first thing that came to him after his period of reminiscence, jerking his thoughts back to the present.

He stared at Hugo Barnstead, unconscious in the dilapidated chair, as though he expected him to be dead. He had, in fact, been under gas less than half a minute. There was still time for Biff to act, time to commit murder, to get level with a life-long hate.

Above the horror-struck face of Snappy, who appreciated in some degree the conflict that threatened to turn the commonplace room into a lethal chamber, Biff saw the door open. He heard the tap of pointed heels, became aware of an exotic perfume, saw a woman wearing black with white face and pillar-box mouth. He didn't know her till she spoke.

"Hello, Biff?"

"Virginia?"


She sat down uninvited, crossing her legs so as to display them from knee to calf. An over-ornate bag dangled from its chain over the chair. Bird-of-paradise plumes thrust across an almost hat, revealing a mass of peroxidized waves, tickled one eye.

"Your husband won't be long," Snappy promised nervously, one eye on Biff's set face.

"Thanks for the information. I wish Biff would put him out for good. He's no use to me."

Biff swung round towards the chair. The words that coincided so startlingly with his thoughts of twenty seconds-earlier were nauseating. No, they were life-giving because they rid him of a delusion.

"Has he arranged a pair of forceps. In half a minute the job was over, the levers of the gas apparatus in position and Hugo was coming to. Thank God, he was coming to!"

Biff handed him a mouth rinse.

"All over now. Here's you wife come to take you home."

"Oh! Hello, Virgie!" Once the ordeal was over, Hugo, Biff noted with gratitude, had no wish to see the visit.

"Say, what do I owe you?" he inquired.


He didn't escape Virginia sidling up till her feathers brushed his jacket, overpowering him with "Lily of the Valley."

"Maybe you'll give me a consultation some time. So long, Biff!"

"Good-bye, Virginia."

"I'll see you to the car," Snappy offered, experiencing a sudden desire for fresh air.

The door had hardly closed on the three when Amy came in.

"Biff, you and Snappy can't spend the whole of Sunday drinking. Have you finished the job?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you take me for a walk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Looking into her eyes, he took her by the shoulders.

Amy, do you know what you are? You're pretty, you're sweet, and I love you."

"Biff— I'm too heavy. You've never lifted me before, and do mind my skirt. It's up miles."

"Who cares when my wife's got the prettiest legs in town!" declared Biff, and carried the woman he ought not to have married off to dress.

---

AFTER USING

AVA

the wonderful
NEW SHAMPOO

that contains no soap

AVA is a remarkable new discovery—a shampoo that contains no soap and really brightens your hair and makes it silky-soft, easy to curl and set.

Don't lose time—try AVA to-night.

Its special ingredients cannot leave a dull film on the hair as soap is so apt to do. All the natural colour and sheen of the hair is brought out with AVA—no need even for a lemon rinse or a setting lotion.

Light hair or dark, fine or not-so-fine—AVA suits them all.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4
**ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

Paramount, American. "A" certificate. Social psychology is utilized in this

*For story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, see page 20.*

GARY COOPER****... Ben Lyon

FAY WRAY... Virginia Brush

NEIL HAMILTON... Hugo Barstow

ROSCOE KARNS... Snappy Dwyer

FRANCES FULLER... Mrs. Lind

HARRIET HAYAN... Directed by Stephen Roberts from the

In this picture, which is, in essence, a very cleverly handled psychological study, Gary Cooper gives a performance which puts him in that class of actors who deserve serious consideration on their hysterionic ability as distinct from their name's value.

Frances Fuller, whom Picturegoer singled out some time ago, plays the rôle of a small-town girl who marries a man on the "rebound" from another affair and sticks to him through thick and thin with a wealth of humanity and sincerity.

The story is told in retrospect and the director has brought out the psychology of the characters extremely well, although at times he tends to spin out his situations beyond their dramatic holding power.

The only main criticism I have to make is that when Gary Cooper sees the woman he had wanted to marry and is disillusioned, it was a mistake to make her coarse, vulgar, and amorous; the right touch and a more convincing one would have been obtained by simply making her unattractively fat and nondescript.

The idea of telling the story in retrospect as it flashes through the mind of the dentist who has won her enemy in his power under gas is ingeniously and is carried out in a

Gary Cooper gives just the right value to the contrast between the

dramatic power of the girl with her sense of values. It is taken from him and the toleration of the girl whom he marries in a moment of impatience by his value and love he finally realises at their true worth.

**EVIDENCE IN CAMERA**


WILLIAM GARGAN... Bill Allen

FRANCES DEE... Miss Malory

RALPH BELLENY... Hal Caldwell

LOUISE BROOKS... Jessica

REED GREGORY... Ray Attey

GOTTIEB... Wallace Ford

MIKE HOBART... George

HARRY CAVANAUGH... Happy

BETTY KANE... Robert Benceley

ROBERT RACKLEY... Radio Announcer

DOROTHY BURGESS... Miss Sullivan

Gangster's Girl

WILLIAM BURBAN... Paul

HARRY B. WATTHALL... Judge Beacon

BROWN VOLLMER... Bill Hudgson

**DIRECTOR OF THE WEEK**

Directed by Orzy Brower.

There is quite a deal of excitement in this story of a news-reel cameraman's love affairs, which ends with his rescuing his beloved from the hands of gangsters.

The excitement comes from the cameraman's activities, which include many dramatic happenings, such as the "shooting" of earthquakes, floods and fires, rather than from the story itself, which is none too strong and very highly coloured.

William Gargan is good as the hero and puts over a likeable, breezy personality, while Frances Dee makes an attractive heroine.

**DANGEROUS AGE**


FRANKIE DARRO... Eddie Smith

DOROTHY COGAN... Sally

EDWIN PHILIPS... Tommy

ROBERT RACKLEY... Paul

Directed by William Wellman.

In America a serious problem arose, consequent on the depres-
sion. Whole families, many of whom were out of work struck out for themselves, banded themselves into gangs, and caused a lot of trouble to the police.

(Continued on page 24)
ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

This is a story of two such youths who, in company with a girl, come up against the authorities and are finally sent home by a kindly and understanding magistrate.

It is very slight in plot, rather unpleasant in theme, and a hundred per cent. American in the presentation of a problem which does not arise here, and is consequently of little vital interest.

Frankie Darro is emotionally sound as one of the youths and Edwin Phillips is natural and sincere as the other. As the girl, Dorothy Coonan also gives a clever and well-balanced performance.

*LAUGHTER IN THE AIR*


Rommel Van... Myrtle Minter
Eddie Forman... George Spear
Eddie Foy, Jr... Eddie Hanley
Ted Hayes... Milou
Thomas Jackson... Jackson
Ray Herring... Clarke
Grace Haynes... Grace
J. Farrel MacDonald... Gracey Howard. Fiji and Howard

BONNIE

Directed by The Collette Ballet, from the story by Beatrice Baard (Mrs. Willard Mack).

A back-stage story of a leading lady who takes over a show on a co-operative basis when the troupe she is in goes broke and, after facing innumerable troubles, finds the necessary backing for success. It is very scappy in continuity and thin in plot values, its redeeming quality being a good human insight into back-stage life.

Some good location coming from an original comedy team, Howard, Fine and Howard, and Ted Hay is also in the cast.

*BACHELOR MOTHER*


Evelyn Knapp... Mary Somerset
Harry Baur... Joe Biglow
Gay Fawcett... Cynthia Wilson
Paul Page... Arthur Hall
Armed Pagan... Lola Lister
Harry Holman... Judge Yates
Victoria Summer... Mrs. Stone
Edge Kane... District Attorney
James Cagney... Judge Boden
J. Paul Jones... Mr. Cameron
Harry Cording... St. John
Margaret Mann... Mrs. Price
Priscilla Bonham... Mrs. Watson
Stella Adams... Mrs. Smith

Directed by Charles Hutchison.

United Artists. A comedy of a wealthy and reckless youth who is put on the right road by a woman whom he gets to pose as his aged mother in order to save himself from imprisonment for a motoring offence. Acting is adequate, but there is little real dramatic force or emotional appeal.

*THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S*


Francis Day... La Monse
Leslie Hendon... Pett groups
George Crapeau... Le General
Lade Tree... Mike, Pettson
Stanley Holloway... In the Mouj gloo
Evon Thomas... Corin women
Gertrude Lewis... Etienne

Directed by Alexander Korda from George Pickles's novel "La Dame Chez Max." Scenario by Harry Graham.

The period in the gay nineties. The story is the old, old one of the much-maligned man who visits a night haunt and gets involved in an intrigue, which he has to use all his ingenuity to prevent coming to the ears of his wife.

It is put over brightly enough, although the humour is forced and the conventionality of the plot trudges itself.

The leading players in a strong cast are all good, but Frances Day as the "intrigue" does not wholly succeed in putting over her period song numbers entirely successfully.

Leslie Henson is in his element as the straight-laced doctor who "goes gay."

*AUNT SALLEY*


Cicely Courtneidge
Sally (Mademoiselle Zaza)
Sam Hardy... Michael "King" Kelly
Ethel Clare... Queenie
Billy Milton... Billy
Harley Power... Clark
Ben Weldon... Chas.
Emil Ralston
Little Jody
Ann Hope
Joan
Jove McLean
Peggy
Ben Evans
Percy Turvey-Price

Directed by Tim Whelan from a story by Guy Bolton, Albert Mangord and A. D. Rawlinson.

There is quite a lot to praise in the production of this boisterous farce, which is set against night-club backgrounds and introduces songs, dances by the Gainsborough girls, and the Debroy Seminarian band.

Unfortunately, the gangster plot — do not we get enough of them from America? — is very poor and does no more than form an excuse for introducing several Cicely Courtneidge "acts."

She is, of course, very good, but looks to me in danger of becoming dangerously over-manicured.

Sam Hardy is good, if an American ex-night-club king, while Harley Power and Ben Weldon make sound if conventional gangsters.

*THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS*


Benita Hume... Adolphine Vasse
Adolph Menjou... Adolph Balloch
Harvey Stephens... Henry Delaforce
Helen Chandler... Mary Ann Spence
Maud Le Plongeon... Jeanne M. Smith
Pauline Frederick... Jeanne M. Smith

Directed by Raoul Walsh.

United Artists. An exciting and complicated drama of a woman who, after a railway accident, falls in love with an honest man’s love, but gives it up for fear of jeopardising his future.

Adolph Menjou has much to do in the part of her millionaire lover, while Harvey Stephens tries to cope with the heavy sentimentalities of the "good" man. It is all very artless.

*MIXED DOUBLES*


Jeanne de Casalis... Betty
Frederick Lloyd... Sir John Dale
Cyril Raymond... Reggie Irvine
Molly Johnson... Lady Audrey Gordon McLeod
Quinton McPherson... Rev. Arthur Eiscott
George Hallaway... Mr. St. John
Rast Wallace... Jacko
Rose Wakeling... Mrs. St. John

Directed by Sidney Morgan from the stage play by Frank Scantlebury.

Slowly developed marital mix-up comedy in which a divorced couple marry again and meet in the confined space of a country house with unexpected spouses.

It is all very complicated, and consequently overburdened with dialogue and lacking in action.

The acting generally is quite good, and there are some well-developed humorous situations and a song or two from Jeanne de Casalis, who is well cast as the remarried divorcee.
March 3, 1934
PICTUREGOER Weekly

GERTRUDE
— LAWRENCE — tells how she keeps
her wardrobe fresh and lovely——

"There's a certain something that gives a girl the right degree of assurance and leads to true popularity. Girls who have the happiest time know that the whole secret is to look their best every day!" says lovely Gertrude Lawrence.

"And to look your smartest always — yet not be at all extravagant — is easy when you use Lux," she adds. "I insist that my maid uses it always — my undies and stockings are washed out after every single wearing. Other treasured things — negligées — the most delicate blouses and frocks wash beautifully in Lux. Even the sheerest fabrics are safe, I find."

LUX IS SAFE FOR COLOURS
You, too, should start to use Lux. No need to rub with Lux — no soda in it. It is best for all fine fabrics and colours — whatever is safe in water alone is safe in Lux. Order a packet from your grocer or dealer. Give Lux care to your undies and stockings — all your pretty things. It's so inexpensive too. A BIG packet only costs 6d. Also 2d and 4d sizes.

Delightful GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, distinguished in any company for her sophisticated smartness, knows that the first essential to feminine charm is perfect freshness and daintiness. She sees that all her washable clothes — even delicate creations of silk or organdie — are cared for always with Lux. "I know that they will stay lovely so much longer," she says.

SAFE for colours and all lovely fabrics
A LEVER PRODUCT
SEARCH—
for a DUBARRY

SLEEPLESS nights for B.I.P. executives—veteran cars at Elstree—anybody here seen Kathleen Kelly?—Randall Ayrton comes back—Chu Chin Chow Casting

Almost B.C.

That was eight years after the birth of Percy—yes, Johnny Jones, you’re quite right, the year the Boy Scout movement was inaugurated.

So by a process of lightning calculation we arrive at Percy’s age, which is thirty-four.

The thing that most impressed me about Percy was his lamps—enormous things, much larger than the lamps on the biggest of modern cars, but not quite so illuminating, being lit by paraffin.

Percy, having kept himself free from the vulgarity of film-production for thirty-four years, has been pressed into service for The Magistrates, the Pimpernel farce which British International are filming at Elstree.

Oh, a gay old bird, in spite of a certain wheeze-liness in his vitals.

If one cylinder missed fire in Percy’s childhood, you packed up and called it a day, for one cylinder was all he had.

Small Fry

But Percy is a gay young spark compared with the vehicles which Gaumont-British have resurrected for Evergreen. Two of them are “Penny-farthings” born in 1879 (you know—huge wheel in front, with pedals fixed at its centre, and a tiny wheel behind) and a “Bone shaker,” which dates back to 1867—ten years after the Indian Mutiny!

A boneshaker was a fellow with his two wheels approximately the same size (and approximately circular, if it comes to that) no springs, and no pedals. You paddled yourself along with your feet on the ground, and the police of that day were simply death on it for speeding.

This links up we very prettily with the “velocipede” and Johnny Walker clothes—curly-brimmed white topper and high boots. Life was simpler then—but some people were happier than we are to-day, and some unhappier. It all depends.

A Few K’s

Now, for a change, let’s turn from antiquities to novelties. In the British and Dominions studio, for instance, I found a new girl named Kathleen Kelly.

New to films, that is, having only figured very modestly in one before—a not-very-celebrated effort of Sound City. Some stage experience, a charming manner, ambition, a modesty unusual in the day and age, a pretty face, a lissom figure, a good voice, fair and wavy hair—you, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I should confidently say that with ordinary luck Kathleen will be heard of again. Often, she is playing in (or should it be on?) Dangerous Ground, a film which Norman Walker is directing for Paramount in the D. & D. studios. There is (prepare to be incredible) a murder—and the murderer is Martin Lewis, a well-known stage actor whom I haven’t seen in films for a long time—not since Greek Street, in fact.

Kathleen Kelly plays his daughter; and her step-mother is played by Joyce Kennedy.

Why, even when my motoring career began (as passenger) you had to climb up into a car instead of climbing down into it, and a chain, exposed to all the mud and grease, was the medium of control and persuasion.

Kick

When Percy was a smart young car, his owners got a terrific kick out of climbing away up on to him (you sat on, not in, a car when Percy was a pup), gripping the tiller firmly (oh, no, no steering-wheel! that’s a new-fangled invention) and launching out on a mad career of sometimes 12 m.p.h.

His top speed (official) was 15 m.p.h., but makers were just as optimistic then as they are now in such matters; and as there were no speedometers in those days the Bench always took the constable’s word for it.

They got a terrific kick, too, out of the starting handle, which was brought into play—if that isn’t too flippant a word for such a solemn business—by unscrewing a cover at the back of the car.

Why at the back? Because that’s where the engine was, stupid! That was the logical place for it, so that only a short length of chain was needed to attach it to the rear axle.

Grief and Payne

I chiefly remember Joyce in the stage production of The Case of the Frightened Lady, in which she played the Frightened One herself for part that Belle Chrystall played in the film. But whereas Belle looked as though anything would have frightened her, Joyce is made of sterner stuff, and you realised that anything that frightened her must be pretty frightening.

This difference in approach rather aptly represents the difference between stage and screen.

Joyce was in Say It With Music, in which she was the wife of Percy Marmont. Remember it—the one featuring Jack Payne’s band? Joyce had a spasm of that self-same “payne” when I mentioned it to her; she didn’t please herself very much in that film.

However, she pleased me, and I venture to think she pleased you also. And I further venture to think you will be quite satisfied with her in this one—and Heaven knows you’re difficult enough to please.

Malcolm Keen is in this too—either as the murderer or as a very effective red herring: I haven’t quite made up my mind which. I saw him not so long ago working at Shepherd’s Bush— in Murder Party, I think. He keeps mostly to his first love, the stage, however.

And there is Jack Raine, who in real life is married to Binnie Hale. Jack is the chap who. (Continued on page 28)
Wears Lovely Dresses
Now Since Losing
49 Pounds of Fat

"Dresses this year," says the fashion expert
with advanced news from Paris, "will be
specially designed to accentuate the waist."
What does this mean to you? If you are
one of those unlucky women who have "let
their figures go," it means that the new,
flattering styles are not for you. It means
being content with out-of-date dresses—
unless you decide to do something about that
bulging fat above the waistline, and about
those too-solidly upholstered hips.
There is a thing to do. There is a way to
cast off those superfluous pounds, to lose
those extra inches—without starving, too,
and without loss of strength.

As a matter of fact, when you faithfully take
your "little daily dose" of Kruschen first
thing every morning in a glass of hot water,
you gain in energy and vitality, you increase
physical charm (skin clears, eyes grow
bright), all while you're achieving your goal
—a youthful, slender figure.

Mrs. D. S. of Woodhaven, writes:
"Only a few months ago I weighed 13st. 5lb.,
and never could get a nice dress to fit. Now
from a 44 dress to a size 20—weight dst. 12lb.
Many thanks to Kruschen. I've recommended
it to all my friends."

Kruschen is based on scientific principles—
it's an ideal blend of mineral salts found in
the aperient waters of those European Spas
which have been resorted to from time
immemorial for the relief of various ailments,
including obesity.

Get a 1/2 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at
your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take
half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water
every morning.

Wera Engels
—the lovely star of Radio Pictures
who vouches for the wonders which VIVATONE
preparations can accomplish.
She knows, as do most of the leading stars of
stage and screen—and thousands of women
throughout the world—that to keep the skin
fresh and youthful, free from blemishes and
wrinkles, there is no treatment to equal

VIVATONE
Radio Active Toilet Preparations

So that you yourself may try Vivatone, we are making a special limited offer available for one
month. Take advantage now of this.

SPECIAL 2/- OFFER
1 jar Vivatone Cleansing Cream
1 jar Vivatone Foundation Cream
1 jar Vivatone Blackhead and Open Pore Cream 1 box Vivatone Powder (any shade).
Send P.O. today to the Laboratories: ANDRE GIRARD ET CIE, ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

WASHING and wearing won't
lessen the beauty of this
colorful embroidery. It is worked
in the latest, smartest thread—
"Anchor" SOFT Embroidery. It
looks like wool—soft, fleecy wool;
yet it's durable, fast and it does
not shrink. And it's made in a
vast range of fashionable shades.
The cushion shown here is made
of soft green canvas material, em-
brodered in twelve gay shades of
"Anchor" SOFT.

Ask at your needle-
work shop for the
transfer, with full in-
structions and color
chart all contained in a
transparent envelope,
price 6d. Or cut out and send this
coupon to Clark &
Co. Ltd.

COUPON
Send with 6d.

To CLARK & CO. LTD., Dept. L19, Paisley, Scotland.
Please send, post free, transfer, color chart and working
instructions for your new Cushion Design. I enclose 6d.

Name..........................................................(in block letters)
Address.........................................................

Issued by J. & P. Coats Ltd.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie
daily health habit.
Keep a bottle in your
Bathroom. Use on
rising and at bed-
time and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size.
with screw top. 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.
A woman of 61 in a hospital at Vienna was treated daily for five minutes by a famous doctor. In six weeks all her wrinkles had completely disappeared. She had regained a fresh, girlish complexion. The test was repeated, says it Vienna Medical Journal, on other women of 60 to 70 years of age with the same astounding results.

Now the story of this miracle is published to the world. Any woman may do the same thing for herself. Prof. Dr. Stejkal, of the University of Vienna, found that wrinkles are caused by the loss of certain vital elements from the skin. After years of research he succeeded in extracting these precious elements from the skin of carefully selected young animals. This product he called Biocel. The sole rights to use this amazing discovery were bought at enormous cost by Tokalon. Biocel is now combined with other vital skin nourishing ingredients in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. It rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles. Women of 50 and 60 may obtain a youthful beauty that many a young girl will envy. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods or money refunded.

**ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.**

staying not long ago at a country pub, was recognised by the landlord (a wireless fan) as Jack Payne. Nothing Raine could do would convince the landlord of his mistake, but fortunately the latter promised to respect his desire for privacy, and the incognito was preserved!

Of course, all Jack need have done was to begin to croak, and apparently he didn’t think of this.

Gordon Begg completes the cast. ‘Storidntine thing about Begg, simply—storidntine!’

Fourteen years ago, when German Walker first broke into the studios as Assistant Director, he was working as Second Assistant on a film called The Door That Had No Key. This was down at Twickenham, at what was then the Alliance Studio, and the First Assistant was Dion Titheradge the actor-playwright-scenarist.

And Gordon Begg played the butler.

Now Walker is directing a film which Titheradge has written (the fifth Titheradge story he has directed by the way). And Gordon Begg plays the butler—and not changed one iota.

**Quiet**

This is the only film in production in the B. & D. studios this week, though the spirit of Super-production broods over the place, owing to the impending start on the new Fairbanks Senior film—the one for which Merle Oberon’s trip to Hollywood was cancelled.

At the B.I.P. studios next door they are rather slack, too, for there’s only The Magistrare and Over The Garden Wall in production at the moment—but DuBarry and The Life of Schubert are threatening to burst into production any month now.

It’s remarkable to see the change in Paul Stein (director of The Red Wagon) since he was taken off DuBarry and assigned to The Life Of Schubert. He had begun to look positively haggard over the business of trying to find a woman who fulfilled all the conditions of a screen DuBarry. Now he has regained his customary equanimity, for he has no difficulty in finding a Schubert.

His Schubert’s name is Richard Tauber, and they were at school together in Berlin.

**Broody**

However, Frederick Zelnik (who directed Happy for B.I.P.) is beginning to develop a brooding expression of which he is well-nigh the only exponent of every woman with whom he sees who might possibly represent DuBarry, for the job of directing this film has devolved upon him.

These two productions are scheduled to start together—when they start.

Meanwhile an appropriate theme-song for Elstree would be a song which was rather popular during the War—‘It’s Quiet Down Here.

And, of course, that’s not really very much better anywhere. At Shepherd’s Bush, certainly, they have two important films under the arcs—Everywoman and Jew Süss—but both fronts were a little quiet this week.

For Jew Süss, Gaumont-British have given a little order to the florist. I’ll read out some of the items, and you tell up what they’ll cost. Ready—3,500 tulips, 12,000 barebells, 2,000 lilies-of-the-valley, 3,500 pimulas, 750 wallflowers, 2,000 squares of turf—Got that?

Well, never mind about the silver-birch sprays and the crosques, buttercups, irises, foxgloves, daffodils, daisy plants and ramblers—but they’re all in proportion.

**Worse Than Death**

About 26,000 blooms all told—and all to make a suitable hunting-lodge for Jew Süss in 8 Stage at Shepherd’s Bush, at a cost of £1200,000.

This lodge (called the Hirsau house) is the scene of the death of Naemi, Jew Süss’s daughter, who prefers a somewhat tricky course to the dis honour which the Grand Duke offers her.

I must say she chose a lovely place for it. The garden was one of the most enchanting (and most convincing) I have ever seen in these studios, where money is no (or hardly any) object to securing the desired effect.

I have seen very little of Pamela Ostrer, who plays Naemi. It is a very responsible rôle for so young and inexperienced an actress, but she looks

---

**Round One to Honig**

I’m glad to see Randle Ayrton back in films. A fine actor.

I haven’t seen him (as far as I can remember) since The Two Worlds, where he played an old and orthodox Jew—superb—which is probably the reason why he is in this one.

One Mr. Camille Honig has scored very neatly— and without meaning to.

Mr. Honig is one of the greatest living authorities on Jewish history and ritual, and was engaged to supervise the detail in the scene representing a Jewish Court-room, where Süss stands his trial.

One point rather bothered the studio authorities, and just to make doubly sure they applied to the British Museum for a decision—who upon the Museum referred them back to Mr. Honig?

---

**Herr Chow**

They have got a step further with the casting of Chu Chin Chow, which Walter Forde is to direct at Islington.

The central figure, Hassan, the Robber Chief, who poses as the Chinese mandarin Chu Chin Chow, is to be played by Fritz Kortner.

Herr Kortner is one of the successful Shakespearean actors of the German stage.

George Robey is to play Ali Baba, and Anna May Wong, who first attracted attention on the screen by playing the Slave Girl in The Thief of Bagdad— with Doug Fairbanks Sen., who is now to play at Elstree.

And the First Robber is to be played by a Gaiel with the fine fruity name of Malcolm McEachern.

---

**What’s in a Name?**

Ever heard of McEachern? No? You surprise me. Well, perhaps you have heard of Flotsam and Jetsam?

All right, then, Malcolm McEachern is Jetsam. So never say again that you don’t get value for your money.
March 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

PLAYER'S
CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
are also packed in handy
little cartons of 5 for 3d.
Ideal for the lady's handbag.

How "different" from other girls!

And so he chooses her, first for a dance
and then for life. Because KHASANA
Blush Cream gave her own natural colouring
its chance, emphasising its beauty, giving her
distinction and charm

KHASANA Blush Cream will do as much for you,
because its shade changes on the skin to match your
complexion, giving the cheeks a rosy bloom, so natural
and discreet. It has a cold cream base which makes it
easy to use and protects the skin from cold winds and sun.
In the same way KHASANA Lipstick produces a very
natural colouring on the lips, beautifying and protecting
them. KHASANA Preparations are kiss- and water-
proof and non-detectable.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

MEN are irresistibly drawn to a woman whose
skin is smooth and clear and petal-soft. So be
regular with your use of SNOWFIRE CREAM.
This pure, non-greasy Cream quickly improves the
texture of your skin and smooths away all blemishes.
It keeps your complexion radiantly young and lovely—
makes you always charming, always admired.

DAINTY HANDBAG CONTAINERS, 3d.
TUBES, 6d.
Opal Jars, 1/4d.

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN attracts men.

Snowfire VANISHING CREAM
What Do You Think? Letters from Our Readers

JACK and CICELY—Ahhoy! A Fan's Word of Warning to the Hubberts

IN the next three years the Hubberts are to make eighteen films. I wonder how much of their popularity they will have lost by then? In my opinion it will have waned immensely, unless they are careful in the choice of stories.

"Their type of comedy is not subtle and rather broad. And broad comedy is apt to run to duplicated situations or gags. In Falling for You we actually had duplication in the title and in addition to the familiar Hubert material.

"At a time when comedy wells are rather dry it is wise to go to the well too often? The producers and the Hubberts may think they have done a good stroke of business but they must give us new material instead of cashing in on Jack and Cicely's popularity. Cash in on 'popularity' is apt to ruin stars."—Edith Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5, who wins the second price of 10/s.

Giscely Courtneidge

Hollywood Opportunities—Oh, Yeah!

One is constantly reading that 'so-and-so, were she in Hollywood, would be given her opportunity.' "Opportunity for what?" "Marlene Dietrich went to Hollywood. She never been given the opportunity for real acting she had in The Blue Angel.—A German film. Dorothy Wicke went to Hollywood and had the priceless opportunity of being publicised as a cutie."

Brian Abner had the opportunity of appearing in The Song of Songs. 'Don't hold that against him,' said the critics; 'See him in The Conquest of Nymphe.—A British film.'

"Dorothy Sebastian, one of America's few real actresses, was given no opportunity at all. Jameson Thomas was given the opportunity of playing the part of butlers etc., in 'quickies.'"

"Betty Mack could become a great tragedienne. Edgar Kennedy a world-famous comedian, but not in Hollywood. There they have every opportunity—except that of doing good work."—Alfred Johnson, "Lorrimore," Station Road, Tunley, Ipswich, winner of this week's guinea prize.

All-Star Casts

"There is an old proverb that says 'Too many cooks spoil the broth,' and I consider that too many famous stars in one picture spoil the effect. Grand Hotel and Dinner at Eight were well received by the general public with eager anticipa- tion, whilst Dinner at Eight was advertised as the film of the year."

"Maybe these pictures are released with the idea of what the various stars' acting ability, but each star seems dull because no one is allowed to stand out."

"Grand Hotel and Dinner at Eight have disappointed the public mainly because of the multiplication of stars, and also because they were bom as extraordinary pictures, whereas they are just ordinary pictures, with a lot of 'star names."—Eric J. Spragg, 115, Haslemere Road, Southsea, Hants.

This week has brought many complaints against star films. Producers might think it worth while to consider if the public really do wants these many-named casts.

"We read that Wonder Bar is to be another all-star film. This increasing propensity to make films with 'all-star' casts is significant. The public is becoming tired of them (and more than enough, occasionally—Sorry!) as a drawing factor?"

"Team work is no good for a film star. This we leave to the 'featured' players (who have to act ...) By 'all-star' casts, we are losing the individuality of our film stars. The essential of a star is individuality."

"The 'star system' is a direct contradiction to so-called 'all-star' films, which actually reduce the rank of a "star" to that of a featured player."—(Mrs.) J. Ades, East Cliff Court, Grove Road, Bournemouth.

Vulgarity in "Symphonies"

"I enjoy the simple feeling of Walt Disney's 'Silly Symphonies' as much as any mischief loving youngster."

"It often-times the laugh has died on my face when an ill-conceived episode of blatant vulgarity has been interpolated obviously for the particular depletion of the adult audience; which has sobered me with an unwelcome suddenness."

"Now the chief reason, I think, for the universal appeal of this comic-strip of the talkie screen is its unpretentious childish-ness."

"Indecency, suggestiveness, and sordidness of such nature cannot possibly gladden the children's hearts. Please Disneyland, Disney's—join our friends writing your funny fairy-tales for the children—and the more childish, the more lovable!"—Watson C. Whiteham, 6, Cuerden Street, Burnley, Lancs.

"I have seldom noticed anything offensive in recent 'Silly Symphonies.'"

A Cheer for Chaplin

"Why should Charlie Chaplin worry himself about making any more pictures? He is a rich man while still young enough to enjoy the golden results of strenuous years."

It is attributed to Samuel Johnson (no fans, he was not in films) that a man who wrote for any other purpose but to get money was a fool. Mr. Chaplin is a business man and a long way from being a fool. But if he should wish to have a little flutter in films the odds are all in his favour especially if he has found his ideal in Paulette Goddard.

"He is probably big enough to succeed where a lesser man would fail. Even if his effort is not classed as a great film it will be a Charlie Chaplin film which being interpreted means a good film."

"We shall all go to see it and that will be successful for him and a pleasant change for us from some of the hokum and bellow for which producers now imagine there is a crying want."—T. J. Har, 10, Churchways Avenue, Horfield, Bristol, 7.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 10s. 10d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and $5 for all other letters published in the following week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and shouldn't exceed 150 words. Address to 'Thinker," the "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.

PICTUREGOER Weekly, 30 March 1934

The STYLES THE STARS WEAR

DIFFERENT, FASCINATING

You surely must have a pair of these dyers that are the same, drama that Hollywood's foremost 60 are wearing—styles which are new, striking and original—and will give you that air of style and individuality that Hollywood's top actors and actresses wear.

The Hollywood Five Co. offer you a wide and wonderful range of these in styles which are definitely different. An immense turnover makes prices much less than you would expect. They are being sold for some time, whether you need obtain these wonderful gowns in any other quarter. Send a postcard stating dress type of best, and colour or shade of dress required, and a set of 屈屈圣 -WILL BE sent to you free.

Hollywood WEDNESDAY
10 NORTH STREET LEEDS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET WELL

If you are a victim of ill-health, if you suffer from Anaemia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, or any disorder due to weak, impoverished blood, here is good news for you. In response to repeated demands, the proprietors of

Dr. Williams

PINK PILLS

have now reduced the price of this world-famous remedy, and the pills can be obtained from all chemists at 1s. 3d. a box (Triple Size, 3s.).

This remarkable Blood-enricher and Nerve Tonic is that brought within the reach of all sufferers. So lose no time in giving the pills a trial, and join the ranks of the thousands of sufferers who have found real health and new vitality through the wonderful blood-making properties of Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

Slim safely, without dieting, in the privacy of your own room. Send the coupon to-day for particulars of the Thor Electric Auto Juvenator Exerciser,


Please send particulars of Thor Electric Juvenator, and your 'pay as you use' terms. The voltage of your electric supply is

Name... 
Address...

P 13
The ultimate touch of elegance is the gift of the Yardley Powder. Gossamer fine, it will give to your complexion that smooth and flawless beauty which is the glory of youth. Blending so perfectly with your own natural colouring, only the rare loveliness of the Orchis Perfume reveals its presence.

LARGE 2/- BOX

In tints to suit your complexion

A testing sample of the Orchis Perfume is included with each box.

YOUR ILLNESS MAY BE DUE TO WEAK STOMACH

Do you ever think how many apparently different illnesses are really due to your digestion getting out of order? If you don't digest your food properly, you're almost sure to get constipation, and constipation means gradual self poisoning; your system can't get the nourishment it needs and so you become a ready prey to any infection.

If you are feeling run down and out of sorts, lack energy, get one cold after another or just don't feel well, take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will clear away overloading of the stomach, cleanse the bowels and intestines, and help your organs to function naturally and healthily again. Your body cleared of poison, gets its nourishment again and vitality returns to help you shake off the weakness of half health. It's the wonderful formula doctors and hospitals all over the country are using for all kinds of stomach trouble, even to prevent operations for grave gastric and duodenal ulcers.

Try this remarkable Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 1/2, and 1/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

March 3, 1934
Riding, tennis and swimming—at all of which he excels. That is Fredric March's "Design for Living." It must be a good one for he certainly looks wonderful in khaki and he obviously revels in having his picture taken! If you want portraits of your favourites that really do them justice, pin your faith to "Picturegoer" Sepia Glossy Postcards. Get some of these cards now and add more sparkle to your collection.

Be sure that Fredric is amongst them.

5/6 POSTCARD ALBUM FREE

Join "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and you will present you with a 5/6 Album, handsomely bound in Art Leather. To hold 500 cards. To join, simply send an order for no less than one dollar, one new sepia glossy postcard at the regular price of 2d. each. On all subsequent orders you will receive substantial discounts as well as many other advantages.

Choose your Cards from list below; rich sepia glossy, 3d. each—2/6 doz. On sale to members. Date of issue: 20th Jan., 1934.

D.B. (Wandsworth.)—If you write to D.B. (Wandsworth) he will send you a photograph. Address: D.B. (Wandsworth), Film Productions, Twickenham, Middx.

GARY COOPER FAN (Norwich)—Gary Cooper fans! Here is your chance. Gary Cooper, who is a Barrister in New York City, has just married Miss Margarette Snow. He has appeared in the following films: It's No Game, My Sister, The Virginian, The Spoilers, Morocco, City Streets, The Scarlet Pimpernel, One Sunday Afternoon, Design for Living, Alice Adams and will soon make his Heart. A letter to America costs only 12d.

A. H. (London).—Max Clarke was born on August 16, 1910, at Philadelphia; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and has light blue eyes. Her favourite sport is boating. Maurice's father died when he was eleven and after trying his hand at carpentry and electrical work he obtained his first chance as a singer when he was seventeen. He was introduced as a dancing partner to Minnie Guttman, but the German military camp, Maurice met and became friends with an Englishman from whom he learnt to speak English. After the war he has been a regular in musical comedies, and he will soon be discovered by Paramount. His latest film will be "The Year of Love and the Merry Widow.


M.-I regret it is impossible to let you have the details you require."

"I would like to have a photograph of—" If you write to Joan McCreery, c/o Radio Studios, 780 21st Street, Hollywood, California, and to Gary Cooper, c/o Paramount Studios, 5351 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, asking them nicely for signed photographs, I expect they will send you one.

TINA LOUVE (Los Angeles) — I have seen your name in Picturegoer, and I am one of the cast of Three Corset Brides; if you can imagine it, it is a very funny play. I am in a picture with Jessie Matthews appears on my page in the cast. My name is Margarette Snow. My address is 964 2nd Avenue, New York, N.Y. I have made my first appearance in films in 1927, and his pictures include the Doorway to Hell, Father's Son, Children of Dreams, Old English, Front of Swear and Save, and the picture of the war is called 'Old Ace.'

T.L. F. M. (Gloucester) — Leon E. Janney was born on April 11, 1917, at Ogden, Utah. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. His films include Tid-Able, Fifty Fathoms Deep, Shames and Hates, Loved, Make of Men, Emmas, Strange London. His film "What's New, Honey?" is being released on May 15. His next film will be "The Man Who Broke His Heart." If you write to Joan McCreery, c/o Radio Studios, 780 21st Street, Hollywood, California, and ask her for an autographed photo, she will send you one. A letter to America costs only 12c.

J. M. P. (Essex) — Baby Daniels was born on January 14, 1911, at Dallas, Texas; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and has brown and grey eyes. She is happily married to Ben Lyons and they have a daughter, twig. Baby Daniels' latest films are Cocktail Hour and Control of the Line. Baby wishes to hear from you. Mrs. Daniels is married to a cousin of her first husband, and is now married to Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

To "PICTUREGOER" SALON, 65 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

Please send me as a member of the "Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for no less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 3s. 6d. per dozen. Please include with my order your 5/6 Free Postcard Album. I enclose 1/2 extra to cover cost of postage and postage on my gift.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

P.O. No. ________________________________

Terms: First order must include 5/6 Album, for which a postcard and postage will be charged. 

Owen P. Laid and will be postable in to "THE PICTUREGOER." This issue.

32

GEORGE

"Design for Living"

Matt Slocum

Dining room should include 5s. 6d. to cover postage and postage on my gift.

For "THE PICTUREGOER" SALON, 65 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

Please send me a copy of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for no less than one dozen Postcards, new series, sepia glossy finish, price 3s. 6d. per dozen. Please include with my order your 5/6 Free Postcard Album. I enclose 1/2 extra to cover cost of postage and postage on my gift.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

P.O. No. ________________________________

Terms: First order must include 5/6 Album, for which a postcard and postage will be charged. 

Owen P. Laid and will be postable in to "THE PICTUREGOER." This issue.
DO IT!

March 3, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly


JANET GAYNOR FAX (Bradford).—Write to Janet Gaynor c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. Gaynor will participate in an International Money Order for return postage on a postcard if you order her signed photograph, you can send the balance when you receive your order; otherwise you will not know how much to send.

BUNTY (Gainsborough).—(1) Herewith the cast of the cast of the first edition of the play of Charles (1915) at Lord Francis (1915), Deanna Durbin, Janet Gaynor, Mary Pickford, Jeanette MacDonald and Jean Harlow.

JANE EUGENIA FAX (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald and Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, A New Day, at the Los Angeles Playhouse, Los Angeles, California. The play will open on Thursday, March 3.

JANETTE MACDONALD AND JEAN HARLOW FAX (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Parade, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.


JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.

JANETTE MacDonald and Jean Harlow (Rutland).—Jeanette MacDonald will be starring in the film of the play, The Last Bachelor, The Vespertine Angel, Let's Get Married, and The Last Time I Saw Paris. The film will open at the Paramount Theatre, Hollywood, California.
Dancing all the evening in warm, crowded ballrooms, your complexion will still bring you compliments if you use Icilma Vanishing Cream before you "make up." Not only does this cream make powder cling evenly, but the natural spring water—from the Icilma Spring—which it contains tones up the skin and keeps it smooth and healthy. Buy a jar of Icilma next time you are in the chemist's!

**VALUABLE BEAUTY OUTFIT**

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Cream, two boxes of Icilma Hair Powder (Naturelle andRachel), a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dep. 29 F), 45 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

---

**Icilma VANISHING CREAM**

Vanishing Cream
- Tubes, 6d.
- Jars, 9d., 13

Flesh-Tinted Cream
- 6d., 1/9

Cold Cream
- 6d., 1/3

---

**Leave it to ANNE**

**WHATEVER**

your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

**LAST week we talked about foods that contain a sufficiency of vitamin C, the most important of all the known vitamins if a beautiful clear complexion is to be achieved. This week I want to write of a balanced diet—that is, a diet so well arranged and proportioned that it keeps you in good health and your brain functioning as brightly as can be. For, believe me, sluggish bodies result in slow mental powers and muddled thinking. Under-eating is as bad as over-eating. To eat less than is actually required means that the body must draw on its reserves to maintain heat and energy and so you lose weight. To eat more than is necessary means that the excess must be stored up, and so you grow fat.

Meals should be balanced so that each day the body is supplied with just as much of the various elements as it actually needs and no more.

**Proper Balance**

First of all, you need proteins. They provide energy, growth, repair. These are contained in meat, milk, cheese, eggs, fish, of animal origin; in bread, potatoes, and cereals, of vegetable origin. Most women err in consuming far too much meat. The average girl or woman does not need more than four medium-sized meat meals per week. If she suffers from faulty elimination, she should cut it down to three. For the other meals a variety of dishes can be made from eggs, cheese, and fish.

Then you need starch, which you may take in the form of potatoes, macaroni, spaghetti, baked beans. You must have raw vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, celery, steamed green vegetables, and raw fruit, such as we talked about last week; and, lastly, milk, wholemeal bread, and butter.

It is not difficult to plan three meals a day from the foregoing, allowing one protein dish, one starch dish, one of raw vegetables, and one of raw fruit. Add your bread and butter and, if you can take it, a pint of milk a day. If not a pint, then such quantity as you can conveniently consume.

Tea and coffee should be taken in strict moderation if you value your complexion. It is far better to quench this thirst with copious draughts of water. Even though you may not feel thirsty, see that your body has a sufficiency of cold water between meals. The best authorities have it that we need three pints a day, but certainly we should consume not less than two pints.

**Not Too Much Sugar**

Be sparing with sugar; if you have a sweet tooth, satisfy it with honey. Avoid fried foods, too many pastries, and highly seasoned dishes. Take vegetable soups, neat simply prepared, steamed and grated fish, steamed vegetables, fruit, both raw and cooked, though not too much sweetened, and preferably without pastry. Take to this simple living for a few months, and you will be agreeably surprised at the clear skin, bright eyes, and glossy hair that will result.

Alcohol tends to coarsen the skin, and at risk of seeming a killjoy, I would say that cocktails are best avoided.

Faulty elimination is one of the chief enemies of a good complexion. But it is no way to a cure to dose yourself indiscriminately with drugs. They serve their purpose for a time, then cease to have any effect. After that you go through a similar routine with some other drug.

It is best overcome by dieting. Take foods containing plenty of roughage, such as wholemeal bread and flour, salads, and fruits. Take a good walk every day and practise some exercises which are designed to overcome this trouble. Sip a glass of hot water the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Regular meals should be the order of the day. I know it is sometimes difficult for business girls and the busy mothers of families to take their meals by the clock. But it is so important that the whole of life should be a perfectly rhythmical round of eating, resting, and activity. Nothing is worse than irregularity in meal times.

Make a time-table and keep to it. But see that the last meal is taken at least two hours before going to bed.

**Answers to Correspondents**

**Sarah.**—A balanced diet, such as is described above, will help to improve your complexion. To gain weight, eat freely of butter, cheese, nuts, honey, eggs, heritage, salmon, sarcodes, and sprats. Drink plenty of milk.

**Ray.**—Send a stamped addressed envelope for the name of a special treatment.

**Lent Carey.**—It is impossible to tell you in so small a space "all I know about face lifting."

**For Bass.**—Your query is too long for reply in this column. A vinegar rinse is for brown hair.

B. Gray (Carlisle).—Treat the red nose by rubbing in a little zinc paste every night. Take the morning mop it over with camomile lotion.

---

**The cold-cream brush for applying cleansing cream and stimulating the skin at the same time is part of Flarine McKinnney's make-up equipment.**
MAXALDING BUILT!

Mr. A. J. Witt is a young Englishman who began Maxalding as a youth. He is not yet 21 years of age but has already passed the 4½-inch expanded chest measurement and is still improving. The accompanying illustration is from an unseathed photograph taken at the end of December 1933.

A YOUTH, aged 16 years 9 months, wrote on January 30, 1934:

"Dear Mr. Saldo, I have mastered all the exercises of my first lesson. There are noticeable increases of muscle on the back and arms. The neck seems thicker and stronger.

"MY HEIGHT HAS INCREASED ABOUT 1½ INCHES.

Testimonial guaranteed unolicited and verbatim under封set of £50 to this paper.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Every inquirer for details of Maxalding is responded to personally in a plain, closed cover. The postage requested is used for this purpose and not for sending out a series of stereotyped letters. No "follow-on" letters of any kind are used, for, wonderful as Maxalding is, the real value of the treatment lies in its application to individual requirements. A little indulgence is, therefore, requested to my response, which will be personal and will be sent under conditions of strict privacy.

December 6, 1932. A. M. Saldo.

A 30,000-word illustrated Treatise explanatory of Maxalding will be sent on receipt of your name, address, age, and occupation. You will learn why you can cure yourself of any functional disorder and secure a physique comparable to the many thousands of Maxalders all over the world.

2d. stamp for postage appreciated.

MAXALDING (Dept. 777)
14, Cursitor St., London, E.C.4

THIS WEEK'S WINNER OF THE
COLRex FASCINATION PRIZE

Miss D. C. HYDE
of LONDON, W.4

YOU may win next week's Prize in the Colrex Fascination Contest for attractive girls. Send us your photo together with a seal from a tablet of Colrex Beauty Soap. Weekly prize is handsome mounted enlargement of photo submitted and right to enter for Grand Final Prize to be announced shortly. Entry implies permission to reproduce winner's name and photograph in PICTURESoyer and other journals. Watch Daily Sketch each Friday for winners.

THE secret of Colrex Beauty Soap is Activated Colloidial Sulphur ("Sulpha") which is 100 times finer than ordinary sulphur, but there is no secret of what Colrex does for your complexion. The extremely fine action particles penetrate the skin, preventing the formation of blackheads, pimples, or other skin blemishes. Scores of girls are "discovering" this new Beauty Soap each week.

Delicately perfumed, 5d. per tablet.

Colrex Beauty Soap

Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

In case of difficulty, send ld. to:
**FREE to MEN**

**FREE to LADIES**

3 FREE GIFTS
FOR ALL WHO DESIRE

Beautiful Hair

**SPECIAL OFFER TO TEST THE WONDERFUL**

**Hair Growing—Hair Restoring—Hair Beautifying**

**"Harlene—Hair—Drill"**

"I am always being complimented on my beautiful hair," writes Miss Rosalind Snow, the beautiful model of the Famous Hairdressing Expert, Renato. "My secret is 'Harlene' and the regular practice of 'Harlene-Hair-Drill'..."

Every lady reader of this paper to-day is fortunate in learning the Hair Beauty Secret of Miss Rosalind Snow. They are doubly fortunate in being invited to test the wonderful powers of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay. Then you can test how, in just 2 minutes a day, your hair can be made Thickly Luxuriant and of a Beautiful Texture.

(1) **'HARLENE' HAIR GROWER AND TONIC**

For nearly 50 years "Harlene" has held pride of place as the greatest Hair GROWER and Hair Beauty Promoter. Today it is more popular than ever. "Harlene" is the true liquid food for the hair—the "champagne-like" reviver of every hair shaft. Every hair root, every tiny hair follicle, comes under its restoring, reviving power. Lank, Lilleness, Lustreless Hair becomes Virel and Lustrous. Brittle, splitting, "Rough" Hair takes on a glorious soft and silken texture. Hair stops Falling and Thin, Straggly Locks grow thickly luxuriant and unbelievably attractive. Take care of your children's Hair! "Harlene" preserves, strengthens, and invigorates it.

TO MEN

Balduiness, Thinness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for TWO MINUTES a day—the difference in seven days will amaze you! Chemists, price 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) **'CREMEX' SHAMPOO**

Your first shampoo with CREMEX is an experience to be remembered. It's generous, dainty perfumed, creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Sulfur and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. A FREE Burnishing Rinse is included with each sachet. Price 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each).

(3) **'UZON' BRILLIANTINE**

"Uzon" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. It's dainty and discreet perfume is subtly alluring. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair, and is equally suitable for both ladies and gentlemen. Invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form, 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) **'HARLENE' WAVE-SETTING LOTION**

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. SAVES £1/£ on Hair Waving Bills! Price 1/3 per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7/¼d.**

(5) **'HARLENE' CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

Every lady with fair hair should try the Beautifying power of "Harlene" Camomile Golden Hair Wash. It develops and revives the beauty of Blonde Hair and imparts a Glorious Light-Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Hair that has become dull and lost its tone. **Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.**

(6) **'ASTOL' HAIR COLOUR RESTORER**

If your hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured you should use "Astol," which will quickly restore it to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. **Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 1/9.**

(7) **'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM**

Something new for MEN. A combined Dressing and Tonic. Improves the condition and appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once. 1/1½ and 5/- per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7/¼d.**

**SAMPLE COUPON**

On receipt of this Coupon (Postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing, a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address and state which numbers required.

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H.984), 20/26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.
GARBO'S GREAT GAMBLE

P I C T U R E G O E R

GREAT GARBO

GRÉTA GARBO

March 10, 1934
VOICE OF THE STARS

THE £100,000 RECORD

GEORGE ARLISS
LEW AYRES
WALLACE BEERY
JACK BUCHANAN
ALFRED BURDON
JACKIE COOPER
CICELY COURTNEIDGE
MARIE DRESSLER
GRACIE FIELDS
JANET GAYNOR
JEAN HARLOW
LESLIE HENSON

KATHARINE HEPBURN
BOBBY HOWES
JACK HULBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
LAUREL AND HARDY
EVELYN LAYE
STANLEY LUPINO
FREDRIC MARCH
NORMA SHEARER
MAE WEST
DIANA WYNYARD

24 Film Stars on a Double-sided Record

MADE AT H.M.V., HAYES

REGAL-ZONOPHONE RECORD

1'6

Proceeds in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund

ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL CINEMA OR FROM

MR. JEFFREY BERNERD, Hon. Secretary, Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, Film House, Wardour Street, London, W.1
whenever women speak of dress
you'll hear of corot too.

and the reason is easily found
in the amazingly complete
dress service that corot
offers to the smart woman.
an appreciation of design
coupled with a high regard
for good workmanship and a
personal interest in each
client. ... these are the
factors in the success of this
famous dress house. while
coupled with these is the very
practical policy of payment
by instalments.

pay a visit one day to the london
show-rooms ... or write for its
illustrated fashion guide and full
details of this instalment plan.

"good
beginning"
in an lined coat
in a novelty woolen weave,
trimmed with
stitching on
back and collar.
cash 9/-
3 gns. monthly

"even money"
in a smartly tail-
ored suit in a
tweed mixture
weave has
usual shoulder
epaulettes.
cash 12/-
4 gns. monthly

corot
(dept. p.239)
33 old bond st.
london, w.1
regent 0234

post this coupon to corot to-day
corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.
free please send corot: spring fashion guide and full particulars

name
address

...to wipe away
UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A per-
Fumed toilet cream which ends super-
fuous hair in three minutes.

razors only make the hair grow faster.
The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-
smelling and dangerous. This new beauty
cream, called New Veet, makes the hair
simply fall away. You just apply it from
the tube and then wash off with water.
Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white
without a trace of hair. No ugly dark
patch like the razor leaves because the
hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented
face cream, and as easy and pleasant
to use. At all chemists and hairdressers,
6d. and 1/3.

THE HIGH ROAD
—to loveliness

The flower-like perfume of Icilma Face Powder
is only one of many
reasons why you should use it. It clings
faithfully and evenly, looking
as much a part of you as your skin. And being incomparably fine
and delicate—nine times sifted through silk—it cannot clog the pores.
Take your choice from the four different shades of Icilma Face Powder
—or write for the free samples.

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle
and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d.
Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3s. Icilma Hair Powder, for dry shampoos, send 6d. in
stamps to Ilcilma (Dept.P.H.), 31 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be
sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

in four charming
shades : Naturelle,
Cremes (Rachel),
Raisin, Bruneille

Icilma
Face Powder

As
EASY
as
washing
your face

VIOLENT PAINS FROM ACID STOMACH

Cured by Hospital Formula

For eighteen months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor
stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital
Treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:
"For the past eighteen months I have been a
martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed dis-
torted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was
losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give
My Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I
intend now to keep it always handy, as I am convinced
it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lbs. in
weight since taking your powder."
Mr. C. G. S——, St. Neots.

If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist
and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.
It is made from the famous hospital formula which is
used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your
chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach
Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."
It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 1/2, and 5/- bottles
in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Magnetic, Alluring
EYES

Mrs. Stephen's Lovely Eyes
old prescriptions. From a selection of
Eyes lying on prescription labels in a month,
Magnetic, Alluring, in.

 artisans, and a.

SWAN DOWN
Cleansing & Tissue Creams

at all chemists, druggists and doctors

PUMICESTONE

...to wipe away
UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A per-
Fumed toilet cream which ends super-
fuous hair in three minutes.

razors only make the hair grow faster.
The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-
smelling and dangerous. This new beauty
cream, called New Veet, makes the hair
simply fall away. You just apply it from
the tube and then wash off with water.
Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white
without a trace of hair. No ugly dark
patch like the razor leaves because the
hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented
face cream, and as easy and pleasant
to use. At all chemists and hairdressers,
6d. and 1/3.

THE HIGH ROAD
—to loveliness

The flower-like perfume of Icilma Face Powder
is only one of many
reasons why you should use it. It clings
faithfully and evenly, looking
as much a part of you as your skin. And being incomparably fine
and delicate—nine times sifted through silk—it cannot clog the pores.
Take your choice from the four different shades of Icilma Face Powder
—or write for the free samples.

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle
and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d.
Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3s. Icilma Hair Powder, for dry shampoos, send 6d. in
stamps to Ilcilma (Dept.P.H.), 31 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be
sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

in four charming
shades : Naturelle,
Cremes (Rachel),
Raisin, Bruneille

Icilma
Face Powder

As
EASY
as
washing
your face

VIOLENT PAINS FROM ACID STOMACH

Cured by Hospital Formula

For eighteen months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor
stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital
Treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:
"For the past eighteen months I have been a
martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed dis-
torted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was
losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give
give My Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I
intend now to keep it always handy, as I am convinced
it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lbs. in
weight since taking your powder."
Mr. C. G. S——, St. Neots.

If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist
and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.
It is made from the famous hospital formula which is
used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your
chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach
Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."
It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 1/2, and 5/- bottles
in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

un ЕYES

Mrs. Stephen's Lovely Eyes
old prescriptions. From a selection of
Eyes lying on prescription labels in a month,
Magnetic, Alluring, in.

 artisans, and a.

SWAN DOWN
Cleansing & Tissue Creams

at all chemists, druggists and doctors

PUMICESTONE
LOOK at your fingers
and think of your throat

The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—tobacco tar! Protect your fingers and you protect your throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—traps the one cause of burning, of dryness and of hoarseness. You enjoy the true Virginia flavour—cool and full and fragrant. Nicotine, the charmer . . . yes. Rich, round flavour . . . yes. But a stain for your fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—definitely no.

Have you tasted rare Virginia as it really should be—free from tobacco tar?

du MAURIER
cigarettes with the exclusive filter tip
JEANETTE MACDONALD

Who, after all, has won the rôle opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." Jeanette started in the chorus of revue and graduated to films via musical comedy. Born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907; fair hair, blue-green eyes. Miss Macdonald is one of the most familiar on the Beverly Hills bridle paths—and she rides side-saddle. She is seen here with Ghibot Chief, her £7,000 horse.
In less than five minutes you can make yourself a brew of Cadburys ‘Cup’ Chocolate—the same brew that made chocolate-drinking fashionable in this country! And as you enjoy its bland and heartening goodness, you will say that here, made by your own hands, is a cup of chocolate as good as any you have ever drunk on the Continent.

POST THIS COUPON in unsealed envelope (postage 4d.) to Gift Dept. Cadbury, Bournville, for free sample of Cadburys ‘Cup’ Chocolate.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

This offer applies to the United Kingdom only.
A giant for some,-The
boasting of Brisson—How
Mae West helps—Laughton's "Scar-
et Pimpernel"—and his disputed
claim to genius—Lee Tracy
signed up again.

The costume
boom is fast
developing
into the
greatest cycle
in screen history,
and unless producers
are careful, filmland's
big fancy-dress ball will leave the industry
with the biggest headache it has had since the "musical" market collapsed in the early
days of sound.
I seriously doubt even now if the vogue
will survive the number of films already
scheduled. Almost every other major pro-
duction announced falls into the categories of
historical drama, period drama, or biogra-
phy.

Somebody is going to be left holding a nice
antique bag.

Mae gives Brisson a Boost
When the Paramount publicity department
quotes Mae West as describing Carl Brisson
as her "ideal man," the studio's announced
intention to make the Danish "matinee idol" a
major star must be regarded seriously.
Seemingly gratuitous, but much ballyhooed
boquets to her young actors from the queen of
the same lot are always an infallible sign that the
movie overfords are about to "build up" a new
masculine screen "rage."
It is one of the best known tricks of Hollywood's
glamourising trade.
Joan Crawford, you may recall, performed the
same service in the interests of Clark Gable when
his possibilities as a Great Lover were first spotted.
In the meanwhile, it appears extremely likely
that Brisson will be Mae West's next leading man.

"I'll come up and see you sometime"

However, I hear that, quite apart from the
activities of the Press boys, Carl and Mae
have become firm friends.
They have one important interest in common
—boxing.

Brisson achieved some success as a pupilist
before he went on the stage, while Miss West
herself the daughter of a well-known boxer is a
keen ring fan.
She managed a Los Angeles "pug" as a matter
of fact until recently when the studio authorities decided that it might be bad publicity.

Brisson had been on the lot only two hours when he located
the gymnasium and boxed four rounds with the studio trainer.
He intends to have a training round
or so every day. And when he told
Mae West of this, she said, "Fine . . .
I must come up and see you sometime!"

Big Colour Films
The 1934 production season, as I have previously
predicted here, will be marked by a big bid
to establish the all-colour talkie.

Now the Radio studio announces ambitious
plans to film Cymno de Bergerac and the The Last
Days of Pompeii by the new Technicolour process
which Walt Disney has pioneered in the "Silly
Symphonies."

Since the arrival of the official information of
the production of these two pictures, incidentally,
I have had private information from Hollywood
that an experiment will first be made with a picture
based on the legend of Rip Van Winkle, with
Lionel Barrymore as the star.

Solved the Problem
The making of the films will be supervised by
the studio head, Merian C. Cooper, who was
responsible for that remarkable mechanical feat
King Kong.

Of the three offerings, The Last Days of Pompeii
will probably be the most spectacular and pre-
tentious.

The famous Bulver Lytton novel was made into
a sentimentally successful "silent" some 15 years
ago, but hitherto the technical difficulties it
presents, have always been regarded as too severe
for talkies.

For some months, however, Mr. Cooper has been
secretly working on processes by which the
erection of Vesuvius and the destruction of
Pompeii might be shown with realism.

Producing the picture in colour will make the
task more difficult, but he believes he has solved
the problem.
It is to be made as an all-star production.

Laughton as "Scarlet Pimpernel"
So Charles Laughton is to be the "Scarlet
Pimpernel" in his next British picture.
A note from London Films announces that he
is to appear in a film made round the famous
figure of fiction.

Physically, Laughton upset preconceived ideas of the Orczy hero, who, if memory serves me right,
was very tall, but he should at least make the
character interesting.

It is also announced that Maurice Chevalier's
first English film for the Alexander Korda organi-
sation is to be The Marshal and that Leslie
Howard, now in Hollywood, is to star in Kongo
Raft, exteriors for which have been completed in
Africa.

Is he a Genius?
Laughton's claim to genius has now, incident-
tally, undergone the test of the general
showing of his most acclaimed success and judging
by my mail, the public has not yet quite made
up its mind. The question appears likely to
become a major controversy.
Eccentric eulogies and fearlessly expressed con-
demnations have arrived in large numbers, in
the last few weeks, and about equal proportions.

(Continued on page 8)
The Girl on the Cover

WHEN GARBO WAS A HAT
"ADVERT"

GRET A GARBO, the Bernhardt of the screen, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on April 18, 1905. She is the daughter of Sven Gustafson, a small business man of Stockholm, who died when she was fourteen.
She worked for a while as a clerk in the hat department of the Bergstrom department store and her screen appearance was in a film advertisement.
Eric Petschel, a Swedish comedy director, saw it and gave her a test.
Her first picture was Erith, the Tramp, a comedy. It brought her to the attention of Mauritz Stiller, the greatest director in Sweden, and from that moment her feet were on the road to fame.
It was Stiller, incidentally, who changed her name to Greta Garbo, and to The Appointment of Costa Berlingo for him and the combination was so successful that the picture won Hollywood contracts for both of them.
Greta scored a sensational success in her first American film, The Torrent, and now for eight years has held undisputed the queenship of the screen.
Garbo is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 125 lbs., has blonde hair and green eyes.
Favourite foods: corned beef, cabbage, caviare and spaghetti.
Invariably wears a beret when not in evening clothes and likes to whistle when she feels pleased.
Reads incessantly (some say it is the fan magazines) when not working and has a large library of Swedish literature.
It is stated to have an aversion to publicity.

Charlotte Henry as "Cinderella"

We have for so long been clamouring for screen pantomimes that the subject has become a hardy annual and it is difficult to believe that at last we may really have them, as a regular feature of Universal.
Paramount, encouraged by the reception given to Alice in Wonderland, is now making plans for a "similar Christmas gift picture."
It will probably be Cinderella, with Charlotte Henry in the title rôle and Larry Ross, a newcomer of whom the studio has great hopes, as Prince Charmant.
Miss Henry, by the way, has just been rewarded for her success as "Alice" with a new contract.

Lee Tracy at Work

My prediction of Lee Tracy's early return to work has quickly materialised.
Lee is to be starred in I'll Tell The World, which Edward Sedgwick is to direct for Universal.
It is, I understand, a one-picture contract.
I wonder, by the way, if Lee Tracy's famous contract is to be preserved for posterity. It may be that the first production on which a film agreement contained a television clause.

First Talkie "Musuem Piece"

Which reminds me that the first talkie "museum piece" is now on public exhibition. This is the original 1905 Photophone apparatus that was employed to record England's first talking picture Blackmail, produced by British International Pictures in 1913, and it is now on view in the Science Museum, South Kensington.
It will be remembered that Blackmail was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, stars Harry Ondra, John Longden and Donald Calthorp. Since taking picture technique was at that time more or less experimental, both a silent and a synchronised version were made. The sound film was, however, so successful that Blackmail came to be recognised as an example of this innovation pictures at its best.
The apparatus on view consists of the original recorder, amplifier and microphone, and it is interesting to compare it with the modern up-to-date and highly efficient recording system of to-day.

Another Cave-Man Cagney

I suppose it was inevitable. William Cagney is to be a heroine- punching hero in his first picture.
"Whim" is making his film debut in typical Cagney fashion, according to the official blurb.
His first day on the Joe Palooka set, he took a "sock" at Stuart Erwin, and got socked in return. On the following day he had a few words with some members of the cast, as part of the story action, and knocked Lupe Velez about.
He hasn't required to push her in the face with a grapefruit, but he did something just as effective. Jimmy's 'kid brother,' who is taller and heavier than the better known Cagney, is a replica of the scrappy actor who hard-boiled himself to stardom.
"He knows the public will compare him to Jimmy," the studio continues and he knows he'll be expected to behave like a Cagney and treat 'em all rough."
Who told him?

This Week's Great Thoughts

I have no plans for the immediate future; I am for a little space of time, living in a vacuum where nothing apparently happens.—Mary Pickford.

I wanted to become a nun. I have become a film actress. There is a little channel separating the two.—Constance Bennett.

Love's an act. But a lot of girls forget their lines at the wrong time. Alice White.

There is more sex in the advertising of pictures, than there is in pictures themselves.—Jean Harlow.

Perhaps I'll get used to all the bizarre, elaborate theatricalism called Hollywood, but I cannot guarantee it.—Margaret Sullavan.

Hollywood is like an octopus, always reaching out, always absorbing; it knows no pity and it takes more than it gives.—Kay Francis.

Short Shots

Edna Best may do a picture in Hollywood shortly—The Bing Crosby's are expecting a blessed event—Treasure Island is finally to be made by M-G-M, and Judy is going to Tahiti for exteriors—George Bancroft will probably return to Paramount—Francotone will again play opposite Joan Crawford in a Marie Carroll's—Hollywood film is to be The World Moves On—Verree Teasdale sends a note that the Verree is pronounced with the second syllable stressed—that Irene Dunne are to be teamed in Stingaree for the first time since Carmen— and Dolores del Rio and Joe McFadden are together again in Mourners—Sylvia Sidney will play her first dual rôle in Thirty Day Princess—Sally Eilers is to be seen next in She Made Her Bed—Warner are already preparing for another big musical to follow Wonder Bar; it is tentatively titled Dames—Frank Lederer may be starred in The Count of
Many Silent Kinemas Still

It comes as something of a surprise to learn that in this year of grace, 1934, a third of the world’s kinemas are still silent.

A recent statistical analysis reveals that out of 60,347 picture theatres throughout the globe, 42,000 are equipped for talkies. Europe possesses 29,961, of which 20,933 are equipped for sound.

America has 4,000 silent kinemas out of a total of 10,000.

Soviet Russia appears to be the best provided for. All its 200 film houses are “talkie.”

£100,000 Gramophone Record

Twenty-four film stars contribute to a new gramophone record that must be unique.

They include George Arliss, Katharine Hepburn, Wallace Beery, Laurel and Hardy, Leslie Henson, Stanley Lupino, Marie Dressler, Evelyn Laye, Gracie Fields, Janet Gaynor, Jack Buchanan, Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Jack Hubert, Jean Harlow, Jackie Cooper and Diana Wynyard.

If these artistes had been paid according to the rates stipulated by their contracts, they would have received jointly something like £100,000. However, they have given their voices free in aid of a very deserving cause, the Cinematograph Benevolent Fund.

You will find particulars of this novelty on another page.

Kinema Couples

The winner of this week’s prize of 10s. 6d. is Charles Causerley, 23 Tredyan Road, Launceston, Cornwall, for the topicality in brief—

Disorderly Conduct

Good Night, Vienna

Awards of 2s. 6d. each go to Miss Maisie Hutchens, 50 Clifford St., Bellahouston, Glasgow, S.W.I., for a piece of feminine psychology—

When Blonde Meets Blonde

Bring ‘em Back Alive

To James A. King, 10 Burnham Gardens, Hornsoul, Middlesex, for writing a fiercely contested truth—

An American Tragedy

The Crooner

To G. Caird, 51 Hamilton Avenue, Chapeltown Road, Leeds, for another aspect of big business—

High Finance

Crooks in Clover

And to William Futter, 6 Shakespeare Terrace, Great Yarmouth, for this cynical observation—

Careless Lady

Almost a Divorce

For the benefit of new readers, I would reiterate that there are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be submitted on postcards and addressed to me c/o Picturegoer Weekly, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.I., and marked “Couplets.” Envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.

FREE to “PICTUREGOER” READERS

A Magazine within a Magazine

PICTUREGOER again takes the lead in British film journalism by providing an amazing new service for the filmgoer.

Given free with next week’s issue will be the first of Picturegoer’s Famous Films Supplements—a magnificent sixteen-page magazine in itself, which provides an enthralling and comprehensive souvenir of one of the great pictures of the year, “Lady for a Day.”

The supplement, printed in photogravure and brilliantly and fully illustrated, forms a complete record of the film that will not only add to your enjoyment in seeing it on the screen, but will be valuable for reference afterwards.

Its many features include:

The full story of the film.

A double-page article on the romance of the screen’s youngest and oldest players—Jean Parker and May Robson.

Biographies of the other stars.

The behind-the-scenes story of the making of the film.

The romance of the Columbia studio and the men behind the picture.

The life story of Frank Capra, the director.

Provocative illustrations.

The “Lady for a Day” Supplement will be given away with next week’s Picturegoer. Order your copy early and make sure of it.
Dear Greta Garbo:

Well, once again the whole film world is grovelling at your feet. Pardon me. Perhaps it was tactless to mention feet, and the whole film world is a lot of territory. However, you know what I mean.

And may I hasten to add that nothing has afforded me greater pleasure than your triumphant return to the screen in Queen Christina, after a year in which what the publicity boys are pleased to call the "Garbo thrill!" has been lacking in our lives.

It is in the opinion of the faithful, the most important event since the kinema hoardings announced "The voice the world has waited for" and we discovered, went, looked, listened and learned with relief that the screen's greatest feminine personality had emerged with undimmed brilliance from the devastating upheaval of the talkies.

There are very few stars, however great, who could come back to huzzahs and box-office queues, after a year's virtual retirement from films. New idols and new types, moreover, had risen in your absence.

And America, at that time going through a period of intense national consciousness, sang the Star Spangled Banner, welcomed them with open arms and was quite prepared to accept that "Continental glamour is out, and the Continental exotics are through."

The meteoric and spectacular success of Mae West and Katharine Hepburn had fired the patriotism of the nation.

An extensive campaign of petty, but damaging attacks on you was launched in the Press. There were little glises about your alleged frugality, unfaltering comparisons with the generosity of the newcomers, criticisms of your attitude to your public; little things like that which when given wide and sustained publicity can do more harm to a star than anything else.

One national paper had a Mae West cover with you in the background saying "I tank, I go 'ome."

And talking of bad pictures, your last three or four films before your departure were hardly calculated to be helpful as a means of paving the way for a welcome on your return.

Who's AFRAID of the BIG BAD WEST?

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS writes an open letter to Garbo and welcomes Queen Greta back to her throne.

At any rate the stage was all set for the official installation of Mae West on your throne when you quietly stepped through the gates of Culver City and went to work on Queen Christina.

Your acceptance of the film was one of the big gambles of talkie history with the most illustrious career in films as the stakes. Your decision was made long before the costume play boom set in—enough of a gamble in itself.

You were prepared to risk everything, too, in your choice of a director who had just completed, without particular distinction, the latest film of your closest rival.

Hardly less a gamble was your insistence on John Gilbert as your leading man, when one considers how much was dependent on the complete success of your "come back" picture.

But, perhaps, the greatest gamble of all was represented by your faith in yourself—your refusal to be stamped by the Hollywood mob into trying to make sensational changes in the Garbo personality and the Garbo method.

You were prepared to stand or fall by your sincerity of approach to the kinema and thereby, incidentally, must have convinced many of the skeptics of that sincerity.

And now once again the judgment of the Swedish girl, whose detractors have declared that her silence is merely a cloak for dumbness, has confounded the critics and Garbo has the last laugh and a new lease of the highest throne in filmland.

It can be understood that quite apart from the vital considerations I have mentioned the making of the film must have given you a great deal of pleasure and, perhaps, a little sadness.

Its setting and background in the history of your own Sweden must have made the subject one close to your heart. People who worked with you on the film have told us of how your earlier enthusiasm for pictures seemed to have been rekindled by Queen Christina and of the intense interest you showed in all phases of its production, even to supervision of the detail.

The character, too, must have appealed to you, perhaps, more than any other you have created for us.

After all, is there so much difference between that queen of old Sweden who wanted to be a woman as well as a queen, isolated and imprisoned by her official position, the servant of her subjects, unable to live her own life and the screen Queen Greta of to-day who can never escape from her success, who is spied on in her own home and cannot take a walk without being followed by a battalion of reporters?

And how that incident in the film when Queen Christina, dressed in male attire, visited a humble inn in her kingdom incognito must have appeared to the pucky sense of humour of the Queen Greta who "did" London in the disguise of a brunette wig and stepped on board a cargo boat on her return to America disguised in masculine clothes!

I have referred to the fact that Christina may have had its tender memories for you too.

There has long been a legend in filmland that Mauritz Stiller, the director who discovered you and took you to America was the one great love of your life. It has frequently been advanced as a reason why you have never married.

Stiller died, as Antonio di, leaving you to face the stormy voyage of your Hollywood career alone. He never lived to see you achieve the high destiny which you had planned together.

The allegory is so striking that the continued persistence of rumours that Queen Greta is seriously contemplating abdication are disturbing. In closing this letter, may I express the wish that you will continue to reign over us for many years to come.
Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan, who appear as doctor and nurse in "Men in White," relax between scenes. After seeing the rushes of this picture M.G.M. have given the brilliant little English artiste a new contract. Elizabeth seems headed for certain stardom.

Through Our Lens

Zinnia red, green, maize, white and brown wool are combined in this hand-knit sports dress worn by dainty Dorothy Lee, who is appearing in "Hips Hips Hooray." Dorothy designed the frock and made it herself with her own little knitting needles. It is trimmed with touch wood buttons from India, which are believed to bring good luck.

The simple life. Joan Blondell rushed off for a camping holiday immediately after the completion of her last picture. Here she is with her husband, George Barnes, the famous cameraman, and their dog.

Madge Evans and Una Merkel are firm friends. Above they are seen studying their lines in the former's dressing-room. The lower picture shows Una's own attractive make-up table.
Hollywood stars may favour party orgies, but Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale seem to be happy enough here with a couple of cycles and a good road.

JESSIE MATTHEWS the famous screen and stage star has very definite views on the subject of Mrs. Sonnie Hale. They are two separate entities, each being absolutely distinct from the other, Jessie Matthews and Mrs. Hale.

I was tremendously interested, when I was talking to Jessie Matthews the other day at the Gaumont-British Studios (during a lull of having "stills" taken) to hear what she had to say on the subject of Mrs. Sonnie Hale.

We were discussing the question of stars, who are married (whether a man or a woman) to a star, so that the name of the star, either as "Mrs. So-and-so," or "Mr. So-and-so" is equally well known as their stage or screen name.

"I think that—speaking as a woman—if a star is married, that her married life should not be publicised," said Jessie Matthews very definitely.

"For instance; in my case. I cannot see why people should be interested in Mrs. Hale? She is an entirely separate individual from Jessie Matthews. Why, therefore, try to link the two and make them one?"

"Mrs. Hale should be allowed—if she chooses—to be just a wife—just a housewife, without having (in the literal sense) any connection with Jessie Matthews the screen star.

"She should have as little of the limelight of publicity as if she happened to be plain Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Robinson, the private life of whom has not even a tiny interest for the public, except, perhaps, their own immediate circle of friends or acquaintances.

"Why, therefore, all this interest in Mrs. Hale's home affairs and home life? Why cannot she be allowed to work out her own destiny, in whatever way she desires?"
PRIVATE LIFE

says

JESSIE MATTHEWS

WHO, in this interview, vigorously defends her rights to privacy when she is away from the studios and reveals her reasons.

"Just because she happens to be Jessie Matthews on the stage and the screen she is not allowed for one moment to be herself—just Mrs. Hale!" said Jessie Matthews rather plaintively. "I have no ambition for any limelight for myself in my dual personality as Sonnie Hale’s wife. But I do ask to be allowed to do my best to be a wife, who is proud of her home, and who treasures highly every moment she is allowed to spend there quietly, as Mrs. Hale.

"If, as I said just now, I did not happen to be a star no one would be interested in the least what Mrs. Hale thinks on any subject whatsoever. But, because I am a star, I think quite a fictitious value is attached to the opinion of myself as my other self—Mrs. Hale," she said simply. There was not the slightest hint of affectation about her as she spoke. For Jessie Matthews, the star, hates affectation in any one, as she has absolutely none, herself. She is so absolutely sincere in her views regarding the right of the star to be allowed to have some privacy at home, that one must respect her for voicing those views in no uncertain manner.

"Supposing," she continued, "that Mrs. A or Mrs. B, living in some little house in some suburb, was asked by some person to disclose details of her private life for publication in the Press, do you think she would consent? Most certainly not, I believe.

"In fact, I should not be surprised if either Mrs. A or Mrs. B refused point blank to supply the information desired about her home affairs. And nobody could blame her, or blame them, for refusing.

"Ask any private individual to put herself in Mrs. A’s shoes and, no doubt, that individual would feel just as ill-inclined to seek publicity.

"Well, I myself, as Mrs. Hale, feel much in the same position as that mythical Mrs. A or Mrs. B, whose private life cannot interest the public in the least," Jessie Matthews went on. "If I ceased to be a star all that interest in my home life would evaporate I believe. Perhaps it is part of the price one has to pay for being a star.

"But, seriously, why cannot Mrs. Hale be left alone?" she pleaded. For the moment she became "just Mrs. Hale," in the intensity of her plea for privacy.

"As a star she is only too delighted to please the public, and to answer her fan mail letters assiduously. She values very highly her popularity on screen and stage. And to please her public she will do anything (within reason) she is asked to do.

But those who see her at home, during week-ends, at her lovely house near the Thames, know how simple she is in her wifely and housewifely role.

Her home, her garden, her dogs, all these appeal much more to Mrs. Hale than outside interests. She is passionately fond of her home, which is run on simple lines, with none of the film-star atmosphere.
I like their size, I like their price, I like their heavenly flavour —

And incidentally I got this packet free, because Jim bet me his would contain a higher card than mine, and I won!

And yet another reason why

'Mine's a Minor'

There are two playing-cards, with patterned backs, in every packet of 20 D.R. Minors. Collect them until you get a complete pack. Ideal for patience or for the children.

Note: These cards have no exchange value

De Reszke MINORS

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
Lionel COLLIER says

There is

REAL TALENT AMONGST the AMATEURS

THE author of this article, who acted as a judge in a recent amateur film competition organised by the British Association of Amateur Cinematographers, suggests that producers would do well to explore this avenue for new material in all branches of kinematography.

The habit of trying to find stellar material by the pernicious method of personal acquaintance, rather than by having our studios strive to find new directorial or technical talent I do not pretend to know.

There is, however, a breeding ground— if that does not sound too disrespectful a phrase — where it seems to me a very profitable search might well be made.

I had not realised until I was honoured by being asked to act as one of the judges in an amateur film contest sponsored by a Sunday newspaper, just how much keenness and how much ability there was amongst amateurs.

It was a revelation and I felt then that studio executives would make a mistake in spending a day or two looking through the ambitious efforts submitted by people whose heart is very obviously in their work and whose ingenuity is taxed by the obvious limitations put on their endeavours by such considerations as the size of stock and financial matter.

The growth of amateur kinematography has been very rapid in the last few years and to-day, I understand, there are at least 250,000 owners of movie cameras of various makes.

The particular contest in which I helped to adjudicate attracted ninety entrants, representing 140 reels of film, and it was divided into three classes.

Class A, story films by clubs; Class B1, holiday films, including travel and scenic; Class B2, interest films, including industrial and advertising.

With the exception of one story film, Hair, which was on 35-mm. standard stock, all the winning entries were on 16-m.m.

No story entered for the contest cost more than £40 and the majority were made for considerably less.

The first prize in Class A was won by a very cleverly directed story of a woman of easy virtue who is involved in a murder charge, and on coming out of prison starts her old life all over again. It was called Driftwood and was reminiscent in construction of that very famous old silent, The Street, with which Karl Grune caused a sensation.

It showed a good sense of dramatic values and was excellently cut and edited. The camera work, too, was imaginative; there were no sub-titles at all.

There was, I think, a great deal of promise in the acting of Phyllis Roberson, who played the leading rôle. While performances which had no trace of amateurishness about them were given by Ben Carlton as the murdered man and Frank Bingley as the woman’s evil genius.

It was produced by Ace Movies, of Streatham, directed by Cliff West and photographed by Eric G. Notley.

It was made in a cellar studio, 30 ft. by 17 ft. Meteor Films, of Glasgow, were responsible for the second prize-winner, Hair, a horror story which is told as a dream; an unsatisfactory dramatic method. Nevertheless, it led well up to its climax and was excellently photographed. The director was Stanley Russell.

The third prize was gained by the Bromley Cinema Society for a clever little comedy drama, All Is Not Gold, which was notable for its good narration and intelligent editing.

The cameraman was A. D. Frischmann and I will let him tell in his own words how the picture was made as it gives a very good idea of the way the majority of amateur clubs work and of their difficulties.

"Shooting on this, our first full-length production, was commenced on January 5, 1933, in St. Anne’s Hall, Salisbury Road, S.W.6, which was then the society’s headquarters.

"Funds only permitted us to rent the hall one evening a week and consequently members had to spend half their time erecting and dismantling sets.

"Nevertheless, a thorough camera script and careful preparation permitted rapid work and assisted by two fine week-ends for exterior shots around Salisbury Road and along the Regent Canal in Chingford, N.13, shooting was completed within six weeks, a little under 400 ft. of film having been exposed.

"Technically, particulars of our interiors at St. Anne’s Hall may be of interest. For the ‘pub’ set (the action opens and closes in a public house) we utilised an actual corner of the church hall, complete with door, disguising the walls with beer and cigarette advertisements, etc. Bill’s (the leading character’s) kitchen was created in another corner of the hall by leaning two flats against the walls each side of the door.

"Illumination totalled only about 3,500 watts, our camera being a Pathoscope de Luxe fitted with an f/2.5 Hermagis lens. Path direct reversal film was used throughout."

This picture, by the way, was directed by A. B. C. Denman, who also wrote the scenario, and a clever performance in the leading rôle — that of the treasurer of a skate club who had a penchant for backing horses and was really forced to suicide because of it — was given by J. H. Young.

Turning to Class B1 and Class B2 of the contest, we find a series of extremely good individual efforts. The cameraman comes into his own in these, but there is also construction to be taken into account.

I should say there are a number of embryo camera aces here.

In Class B2 the award of the first prize caused the judges some concern. There were two really excellent entries, each in a separate vein. In a Valley in the Border Hills, an interest film showing the whole process of the manufacture of tweeds, which would stand very favourable comparison with any commercial interest short, made by


The difficulty was settled by count to W. H. George, of Chesterfield, for a vivid pictorial expressionism and dividing them between the two competitors.

Symphony of Nature sought to express a mood. It was started by showing such objects as still waters, trees, the sea, corn, etc., and then gradually worked up the tempo to storm pitch. Its fault was a lack of motif continuity, but set to music it would be a picture ready for comparison with many more ambitious efforts for amateur films.

It was made by Paul Burnford, who is only nineteen years of age and, to my mind, a youth who ought to be using his talents in British pictures.

The third award was gained by a film entitled Saturday Afternoon, produced for the Bolton Amateur Cinematographers’ Association by George N. Booth and P. C. Smethurst.

It was an ingenious film on the lines of Berlin, the famous German impressionistic picture and depicted in a series of pictorial impressions the general spirit of a half-holiday in Bolton.

Atmospherically conceived, it showed a very good sense of pictorial expressionism.

A diploma of merit was awarded in this class to another film depicting a mood of nature, Symphonic Pastoral, made by F. P. Barnett, of Tunbridge Wells.

A very intelligent effort this in pictorial tone values with, if anything, rather more rhythmic continuity than had Symphony of Nature, but not quite such fine composition.

In Class B1, Ian S. Ross, of Meteor Films, deservedly won the first award for the vivid depiction of a man and a girl’s day out, starting with a motor run and ending with a dance, entitled All On a Summer’s Day.

It was very well edited and again showed a good sense of the importance of rhythm.

Excellent camera work and pictorial composition secured the second award for J. Basset Lowke’s Cruising in the Norwegian Fjords, while the third went to W. H. George, of Chesterfield, for a vivid pictorial scenic of the Hebrides, entitled The Outer Isles.

Also, a diploma of merit was given to Ian Gray McLeod, of Glasgow, for an impression of a small yachting holiday entitled Maritana Moments.

These pictures all show a very high standard of work and deserve every encouragement, for amongst their producers may be some of the embryo aces of British production — that is if some of our movie moguls would look seriously into their activities.
JANET GAYNOR'S Southern Romance

Bob Connely, an old man, Mrs. Connely's brother-in-law. He is much the same in the film as he is in the novel, but Mrs. Connely is much in the past—particularly in a past romance—that he is slightly mad.
The romantic adventure took place with a governess years ago in the Civil War was broken by Mrs. Connely, who looked on it as an insult to the family.

It is the character that dominates the picture and in his rendering of it, Lionel Barrymore gives one of his finest pieces of acting. He sheds his mannerisms and brings conviction and a full measure of sympathetic understanding to the part.
The scene in which, having heard that it was Mrs. Connely who prevented his sweetheart of years ago meeting him again, he commits suicide, is the most moving and dramatic of the production.

The girl who gallivants this household into action is Joanna Aiken, who fans some of the Connely land and with whom Will falls in love, entirely regardless of Virginia, the rich bride of his mother's choice.

It is Joanna who fights against prejudices and measuring her love against Mrs. Connely's tradition is nearly beaten but in the end revives the fortunes of the house of Connely.

She persuades them finally to grow tobacco and she and Will make a success of it.

I have rarely seen Janet Gaynor to better advantage. She puts a lot of character into her part and is devoid of that simpering affectation which threatens at one time to become an irritating mannerism.

The picture is picturesquely set in the country of Carolina and is artistically photographed.

The romance between the pair is pleasantly worked out and the tobacco interest adds to the conviction of the picture as a whole.

The main interest seems to be that there is a tendency for the action to drag at times—a tendency which is increased by a flash-back interpolation showing that the height of their glory when they were visited by General E. Lee—and also that the revival of the family's fortunes through the cultivation of tobacco could have been made more prominent with vital.

The supporting cast is good. Virginia is very effectively presented by Mona Barrie, Richard Arlen is the returned soldier, and Kenneth Craig, who plays the small role of a village shop assistant and Stepin Fetchit provides most amusing "nigger" humour. —L. C.

Flying Down to Rio

If you want something different in "musicals," here it is in this new Metro film.

One number—if that is the correct term for it—is actually staged in the clouds on the wings of aeroplanes, in the midst of the girls in the water, now we have them in the air. What next?

Let me first tell you the story briefly.

Roger Bond and his band are a very good bunch of entertainers, but they are continually looking for new jobs because Roger has a flair for pretty girls.

In Siam, he spots Belinha, a Brazilian beauty, which terminates the band's engagement in Miami. However, Roger has an offer from Rio, and by a strange coincidence Belinha must fly to Rio because her father is ill.

Next scene, Roger and the lady flying to Rio make a stop on a desert island. There is a "strange adventure" here done by duplicate pictures instead of duplicate voices. I won't describe it in detail. See it and you will enjoy something quite different.

Arrived at Rio, Roger discovers his band is for a new hotel owned by Belinha's father and that the girl herself is a gold friend, Julie.

Complications ensue. A crooked syndicate, anxious for the hotel to fail, prevent the granting of a music licence to the hotel and in addition, the course of their business is not very smoothly.

But everything turns out right. The hotel opens and there is a show with dance ensembles in the air or on the "planes," and Roger and Belinha marry in the air.

So much for the story. A trifle conventional plot but the treatment takes it out of the ordinary run.

The music by Vincent Youmans is tuneful; there are excellent numbers, and the dancing and staging of the Caricara—a special dance—is as good as anything we have had.

The principal parts are played by Dolores del Rio as the Brazilian Beauty and Gene Raymond as Roger. They are extremely good, but many may think them eclipsed by Fred Astaire (Roger's friend) and Barrymore (the vocal part of the band). These two provide the comedy and much else. If I were a producer I would team these two. They're a grand pair.

Raul Roulien gives an excellent performance as Julio. His rendering of "Moonlight and Orchids" is particularly effective. All the minor parts are played by those competent artists we see so often and who deserve our thanks.

And just one bouquet for Thornton Freeland, the director.—M. B. Y.

Jack Ahlberg

Jack Hubert is seen at his best in this riotous comedy which is easily the funniest in which he has appeared. As usual he holds the centre of the stage all the time, but the material he has been given is good and he puts it over extremely well.

Walter Forde, the director, has, except for a tendency here and there to over-prolong a comic situation kept the action moving all the time and given the plot reasonable continuity.

It is, of course, all perfectly nonsensical and shows how an A.B., descendant of a long line of naval ancestors manages to inherit the Admiral and his daughter as well as a captured submarine from Chinese bandits.

The opening sequences forms a sort of prologue where Jack Hubert, clad in all the glory of an Admiral in Nelson's day, waives comically heroic at the battle of Trafalgar.

Later, as the A.B., he has a very amusing scene where he meets the Admiral's daughter and declares his love to the middle deck, which gives him the clue for song and dance—The Admiral and his daughter—both of which are put over in a lively manner.

Other sequences which particularly tickle the rather facile facilities in a provocative manner are those in which he takes the place of the barber and goes to shave the admiral, who takes him for a lunatic who suddenly wants to tell him that he loves his daughter, and another aboard the captured submarine with the rescued Admiral and his daughter.

As they are escaping they are taken for bandits and bombed, shelled and depth-charged by the combined fleet with aeroplanes.

This is very well done, but it does not say much for the marksmanship of the Navy since they remain unscahed !

The Chaplin influence, which is seldom lacking in a British comedy, is manifested here by a dream sequence in which Jack is drugged and indulges in a nightmare ballet.

This, too, is very well put over.

The dialogue is quite bright, sometimes rather reminiscent, but well suited to the broadness of the comedy as a whole.

Nancy O'Neil is attractive, but has not a lot to do as the Admiral's daughter, while the Admiral himself is well characterised by Alfred Drayton.

Tamara Desni appears briefly but passionately as a vamp who tried her wiles on Jack, while Sam Wilkinson provides a good "stooge" for the star. The last of the bosom friends, Harry Peterson is good and seems to have possibilities above the role he is called upon to enact here.

Hubert fans are going to be very pleased with this picture and those who are not will find quite a lot at which to laugh.—L. C.

Goodbye, Love

Charlie Ruggles does his best with a comedy that is often not very funny and frequently
excessively vulgar in its bids for cheap laughs.

How the Board of Censors came to pass some of its gags is beyond my simple comprehension.

_Goodbye Love_ which is primarily concerned with the alimony racket in America starts off quite brightly, and had it been kept on a plane of piquancy, might have been made really amusing. Director Bruce Huberstone, however, never seems to be sure of his treatment, and as a result, the film soon revolves itself into an unconvincing muddle of sophistication and naivety, realistic staging and impossible situations, with the blanks filled up with much irrelevant and familiar padding.

Ruggles appears as Groggs, valet to Chester Hamilton (Sidney Blackmer). Both master and servant have been "gipped" for heavy alimony by their wives and find themselves in the palatial prison for alimony defaulters, when they refuse to pay.

Groggs celebrates his release through the financial assistance of his master, by a visit to the seaside. Here, while masquerading as "Sir Oswald Groggs," a famous English big-game hunter, he meets and falls in love with Phyllis, a gold digger, who has previously hooked the wealthy Hamilton and is to marry him as soon as his divorce is made final.

Groggs is instrumental in exposing Phyllis immediately after the wedding has taken place and Hamilton has to stage a fake finance crash in order to secure his freedom again.

Phyllis thereupon turns her attention to the wealthy and aristocratic "Sir Oswald Groggs," who is, in turn, exposed as an imposter, this time before the wedding service is completed.

However, there is a marriage in the end, when Hamilton as we expected all along, weds his silently adoring secretary, played by Phyllis Barry.

Mr. Ruggles sees to it that _Goodbye Love_ has its moments and the resourcefulness of his comedy work does much to off-set the shortcomings of an indifferent production. The rôle of Phyllis is excellently played by that increasingly busy young actress, Verree Teasdale. — _M. D. P._

Four Frightened People

Take four characters, asser, set them loose in a Malayan jungle, let them meet hostile natives and various denizens of the forest, flavour with romance, serve the whole with a liberal helping of incredulity and you have Cecil B. De Mille's latest production.

It is one of those weird conglomerations in which the drama is often as amusing as the comedy, since you hardly know whether you are intended to take it seriously or not; the characters, while believably painted.

But in spite of all this there is a certain fascination about the picture—_I think it resolves itself into a sense of anticipation at what in heaven's name Cecil B. De Mille will think of doing next._

_Als the settings are remarkably good and give an authentic jungle atmosphere, while the camera work is noteworthy._

_The people concerned in this story—they have run away from a plague-infested ship, they are marooned in a beautiful, unexplored tropical forest, with no way of returning to civilization._

_They are the people concerned in the story of a picture which when it is finally finished will be a triumph for everyone connected with it._

_Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert, who with Mary Boland and William Gargan make "The Four Frightened People."_
This picture, taken when Johnny flew out to the Arizona desert where Lupe was on location, is particularly interesting in view of recent reports of a reconciliation between the stars, who, after a few months of marriage, announced that they were parting. Weissmuller will soon be seen in "Tarzan and His Mate," and Lupe's next will be "Laughing Boy," with Ramon Novarro.
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

CHEVALIER'S DANCING LESSONS

For "Merry Widow" Role—Harry Wilcoxon Settles Down—Gloria Stuart's Revolt—Epidemic of Rebellions—Corinne Griffith Speaks Out—Elizabeth Allan's Success.

It seems incredible, but it is a fact. Maurice Chevalier is taking dancing lessons. He is studying under the tutelage of Mme. Albertina Rasch, the famous danseuse.

Chevalier's next film is to be The Merry Widow and he desires to do full justice to the famous waltz. He considers the most important incident in this celebrated play.

Hollywood had always believed that Chevalier was an expert dancer. However, he told me that, while he had danced on the stage as a boy, he discovered that there were many better dancers than he, so he devoted his talents to singing and pantomime. He believes that careful instruction and constant practice will enable him to perform properly the intricate waltz in The Merry Widow.

Fortune Smiles

Helen Mack, the little girl who did such excellent work in All of Me with George Raft, has another opportunity to win film fame. Paramount likes this young actress so much that it bought her contract from K.K.O-Radio. She is to play the leading feminine role in Honour Bright, which Claudette Colbert decided was not sufficiently important. Later Helen and George Raft will play opposite each other in It's a Pleasure to Love.

A Future Star

I dropped around the other day to the Paramount studio to meet Harry Wilcoxon, the young Irish actor, who has been given the coveted role of Marc Antony in Cecil B. De Mille's Cleopatra.

Wilcoxon has been in Hollywood only a few days when I interviewed him, but he told me that he felt thoroughly at home, as everyone had been most kind to him. He trains daily in the studio gymnasium, so as to be thoroughly fit for a “she-man” role.

Solicitous friends, Wilcoxon told me, urged him to read everything he could concerning Marc Antony, but he disregarded their advice, feeling that De Mille has definite ideas as to the interpretation of the part, hence he wishes to have an open mind when the picture goes into production. Wilcoxon told me he believes that De Mille is the perfect choice for Julius Caesar, and so informed the great director, but did not believe that his suggestion would be accepted. He feels that if the part is given to someone else he will be thoroughly fitted with thoughts of fame rather than with the elemental affairs of life.

Nearly every interviewer has asked Wilcoxon if he is married, and they appeared relieved when he told them he was not. However, this stalwart, good-looking Englishman will have his troubles avoiding the attentions of Hollywood's beauties.

Back to Journalism

Clara Stuart is fighting mad and declares that if the Universal studio does not release her from her contract, she will return to a journalistic career with the "North China News."

So the lady declares she will sail for China within the next fortnight if Universal does not permit her to work on the stage or for other studios. These arguments are often adjusted amicably, however.

The Lady Says "No"

Corinne Griffith has declined to play the feminine lead in The Crime Doctor at the R.K.O. Radio, and Karen Morley has taken her place.

Miss Griffith does not mince words. She declared that she was asked to play many of her scenes with her back to the camera, while Otto Kruger, who had the leading male role, secured the advantage of the close-ups. She did not like her part, and thought it would do her great harm as she has been absent from Hollywood films for several years.

The actress, I understand, has promised to appear in another film for Radio.

A Little Rebel

Mitzi Green, who scored such a great success as a child actress, has been absent from the screen for some time. She recently secured a role in Finishing School and then walked out, she and her mother declaring that the part was too small.

Rebellion seems to be in the air in Hollywood.

A Reward of Merit

Elizabeth Allan and Benita Hume were brought from England a year ago to appear in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Looking Forward. After a brief experience in the film colony, Benita returned to London, but Elizabeth remained. Set of the parts to which she was assigned did not afford her much opportunity, and then she was assigned to the feminine lead in Men in White at M-G-M., playing opposite Clark Gable.

This charming young actress gave a splendid performance, and was immediately signed to a new contract. The chances are that she will play opposite Gable in future productions.

So William O'Brien, Elizabeth's devoted husband, will have to continue commuting from London to Hollywood.

The Storm Abates

Lupe Velez and her husband, Johnny Weissmuller, are living together in their home, and there is reason for believing that Johnny never left it.

The pretty Latin star, living up to her well-known changeable temperament, says that while she and her husband might "keep" each other, they never will be divorced.

One reason for the rift, I hear, was that Lupe liked to stay up late, while Johnny prefers to arise about 6 a.m. So the combination of a night owl and an early bird caused much recrimination.

Former Stars

William Farnum and Alice Lake will be recalled as stars of many years ago. Julanne Johnston was leading woman with Douglas Fairbanks, sen., in The Thief of Bagdad and a star of British films.

Today Farnum plays character roles, while Alice Lake and Julanne Johnston appear in bits and atmosphere. They are cheerful and apparently happy, content to wait for opportunity to knock at their doors again.

A Heated Argument

Constance Cummings declares that it is exceedingly difficult to be married and happy when appearing in Hollywood films. She declares it is impossible to lead a normal married life, pointing out the lack of privacy, late working hours and other elements which preclude the companion-ship desired by all happily married couples.

And we know Connie and her husband have entered into an agreement whereby they are to spend six months of each year in Hollywood and six months in London.

Corinne Griffith, on the other hand, believes that Hollywood is conducive to happy married life. In view of the numerous film divorces it is hard to understand how Corinne can be so optimistic.

Hollywood Says That—

Polly Moran will not enter a dressing-room where anyone is whistling.

Wallace Berry is a lieutenant-commander in the United States Naval Reserve.

Richard Cromwell was a wage earner at the age of eight, when his father died, leaving him the main support of his family.

Corinne Griffith declares she has had only three facial massages in her life, and hates exercise.

Wallace Ford was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England. His real name is Samuel Jones.

Johnny Weissmuller took up swimming to fight off a serious illness.

Cary Grant ran away from school to join a theatrical troupe.
This piquant comedy drama provides Constance Bennett with a part she has had for a long time—a successful song-writer, refuses because he has a poor opinion of her acting. Under the new banner of T, he appears as Helen, a former vaudeville star whose tragedy is that her song-writer husband will not believe that she can act. The connivance of Raquel, her vaudeville partner, keeps up the masquerade so that he makes ardent love to his own wife and there is a ...
with a theatrical background who has a dual rôle, with the best auspiciously marks her debut with Century Pictures. The starlette artiste, whose husband, Hall, allows her to return to the stage her talent. They quarrel and with his new production, formerly personates her on the stage and fully that the unsuspecting Hall has straightened out finally ver after "curtain.

Another striking example of the spectacular quality of the theatre presentations.

Helen successfully masquerades on the stage as Raquel, "the sensational new star."

The husband (Franchot Tone) makes love to his own with the impression that she is the great Raquel.
"YOU don't want to go round with other kids trading pictures of women. "Skoits" is nutty, like fruit cake. "Skoits" is no good. You can't trust 'em. The world was made for men. See." Thus Chuck Connors, saloon proprietor and "big shot" of New York's Bowery in the naughty 'nineties, delivered himself to Swipes, newsvendor, protégé, and ex-guttersnipe.

The child thrust his spoils in an inner pocket and looked quizzically at the big man with double-breasted coat and pearl buttons. He knew that, after he was in bed, Chuck, sipping brandy in a huge glass at one of the best tables in the saloon, would be turning appreciative eyes towards the short "skoited" and befuddled chorus, who, behind the footlights, kicked legs to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra Boome-dee." All the same, Chuck was right when he said that "skoits" didn't interest him "poisonously." He had almost a whole-time job in keeping up his end against the increasingly popular Steve Brodie. Steve, slick-haired gambler, treated his rival with the contemptuous familiarity with which Chuck found it harder to cope than open enmity.

Carrie Nation, leader of the anti-drink campaign and her tribe of bottle-smashing Amazons, must be mentioned as occupying in Chuck's mind the chinks left by Steve. The kid Swipes, moreover, must not be forgotten, seeing that he was the secret of Chuck's ambitions to better himself. "Be off," he bade him now. "It's bedtime. Mind you clean up the joint before you turn in. Place was full of crumbs this morning."

"Can't I throw one stone at the Chink's laundry, Chuck?"

"What did I tell you? Windows is windows. You'll have the police after you."

"Just one, Chuck."

"Well! Careful how you land it, that's all. Be off."

With which Chuck applied himself to his dinner and criticised a song-and-dance turn that had just come on, and made a mental note that the two men with moustaches at a certain table were white-slayers and needed watching accordingly. Steve, who, mainly to copy Chuck, ran a voluntary fire-brigade, came in and concluded a friendly bet with his host by offering a cigar with his favourite complimentary formula.

"Don't say I never give you anything."

Chuck beamed, lit the cigar, which went off with a bang, and was about to administer summary justice when the warning fire-bell rang lustily behind the bar.

"Bet you a hundred dollars I get to the hydrant first," bawled Chuck, and dashed behind the counter for his helmet and budge.

"Bet a hundred dollars you don't," countered Steve, and dispatched a crony for similar insignia of his profession.

The saloon became a seething mob, from which Chuck eventually emerged with a string of supporters on their way to get out engine and fire escape.

He was on the scene of disaster, which he noted with misgiving to be the Chink's laundry, referred to by Swipes, a minute later than Steve, who was already on his feet hunting to locate the hydrant.

Swipes, poised on an apple barrel in mid-street, was frowning over Chuck's non-arrival by the time that gentleman appeared out of the crowd and flung him off his perch.

"Thought I told you to go to bed!" Chuck roared and, removing the barrel, revealed the hydrant underneath. He was fixing the hose when one of Steve's supporters dealt him one to the point. The assailant went down under a similar blow from Chuck's fist. Members of the rival brigades swarmed about their leaders, looking for handy things to throw. The cobbled street became pandemonium, while above the hecklers the laundry blazed.

Thus the Bowery of the naughty 'nineties and incidentally one up to Chuck. Steve, not intending to let that pass, was quick to tempt Chuck with a second and bigger bet regarding the latter's favourite prize-fighter, "Bloody Butch." A fight was staged for him in the saloon against a masked boxer, whose identity was none other than that of John L. Sullivan, well known as the "Boston Strong Boy." "Butch" took the count in the first round, which, seeing that a thousand dollars was the stake, was decidedly one up to Steve.

Next night Chuck figured in an argument with the white-slavers, who were occupying their usual table. Sight of their companion—a girl, unashamedly dressed, with shiny straw hat perched on a chignon of fair curls, and a timid expression—caused him to investigate.

"What are you doing with a girl like that?" he demanded.

"Ran off, Chuck. No harm intended. We're only putting her in the way of a job."

"Keep quiet, then. Miss, you'd better get going. This ain't no place for you."

Half-amused at her frightened withdrawal and thanks uttered in countrified speech, he nevertheless was as good as his word. Lot in an argument with Steve, he forgot her until, going home to bed, he ran into her in the shadow of his stairway.

"I—I'm sorry. I didn't know you lived here. I only wanted to thank you for keeping off those men."

You see, I didn't know. They promised me a job and—"

" Ain't you got any place to flop?" he inquired.

"Why, no. I slept last night in Union Park."

"Better come with me, then. Poisonally, don't want skoits. But it looks to me as if you might be on the up and up." He escorted her in, lighted a living-room gas-bracket, and pointed to a door.

"Me best boodoir's in there! You'll find blankets in the chest of drawers. Make yourself at home. Good-night!"

He tucked the eiderdown round Swipes in the next room and extracted a cat with kitten from the tumbledown bed before turning in.

Next morning he was awakened by a violent pommeling in the back.

"Chuck, there's a woman in there! What's she doing? Thought you didn't like skoits."

"Gee, Swipes! I forgot. Wait a minute."

H osting himself from the sheets, Chuck went to the living-room. The smell of coffee was no less enticing than the appearance in day-light of his visitor in pull-sleeved blouse and no hat.

"You've been so kind, I thought I'd get breakfast ready."

"That's mighty nice of you. Gee—that place looks different—you have smartened it up!"

"I liked it better as it was," announced Swipes and received explicit instructions to get dressed, while, oblivious of his own shortcomings in that direction, Chuck remained to admire.

"You will get rid of her. You know you hate women. You've told me dozens of times," Swipes pleaded in private.

Chuck promised, but Swipes' anxieties proved fully justified. In vain did Swipes protest openly.

(Continued on page 24)
YOU TOO can make your skin as dazzingly beautiful... use the same simple, inexpensive beauty care

Have you ever seen Lady Ashley? She is one of the most charming and popular of the young Society leaders. The photograph on the right shows her delicate features, shining hair and sparkling eyes, but it cannot do justice to her fair, flawless skin.

The Countess of Warwick is one of our most exquisite brunettes. She has brown eyes, brown hair and a sun-kissed skin with the clear transparent perfection of a child's.

Lady Ashley and Lady Warwick, blonde and brunette alike, agree that Pond's Method of Beauty Care is "the best, the easiest, and the most economical in the world."

This is how they both use Pond's: Every night and morning first spread Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck. Massage it into the skin with a light upward movement. Wait a few minutes until the soothing oils have penetrated right into the pores and floated the dirt to the surface. Then gently wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. Next, pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to refine your skin and close the pores.

Sun, wind, cold, heat, are constantly whipping the natural moisture out of the skin. It becomes rough and coarse. But Pond's Vanishing Cream contains ingredients specially chosen to check this loss of precious skin moisture and keep the skin soft. It soothes away ageing little lines and wrinkles and makes your skin so satin-smooth and soft that powder clings for hours. In fact, as Lady Ashley says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream is a delightful powder base."

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH POND'S 2 CREAMS
THE BOWERY—Continued from page 22

and in secret. Chuck would concede nothing to his childish jealousy.
For the boy’s crowning iniquity, that of shutting Lucy in the broom cupboard for the morning, he administered condign punishment.

Disregarding Lucy’s cries of “Please don’t, Mr. Connors! All kids love iniquity—please—please!” Chuck whipped Swipes across his knee and administered a tanning.

Five minutes later the street door banged. From the window Swipes was seen mooching along the street with bent head and a kitten under each arm.

“Never mind. He’ll come back,” Chuck philosophised.

This time he didn’t, and Chuck brooded over his absence; more, when he found the boy had deserted him for Steve. Steve had always liked Swipes and was glad of his company.

Steve visited Lucy too, and made love to her. Unsuccessfully at first, it is true, for Lucy was dressing at the time of his unheralded arrival in Chuck’s apartment. But, though modesty forbade her to accept his advances, it was plain that she liked the smooth-faced, unassuming man of fortune.

“You do love me?” he asked anxiously, for his feeling for her had made the great Steve Brodie strangely humble.

“I love you, Steve,” came her answer, “but two things worry me. I do wonder, sometimes, what you do for a living—whether it’s honest, like Chuck’s—and then, Chuck has a brown kind, too, why he doesn’t know.”

It may or may not have been this conversation that urged Steve to fasten with limplet hand on to a proposition put to him by two master brewers whom he met and interviewed on a dock in sight of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The result of this interview he made known to Chuck the same evening in the crowded saloon.

“Well, Chuck, I’m thinking of quitting gambling. I been talkin’ to Messrs. Herman & Co., and they think I could run a saloon round here if I could do something sensational. Something that would make my popularity with the boys grow, like a flag on its pole. They offered to put me in business, in fact. I told them I’d jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.”

“You what! Madness, Steve. Besides, the police won’t let you.”

“Maybe not. They can be dodged, can’t they?”

“You can’t do it, though. Bet you—you bet you this saloon you can’t.”

“I take over this joint lock, stock and barrel, if I do.”

“If you do. But you won’t.”

“Done. I’ll have to—-and furnish it with a cigar and matches with the customary results. Preparations for his leap to fame and fortune, however, were steadily put forward. Knowing that a funeral procession, due to cross over the bridge, was timed to leave the Bowery at a certain hour, it was thought Steve should get past the police stationed at the foot of the bridge by following the cortège.

Bitter disappointment awaited Chuck, who yearned for the moment of witnessing Steve’s discomfiture in full view of the local population who were to turn out for the occasion. Thoughts of Steve’s demise never entered Chuck’s head, his expectations being entirely taken up with a mental picture of Steve, mounting the bridge railing and refusing to jump.

“Carrie Nation and her crew are coming down this way. Better get to the saloon and protect your beer barrels,” was the information which awaited Chuck from a friend on the sidewalk at the time crowds were foregathering on route to funeral and bridge.

“Just my darn luck!” mumbled Chuck. Not even on this stupendous occasion dared he leave the saloon to the mercy of Carrie Nation and her destructive Amazons.

He hurried off, and so missed much that Swipes and Lucy, from separate viewpoints, saw to the fore, witnessed.

He missed the passing of the funeral procession, the wreathed hearse and one, two three, four carriages, followed by the brougham containing Steve, his face thrust forward and buried in a large handkerchief.

Most of all, he missed the poise of the single human figure on the bridge rail, the leap, the swift descent, the closing of the rifles about the head, then, after a pause, seemingly to one feminine watcher to last years, the reappearance of that head above the body of a sure swimmer.

What Chuck, watching warily outside his saloon, did not miss was the news of Steve’s accident, carried to him, not by Lucy, who was embracing the victor with tears on her cheeks, but by an informant in a local derby who brought double tidings.

“Look out, Chuck. Carrie Nation and her gang are sure coming down the street.”

She arrived, a masculine-looking creature, whose spectacles threatened defiance of the comfortable form of Chuck, ensconced on the pavement watching beer barrels being lowered into his cellar.

“Disgrace to humanity,” she vociferated. “Poisoner of the nation. We demand that you should close your doors and try to make an honest living.”

Chuck smiled grimly. If Steve was to take over the saloon, its present proprietor would ensure its being a place for heroes to live in.

“Perhaps you’re right, ladies,” he conceded. “Come in and settle the things for yourselves. It’s up to you to do any blamed thing.”

Flushed with victory, they came in. In years the Bowery had seen no stranger sight than the demolition of the Connor saloon by a handful of umbrella-armed anti-drink enthusiasts. Beer ran in the street that night and the number of bottles smashed by steel ferrules would have delighted the head of a glove factory.

Chuck may have been resigned to fate, but actually it broke him.

With the saloon went ambition. He hadn’t the heart to accept the offer made by a second-rate brewer’s firm to start again at that pride in himself. The square-breasted, well-cut coats, the diamond tie-pin, in time the gay ties, found their way to the padding.

Dispirited, wretched and feeling old, he had to eat; so tramped, one day, the steps of a newly opened recruiting office. Consequent on the blowing up of U.S. battleship Maine in Havana, volunteers were being called up for service in Cuba.

Chuck had no more notion than the man in the moon whom he was (Continued on page 26)
Let
846
British and Hollywood Stars
tell you...

HOW TO KEEP
SMOOTH
YOUTHFUL SKIN

"It's very simple," say these lovely stars, "use Lux Toilet Soap regularly! That's our secret! We find it essential to perfect complexion beauty. It keeps skin as we must have it: smooth, flawlessly clear and always youthfully attractive. There is only one thing you must remember — use it regularly!"

Lux Toilet Soap is used by 846 of the leading 857 stars

"Smooth, youthful skin ... screen stars must have it! ... and must keep it! That's why Lux Toilet Soap has become essential to the stars. It holds youth and beauty in the skin! Because it does this, 846 of the leading 857 stage and screen stars made it the official beauty soap in all of the great studios.

Lux Toilet Soap will do for you what it has done for Adrienne Ames, and hundreds of other lovely stars. Have that skin loveliness you see on the screen! Hold youth and beauty in your skin!

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary soaps. Gives a luxurious lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin. A pure white tablet, delicately perfumed, daintily wrapped. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or dealer. Use it regularly. For the bath and shampoo as well.

Lux toilet soap 3" a tablet

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A LEVER PRODUCT
THE BOWERY—Continued from page 24

to fight, but he affixed the sign that served for his signature in the space provided on the recruiting form, and left the office, with orders to report later.

Now that he had decided to leave the Bowery, he didn't want to quit, so that with no lighter heart he went up the steps to his new dilapidated quarters. Lucy had left him some weeks to marry Steve.

Before he saw who it was, Chuck knew someone was before him. The someone, crumpled behind the door, was raised up by Chuck, whose surprise gripped him by the throat. "Swipes!"

Tears stood in Chuck's eyes. He couldn't say another word, while Swipes, clinging to his neck, faltered out:

"It didn't seem right my being away, leaving you when times are bad. So I've come back."

The untidy room was full of hope. Never had Chuck realised what the boy meant to him until this moment, when ambition that so long had been dead, was renewed.

"We can't stop like this, Swipes. You've got to grow up, be a man, do things, amount to somebody. Wait till I'm on my feet. You and I'll start right over again."

As a preliminary, he felt in his pockets to find out if the money therein amounted to the price of a meal, when his fingers made contact with a piece of paper.

"Holy smoke! I've forgotten. I'm in the Army," he ejaculated, adding a swift: "Never mind. I'll get out, somehow. Wait here while I get supper."

The couple of white-slavers who had all but ensnared Lucy were hanging about, ready to attract his notice as soon as he reached the street.

"Listen, Chuck! We got news for you. "You think," Brodie jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, don't you? All the Bowery thinks so, but he didn't. Come along with us and we'll give you proof."

Unwilling at first, knowing the reputation of the men, Chuck finally consented to viewing the evidence, armed with which and in the company of his moustached informants, he took a cab.

The Connor saloon was much as he had known it before the onslaught of crime. Instead of the sign of the Mint in the manner of the true comedian, the sign bore the inscription, "Steve Brodie."

Steve, who had been leading the feminine chorus in a stage turn, twirling a silver-topped ebony cane in the manner of the true comedian, came in front of the footlights, prepared to be genial. Prosperity had altered, neither him nor his manner to his rival.

"Cut the cackle," Chuck told him when he offered a drink. "You didn't win this place on the level. You never jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, and here's the reason."

He cleared his throat while burden from the floor, Chuck thrashed off the covers and displayed a full-size dummy, the features and slicked-back hair of which were a creditable likeness of Steve.

"Honest, Chuck, you're wrong. This dummy was made for me by some fellows and kept under lock and key by Midas the Mute. He minded it—he knows why or how. The fact that he couldn't talk, cut both ways, I assure you. Ever a sign could I get out of him on the morning it vamoosed. I took the jump. Everyone knows it."

"Take that, you dirty swine! No, wait a bit,—Chuck paused with bare forearm—"I'll fight you proper any place you like to name."

"Right. How about Scully's barge, to-night, eh, Chuck?"

Chuck withdrew to take Swipes to supper. At seven-fifty he and Steve pushed off from the dock and landed on the deck of the deserted anchored barge.

The dock was packed with interested spectators who peered into the darkness and rising fog, straining their ears for sounds of scuffle and betting on the unseen.

Half an hour had passed before the splash of oars was heard, followed by the vague outline of the dinghy seen to contain a single figure. Whose? Suppositions alternated between shouts of "Steve." "Chuck," until the figure scrambled up the landing steps, blood dripping from a series of face cuts.

"If you want to know the toughest man on the Bowery, tell yourselves it's Chuck Connors," announced the victor.

Next day, attired in soldier's uniform, accompanied by Swipes, rigged out in red-lined double-breasted suit with pearl buttons, Chuck held a lunch party in the saloon, occupying the seat of honour at the long table.

Laughter from everyone but Chuck who had hardly died down when suddenly his arm was seized from behind. Two police officers and a plain-clothesman had forced an entrance.

"Chuck Connors, you're under arrest for assaulting Steve Brodie, now in hospital. You're wanted for identification."

Swipes, refusing to be parted from his idol, was also conveyed to the private ward where Steve, swathed in bandages, but very much himself, was smoking a cigarette lighted for him by Lucy, who had only retired by request of a nurse.

"You identify the man as being your assailant?" inquired the hawk-nosed plain-clothes-man, indicating Chuck with a wave of his thumb.

"Never seen him in my life," declared Steve. He stuck to the decision until the somewhat disgruntled members of the law took themselves off, unable to make a charge.

"Thanks a lot, Steve! All the same, I licked you pretty well."

"You didn't. I've done you in if I hadn't slipped."

"You wouldn't have."

"I would."

"Don't quarrel. Can't you be friends and shake hands?" entreated Swipes. "Remember you're in the Army, ain't you? Chuck and me's leaving for Cuba, he added proudly.

"Darned if I'd almost forgotten."

Chuck thrust out a great fist which the other gripped. Memories of the good days of their early rivalry stirred Chuck. He left the ward, but had to come back to say "Gee, I wish you were coming with me, Steve. Why don't you?"

"I bet you."

Side by side with rifles and packs, having said "Good-bye" to Lucy, who had kissed them both, and with the knowledge that Swipes, for good or ill, had stowed himself away in the nearest Army wagon, Chuck Connors and Steve Brodie left the Bowery to carry friendship to the great unknown.
Never go to any party without using **ODO•RO•NO**

It protects you from underarm perspiration and odour!

This time of year parties, dancing, warmer clothes and indoor living keep underarm perspiration active. So, just as in summer, you need Odorono — to prevent the perspiration stains that ruin dresses — to prevent the underarm odour so fatal to charm. Perspiration odour clings to woollens particularly.

Odorono, harmlessly and surely, diverts underarm perspiration to surfaces where it escapes unnoticed. Use either the famous ruby-coloured Odorono Regular, or the new colourless Instant Odorono.

Odorono is a physician’s formula — obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold, 1/6 and 2/6.

---

**INSTANT ODO•RO•NO** (colourless) Is for use at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection against perspiration and odour.

**ODO•RO•NO REGULAR** (ruby-coloured) is for those who prefer to use Odorono at night and obtain the longest protection — 3 to 7 days.

---

**-picturegoer** Weekly

**ECONOMY CLOTHES OF FADELESS CHARM.**

**Sparva**

Obtainable in 100 smart plain colours and numerous printed designs.

**COLOUR-FAST IN WASH OR LIGHT, SEA, OR SUN.**

"Sparva" is excellent also for your new Casement Curtains.

---

**Be Your Own Beauty Specialist**

Correct beauty treatment is a clear-cut system of practice—not just something in a fancy jar! And this is where the Buty-Tone method is entirely different.

It is a balanced blend of correct vital principles — a complete specialised treatment in which each item contributes its own indispensable part to the creation and preservation of flawless complexion beauty.

And Buty-Tone leads the field of beauty culture by giving you—free—complete instruction in such simple terms that you are able to carry out the full treatment yourself, in just a few minutes each day. Give Buty-Tone a trial.

**FREE GRAMOPHONE RECORD**

The Buty-Tone gramophone record tells you the "hows" and "whys" of correct beauty culture. It comes to you free on request. Please enclose 3d. for postage.

---

**NEW BERRY FRUITS**

with Fruit Liqueur Centres

**Meltis**

The best people have the Liqueur-Newberry Habit

Sex flavours

GOOSEBERRY
TANGERINE
RASPBERRY
GRAPE FRUIT
LEMON FIG

2 & 6 boxes
1s. cartons
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

***THE BOWERY
***BEAUTY
***S.O.S. ICEBERG
***THE WAY TO LOVE
***DOUBLE HARNESS
***EVER IN MY HEART
ENEMY OF THE POLICE

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

Otto Kruger, and extremely well played, too; his love-making is done with sincerity and requisite lightness of touch.

His wife, whom he eventually manages to divorce and so bring his romance with Letty to a happy conclusion, is excellently portrayed by Alice Brady. Her characterisation of a neurotic society lady, immersed in fads, is full of humour and another milestone along the road of her triumphant comeback.

The two "tragedies" which influence Letty's life are represented by Una Merkel, who presents with her accustomed brilliance an embittered gold-digger who lives on an elderly protector, and Florence McKinney as a girl who lives with the son of the proprietor of the beauty shop, and commits suicide when she finds that he is to have a child and that her lover will marry her. It is a pathetic little study, intensely moving and dramatic.

Phillips Holmes is good as the lover, while Hedda Hopper is effective as his mother.

Letty has another admirer in Bill, an insufferable wise-cracker, which is interestingly played by Eddie Nugent.

May Robson is very good as the raw youth's mother and a reception clerk is most amusingly rendered by Isobel Jewell.

See this film for the excellence of the above characterisations.

Claire Trevor makes a very attractive heroine, in Spencer Tracy in "The Mad Game."

**S.O.S. ICEBERG

Suzanne, who has very long hair, plays a part as the heroine in this, the 19th out of the 20, in the "S.O.S. Iceberg," series. Suzanne is the definitive ice-berg. She is perfectly good, and the film is quite acceptable, but it is nothing special.

**THE WAY TO LOVE

Larry Niven plays a character who is the hero of the story. He is a typical American, and is very good in the part. His love-interest is a young girl, who is played by a newcomer, who is quite good. The film is well acted and well directed.

A against a synthetic Parisian background, Maurice Chevalier puts over a very slight romance with a circular girl who protects him from her guardian, a very ferocious knife-throwing expert.

It is a very laboured and artificial, but Chevalier's personality manages to come shining through, and the film contains some amusing scenes in a shop where advice and help is given to people in their love affairs. He also sings a song or two very well.

Edward Everett Horton is amusing as a cheap-jack professor, but his material is very limited.

Ann Dvorak, in the role of heroine, has a thankless task and does not show to advantage.

(Continued on page 30)
March 10, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

"MY MOTHER TOLD ME..."

'SO THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN IN LONDON'

'YES I'M LIKING IT ENORMOUSLY'

'WELL I HOPE OUR GRIMY CITY WON'T RUIN YOUR CHARMINGLY FRESH COMPLEXION'

'IN BED BY TEN I SUPPOSE AND NO DANCES NOT MUCH FUN'

'SOME WEEKS LATER'

'OH NO! TO USE KNIGHTS CASTILE, AND NOT WORRY ABOUT PARTIES AND STUFFY OFFICES'

'MY DEAR YOU LOOK LOVELIER EVERY DAY'

'THEN ITS THANKS TO YOU I TOOK YOUR SUGGESTION ABOUT KNIGHT'S CASTILE'

The nervous, grimy life of cities ages women beyond their years — unless they guard against "Tired Skin" with Knight's Castile. This gently active soap stimulates the glands of the skin, keeping your complexion young and lovely. Its creamy lather and delicate fragrance soothe the skin and nerves, freshening you, invigorating you. Only four-pence a tablet. Get one to-night.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

 Lovely, smooth, clinging powder

How fine this Snowfire Powder is — how smooth and soft to use. Sifted through sheerest silk time and again — that is the reason. And what a fresh, clear look it gives — what a delicate rose-petal bloom. This lovely powder clings for hours and its perfume is fascinating — you'll never tire of its fragrance.

Snowfire

FACE POWDER

SHADES—NATURELLE, BACHELLE & PECHÉ

Loses in attractive boxes, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Flat compacts 6d.

Take

OXX

and easily

end-ure

cold
Nine people out of ten allow their hair to fall out

COMPARE your head as it is to-day with photographs taken a few years ago. You will then probably realise the importance of the loss of hair and the difference in appearance that has taken place.

Naturally you will ask yourself: Am I to go on like this? There are many cases similar to yours. Read what Mr. E. H., an accountant, writes us:

"The loss of my hair reached proportions which gave me much concern. Some days I counted more than fifty in my comb, and my scalp was covered with dandruff. I felt ashamed to meet my friends, and I had to shampoo several times a week.

"A friend of mine had such a splendid head of hair that it attracted everybody's attention to me. He told me about products regularly, and that he had stopped dandruff and baldness."

"I followed his advice, and now—after three weeks—I do not recognise myself. No more loss of hair. My scalp is clean and healthy, and very much new hair has appeared. I understand now why you need products that are a tremendous help all over the world."

To fully understand the effect of Silvikrin, you must realise that dandruff and falling hair are caused by unbalanced and impoverished roots and lack of organic nourishment to the hair-forming tissues. Dandruff is the first sign of approaching disaster to your hair.

**COUPON**

Silvikrin Laboratories
145, Sydney Rd., King's Parade, London, N.10

Please send me free and post free:

1. The booklet "Your Hair"
2. A sample of a Silvikrin Preparation
3. Opinions of the Medical Profession.

Name

Address

P.G.

---

*Silvikrin* has been tested in hospitals and universities of many countries and in over a million cases. The results obtained were previously considered impossible and caused a real sensation in the medical world.

Many thousands of people owe to Silvikrin the abundance and beauty of their hair.

Please write in black letter, and post unsealed envelopes with 1d stamp.

---

**ON THE SCREENS**

NOW—Continued

**DOUBLE HARNESS**


Ann Harding Joan Colby
Walter Plunkett John Ficher
Henry Stephenson Colonel Colby
Lucile Watson Maud Watson
George Meeker Dennis Colby
Grace Moore Fanny Colby
Lucile Browne Valerie Colby
Kay Hammond Eleanor Weston
Louis Allen Leonard Weston
Hugh Hulsey Faron Drake
Directed by John Cromwell Directed by John Cromwell

While not very original in story, this picture has a lot to recommend it. The situations, for instance, in the old tale of the warden who makes marriage a business, but who, in danger of losing her man to another, discovers real romance, is full of well-handled situations. The direction is polished, the dialogue bright, and Ann Harding puts into the leading role all that intense feeling and understanding of which she is so eminently capable.

Spencer Tracy is one of her more notable performances and she is ably seconded by William Powell as the husband she beguiles into a tryst and finally learns to love.

There is not a great deal of scope for dramatic acting, but there is a poliet with the treatment, and the picture contains a few surprising and delightful moments.

**EVER IN MY HEART**


Barbara Stanwyck Mary
Gene Tierney Margaret
Ralph Bellamy Jeff
Robert Taylor Tony
Laura Hope Crews Grandma Archer
Donald Meek Storekeeper
Clarence Kolb George
Directed by Archie Mayo

A somewhat melancholy affair in which the heroine, an American girl who has married a German and been separated from him through the outbreak of war, is left in the care of the husband and kills herself and him, so that they should never be separated again. There is a certain realism of tenderness and sincerity about the opening love-making scenes, while the gradual growth of racial hatred is rather shockingly depicted.

The war scenes are artificial and somewhat fantastic.

Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger give full value to the leading roles.

**LADIES MUST LOVE**


June Knowles Elizabeth M.
Neil Hamilton Bill
Donna Meade Mary
Dorothy Burgess Peggy
Mary Carol Scott Sally
George E. Stone Joe
Ernest Craddock Andy
Wadama Follie Alice
Edmudd Redaire Van Dyke
Kate Bliss Nan
Bertie Churchill Gussie
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke
Directed by E. A. Dupont.

It is a conventional story of a gold-digger, who, with three others, plans to exploit a young man about town, but falls in love with his intended victim. It is presented quite brightly with song and dance interpolations and contains some smart dialogue and sound acting. It passes an hour pleasantly enough.

*The Mad Game* is as efficient in the lead and Sally O'Neil shows signs of a promising come-back as one of the quartet of gold-diggers.

**THE MAD GAME**

Fox, American "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

Spencer Tracy Sandra
Claire Trevor Jane
Lee Roland Morgan Judge Pendleton

Howard Lally... Thomas Pendleton
J. Carroll Nash... Chopper Allen
John Mills Bennett... John Miller
Matt McHugh... Butts McGee
Kathleen Burke... K. Burke
Mary Mason... Lila Pendleton
William Roberts... Gangster
John Davidson... Doctor
Jerry Devine... Mike
Directed by Ray Enright

The plot is a typical gangster manner in which a reformed boot-legger who has features changes by plastic surgery, sets on his old gang, who have broken into the kidnapping racket, to book a woman. There is a love interest between him and a young newspaper reporter who aids him, and for a change, an unhappy ending, for the ex-convict, and his life, if artless, is all rather fantastic, but put over with some well-timed suspense.

It is a pretty good gangster and his make-up exceedingly effective.

Trevor is attractive as the heroine.

**THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE**

Warner Bros., "B" certificate. slapstick comedy. Runs 75 minutes.

Leatrice Joy with Bill and Bob
Faith Bennett Peggy
Hal Gordon Dick
Alex Gordon Brown
Frank Peretti Inspector
Uncle Tony
Pay Asbury Max
Newstand Girl
Roger Clark
"Rough-House" King Curtis
Big Steve
Directed by Norman Lee

Leatrice Joy stars as the dual role of twins, one a policeman who wants to join a circus and the other a farmer who wants to be a policeman, in this hectic comedy.

He contrasts the athleticism of the one with the fatuousness of the other well, and his life, if artless, knockabout humour gets full scope.

The circus atmosphere is convincing, with all the excitement in an old-fashioned circus and a lion's cage which are very well staged.

As a sort of dip to the liveliness of the unsophisticated entertainment as a whole.

**THE SHIP OF WANTED MEN**

Butcher, American, "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 75 minutes.

Dorothy Sebastian... Terri Reynolds
Edward Gargan Young
Leon Erwitt... Fred Kohler
Leon Wray... John Barrymore
Vera Maze... John Herbert
Harry Cording... Hugh Herbert
James Flavin... Tony Curtin
Directed by Lee Butler

*The Ship of Wanted Men* is set in the war-time, and is a melodrama of the funniest kind, and very well acted by all concerned.

**ENEMY OF THE POLICE**


John Stuart with John Marshall...
Jim Markin
A. Bromley Davstock... Sir Lionel Tangle
Margaret Field... Margot Tangle
Viola Keats... Preston
Elizabeth Farnborough... Lady D'Anjou
Ernest Seaton... Slingsby
Woodrow W. DuBelle... Allen Pinkert
Abbott Goodrich... Alph Goodrich
Hunt Waters... Bagshaw
Nora Hayden... Louisa
Directed by George King

*Very thin plot, dealing with the recruitment of a leader in the social reform society who gets thoroughly mixed up with crooks and is taken for one himself. It is all very ingenious.*
YARDLEY LAVENDER

So fresh and fragrant, the Yardley Lavender gives you a daintiness and charm which no other perfume can quite equal.

A Lovable Fragrance—exquisite at all times and especially perfect for the informal occasion when a heavy, exotic scent might be out of harmony.

Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6. Larger sizes up to 2 guineas.

Lavender Soap—The Luxury Soap of the World—
—2 & a box of three tablets, Complexion Powder 1/9,
Complexion Cream 2/6, Compacts 2/- and 3/6,
Lipsticks 2/- and 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, Talc 1/2, etc.

MEN ARE FIRST ATTRADED
BY YOUR HAIR!

Tickling Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with
DEelightful TO THE TASTE

Lastingly Lovely EMBROIDERY

Have you seen the lovely transfer for Clark's new Cushion Design? You will enjoy working it on soft green canvas material in gay shades of Clark's "Anchor" Soft Embroidery. Just fill in the Coupon and enclose 6d, and the transfer, together with a colour chart and working instructions, will immediately be forwarded to you post free. Don't delay! 

COUPON
Send with 6d.

P.O. in sealed envelope.

To CLARK & CO. LTD., Dept. L19, Paisley, Scotland.

Please send, post free, transfer, color chart and working instructions for your new Cushion Design. I enclose 6d.

Name .........................
Address .........................

31
It's yes, but (find steamers), take by Lyn scholar...
and the B.B.C., and Gibb McLaughlin, and Morton Selten (who I hope will be spared to us for many years—he's only 74), and Percy Walsh.

And a bunch of girls. Is it my notorious ignorance, or are any of these girls made a name for herself in films? Peggy Novak, Carol Rees Marjorie Corbett, Pearl Rivers, Kay Walsh.

Well, I dunno. But anyway, the studio doesn’t claim they are stars.

This film is about one of those mythical European kingdoms—so I was quite wrong in my guess that Amnesia might be the last of them for a while. Harold French is a young British diplomat with a leaning towards women. (Ah, you think you know the plot now, but let me remind you this isn’t a Chevalier film).

Tamar Desni is a ballerina who, having no boy friend of her own, tells her friends she is engaged to the young man. Complications, which are smoothed out just in time for the picture to finish and schedule.

Hammersmith Hollywood

I’ve seen very little of the Sound City product.

Now for the new studio. It’s at Hammersmith, and I’ve seen hearing whispers and apocryphous reports about it for some time; but now I have actually been officially informed that the Mayor of Hammersmith had officially opened the building; so now the whole thing is very official and in order, and I suppose I shall have to take it long I look at the new joint one of these days.

It belongs to the Triumph Film Company. By the way, I hope that it is not an indication of the kind of films they are going to make there. I hope so...

These films are intended for P.D.C. (which stands for Producer’s Distributing Company) to distribute. Up to the present this company (except, I think, for a short period of production some years ago) has been in the habit of buying pictures made by small independent companies to satisfy its quota requirements.

Experiment

Now Triumph are going to turn out no fewer than eighteen full-length pictures this year, all for P.D.C. They are trying an experiment, to begin with, by turning a radio play into a movie.

The Path of Glory made quite a splash “on the air”; the talkie features several well-known stage names—Ford Madox Ford, Stafford Hilliard, Maurice Evans, John Deverell—all of whom, I think, have also appeared in films.

Dallas Dawson is directing this one; and I am afraid that’s all I know about Dallas Dawson. That fatal ignorance again.

But new directors are springing up all over the shop. At Teddington, for instance, the new Warner Brothers First National production is being directed by Ralph Dawson. Now who in the world is Ralph Dawson? Must certainly go down next week and find out.

Naughty

You remember our old friend Twin Beds? I saw it as a stage play many years ago—in New Zealand, I think. It was considered delightfully risqué and near the knock in those days—but our ideas have all gone west since Mae arrived on the screen.

I don’t remember whether it was ever filmed; anyway, it now stands as a talking—yes, the Teddington stalwarts, who have rechristened it Life of the Party. It sounds so intimate a kind of party too.

Following this, the chair still left warm by Mr. Dawson will be filled by Monty Banks, who will direct Church Mouse. This was shown on the West End stage some time ago. Monty Banks is a peach of a director.

Say, though, talking about peaches, who’s this playing the lead? No, none other than my very favourite comedienne of silent days—Laura la Plante.

She Got Away

I met Laura down at this Thames-side studio some months ago, when she was playing with Percy Marmont, Lady Tree, and Emily Poytroy. I didn’t see the film they were making, and somehow Laura gave me the slip and beetled back to the States before I had time for more than about five minutes’ conversation with her; but she won’t get off so easily this time.

Ian Hunter is to play opposite her in Church Mouse; it ought to be a pretty good team.

And, while I think of it, Ralph Ince, who was playing for B.I.P. the other day, is to direct and play at Teddington. He’s a real old timer, having started with Vitagraph in New York in the early days.

I’ve always thought him one of the most effective players of “abyssal brute” parts on the American screen.

Strenuous

Father and Son finished up really strenuously at Teddington last week, with Edmund Gwenn plunging into the Thames to rescue a drowning boy (mercy almost dropping out of the bottom of the thermometer and cameramen stamping about on the bank to keep warm), and a fight between Edmund Gwenn and Roland Culver.

Gwenn takes his work more seriously and systematically than almost any other actor I know; and consequently Roland Culver was quite well pleased when that fight (for which the purposes of the story he had to lose anyway) came to an end.

Meanwhile, Night Club Queen has got well under way at Twickenham, with Mary Clare, Lewis Casson, Jane Carr, George Carney, Merle Tottonham, and Lewis Shaw.

This film employs the well-worn method of “flash-backs”; the opening scene is a court where Mrs. Brown (Mary Clare) is being tried for murder and defended by Mr. Brown, a crippled barrister, played by Lewis Casson.

To explain the causes leading up to the killing, Mr. Brown narrates the story of their married life—and you see it taking place.

Well, if anyone can get away with this, I think Bernard Vorhaus can; he’s just naturally bursting his way into the front rank of directors; and there’s plenty of room in the front rank, let me say.

—NEXT WEEK—

A sixteen-page supplement which deals fully with Columbia’s brilliantly characterised picture, “Lady for a Day,” in every aspect will be included in every issue.

It is lavishly illustrated and contains interesting facts about all the players, and a full story of the picture.

It forms a souvenir which will be of permanent interest to all cinemagoers.

The demand is bound to be enormous so do not neglect to place your order now in order not to be disappointed.
MALE READERS RALLY

Yes, They Have Something to Say to Miss Hilda Humphries

PERHAPS Miss Hilda Humphries, who wishes to know why men do not absorb the 'technique' of the talkies, is aware of the vast upheaval of all the rights of women since the time of 'wigs and things,' of the demand for equality, of the adoption of masculine airs, and of the undertaking of masculine feats, and successfully, too.

"If so, she will also be aware of the only possible reactions that a man can have to this attitude; either he endeavours to make the woman as his equal in feats of strength and endurance, and provide for her, is the greatest respect any man can pay to a woman, or else he passes off the attempts with a sarcastic comment, giving a shrug of the shoulders, which is, sometimes, justly warranted.

"Even her own 'gal-lant gentleman,' Leslie Howard himself, cannot give his courteous manners full play unless backed up by the sweetness and demure charm of Heather Angel and the appropriate old-world settings of Berkeley Square.

"How on earth, then, are we to preserve a gallant bearing when all and sundry seek to create the equality of Katharine Hepburn or the familiarity of Mae West, and the woman says, 'Oh, I'll shake a leg with you,' when the man says, 'May I have the pleasure of the next dance?'"

-A. Freely, 8 Scarborough Road, Driffield, E. Yorks, who wins the first prize of £1. 13. 6d.

Silly Posturings

Miss Humphries, I sympathise with you. After having sedulously cultivated the correct film Hepburn—manner, it must be indeed provoking to find that the boy-friend has failed to imbibe his screen lessons; thus depriving one of the opportunity of exercising the 'sense' of one's hand.

"Fortunately, we men are less gifted with the ability of self-deception. Whilst appreciating the technique of the woman personalities, we hesitate to exchange our genuine individualities for but a poor imitation. If the silly posturings and oglings of movie-struck girls are the result of screen 'education,' then we men prefer to resist it.

"Also, you sigh that we lack respect for the female sex. Really, Miss Humphries, would you not have us regard you as human beings, rather than, as did those gallant gentlemen of yore, a 'cross between an angel and an idiot.' Come, Miss Humphries, be yourself!"—Edward Hilton, 7 Filey Street, Sheffield, who is awarded the second prize of 105. 6d.

Not Milkshaks

Yes, Miss Humphries, the films do fail entirely to make milkshaks of men; neither do they, through the childish jaw-punching technique of one 'Cagney,' make them into brutes.

"'Gallant' and 'Gentleman' did not go out with 'powdered wigs'; they were shocked into the disuse by the advent of the cigarette-smoking, painted, under-dressed and pathetically foolish females known as Miss Modern.

"Neverno's 'respect' is but the reflection of the producer's respect for the box-office. Knowing the surface saccharine sentimentality of Miss Moderns, these shrewd business men tell their screen heroes to exploit it."—J. Jennings, 84 Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Gallantry Out of Date

In an age of sophisticated womanhood, gallantry is an anachronism. So long as the modern girl continues to 'type' herself in a grotesque caricature of Garbo, cheater, Crawford, and the rest, so long will the modern young man cease to regard her with that air of respectful adoration depicted by Leslie Howard.

He knows that 'respect' to a girl in the evening excites ridicule when she meets her office friends the morning. She prefers the Chevalier portrayal.

"The over-rated importance of the talkies to young women illustrates the utter lack of all sense of proportion of the latter.

"Whereas a man leaves the shadowy heroine to continue her amorous episodes in the half-light of the kitchen, a woman endeavours to carry them into her private life—with disappointing results."—J. F. Stevens, 132 Bretall Lane, Stonebridge.

Miss 1934 Does Not Inspire Romance

"Hark to the modern miss bewailing the lack of gallantry and romance among the males of this hard-boiled world, when all, the time, she herself is responsible for their absence.

"The modern girl does not inspire romance or sentiment, and, in my turn, I might just as well blame that on the movies.

"Truly, she has established her screen lessons well—Norma Shearer has taught her how to be a 'free soul,' Garbo to be aloof and independent, and Mae West to be hard-boiled.

"When she becomes natural and feminine again, she will find that the qualities which now appear so bewildering in the mere male will re-appear."

—Ernest H. Jahn, 350 Herford Road, Waltham Cross, Herts.

[Thinker says: Miss Hilda Humphries' ears must have been burning during the last week or so. Never before have I had such an avalanche of letters from male readers. I have only been able to publish a few, but they appear to build up a pretty formidable case for the feminine fans to answer. Haven't the women anything to say?]

Unofficial Press Agents

Does the average film patron realise that indirectly he is responsible for the booming of certain films. As an illustration: We will assume that a person obtains rather scanty information regarding a film; perhaps it may be the cast and just a glimpse of the production culled from photographic illustration; and at the first opportunity tells a friend or neighbour what a wonderful picture this particular one is.

"The listener is often under the impression that the narrator has first-hand information; such as the reading of the book or a film critic's report. The former passes on the information and so on and the boom is prevalent.

"The point, however, is that the persons to whom I refer are the first to decry a film if it is not up to the visualised standard."—Frederick Evers, 65, Hughes Avenue, Wolverhampton.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for all other letters published the next week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
Girl: You are very rude, Toothbrush. I can't help it if my teeth are naturally dull and grey.

Toothbrush: That's just the trouble—they're not really. They're only stained.

Girl: Impossible. I brush them twice a day.

Toothbrush: Of course you do, but with a dentifrice that does only half the job.

Girl: What do you mean by "only half the job?"

Toothbrush: Listen—your dentifrice has one cleansing action only, and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

Girl: What can I do about it?

Toothbrush: Simple. Just get Colgate's.

Girl: Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

Toothbrush: Certainly. An emulsive action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

Girl: Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

Toothbrush: Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

Girl: That settles it. I'll buy a tube of Colgate's to-day.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS

THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Starchy foods.
2. Fatty foods.
3. Sugar foods.
5. Protein foods.
6. Fruits.

Featherweight Mistresses

Making a success of their complexion

By MARGARET BANNERMAN

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

Manufacturers of Colgate's Dentifrices

Colgate's Super-Soft Brackets

Colgate's Roller Brushes

CURLS

ondon, March 10, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

GLAMOUR

YOUTHFUL

MODERN

35
One in a Thousand

The cameraman might snap the Garbo a thousand times without getting a more lovely photograph than the one which has captured you now! That's the beauty of "Pictu
ger" Postcards — they reveal your favourites in their most captivating moods — exquisite and fascinating side of happy hours spent at the talkies. Get some of these sepia glossy postcards to-day and put Greta Garbo at your fingertips.

50 POSTCARD ALBUM

Join "The Pictu
ger" Postcard Club, and we will present you with a 50-Al
bum, handsomely bound in Art. Lead to hold your cards. To join, simply send an order for not less than one dozen of these glossy postcards at the regular price of 5/6 dozen. On sub
sequent orders you will receive substantial discounts, as well as many Club priv
ileges.

Choose your Cards from list below; rich sepia glossy, 6d. each—5/6 dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike.

Full list on the opposite page.

To "PICTU

GEROGE WEALEY

March 10, 1934

G. M. (Folkestone). — Yes, Richard Dix

appeared in the film Nothing But the Truth.

FRANK LAYTON FAN (Manchester). —

Frank Layton was born on September 25,
1897 in London. Educated at the London
School of Film Management. Became a
successful producer in the British Cin
ema. Among his notable works was the film
"The Little Rascal".

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
tion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.

WALTER HUSON FAN (Glasgow). — Walter
Huson was born in 1897. His first film was
"The Silent Witness" in 1920. He was a
prominent figure in British film produc
ion and directed many successful films.
WHY RICH MAN CHOSE THIS GIRL To Be His Wife

Typist tells story of her Amazing Romance

Mrs. B. . . of Hammersmith has recently married the son of an enormously rich manufacturer. When interviewed she said: "You ask why did my husband choose me? Well, I used to be a typist in his father's office. I could not afford expensive frocks like all the other girls he used to go about with, but I always took the greatest care of my skin. My husband has since told me it was my wonderful complexion that first made him notice me. I always use Tokalon Skinfoods—the white one during the day and the rose colour at night. It is simply astonishing what a tremendous improvement it makes to one's looks in only a few days. I shall never use any other creams.'

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (Non-Greasy) contains pure olive oil and dairy cream. These penetrate deep into the pores and remove impurities which soap and water can never reach. Blackheads, enlarged pores, and skin blemishes rapidly disappear. The skin becomes smooth, soft and clear. To get rid of wrinkles use Tokalon 'Boozer' Skinfood—the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Kraska, of the University of Vienna.

The manufacturers guarantee that any woman who uses Tokalon Skinfoods as directed will get a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or her money will be refunded in full. Tubes 6d., 1s, and 1/4.

SUPERMA MACHINLESS PERMANENT WAVING


—Supernas, the only completely machineless system of permanent waving is now available all over the country.

No Electricity Greater Safety

Gone the fear of electricity, the discomfort of being strung up to a machine—instead, absolute comfort, complete freedom, and a more lasting wave.

Supernas Machineless ensures deep, luxurious and lasting waves, and the tightest of curls—for hair of every shade and texture—including white, grey, black, red, dyed, coarse or fine—the result will always be perfection. It cannot harm the most delicate hair.

Write for free pamphlet "About your hair" to: SUPERMA Ltd. (Dept.65), 91-97, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

"I can't do anything to keep my hair Blonde"

"Oh Yes, YOU CAN!"

This might have been true a year ago, but to-day you have at your disposal Stablond, the wonderful new secret formula shampoo, which will not only prevent your hair from darkening, but if it has already darkened and faded, due to depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) will bring back that golden beauty of childhood. Depigmentation is caused by coal dust, gases in the atmosphere, and faulty diet. Stablond corrects this. It is also known in many other countries as Blondex and Nurblind, and is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Makes the permanent wave last longer. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, silken, and more beautiful. Wonderful for children. Not for women who wish to bleach their hair. Stablond contains no benna, camomile, dye, or injurious bleaches. Made in England. Sold everywhere at 6d. Stablond Laboratories, Ltd., Acton Lane, W. 11.

Soles Distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd.

HEADACHE "LINES" FACES

Frequent headaches make the face careworn and add unwanted years to one's appearance. But why put up with headaches? In ZOX you have a well-proved remedy—simple, safe, quick, convenient, inexpensive. Zox is in powder form for better and quicker action. Sufferers say: 'It acts like magic.' Take advantage of the FREE ZOX OFFER

Zox powders 2d. each or 15. 6d. and 36. per box. Send 5d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Mfg. Co. (Dept. 6), 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

HEAD WON'T ACHIEF ZOX YOU TAKE

CILOREAL THE PERMANENT TINT FOR EYEBROWS & EYELASHES

Guaranteed harmless, tinting takes but a few minutes and it is not affected by Sun, Rain, or even Sea Bathing. Quinacrine powder sent on request to C. Neve & Co. Ltd., 2 Ciloreal House, 3 South Molton Street, W.1.

EMBROIDERY IS EASY with Anchor Stranded Cotton

Clark's Anchor FILOSHIEN for mending stockings

LET'S YOU LAUGH A LADDER
She need never doubt—

for KHASANA Blush Cream will always bring out that natural colouring which is just right for her, so discreetly alluring, so unobtrusively correct.

By using KHASANA Blush Cream you too can be sure that your own individual colouring is absolutely right. For KHASANA is no ordinary rouge, it is made so that the colour changes on your cheeks to the exact shade which suits your complexion.

KHASANA Lipstick has a similar effect on the lips, giving them a most natural rosy glow, which is kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

KHASANA

Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

NEURONESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self, to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear robs your health, robs you of the joy of living, and causes much misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms seek at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION "INFERIORITY COMPLEX" GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS MORbid THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA WEAK NERVES WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this astonishingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.C. 31) 40, Lams Conduit St., London. W.C.1

Has stood the test for over fifty years and is today one of the best known and largest selling medicinal and toilet soaps on the market. Made of the purest materials, chosen for their emollient and cleansing properties, Cuticura Shaving Cream is delicately medicated, and perfumed with natural flower odours. Ideal for daily use.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists

LEAVE IT TO

ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

HAVE you noticed how few women, or young girls for that matter, possess an undotted forehead? It is not always age that puts lines on the brow. Our little hats are not without blame. They afford no protection to the eyes, and consequently we’re all frowning when seen in a very strong light.

Habit accounts for a few more lines. We wrinkle our foreheads when deep in thought, or when we cross, when we are surprised and when we are puzzled.

Heavy lines should be dealt with, but aiming at a smooth forehead, we should not seek to erase the lighter ones and so wipe off the intelligence too. For undoubtedly there are certain lines that give character and intelligence to the face. These lines are generally the horizontal ones.

The really ugly line is the frowning line. Bad temper deepens it and weak eyes make it very obvious.

If you suffer from either condition attend to it, before you can hope to eradicate the line entirely by cream and massage.

The Value of Massage

Pay as much general attention to your forehead as you do to the rest of the face. I wonder how often you cream your face religiously every night, yet stop short at the forehead. This is the reason that so many brows are of a sallow, unhealthy tint compared with the rest of the face. If your forehead can be described like that then a special cleansing for a while. Massage well with a cleansing cream, wipe off the cream with a tissue and then treat it as before, but with a bleaching mixture made from glycerine and lemon juice.

The lines you wish to disappear should be treated by placing cream along their length. Leave it to soak in for a few minutes before giving a massage with the finger tips, smoothing the brow from temple to temple. Using the second and third fingers place them against the bridge of the nose. Press firmly and then give a downward pull. Repeat this movement, raising the fingers a little each time of repetition till you have covered the brow to the line of the hair.

Special Treatment

Still using the finger tips anointed with cream give the forehead circular massage, moving from right to left. When the entire brow has been treated, remove any surplus cream and treat the forehead to an astrignent bandage. Take a length of fine muslin, soak it in witch hazel and place it across the forehead. Tie in position with an old silk scarf or handkerchief. Then lie down and relax for fifteen minutes. Relax every muscle and clear your mind of every thought. Be as near nothing as possible for a human being. This will not only improve your forehead but refresh the entire body.

If the lines are very deep seated, you may need a little more drastic treatment to remove them. Wrinkle removers are worth trying and are especially useful for the busy woman since they may be worn during sleep. They are made in the form of small pastes, These are applied to the line, left on overnight and washed off in the morning.

Herbal astrigent paste is used very much the same way but left on for a shorter period. This is specially useful where the forehead tends to greasiness. After washing the herbal paste is made into a thin paste and spread on the skin.

Improving the Shape

The shape of the forehead (in the case of older women), has sometimes been spoiled by a childhood fashion of brushing the hair back from the brow. Hair that has been treated like this in youth never falls softly round the face. Where the hair seems to recede above the temples, nightly massage should be given with a stimulant hair tonic.

A too wide forehead may be appreciably narrowed by dressing the hair in soft curls and waves from ear to ear. Another "narrowing" tip is to brush the hair from a side parting straight across in the opposite temple and then have it waved from this point.

On the other hand, the forehead that is too narrow needs the hair brushed well back. The "Alice in Wonderland" headress that is such a fashion now, comes to the aid of the girl with a narrow forehead and generally suits her very well.

Answers to Correspondents

Makurina—Silk is a beautifier for the skin. Dip a wad of cotton wool into a small quantity of rose oil and apply to the skin of the face and neck. Allow it to dry on.

Roonri—The unusual development is by no means unusual. Leave matters alone. The coming event will probably help to put things right. If you feel nervous about it, consult your doctor and he will reassure you.

Zerna (Westcliff).—As your mouth is rather large never carry the lipstick to the extreme corners. Apply in the centre of both lips and shade it off to the sides with the finger tips.

March 10, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
Enjoy your evening at the pictures free from huskiness or throat irritation caused by tobacco smoke. Zubes will safeguard your throat and chest the best way of all.

Go... Suck a ZUBE
2 1/2 Ounce 3 1/2 & 6 IN FLAT TINS
ALL LEADING CINEMAS SELL THEM

The FAMOUS PERFUME
"My Secret"
FREE

Messrs. Lesourd Pivert, Perfumers of Paris, through their London Factory, make this remarkable offer to those who have not yet tried their famous products. After sixty years’ experience and success, it is their privilege now to offer to everybody their high-quality beauty aids at the most popular prices.

MAKE "MY SECRET" YOUR SECRET OF BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS.

1/- Free Bottle of Perfume, Large size Box of Matt Powder and Permanent Lipstick in dainty nickel-ed case.

The Complete Set for 1/6
Powder (lt. or dk. Rachel, Natural, Flesh, Suntan). Lipsticks (Orange, Light, Medium, Dark). Rouge, Eye Cosmetics, etc., at 6d. and 1/- Perfume 1/-, 2/6 and 5/-. Obtainable through chemists and from most stores, hairdressers, etc., or and P.O. to—

Lesourd Pivert, Perfumer, Dept. A, Clapham Park Road, S.W.4

Most washers leave a little dirt behind, deep down in the fabric—but Persil never. It’s been definitely proved that Persil’s amazing action alone—without soap or anything else added—gets perfect whiteness every time, because Persil contains the two things necessary—good soap made active with oxygen. Just the same with coloured things, dainty woolens and silks; better washing in the gentle Persil suds is going to give them longer life and better looks all the time. Are you using Persil yet?

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 456-107

Joseph Crossfield & Sons Ltd., Warrington

39
A GOOD CIRCULATION MEANS SOUND HEALTH

AS THE WATERS FLOW
SO SHOULD THE BLOOD,
Unchecked!
Unhampered!
Irresistible!!

The GREAT NATURAL REMEDY
for DISEASES of the
VEINS and ARTERIES

Regd. & All Ailments Arising Therefrom

Stagnation Means Decay

Some of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct results of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. That means take Elasto, for this is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, piles, prolapsus, varicocoele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the great blood revitaliser, does this, surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

You Naturally Ask—What Is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, so please send the coupon below and let us tell you how Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enable Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and debilitated fabric of veins and arteries and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quietly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective treatment ever devised by Canadian research. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. Elasto saves you time, worry, suffering, and expense.

What Users Of Elasto Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now.
Elasto put new life into me.
Wonderfully active at 80.
My Doctor highly praises Elasto.
Now walk long distances with ease.
Elasto has cured my bad legs.
Marked wonder; legs quite clear.
Dissolved my rheumatism and neuritis.
No signs from piles.
I feel 10 years younger.
It put me on my feet.
Varicose veins completely gone.
All signs of phlebitis gone.
Completely cured my varicose ulcers.
I am now free from pain.
My skin is as soft as velvet.
Elasto tones up the system and cures depressions.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who know, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new biological treatment—Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

FRE-

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Department 191A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON
for Trial Sample of Elasto
The Great Blood Revitaliser.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Department 191a), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures the blood.

(Write in Full Name and Address.)

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Mr. Ailment is...

"Picturegoer," 10-3-34

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!
MARY PICKFORD ON DOUG. EXCLUSIVE

PICTUREGOER

2d WEEKLY

Free INSIDE this ISSUE
16 PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT
"LADY FOR A DAY"

Jean Parker

March 17 1934
Still another reason why
'Mine’s a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d.

20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or ‘Ivory’ tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sale Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS • 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-
Beautiful down to her finger-tips

HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, very beautiful, but—". It is the attention to the minute details which counts, and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "KRASKA" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "KRASKA" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "KRASKA" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER
"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor.
1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH
is made in 25 fascinating colours:
Blanche, Naturrelle, Rose, Double Rose, Quadruple Rose, Deep Double Rose, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Pearl, Fawn, Pearl, Gold, Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.
Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle.
In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores and Branches of Boots the Chemists.

"KRASKA" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; for the assurance of perspiration and sweet smelling armpits.

"KRASKA" Nicotine and Lint Remover, for keeping the hands free from nicotine stains.

the woman who dresses at corot
deserves admiration...and gets it.
to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration from man and woman alike.
that is why the best dressed man has his clothes made in ravel row. that is why the wise woman comes to corot...to bond street.
here, fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result, at prices we can afford, and in an instore plan that takes only strain off the bank balance.
post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide and particulars of instalments, or call at the showrooms and choose a model.

**last minute**

**seats for a**

**a smartly**

**tallied cardigan suit in a**

**woollen jacket**

**frock and matching unlined coat in a**

**soft woolen weave**

**frock trimmed edge of self.**

**cash 3 guineas monthly**

(post dept. p.339)

---

corot
33 old bond street
london, w.1
regent 8231

---

corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1
free please send corot spring fashion guide and full details.

name

address

---

(p.339)
"It is natural and human to want to make the most of one's appearance," says lovely Miss Madeleine Carroll, Gaumont-British star. "It is an added pleasure in every woman's life to know she is looking beautiful.

"Clothes, of course, are one of the essential features—and that is why it is important to take great care, even over such apparent details as the freshness and smartness of one's stockings and undies. My maid would tell you that all my precious undies and cobwebby stockings are washed in Lux after every wearing. What a blessing to find anything so safe even for the most delicate fabrics."

Don't your lovely things deserve the safe gentle care Madeleine Carroll gives hers? With Lux there's no rubbing. Colours safe in water alone are safe in Lux too—and so are the most delicate fabrics. There's no soda in Lux. Ask your grocer or dealer for Lux. A BIG packet costs only 6d. Also 2d and 4d sizes.

WALTER PLUNKETT, wardrobe director of the R.K.O. Radio Studios (seen with Clady Bathistle), says: "We are really grateful for the way Lux saves us money. It's impossible to get new costumes for every film—but nobody could ever tell that they weren't new. Things washed in Lux stay lovely and fresh so very much longer."

Safe for colours and all lovely fabrics —
Passionate Publicity is OUT

The Twelve Commandments

Or so Will Hays says—

New Purity Push—

Screen Czar's twelve commandments —

Greta Nissen should be more careful—

Rending the Garbo veil—

Tallulah Bankhead to come back.

Most filmgoers, however, will have no regrets if most of the proposed restrictions are enforced.

Advertising which misrepresents the facts in order to appeal to people seeking the unclean in pictures has done the screen more harm than anything and by recalling the naughty nouns and purple phrases from publicity copy the industry could do a lot to restore the confidence and respect of audiences.

I have said they could. Mr. Will Hays' cleanliness crusades have an unfortunate habit of never quite reaching their goal.

A Word to Greta Nissen

Miss Greta Nissen, a guest within our gates and, may I assure her, a very welcome one, might be well advised to see that her private correspondence or what is alleged to be her private correspondence, is not exhibited in the public press on the other side of the Atlantic.

This paragraph, which with its typically ill-tempered and ignorant American comment, appears in the current issue of Photoplay, is not exactly calculated to endear Greta to her British public.

What does an American movie star do when she is presented to the Prince of Wales? What would you do?

If you didn't do just the approved thing, very probably you would stir up no end of commotion and comment, just as Greta Nissen did recently.

We're going to let you in on an interesting letter written by Greta to a friend in Hollywood.

"It was all a very stiff and formal affair," says Greta, "and the English ladies curtsied deeply upon the arrival of the Prince. I, for one, did not curtsy; being a foreigner, I did not feel I had to—but as I was the only one in the whole room who did not, it stirred up quite a commotion."

So we gather from Greta's letter that the best thing to do when you meet a prince is to say, "How do you do?" Leaving the nip-ups to the home talent.

(Continued on page 7)
When Sally Eilers staged her recent revolt and dissolved screen partnership with James Dunn by "walking out" on "Jimmy and Sally," Claire Trevor was rushed into the rôle. She made such a good job that she has again been "teamed" with Dunn in "Hold that Girl." Claire was born and educated in New York. Studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and Columbia University. Served apprenticeship acting in stock. Broadway success in "Whistling in the Dark" led to film engagement. Blonde and 5 ft. 3 in. tall.
The Best Film of 1933

T

his week the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences announces its choice of the best picture made in 1933 and for the first time a British picture—The Private Life of Henry VIII—will be in the final list from which selection is made. When last I heard the entries had been narrowed down to nine. The other "finalists" are:—

Galante, from

A

america

movie

filmgoers.

A

campaign
drawn

Stars of To-morrow!

From the Fox Studio comes a list of ten new personalities who are being "groomed for stardom." Their names should prove interesting to British filmgoers. They are: Hugh Williams, Steppin Fetchit, Ketti Gallian, Mona Barrie, Alice Faye (for whom, it is reported, Rudy Vallee reserves his best crooning), Peggy Fears, Pat Paterson, Rosemary Ames, Nick Foran and Shirley Temple.

I am particularly intrigued to see what Hollywood will do to Hugh Williams, whom I long considered one of our most promising leading men and expressed the opinion so often here that our movie moguls have no excuse this time for letting America "discover" him.

Ketti Gallian, whom Winfield Sheean found on the London stage, will be seen first in Marie Galante, while Pat Paterson makes her debut in a musical, the title of which is so unlikely to be used by our studios that I shall not bother to mention it.

Mona Barrie, an Australian, impressed me favourably in The House of Connelly.

Nick Foran is 6 ft. 3 in., red-haired, former University football player.

Steppin Fetchit's Come-back

The news that Steppin Fetchit is again headed for the big money is also interesting.

The ebullient comedian is something of a philosopher. His spectacular extravaganzas during his previous tenure of film fame have for long been held up by the film world as a horrible example to young comedians and others who show signs of indulging in the belief that $1,000-a-week movie pay cheques go on for ever.

Steppin, however, is satisfied that he has the last laugh. He had a good time with his money while it lasted, he points out. Most of those who saved it are losing it in the recent bank and stock-market crashes.

He has the first big role in his come-back campaign in The House of Connelly and, personally, I found him as amusing—and unintelligible—as ever.

"Exposing" Garbo

Garbo's veil of mystery is gradually being rent to shreds by the reporter. Previous employees have of late been prevailed upon to tell the story of how Greta lives in Hollywood and now a writer has gone to the lengths of tracking down the facts of the star's early life in Sweden.

One paper even prints a photograph of the pre-screen Garbo standing in the doorway of the Stockhol barber's shop where she was once employed and of the dining-room in the Gustafson home.

The owner of the barber's shop, incidentally, is quoted as revealing that Greta was very popular with the customers and gave them beautifully smooth shaves.

Greta "Steps Out"

In the meanwhile, Greta herself has been starting the Hollywood rustics by "stepping out" frequently in the film city.

The other day she turned up at one of Hollywood's busiest beauty parlours and announced that she wanted her hair "dressed for evening.

She arrived at the rush hour and without an appointment, but calmly declared that she did not mind waiting.

And some support is lent to the legend that she surreptitiously buys all the movie magazines by the fact that she read one until there was a vacant chair.

Her arrival for lunch at the Hotel Ambassador, accompanied by Rouben Mamoulian, created an even greater sensation.

Tallulah to Return?

An intriguing report has arrived this week that Tallulah Bankhead will essay another attempt at talkies.

The proposal is that she will co-star with Helen Morgan in Frankie and Johnny.

The production interests me for another reason. It will mark the reopening of the old Biograph studio in New York's famous Bronx.

Biograph was the studio in which many of the film-famous began their careers.

D. W. Griffith wielded his megaphone there fifteen years ago and Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and the Gishes were among the celebrities who first faced a camera on the old lot.

Leslie Howard's Next

Bet Davis has it, it is reported, been cast opposite Leslie Howard in Of Human Bondage.

Mr. Howard, meanwhile, has some interesting things to say regarding his recent visit to England.

"I simply cannot understand what has happened to the theatre over there lately," he states, according to his latest American interview. "They absolutely refuse to patronise anything that is serious. Revue, musical comedies, thrillers and, above all, farces, seem to flourish like nothing you have ever seen. But when it comes as a drama of genuine merit—they just don't want to see it."

Leslie, apparently, is still feeling better about the comparative failure of his play, This Side Idolatry.

The Guilty Party

Now, at last, we know where to apportion the blame for the much-panned song hit, "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking?"

As most readers are aware, it was sung by Ginger Rogers in one of the romantic interludes of Sitting Pretty.

It is not generally known, however, that it was Miss Rogers who "discovered" the song.

She was to have sung a song called "Gypsy Lover" during that sequence, but she had heard a new little ditty "something about a dream," fresh off the piano of a composer and had set her heart on singing it.

After much trouble the executives gave in. And now it has become one of the hits of the season.

This Casting Business

The news that Alexander Korda is casting Charles Laughton as Lord Percy in The Scarlet Pimpernel raises the whole question of casting in British studios. What the public thinks about it can be seen on page 34.

It seems to me that not nearly enough attention is paid to the part stars and even bit players are called upon to enact. Not everyone, after all, is as versatile as Cedric Hardwicke or Walter Huston.

For instance, there is a bad case of mis-casting in Alfred Hitchcock's picture, Walter in Vienna, which is fully criticised on page 18.

Fay Compton is a countess of amorous disposition never gets under the skin of the part and Jessie Matthews should never have been called on to play the romantic ingenue. They do this scene better in France; indeed, I think a course of French pictures for British directors would be an admirable idea.

Making the Human Background Live

Practically every French picture we are privileged to see over here, whether good, bad or indifferent, has this in common—the casting down to the smallest bit player is perfect.

Atmosphere induced by settings is important.
March, was did special as " suppose, couldn't 6d.  
This is a part of the text that needs to be continued.  

Dull Spring Fashion Season

One result of the historical boom which is already making itself felt is a dearth of new fashion hints from the screen.

From Mme. DuChêne, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Greta Garbo, from whom up till now feminine filmgoers have always had dreary inspirations, all dispersing themselves in the impracticable forbearings of past generations. "It looks like a dull spring in the ready-to-wear trade, marts," according to my latest advice from the top departments of the big studios. "Manufacturers of medium-priced lines, many of whom depend upon new pictures from new motion pictures to provide 'inspiration' for their designers, are being handicapped no end by the current trend towards period pictures," writes the Paramount one.

Makers of women's dresses are having to turn elsewhere for ideas to provide a sufficient number of new styles to meet the demands for their retail outlets.

Film musicals at the moment are providing the bulk of new fads and fancies in fashions, to be copied in machine cut, machine sewn and rushed to the shops.

"It has long been no secret that early stilts from these pictures are at a premium in the manufacturing district," the writer points out. "The various studios have not been particularly happy to discover that a design created at considerable cost for a particular star makes its appearance in the so-called specialty shops as quickly, and often more quickly, than the picture can be edited and released."

"Picturgoer's Scoop"

Norma Shearer has twenty changes of costume in her new picture Rip Tide, and all her gowns and even her hairdress are being kept secret until the picture is released, so that they shall not be copied.

Picturgoer, however, has been able to obtain advance news and stills of all that is latest and best in the new film fashions.

These are to be incorporated in a special Fashion Number of the paper next week. As a special tip of my own, I should advise you to make sure of getting your copy early.

Baby Le Roy's Earnings

The indications that Baby Le Roy is "growing up with a sphere of usefulness is not so unfortunate for the依照 star as it might appear. In the nine months in which he has been in pictures, he has practically provided for his future welfare.

To-day he owns a ranch, twenty-five miles from Hollywood, where he lives with his mother. With his screen earnings he could already retire as a "gentleman farmer."

But his mother and the Paramount executives are interested in his future, and most of his screen dollars are being turned into insurance.

One of the policies assures him of a college education and is written in such a way that he cannot touch the returns unless he attends a university. It will provide a steady income for the four years' schooling.

The policy will pay him nearly £500 when he graduates.

Those Divorces

In view of the fact that 1933 has already come to be regarded as something of a boom year in film colony domestic disruptions, the official statistics, just to hand, contain some surprises.

The screen reveals that the year produced twenty-five divorces and thirty-one marriages.

In 1932 there were thirty-seven Hollywood divorces, compared to thirty-two marriages.

The conclusion is, I suppose, that 1933 divorces involved more important names.

The Battle of the Century

Filmland's most embattled picture has reached London and was privately shown the other night.

Probably no other picture in the history of Hollywood has been produced in the atmosphere which permeated the Wonder Bar set. All through the making of the film, according to my Hollywood reports, the artists stood around in small groups airing their real or fancied grievances and periodically rushing off to the front office to ask to be taken out of the film.

Practically nobody wanted to play in the picture. "It was the grandest little shanghaing act ever staged in Hollywood," according to one writer.

Kay's Complaint

Warren William, when approached, raised his eyebrows and nimbly stepped on a train to New York, but the others were not in a position to refuse.

U.S. Likes "Caroline"

Caroline the Great has, I see, had an excellent press in America and some of the New York critics are hailing it as a worthy successor to The Private Life of Henry VIII.

The New York Sun declares that "England, which got into its stride with the earlier Korda picture, again contributes what bids fair to be the most important picture of this season."

The conservative New York Herald Tribune describes it as one of the most distinguished dramas of the year, "the production of which takes the British cinema another notable step forward."

Beauty Shortage in Hollywood

And now comes the staggering pronouncement that there aren't eleven beautiful girls in Hollywood.

After interviewing more than 750 applicants for show-girl parts in Murder at the Vanities, Earl Carroll, the famous New York impresario, could find only seven girls whom he considered beautiful enough to be chosen for the picture.

The seven lucky girls will join the eleven beauties Carroll took from New York as show-girls for the picture.

"The selections," Carroll said, "followed my usual formula with but a single addition. I allowed the judge the final decision of figure, gracefulness and personality. In this case I added photographic possibilities.

"There were many lovely girls in the group, but only the seven chosen fulfilled my requirements exactly."

The film, of course, marks the Hollywood debut of Carl Brisson.

Kinema Couplets

The first prize of £10.6d. is awarded to Miss E. Cuthbert, 18 Kelvin Road, South Hackney, for a curt commentary on the quality of the B.B.C. programmes.

The Broadcast Early to Bed

Four awards of 2s. 6d. each go to the following:

W. E. Claesey, 28 High Street, Collin Wood, Merton, S.W.19, for an appropriate epitaph for a gangster.

He Knew Too Much

Say It With Flowers

To Miss L. Mills, 23 Fairfield Road, Derby, for the somewhat cynical couplet:

Smoky

The Torch Singer

To Norma Tupper, 191 High Avenue, Beverley, East Yorkshire, for the lightning expression of the Englishman's half-holiday.

Saturday's Millions

The War Diet

To Miss M. Conway, 332 Gallowgate, Glasgow, for a piece of advice to Continental travellers:

Hold Everything

And to E. C. James, 43 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent, for this creative slogan:

Streets of Women

The Bargain

There are no rules to this contest except that all entries must be sent in on postcards marked "Kinema Couplets," and addressed to me, c/o Picturgoer, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.I.

Malcolm D. Phillips.
Two famous stars who will appear together for the first time on the screen in "Rip Tide." Lionel Barrymore and our great stage actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Fay Wray and Paul Lukas while away the time between scenes in "Monte Cristo," capping each other's stories of adventure.

Myrna Loy strikes a distinctive fashion note in this full length coat with slippered shoulders and high collar. It is a white clove design on black velveteen and is completed with a black suede beret.

Barry Ganson's ambition is to be the best dressed youngster in Hollywood, and Father William has to use a lot of tact when he takes his young Beau Brummel out shopping.

All of one accord-a! (Sorry!) Mrs. Vincent Korda, her son Michael aged three months, her husband, Zoltan Korda, and Joan Gardner at Groydon Aerodrome to welcome the latter's return from filming "Kongo Raid" in Africa.
MARY PICKFORD said to me, "Sometimes, to hold a person is to interfere with his development. I did not interfere...I have never discussed this situation before, I shall never discuss it again. From this day forth and from this story forth, a door is closed. But it hurts me, even now, when unkind criticisms are made of Douglas. They are unjustified, unwarranted. He has worked hard all of his life. He should be able now to live and to work where he pleases—and it is my pleasure to have him do so.

"When I make this statement, I am not speaking for publication only, Gladys, but between you and me, honestly, from the bottom of my heart."

Mary had suggested lunch in Douglas' room, where a fire blazed on the man-sized hearth. Douglas' pipes were on their pipe rack, his pictures of his travels, his scrap-books and trophies were as they had been when he went away. Nothing had been moved in that room. Nothing had been changed. From the wide window where we sat at table, we could see the lawn of Pickfair with the swimming pool in the distance and the far-off horizon wrapped in mists. What lies beyond the horizon—for Mary?

I wondered. I wondered as all the world has wondered, what she is thinking, what she is feeling and planning, now that the old order has definitely passed away. In the confusion of reports, rumours and conjectures that have buzzed around Mary's head since the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks first broke and astounded the world, she has preserved the dignity of an utter silence on the subject. She is breaking that silence now for the first time and the last.

As we talked, the happy sound of young voices came from the guest house below us. Gwynne, daughter of her sister, Lottie, adopted by Mary and loved as her very own; Leititia and Lucille Fairbanks, daughters of Douglas' brother, Robert; and six or seven other youngsters were making merry at Pickfair. Gloom has not settled down over the house that once was called "the happiest in Hollywood."

Mary sat there, young and golden, wearing turquoise-blue corduroy lounging pyjamas. She looked very young and very, very wise—with the wisdom of one who has grown, through work and love and success and defeat, beyond the ordinary human limitations, beyond the petty human passions and demands. You know this as you look at her closely, listen to the tone of her voice, and become aware of the tranquility, the breath-catching peace in her eyes. You know that there is, and has been, a change at Pickfair. But it is less the sailing away of Douglas, this change, than it is the sailing into harbour of Mary. She has come to herself. She is happy with the hard-won happiness of one who waits and does not ask, who releases because she, herself, is free. Somehow, you know that Mary has found sanctuary, a retreat, where the noise of love coming or going, careers failing or returning on flood tide, cannot matter. Mary, in her retreat, sees now with a clarity of which the physical eye alone is incapable.

She said to me, "The linnet is blinded before he can sing."

But to start at the beginning. I said to Mary, "Couldn't you tell me something about your present emotions, your future plans—for the first time? It is hard for me to ask this. It is hard for you, I know, to answer me. But the world is interested because, after all, the world is your friend. Friends have a little right, I think..."

Mary replied slowly, feeling her way out of the sea of silence and keeping the ice intact from the first. "I can't analyse my feelings for you. I can't dissect them, take them apart, tag and label them. If I could place my feelings in a test-tube or even in words, I wouldn't have felt very deeply. I only know that you cannot lose anything or anyone who has been near to you. Not really. No matter what happens.

"I am beyond insisting that others conform to my formula for happiness which, contrary to statements that have been made and beliefs that seem to be held, does not necessarily entail the making of pictures or residence in Hollywood alone."

"But Pickfair in NOT for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it—other families, who might not know and might not care about all the love and thought and tenderness and dreaming that have gone into the making of it. Perhaps, some day, I should like it to be used as a place for people to come and study, as a sort of a small museum, as a place that might, in some form or fashion, mean beauty to others as it has meant beauty to—us."

"Of course, having Pickfair makes it easier for me. It is ridiculous to say that there is anything consolatory or glorious about poverty. It is harder to keep happiness where there is fame and wealth and world-attention, but it is also easier to bear unhappiness. I get a thrill out of all of it. I'd be false and silly to deny it.

"I love my lovely things, my china and glass and books, my lovely lingerie and perfumes and fresh flowers, the sun flooding in at my windows, the white walls and green carpets, the gay spirit that is Pickfair. I love the happy hours that walk, still, through these rooms. There isn't one tiny object anywhere that doesn't speak to me with a tender little tongue of its own."

I know all about the reports, rumours and talk of a possible reconciliation between Douglas and myself, supposed to take place in New York as soon as I get there. I can certainly say that those rumours were—rumours unfounded in fact. Douglas has begun production on his picture, Adios Don Juan. He will be in Spain for a great many of his locations. Naturally, he couldn't have been planning to come to New York. There was never any talk of it between us. I have no idea when he is returning to America. I think he has no idea, either.

"I do want to say this—and even this phase of it has never discussed before—I cannot understand the criticism of the Press because Douglas is making, one, two or more pictures in England. Why NOT? Haven't a great many actors and actresses made pictures, done plays abroad? There has never been any particular comment on this. It has been accepted as a perfectly normal procedure. When English actors come to us here—Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and others—we are glad to have them. We love them. There are no ifs, ands or buts about it.

"Douglas is not taking American dollars out of America. He is being paid with English money. And that money is being spent right here in America, as well as in England. He is releasing through United Artists and because he is making a picture in England, he is helping America's quota by making it possible for this country to export to England one more picture, too. It figures something like that. His releasing through United Artists means money in the exchanges both here and abroad. It also means employment for a great many people.

"I do not believe that Douglas has, or ever has had, any intention of becoming an English citizen. He is too worldly-wise for that. The English would resent it quite as thoroughly as the Americans..."
This is the one and only interview that Mary has given about the end of her great romance with Douglas Fairbanks.

"Pickfair is not for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it... Douglas has earned the right to live and work where he chooses... Life will go on for me again. I am more at peace than ever before... I am glad that the storm has passed. I have found myself... You cannot lose any you really love. They can't take themselves away from you... And I am happy because I know this."

would. He has, undoubtedly, been misquoted on many other occasions.

"You know Douglas and his penchant for foreign places. He has always had exciting ideas and desires to live first here, then there. At one time it was Ceylon. He exiled himself there in hopes of improving it. It was the one place in the world to live. It was Paradise. At another time it was Peking. Now it is England. Douglas lives on a Magic Carpet all of the time—not only on the screen. This time his magic carpet has taken him to England. And anyway, as I have said, he has worked hard all of his life and he has earned the right to live and work where he chooses. No one should attempt to gain say to him.

I have no plans for the immediate future. I am, for a little space of time, living in a vacuum where nothing, apparently, has happened, and, as Nature a fallow period, a time of quiescence follows after a storm, such a space of time has come to me. Haven't you ever noticed how, after a storm, there seems to be some development, no change, no progress? Just a stillness. There come such periods in human lives, too. A period in which, after years of hard labor, after stress and strain and readjustment, we find that we are not striving any more. We are growing inward. The roots of the plant seem to be taking place, but it is in the heart, the mind, the spirit. This is how it seems to be with me.

"My mother used to say to me, 'Mary, you wouldn't drive a little mule the way you drive yourself! Can't you stop'? There was a time when I couldn't. Now, if I choose, I can. At the moment I am in a phase of going out and again. There will come new interests, new activities, new friends along with the old.

"I should like, of course, to work the supremely right story for myself and for the screen. I believe that I shall. But material has always been difficult to get; ever since the very inception of pictures—"

I mentioned that I would like to see her do Only Yesterday—a story of a great love, a sacrificial love.

"I wish I had known about it. I haven't seen it yet, but I understand that Margaret Sullivan gave a particularly fine performance in it. My problem is to find THE story for me, certainly. If I cannot find the right vehicle, then I might want to direct. I've had offers for the stage." (She has recently accepted one.—Ed.) "I've had some very flattering offers from the radio. I am interested in writing. But I think I am not ready yet. I know that I'm not ready for the terrific burden of production. I would need more concentration than I have been able to know recently. I am enjoying life right now, in a new way, in a better way. For the moment, it seems that...

"I am more at peace with myself than I have ever been in my life before. I have been through a great deal. I believe that I have come through... I am glad that the storm has past. There is relief. I can't say that I haven't known loneliness. That wouldn't be true. I have never been alone before, you see. I went from my first marriage to my second marriage and even through my marriages, my life was with me. And so, it has been a strangeness I have had to get used to. But midst all of them, I have found myself. I know where I am going. I am un-confused now.

"And I have suffered, through my mother's passing and my brother's, how brief the little lives of humans are. How relatively unimportant it is where we take or what we do with this sixty-seven cents' worth of chemical compound our physical selves consist of. Whether I am here or Douglas is there, physically, is trivial. Separation is not separation until it affects the spirits of...

"I have come to realise how inescapable are pain and suffering. But I haven't one ounce of resentment toward any human creature. Not toward anyone. We do not own other human beings. We are the overlords of the destinies of others. Because they have crossed our paths or walked for a while along the way with us does not give us the sovereign dictatorship of our lives. You caress your child, don't you, when he wants to go? You want him to be happy in his own way, not in yours. You want him to be happy above all, more than you want anything else.

I believe that a great deal of love, so-called, is self-sacrifice. It is the ME and not the YOU that matters. I think we do not learn this philosophy—this acceptance of life as it is and as not we would like to have it, childish pride."

"More and more, I think of life as a school through which we pass, if we work hard and grow in understanding, from one classroom to another higher up. As we go on, we grow better. We put away our toys. We may put them away with a sigh and a tear, but we do put them away and turn toward other things. More vital things. More adult things. We must have suffered and lost much and found ourselves richer, not poorer for that. . . . as the linnet is blinded before he can sing...

"All of which means that Douglas is a child-spirit. He is perpetually young, you know. His eager enthusiasm, his abounding vitality, his interests that fly the world around are young. The very pictures he makes are indicative of the young boy in him. He wouldn't, instinctively, turn to problem plays for his stories. He would, instinctively, turn to Magic Carpets and Thieves of Bagdad and all the gallant, adventurous things that have stirred the hearts of boys and made middle-aged men feel young again..."

And there, right in these words of Mary's, lies the kernel of the complete explanation of the separation of the House of Pickfair. Douglas, the adventuresome athlete, the eternal youth, the little-boy-longing-for-adventure, the child who throws off the old orders and familiar things, has been married with Mary, who is an eternity wise, the profoundly sweet and sane and still woman who keeps things as they are, unchanged and indescribable, though the one she loves comes or goes, is with her or away from her. A woman wise enough to give freedom. The child-mother of a little boy who sailed away on a Magic Carpet and said, "I don't want her come home!"

There are old souls on this earth and there are souls who have never been here before. So Mary believes. As a child clings to its mother through its early years, so may an older child cling to his spiritual mother for a period of time. And then there develops the phase where the child whether still a child or now a man, grows impatient, balks at restraint, wants to throw off order and routine, wants to try his wings afresh, in foreign lands, among foreign people and new adventure. . . So it has been with Mary and with Douglas. This is the basic motivation of this broken idyll. All of the rest is subsidiary.

Mary said, poking at the embers of the dying fire, her grave, sweet face very intent, very serious, "You cannot lose anyone you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. You can only send them away from you by not thinking of them. And I am happy because I know this.

"The world is too wide, there are too many fine people in it for anyone to be crushed by any one person or any one circumstance. Besides, martyrs are revolting. Any person who sits in the glorious sunlight and wraps a black cloth over his eyes and enjoys being morbid is revolting. I have no black cloth over my eyes."

"I took the final step between Douglas and myself because I believe it to be for the good of both of us. I wanted to set him free, not only for myself, but for him. It will define our positions clearly. It will put an end to speculations, rumors, innendencies, hints of this and that. It will give Douglas the unequivocal right to live where he pleases and to go about with whom he pleases, without constraint or criticism.

"It is too bad to destroy a beautiful thing. It didn't come easily or at once. But isn't it impossible to say which is most beautiful—the Past, the Present or the Future?"

"The World's Sweethearts" ends in next week's issue of Picturegoer Weekly, PICTUREGOER Weekly's annual survey of the greatest theaters in America, with Adolph Zukor, the Paramount Chief, offering the exclusive right to play the New York stage—her first theatre appearance for 20 years.

The writing of the scripts of "The Three Musketeers" was begun on the spacious lawn at Pickfair with characteristic Fairbanksian energy.

NEXT WEEK

FILMLAND is becoming increasingly a dictator of fashion. PICTUREGOER has secured the latest news and views from the studio style departments and the stars' own designers, and they will appear in a special Fashion Number next week. Make sure of your copy.
Donald Cook

Who has in the last year or so developed into one of the screen's most interesting leading men. Once, like Fredric March, a bank clerk and subsequently ran a business college before he went on the stage. Donald made a modest entry into films in a "short," but was put under contract and had his first important rôle opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Unfaithful." His recent successes include "Brief Moment," "Fog" and "The World Changes."
The STAR they STOPPED from ACTING

by Vivien NORTH

Nancy O'Neill and Jack Hulbert in the latter's new naval comedy "Jack Aho!"

A charming new studio portrait of the subject of this article.

Nancy O'Neill had listened to the doctors she would never have been Jack Hulbert's leading lady. A serious illness laid her low, but willpower and concentration won the day and now all she asks is—a difficult acting role.

I KNOW her too well to call this an interview.

And I can tell you that no one will ever be able to interview Nancy O'Neill successfully. They'll want to because she's Jack Hulbert's new leading lady. They'll want to because she's heading for the highlights of stardom anyway—wait until you see Jack Aho! and the new film she is making for British Lion. But no stranger will succeed in "getting at" the Nancy O'Neill that lies behind the Nancy O'Neill she shows to a casual acquaintance.

She'll talk with you, she'll laugh with you—she'll be sweet to you. But there's so much of herself she can't help holding back until she knows you well. It's due to a thing called reserve.

Apart from watching her at work in the studios, I have seen Nancy with many backgrounds. Cocktail parties, dances, restaurants, cinemas—but it is only at home in her own flat that she sheds this reserve.

"I can't," she said once, when we were trying to fathom why it is she is sometimes thought high hat at the studios, "rush up to strange people, fling my arms round their necks and call them darling. I couldn't do it to anyone, unless I knew them very well."

"She's got it in her all right. But the answer is that she happens, as well, to be sincere."

Since leaving school, Nancy O'Neill has been round the world, back to Australia twice, spent one and a half years at the Academy of Dramatic Art, ploughed her way through repertory playing juvenile leads, toured England playing Peggy Ashcroft's part in The Breadwinner, and had a very serious illness lasting over a year. She has understudied Helen Spencer in The Rails of Norway, played with Owen Nares in the West End and played the lead in her very first picture Jack Aho! She is now starring in a film with Henry Kendall and Helen Haye and is still only twenty-two, so you can judge for yourself that she must be able to put across a good line in acting.

Five feet high, and almost pathetically shy under an exterior of supreme poise, Nancy went down to Shepherd's Bush last August with a letter of introduction from Cyril Maude. She had never been in a studio before. Walter Farde gave her a test for Jack Hulbert's new film. He said: "But I don't want you to have any ideas about playing this part—you are much too short to act with Mr Hulbert." However, when he and Jack Hulbert saw the test they forgot about this and, six weeks later, she was given the lead opposite Jack.

Yet if Nancy had listened to the doctors she would never have got beyond touring in The Breadwinner. It was then that the serious illness I spoke of began. "It was the touring that did it," she says, "and the doctors all said that the irregular life and the irregular meals would kill me. Oh, it was all very spectacular. I was in bed for ages. I was all alone in London. My mother came the thirteen thousand miles from Australia and fetched me back to Sydney. I was told by the doctors that I must never act again. Or smoke. Or eat all the things I liked best. In short, life was not going to be worth living!"

But, luckily for her, her father is a doctor too. Which is only another way of saying she was not encouraged, at home, to be an invalid. "And there's something," Nancy remarked, "in exercising a little steady concentration—in really making up your mind about a thing!"

After seven months, she started going about again. She was determined to get back to the stage. She played tennis and went riding and surf-bathing once more. Friends and relations raised their eyebrows and exclaimed in the way friends and relations do exclaim: "Ought you to be doing this? You've been most terribly ill, you know!" She went flying with Kingsford-Smith, the Australian record-breaker who, she says, is one of the few people who agrees with her about the "little steady concentration." After some time she got her father's permission to appear in a play that was being put on in Melbourne. And after that she brought up her daughter, who was born in London, and got herself a job at the same time.

Nancy O'Neill suffers from the most painful sort of shyness there is. Her's is that kind of shyness that can only be described, paradoxically, as "brazen." You know it? Always self-possessed. Always in command of the situation. Would never let you guess what she was going through if she could help it. It was this acute shyness that made her behave in such an absurd way at the first presentation of Jack Aho! Nobody knew she was there!

She arrived after the programme had begun, driving straight from British Lion, after a hard day's work with very little in the way of a meal. "Sitting in a Rolls Royce," said her sister, who recounted the story to me, "and eating a cold sausage! She made us leave just before the end, because she said she couldn't face everyone!"

Phillip and Aimée Stuart, who wrote Nine Till Six, want her for one of their new plays. After seeing her with Owen Nares, Mrs. Stuart told me, "What I liked about Nancy O'Neill's acting was the 'clear-cut' feeling with which it left us. There was nothing misty about it. And she has a rare quality of emotional restraint and of depth behind that restraint. She won't be able to help becoming a big star."

There's only one thing Nancy O'Neill wants at the moment. What she describes as "a really difficult part—one where I get a chance to do a bit of acting!"
Over the Teacups . . . .

... those leisurely, intimate tête à têtes with casual afternoon callers invariably reveal that the smartest dressed in your little coterie are AMBRON dressed. They find the easy-payment terms enable them to look their best on all occasions ... to possess more and better clothes than they could otherwise afford ... a real help to limited incomes.

The "on approval" service, too, eliminates all chance of disappointment and ensures, moreover, perfect fitting of every garment. Here are just three bargains you can't afford to miss. The small deposit is all that is necessary. It brings the garment you order on approval by return ... your deposit is refunded in full unless you are more than pleased, while the advantage of the easy terms costs not a penny more.

SPECIAL BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, model indicated at Present Price, stated above. I enclose the necessary deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the stated monthly instalments. If I return the article unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name and address and postal order crossed thus /.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.

F. F. DETAILS | K.326 DETAILS | A.S.III DETAILS
---|---|---
BUST | COLOUR | COLOUR
HIPS | SIZE | SIZE
Sizes range from 30 to 46 ins. Bust. | Sizes range from 27 to 7 and half sizes.

No. 273 THE PICTUREGOER 17.3.34

AMBROSE WILSON Ltd.
273 AMBRO...
A Word of Advice to

JACK BUCHANAN

This week's open letter to the popular musical comedy star raises the pertinent question whether actors should direct their own films.

Dear Jack Buchanan,

Sincerely yours,

March 17, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Jack Buchanan—Lubitsch and Mamoulian

Jack Buchanan and Lubitsch—Waxworks

Dear Jack Buchanan,

Surely you are not too young to be wise, are you? Have you not been acting so long that you have seen all the great directors at work? Do you not know that many of them started as actors and found that they could do better as directors? Have you not been around long enough to know that directors are often better actors than actors are directors? And have you not been around long enough to know that directors do not always make good actors, but actors are often very good directors?

But there is one thing that I wish to warn you about. Do not think that because you have been around long enough to know that directors are often better actors than actors are directors, that you can become a director without first becoming an actor. There is no substitute for experience, and experience is gained only by doing. And the only way to do is to do. So I advise you to stick to acting, and let the directors do the directing.

Sincerely yours,

Malcolm Phillips
WHAT A DIFFERENCE

IN HER HAIR

SINCE SHE USED

AVA

THE

Wonderful New Shampoo

that contains no soap

No hair can be lifeless and uninteresting-looking if shampooed with an AVA Shampoo, and beautiful hair can be kept beautiful and in perfect condition if washed with this amazing new product.

AVA Shampoo is a scientific discovery, that thoroughly cleanses the hair—in hard or soft water—and never leaves a trace of dull film over the hair, as is so often the case with soap. No special "rinses" are required, and any kind of hair is left soft and pliable, and takes to its waves with new life, after an AVA Shampoo!

AVA Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.1

The Pattern and Perfection of them all

4D PER PACKET

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 50 for 2'5 100 for 4'8
MADELEINE in MOVIELAND

English Star Impresses Film City—So Does “Catherine the Great”—Garbo’s Holiday—Dietrich Moves into New Home

I CALLED on Madeleine Carroll at her hotel in Beverly Hills a few days after her arrival.

This young actress’ charming personality has already impressed itself on Hollywood. From time to time English actresses, who adopted a “Ritz” attitude, found Hollywood far from enjoyable, and soon returned to England.

Elizabeth Allan, Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel and Madeleine Carroll, however, are pleasing examples of the type of English stars whom Hollywood likes and respects.

Madeleine tells me that Hollywood surprised her because she had imagined it to be entirely more bizarre. She feels quite at home, as the film colony is filled with English players whom she knew in London.

She says she supposes that whenever she is seen chatting with a male friend that the “chatter” writers will hint a romance, but, as we know, she is happily married and her husband is with her in California.

She is a Helen Hayes enthusiast and considers Miss Hayes to be one of the finest stage and screen actresses she has ever seen.

Her first Hollywood picture is to be The World Moves On, an epic story of the Cavalcade type. Franchot Tone, John Crawford’s Franchot, plays opposite Miss Carroll.

Hollywood Likes “Catherine”

Catherine the Great has won the favour of the film capital’s critics. I saw this picture at a recent preview at the United Artists’ studio and word passed around the assemblage of jaded journalists—“England has done it again!” There were a few dissenting voices—Hollywood has its pessimists—but the overwhelming majority of the writers praised the picture.

Elizabeth Bergner does not impress the audience with her beauty—she is, of course, rather plain—but everyone raved about her acting.

Douglas Fairbanks jr., cliff in for his share of the bouquets. It was generally agreed that his acting in this film far surpassed anything he has done in Hollywood.

Flora Robson, as the Empress Elizabeth, won the favour of the writers.

The critics are waiting to see whether the English Catherine will surpass Marlene Dietrich in Scarlet Empress, which deals with the same historic character. It is entirely possible that the two pictures will not conflict with, in fact, may aid each other, for the Dietrich opus deals with hetic episodes in Catherine’s life, while Miss Bergner’s film shows the Empress as a “one-man woman”!

It has certainly given new interest to Miss Dietrich’s picture.

A Mysterious Trip

Greta Garbo and her director, Kouben Mamoulian, departed for New York but on separate trains.

Speculation is rife and one theory is that they desired to have a quiet marriage, which they may attempt to keep secret indefinitely.

This marriage is exceedingly difficult to achieve, as reports all over the United States will watch the couple like hawks.

A Glittering Premiere

Queen Christina had a most impressive opening at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre.

Adoring fans by the thousands gave the police plenty to do and frequently broke through the ropes which guarded the entrance to the theatre. Who could blame them, for practically every star in Hollywood was entering the playhouse!

Among those I saw were Jean Harlow, Diana Wynyard, Lupe Velez, Jeannette MacDonald, Maureen O’Sullivan, Elizabeth Allan, Alice Brady, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper, Leo Carillo, Stuart Erwin and Robert Montgomery.

The Feminine Touch

George O’Brien’s dressing-room at the Fox Hollywood studio is being made very pretty, so that any lady who enters the place will utter cries of ecstasy.

Gone are his chaps, his boots, guns, gun-belt and other man gear with which George won fame in the movies. The place is being redecorated in blue and white, with drapes and other tasteful furnishings.

No, George hasn’t developed an art complex. The reason for the renovation is that “George doesn’t live there any more.”

Heather Angel is moving into Mr. O’Brien’s former dressing quarters.

A Star’s Son

Harold Lloyd, jun., age 3, may make his film debut in his father’s picture The Cat’s Paw. The hero is first shown as a small boy, and the Lloyd executives believe that Harold, jun., would be just the one to play the part.

Marlene Dietrich used her daughter in Scarlet Empress, while Jack Holt is considering placing his boy in his next picture, so the idea of utilising the family appears to be contagious.

A New Tenant

Colleen Moore has leased her handsome home in Bel Air to Marlene Dietrich, who has moved in with her little daughter, a retinue of servants and a small army of armed guards.

Marlene, following her usual custom, will undoubtedly have bars placed on the windows of the nursery to protect her child from kidnappers. Meanwhile, the guards will maintain vigilant watch.

Her Old Posi

It will be more than acting when Sidney Fox plays the role of a hat check girl in Down to Their Last Yacht, the story of a wealthy family’s financial losses and their subsequent menial positions, which will be produced as a musical at RKo-Radio.

When Sidney was 12 years old her family lost their money and she secured employment as a hat check girl in a New York restaurant.

The picture will be Miss Fox’s first role in a year. She has been in New York, studying and preparing for her return to Hollywood.

The Manly Art

Our film heroes keep in splendid condition. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Mike Cantwell, famous trainer of Max Baer, Max Schmeling’s conqueror, is giving daily work-outs and boxing lessons to Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and, last but not least, Jackie Cooper.

Genuine Sympathy

Frances Dee and members of the cast of the film in which she is appearing, including many extra girls, called at a hospital to see Ruth Starrett, a little extra girl who was injured in an automobile accident. A poignant touch was given

the event when it was learned that Miss Starrett had no parents or friends and was entirely alone in the world.

Frances, who has one of the biggest hearts in the film colony, took the injured extra under her wing and defrayed all medical expenses necessary to aid the girl to recovery, including the services of a face specialist who guarantees to remove cuts which otherwise would terminate Ruth’s film career.

Burglar Proof

Warner Baxter desires it to be known that he is installing photo-electric burglar alarms throughout his spacious new home at Bel Air.

The electric cell, using a “black” light, can detect the presence of a shadow. Baxter believes in electrical “servants.” His garage doors swing open automatically upon approach and his heat ranges are all operated by “juice.”

But the burglar alarm is his pride.

A Russian Refugee

Kathryn Sergava, who Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer once held in reserve, pending Garbo’s return, intending, if necessary, to use her as Greta’s successor, is rapidly coming to the front at Warner’s, where she is now under contract.

Several studios have tried to borrow her for leading roles, and her future is assured.

Miss Sergava, when a child, fled from Russia with her parents at the outbreak of the revolution.
A STAR and a PICTURE

Teacher and pupil fall in love—some exquisite scenes—and they want to marry. But stern father has Schubert sent back to Vienna heartbroken. Three months later he receives a message to return and arrives on the day when his loved one is marrying another man. The younger sister had sent him for hope, he would arrive in time. She now persuades him to forgive. He appears at the wedding reception and offers as his gift to the bride his now finished symphony.

He plays it. Just at the vital moment she is reminded that this is where she laughed. She becomes hysterical and faints. The music stops. Schubert tears out and destroys the additional pages he has written, and thus the symphony remains for ever unfinished.

That is the simple story of this picture, but it has been superbly produced. Willy Forst, the director, has refrained from staging any enormous scenes, and when you realise that he had at his command the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vienna Boys' Choir, the Vienna Boys' Choir, and the Horvath Guyla's Trigane Orchestra, you will appreciate his strength in making a simple picture. The philharmonic orchestra is only heard and not seen. There may be some who will find a better ending for the picture where Schubert tears the pages from his book. But it may have been a popular concession to introduce and finish on the famous Ave Maria.

The director and the cameraman have used their imagination to bring some lovely pictures to the screen.

Of Martha Eggerth I have already written. It is worth seeing the film if only to hear her sing the Serenade or her scene with Schubert in the inn, where love follows her wild gipsy dance.

Hans Jaray is splendid as Schubert and Louise Ulbrich is fine as the pawnbroker's daughter who loves him.

All the minor parts—down to the schoolboys—are played with that perfection that makes a film like this such a delight. —M. B. Y.

Waltzes from Vienna

Alfred Hitchcock has not been well served either with his material or his artists in this, the first picture under his direction I have seen for some time.

Here is a leisurely sentimental romance adapted from the stage play, and, somehow, I do not think Hitchcock's mind runs to sentimentalities.

Nevertheless, the touch of the artist is present in the story, the compositions and, more technical and a photographic angle, there is a great deal to admire in the picture. He understands the value of simplicity in settings very perfectly.

The story deals with Johann Strauss, the younger composer's composition of "The Blue Danube" and his love for the daughter of a pastry-cook, who is willing to pay for the composition of this song. This is told by the Countess von Stahl, who ultimately enables him to have the famous waltz played and seen by the world.

To do this she has to overcome the jealousy of Johann Strauss the elder, the boy's father, who believes his musicianly position is unassailable. This is the does like the trick of the older man's vanity. It nearly brings about a duel between her husband and young Johann, but, as in all good romances, all ends well and the pastry-cook's daughter and the composer marry.

What I particularly liked about the production was the pictorial beauty of which the director has introduced. There is a clever wedding of sound and picture in one scene in particular, where young Johann, being shown the pastry-cook's kitchen, in which the poor man composed his famous waltz, in his head to the rhythm of cooks tossing rolls about and kneading dough.

Of course a great deal of trouble has been given to the business of the story, which is partially concealed by good detail work, lies in the casting.

Jessie Matthews, too, is singularly out of her depth as the romantic ingénue; a comedy moment here and there gives her some very real chances.

Edmund Gwenn is good as Johann Strauss, but

PRE-VIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY is the "unusual" film chosen for the opening of London's "unusual" cinema, The Curzon. Let me say straight away that there is nothing "unusual" about the film, unless every good film must be so labelled.

I have now and again warned my readers that although I have enjoyed a picture immensely, they may not find it as entertaining. I repeat the warning with regard to Unfinished Symphony, although I can give you no adequate reason why anybody should not find the picture a lovely entertainment. Maybe the German speech may not be helpful (I should have told you the film was made in Vienna), but the English sub-titles make it easy to follow the story.

As I watched this picture my mind went back to a film made in this country last year, which was unsuccessful. It was Where is the Lady? and the principal artiste was Martha Eggerth.

It seems inconceivable, watching Unfinished Symphony, that this girl could have escaped the attention of our producers or that any director could, or should, fail to turn out a worth-while picture with so fine an artiste as Martha Eggerth. Here are some particulars about her. She was born in Budapest, April 17, 1912. She spent her early childhood in America, and at the age of nine she made her operatic debut as the Doll in Tales of Hoffman at the Royal Opera House, Budapest.

Until the age of fifteen she remained "the little prima donna" of this theatre. Before the end of her apprenticeship she appeared as the soloist in over fifty philharmonic concerts. She has created the star parts in many operettas and musical plays, and has gained a reputation in many Continental capitals.

You may ask why I give you these details. Because I want Picturegoer readers to know something of an artiste who will, in the normal course of events, undoubtedly reach universal stardom.

And now let me tell you the story of Unfinished Symphony. It is supposed to be an episode in the life of Franz Schubert, and tells how and why his famous Symphony in B Minor came to be unfinished.

The authors have in their imaginative manner introduced true biography where possible. Thus we see young Schubert pay frequent visits to the pawnbroker to make ends meet. We see him as a schoolmaster changing a dreary lesson in arithmetic into a joyous music class.

Then comes his great chance to play his music at an "at home" given by Vienna's great hostess. His future seems assured. He selects the theme of his Symphony in B Minor and at the moment of his great inspiration he is interrupted by a woman's loud laughter. He slams down the piano lid and makes his exit.

This exhibition of manners, however justified, bars him from doing anything in Vienna. He has tried to finish his symphony, but every time at the same part comes to him the memory of that laughter.

When all seems hopeless there is an invitation to him to be the music master of Count Estetly's daughters in Budapest. Arrived there he discovers that the elder daughter is the beautiful young woman who so shattered his inspiration by her laughter. This is her manner of apologising and making amends.
to SEE

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

I do not think for one moment that he will strike you as a famous Viennese composer.

On the other hand, like Edmond Knight's portrayal of young "Schani" Strauss very much, there was a sincerely romantic atmosphere about his performance and also a pleasing sensitivity. Frank Vesper turned in a good straight comedy character sketch of the Countess's jealous husband.

The musical setting is very good and "The Blue Danube" remains "unplugged," but is put over finely in one of the concluding sequences when young Strauss first conducts it.

You will think it rather leisurely but quite good entertainment, in spite of the weaknesses to which I have referred.—L. C.

I Like It That Way

This is a nice, unambitious, human sort of picture which provides admirable entertainment. It is a musical since there are "girls and music," but the story counts for more than is usual in this type of film.

Jack Anderson is a breezy insurance salesman whose slogan is "Sell the Women, they'll look after the men." He has sold himself pretty thoroughly to his nextdoor neighbour, Peggy, who works in a night club.

Jack's great aim is to prevent Peggy meeting his sister, Joan, but the inevitable meeting takes place and Joan gives up being a telephone operator in order to work in the night club.

Meanwhile Jack has fallen sincerely for Anne Rogers without knowing that she is Dolly La Verne, the headliner at the night club.

Thus the stage is all set for complications and eventual reconciliations.

The acting is uniformly good. Gloria Stuart plays the part of Anne and is well teamed with Roger Pryor.

I would suggest eliminating one drunken scene in the early part of the picture. It is coarse and unnecessary.—M. B. Y.

La Rue Sans Nom

Brilliant acting and human characterisations are a feature of this French production, directed by Pierre Chenal, the whole action of which takes place in a mean Parisian street and deals with thugs and denizens of the underworld.

Actually, there is nothing particularly cinematic about it; it relies on its dialogue and the sincere manner in which the various roles are interpreted for its entertainment. If you have not a good knowledge of French, you will not find it very comprehensible.

Brilliant portrayals are given by Constant Rémy, as a criminal Ménou, and Gariel Gabrio as an old accomplice of his, whom he is forced to shelter together with his very pretty daughter.

The main pivot of the plot depends on the attitude of these two men to one another, which alternates between boy friendship and bitter suspicion and enmity.

Dependent on this is the effect of the pretty daughter on the other inhabitants of the street. She falls in love with one Cruso, a rôle excellently interpreted by Enrico Glori, and is assaulted by Ménou's gross son, Mâno played by Paul Arais.

The final result of this jealousy is that Mânô gives her father away to the police, and his own father, disgusted at his behaviour and his own betrayal of a comrade, gives himself up, too.

Another poignant side-issue is introduced by a middle-aged man going mad through his hopeless passion for the girl.

It is all rather sordid, but certainly sincere in atmosphere and the depiction of the types it concerns.—L. C.

Hindle Edgar and Jessie Matthews in a scene from Alfred Hitchcock's new picture, "Waltzes from Vienna."

Behold, We Live

Two of my favourite artists are in this picture—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook. For that reason I would recommend you to see the film, although I must add that I was vaguely disappointed.

I had a feeling that, even with this conventional story, a better picture could have been made.

Clive Evers, barrister, is drinking himself to death in Paris. An unhappy marriage and a war bullet lodged in a vital spot in the body gives him his reason for not caring to live.

He meets Sarah, an American girl who is married to a brute. Life suddenly becomes worth while, and they intend to marry when each has obtained a divorce.

Sarah gets her freedom, but now that Gordon is one of the most successful men at the Bar, his wife refuses to let him go.

Learning that their companionship is likely to affect Gordon's career, Sarah pretends she has grown tired of him, but Gordon discovers the truth and decides to take a 10 to 1 chance and have the bullet removed.

Of course the chance comes off and we leave the two lovers looking forward to a happy future.

The English atmosphere has been well sustained although it seems highly improbable that Gordon would be offered a judgeship at the early age of 38.

Circle: Warren as the "fake doctor is reported to his faithful nurse, Joan Muir in "Bedside," which will be fully reviewed next week.

Clive Brook and Irene Dunne are well worth seeing in "Behold, We Live."

It could happen, but it is one of those unlikely things that give a touch of unreality to apicture. Clive Brook and Irene Dunne play their parts with ease and competence.

Nil Asther is almost wasted, and good work is contributed by Vivian Tobin, Tempe Pigott, Henry Stephenson, Laura Hope Crews and Lorraine Nichean.

Elliott Nugent directed. Is there any need to give flashes of conventional Parisian stuff to let us know we're in Paris? It's so old-fashioned when it has no bearing on the story.—M. B. Y.

The Queen's Affair

H erbert Wilcox has certainly set this boxريطian romance very elegantly and the technical side of the production is exceedingly good, but it is thin and conventional in plot, and one feels a sense of artificiality about the characters.

He has tried to invest the story of a romance between a queen and a revolutionary leader with a touch of satire, but it lacks subtlety and the action is developed too slowly.

As a whole, it provides quite pleasant, if not outstanding, entertainment, however, and is very deftly picturesque in setting.

Anna Neagle lacks depth of character as a shop girl who is hauled from New York to a European kingdom to be a queen, and Fernand Graavey, while natural and personable as a revolutionary leader, who despises her and later falls for her when she is exiled and he is resting in ignominy, hardly suggests leadership.

The pair meet at a lonely mountain resort and fall in love with each other without either knowing the other's identity.

The Queen is recalled to the throne and, believing her lover has been fooling her all along, arranges to have him trapped, releants, and finally keeps the throne with him as her consort.

A very good performance comes from Gibb McLaughlin as a general in the Army and Miles Malleson is effective as the Chancellor.

The best acting comes from Muriel Aked as the Queen's old nurse, who also has some of the most amusing dialogue in the play to utter.

Exteriors in the "lonely mountain resort" are excellent and the picture is very well dressed, and contains good composition and excellent camera work.—L. C.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Bette Davis, who plays the part of Lynn, the fashion designer who helps Sherwood Nash (William Powell) to run a fake fashion "racket."

March 17, 1934

The human harp! One of the ingenious ensembles that help to make the film one of the most spectacular of the year.

William Powell and Bette Davis in a spectacular and brilliantly-staged comedy-drama set in the intriguing new world, kinetically, of fashion.

There is an interesting story, much to charm the eye, pleasant incidental music to please the ear, and some fascinating sidelights on the dress racket. It is directed by William Dieterle.

Some members of the mammoth beauty chorus specially selected by Busby Berkeley. We hesitate to regard their costumes, however, as a serious forecast of the degree of the "Fashion Follies of 1934."
The feather dance, which is one of the outstanding features, is one of the most ambitious yet attempted on the screen.

William Powell is the engaging adventurer who steals dress designs from the Paris experts and eventually becomes an amazingly successful couturier on his own account.

Sally Rand will have to look to her laurels—the picture has the distinction of introducing the first film fan dance.

Another shot of the striking feather number which is introduced to the story by a stage revue put on as a stunt by William Powell to bring the ostrich feather back to fashion.
In love with a genius! Queer that such a fate, unkind, divine—call it what you will—should have befallen Joseph Sheridan, poet and successful dramatist.

Too easy-going, placid a person you might have thought him for such an experience, loving his pipe as he did, and a chair in his theatrical producer's luxurious office above the Lewis Easton Theatre, New York.

Besides, genius doesn't happen every day. Joseph Sheridan might have been born a dozen times, and lived without meeting anyone so unusual as Eva Lovelace.

He had been casting his latest play, Blue Skies, with Lewis Easton, and had left the office for a copy of the script, when he first saw her. For the moment, he recognised the young woman in the plain clothes and hat, as only another stage aspirant to be turned down. What—"Nothing for you, young lady; I'm sorry," he closed a door in her face.

Then he did not know Eva Lovelace. Ten minutes later he saw she had actually waylaid Lewis Easton outside his office and was babbling to him about a letter of hers.

"From Bernard Shaw,—yes, the one and only. It's a letter I'm after. I even sleep with it under my pillow. You see, I sent him a notice of a play of mine—using his name."

I said I expected to come to New York and be famous and act in his Chlopars. Do let me read it.

It was a more general letter than one would expect from such a writer.

Joseph, reading excerpts, blissfully unconscious of the producer's mild antagonism at first, chuckled.

"This is what Shaw says he thinks it was cheeky of the Franklin amateurs to produce a play of his. He's sure it was a joker, and I'm at my zenith, one night at the end of the play, I shall die on the stage."

Words flowed about herself, her confidence of success. Even the producer had to listen. Joseph did more. He became curious. How old was she? Twenty—perhaps less. Judged by ordinary standards, she was plain, except for the intense magnetism of her eyes. The voice was deep and monotonous; no knowing, but with training, it might develop an amazing range.

Suddenly she startled Joseph by talking of Molnar's play, The Golden Dough, his translation of which Easton was to produce, in spite of its higgledy-piggledy, after the run of Blue Skies, with Rita Vernon, darling of Broadway, in the principal role.

"The Golden Dough. Ah! Die Mittel. I translated it from the original German. I translated all the foreign plays we used in the Franklin Theatre, myself."

"Indeed! What other acting experience have you had, besides amateur?" Lewis Easton inquired.

"Nothing that you'd call experience, but that means I'll take less money. Of course, I need a certain amount for my lessons. I'm taking elocution with Mr. Hedges. He's just gone in to sign his contract for Blue Skies. Such a charming actor. He speaks beautifully. Then I owe the professor at home who taught me German, but my debts can wait. One thing I must tell you—never, under any circumstances, can I play a part, with which I don’t feel a sincere congeniality. Money means nothing to me. I'll play any part that appeals to me for twenty dollars."

At which staggering statement it was only natural for Lewis to dismiss the young woman with a promise of letting her know if a suitable role turned up. If, however, he thought thus to have done with her, he reckoned without his host.

Joseph and he were deep in a discussion of the merits of Philip Emerson as leading man, when in she came, bombarding the producer's private office merely to say "Good-by."

"Come again, Miss Lovelace, when you've had another letter from Bernard Shaw," Lewis offered with a saucy that rarely deserted him.

"I won't wait that long, Mr. Easton. I've always revered you for the fine things you've done. Your charm makes up for anything with which I might have found fault before. Before I say Au revoir, won't you let me play in The Golden Dough, if Miss Vernon doesn't suit?"

"She's nutty. Pray, heaven, we don't see her again," Easton remarked as the door, at length, closed. Joseph thoughtfully lit his pipe.

"I don't know. At least, I wonder. She's got something."

"She's got nerve," the other remarked tersely.

Chiefly, however, at Joseph's instigation, Easton, being too clever a man to despise the opinions of others, offered Eva a part in a small uptown show. She was a failure. Though privately liking her at rehearsals, Joseph foresaw she would be. It was a flippant part, utterly unsuited to her, and she couldn't live it.

At the closing date, after a short run, she disappeared, leaving no intimation of her whereabouts. Joseph began to worry. He wished he had been more practical in their conversations, which had always turned on acting and the theatre. Eva's great attraction was otherworldliness. She was a sincere classicist, living on the plane of artistic appreciation and redevour. Only her fierce egotism saved her from starving in a garret.

Now, this girl must have been on the memorable night of the party given by Lewis Easton to celebrate the opening night of Blue Skies and particularly in honour of Rita Vernon.

The talented actress arrived late, magnificent in white fur and wearing the necklace Lewis had sent her that morning. It was part of Lewis Easton's religion to pay court to Rita and allow her to return him nothing except her professional capabilities.

The butler announced "Mr. and Mrs. Hedges, to be introduced as forward to welcome the elderly and delightful English actor, when he saw Eva was with him—Eva in the nondescript clothes—Eva with the deep voice that had already acquired a new range.

"How do you, Mr. Easton . . . Mr. Sheridan, isn't it? . . . I hope you'll forgive my not dressing. I'm not going, but Mr. Hedges met me unexpectedly—we were having after-dinner coffee—and he brought me along.

"Ve too, to welcome any friend of Bob Hedges," returned Lewis, the perfect host, while Joseph, who was taken up with the impression of how ill Eva looked, heard the English actor whisper as he passed.

"The poor child hasn't an address and I'm sure some food wouldn't go amiss."

"I'll get something hot."

Joseph stayed at the buffet for some minutes, acquiring a not too conventional but all too solid nourishment. He found Eva on the staircase flirting with Henry Lawrence, the popular actor, the playwright, and Pepi, an objectionable gigolo, representing Rita Vernon's latest taste in male escorts.

"Don't give me anything as prosaic as food," Eva cried. "I've been drinking champagne with dear Mr. Lawrence. He's promised not to hold it against me that I reverence everything he writes. Let's dance."

For a minute she was in Joseph's arms. Next, perched on the arm of Lewis Easton's chair, she was attracting the notice of the entire company, some incoherent talker, her unsteady pose.

Not a pretty sight. Though certain guests found it comical, Joseph was too well bred to agree. He hated to see a woman drunk at any time, and with Eva he was already in a loveless state. To him, her abandon was pitiful, but he could do nothing to check it.

Swaying towards Easton's half-amused, half-compassionate upward glance, she broke out:

"I'm the greatest actress in the
world, and I'm getting greater every day. You'll see. I'll show you. Either I'm a great actress or I'm a rotten one—look.”

With a swift movement she was hugging the corner of a vacant sofa, lost, as was confirmed by every line of her, in profound meditation.

Of all things in the world, Hamlet should be or not to be—reached this astounded hearers.

Joseph knew that he had never heard a word, from any man, half so compelling.

Eva’s voice had acquired an amazing range and the technique of her performance was good.

But why, in heaven’s name, choose that time and place?

One member of the half-bored, half-irritated audience said something about Charlie Chaplin’s rendition of Hamlet being funnier.

“You don’t know anything about it,” Eva blazed, “if you can think tragedy funny. Listen, all of you. I’ll show you something else.”

Snatching a silk shawl from the piano back, running to the staircase that opened into the room, she rested her head on the balustrade and started Juliet’s speech on the balcony to Romeo.

This time Joseph was enthralled, knowing that any member of the party who commented for anything would be enthralled with him.

The cooing voice, the head resting sideways on the clasped hands, the adoration in the face—these belonged to Juliet. A child of fourteen with the experience of a woman of forty.

Eva was the living interpretation of that well-known phrase. She finished the speech.

Joseph gave her a cue, trembling all over when the honey voice made answer.

Henry Lawrence was the first to render her a critic’s tribute of appreciation when she had finished.

A few offered congratulations. Others started an impromptu dance.

Worn out, Eva fell asleep at Easton’s knee and had to be carried to bed.

The party broke up with suggestions from the green and others that, as nothing much was doing, they might as well go elsewhere. Knowing that Eva was assured of one night’s rest, Joseph released her.

He was summoned early to Easton’s flat by telephone.

Lewis, wearing a dressing-gown, was obviously very much worried.

Unlike him, he beat about the bush at first. Joseph gathered that he had involved himself on the previous evening with a young woman and needed co-operation to extricate himself.

“She’s so young, so damnedably young,” Lewis commented. “That’s why she’s on my mind. I know it’s not a pretty story. I didn’t mean to—but it happened. I was wondering if you’d see her and give her this cheque.”

“I—will, if you like.” Joseph was rather appalled at Easton’s savoir faire having turned traitor.

“She’s so romantic,” he went on, “a romantic child. What I’d like you to do was to say I’m out of town—had a long-distance call to Chicago or something. If only Eva would—”

If she had sinned, it had been in ignorance, or for the sake of her god, experience. Experience—any experience—is necessary. I must have it. How often had she said that.

“I’ll take her the cheque, if you want,” he promised, and braced himself for the interview.

At least he was spared the effort of a search, by her coming downstairs a moment after Lewis had left the room.

Her walk, her look when she came to a standstill on seeing him, made mincemeat of all he meant to say.

“Oh, Mr. Sheridan! I’m going into the park for a long, long time. I want to be alone. I’m so happy because of Mr. Easton and what he means to me. I’m going to help him do his best and he’s going to help me do my best. It’s like two rivers flowing in the same channel towards the same goal. I must be by myself to think about it all. Can’t you understand?”

Of course, he understood. Hadn’t he been married the rapture of first love, of finding all things new?

Hadn’t he had his moments of exaltation, of spiritual ecstasy? He couldn’t have brought Eva to earth any more than he would have cast down the Virgin’s image in the chapel.

He took her hand, and she stroked it. “You’ve always been so terribly kind to me, Joseph. You remember that wonderful day in Mr. Easton’s office, when I first saw him and recognised his charm.” Impossible to say more.

She went out through the golden gates of a fool’s paradise and left him staring down where her hand had touched his.

He knew, when the truth did reach her, that she would disappear again and he would be powerless to help. It happened, but by dint of patience he traced her, following her depression of two years, but always from a distance.

Eva had many times expressed her contempt for stock companies, but the closing down of the Del Brayton Stock Company in the middle of June was a serious matter, for it meant the loss of her job.

From stock she proceeded to vaudeville, thence to cabaret, hating them both, growing thinner and more tired. At last, by the exertion of considerable energy, induced Easton to take her on as understudy. The producer’s thoughts were entirely concentrated at the time on the opening of The Golden Bough, about the success of which high-flying play Joseph was as much concerned as he.

Rita Vernon had gone from success to success under Easton’s management. Yet she had asked for no increase of salary. Joseph, who did not underestimate the actress’s “fair” for Lewis, doubted this was her only reason for being content with the same remuneration as she had received for a lesser part in Blue Skies.

At the same time, he doubted her ability to star in The Golden Bough with success. She was too competent, too sure of herself. To make up for her plethoric self-confidence, he was unusually nervous on the opening night, walking up and down Rita’s dressing-room, fidgeting with his dress tie, while on the steps and flashing with sequins, ready for the first act, applied final touches to her make-up.

“What you want is a drink, Joseph.”

“Thanks, no. I can’t touch (Continued on page 24)
"What Lovely Hair"

Marvelous Results of 'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL'

FREE
OFFER TO ALL
WHOSE HAIR IS DULL, LIFELESS & FALLING OUT

Does your hair command such instant admiration—or is it Dull, Thin, Skimpy, Lifeless and Falling Out? If your hair is neither rich creamy lather, nor worried because it is poor and rapidly losing its good looks? If so, you should try at once the marvellous results of 'Harlene-Hair-Drill:"

Whether you are a man or a woman, you are invited to accept TO-DAY a magnificent 3-fold Gift of any of the wonderful 'Harlene' Preparations listed below. Choose which 3 you would like for YOUR hair and send for them NOW. Then you can see how quickly you, too, can possess a Thick, Luxuriant, Healthy head of Hair which compels admiration.

(1) 'HARLENE'
Hair Grower and Tonic
No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use 'Harlene.' For 'Harlene' is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use 'Harlene' possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! Take care of your Children's Hair! 'Harlene' preserves, strengthens and invigorates it. 1/155, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) ‘CREMEX' SHAMPOO
Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE DURMHURRING RINSE. 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoo (single sachets, 3d. each).

(3) ‘UZON’ BRILLIANTINE
Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/12 and 3/5 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

AMORPHIC GLORY—Continued

March 17, 1934

I can’t act. What does it matter if I can’t?" "So much. Your whole life, Eva. It’s the chance you’ve longed for. Don’t let us down, either Lewis or me."

He was prouder than she, when, ultimately, she rose to the challenge, creating a new role which she had dreamed of her playing, but with the unexpected touch that hails from genius.

Critics who had dropped into the theatre for the first act stayed for the last, watching her take call after call.

Joseph was with Easton in the last rows of the orchestra, saturating himself with congratulatory, the speeches, the arrival of flowers, had given place to silence. He knew that, flushed with success, Eva was unhappy. Lewis chose the right time to put in the knife with a few pregnant words, uttered as sensibility as he knew how.

"Eva, my dear. Take advice from one who knows. Every year, in almost every theatre, a young girl makes a big hit, a phenomenal success. How many of them last? I don’t want you to be a Morning Glory, fading almost before you’ve begun your career. You’ve got to keep your head if you want to go on."

He went to London. The curtain was due to go up in half an hour. Lewis came in—immaculate, calm as ever—and began to chat to Rita.

Suddenly Joseph realised the pair were indulging in a violent difference of opinion. Rita was airing her views about salaries—and other things.

"I’m not asking for back pay. I’ve never asked you for a rise these two years, though I’ve been making home and getting you given me a rise. Why? Because you think I’m going to make a flop. You don’t think I could make a Golden Bough. And you think, after I’ve flopped in New York, I can take it on tour, and that’s how you’ll get rid of me."

"My dear Rita, what are you driving at? What do you want?"

That was all. Lewis. A contract to play my part on Broadway, on the road, and in London. I was to be paid three hundred dollars a week, half the profits, and a cut in on the picture rights.

Ridiculous! You’re asking absurdities. What a time to start letting me down—fifteen minutes before the curtain!

"There doesn’t have to be a curtain, does there?"

"Don’t talk like that!"

"Who’s to stop me?"

A minute’s more wrangling and Joseph got Easton into the passage. Joseph got Easton into the passage. Rita means it. Take her at her word. Let her go. I’ve got money in this as well as you, and I know what I’m talking about. Rita’s got beyond herself; besides, she’s no good in the part. You know it.

"Who’ll do it better?"

"I’ve a girl, the general under-study you told me to get. Remember Evie Lovelace? She’ll do it. I won’t pay for it."

Worried, hustled, goaded, Easton finally persuaded. Re- splendent in mink coat, accompanied by a coloured maid, Rita Vernon, the dressing-room at the Lewis Easton Theatre, and a girl in a faded kimono took her place.

While Lewis hurried a dressler to alter Rita’s gown and issued orders to delay raising the curtain, Eva broke into a smile.

Joseph, who had expected this, looked on the sobbing, huddled figure. "Don’t you read the right word to speak as he had never sought to put it on paper."

"Joseph, I can’t play to-night. I’m so tired, so terribly tired.

"It's only the one who's unfitted me all this time," she said through tears. "Why is that, I wonder?"

"It'll give you what I love you."

"Please, Joseph, don’t say that."

"Didn’t mean to. I know I’m no use to you—as a lover. You have so much to do, Eva. You can’t think of anything but your work, and forget your right food—keep your feet warm. You’ve got to hang on and be careful. Good-bye, dear."

H ran into Nellie, the stage dresser, as he went out. Thoughtful, sad-eyed Nellie, who was kindness itself. She had been a Morning Glory. Her success had come and gone in an hour. She was best comforted for Eva. She could help and advise her.

Did Eva regret his going? He never knew. He persuaded Eva, as Nellie saw her, in the sequined dress and ermine collar in which she had shamed in the last rows of the Golden Bough in an exultant mood, cutting like a sabre through the tenderer emotions with her almost hypocratic laughter.

"Nellie! Everyone wants me to be sensible, but I’m not—yes, I want to ride through the park. I want to stay in London."

"I want to give you all presents. I want to add to the last rows of the orchids, and they’ve got to tell me I’m more wonderful than anyone else. I’m not afraid of being a Morning Glory. Why should I be afraid?"
BOOKLOVERS
AMAZING OPPORTUNITY

A Lifetime of Enjoyment with the Greatest Novelists

2d A DAY
BRINGS THESE BOOKS TO YOU

A HANDSOME BOOKCASE FREE WITH EACH SET

"THINK of it—for only 2d. a day the greatest
\* novels of the world can be yours. Dickens,
Wells, Stevenson, Dumas; each one a master of
 thrilling, romance, tears, and laughter.

THESE EXQUISITE VOLUMES COME TO
YOU IN A NEAT POLISHED OAK CASE,
WHICH IS A FREE GIFT TO YOU.

Act at once—what is so enjoyable as reading
in the sunshine, on holiday or at home?
You will be under no obligation whatever if
you make the inquiry. Isn't it worth while
to learn more about this wonderful offer?

CHARLES DICKENS.—Who else could por-
tray so vividly the life and people of every day?
—who else could stir so deeply with tales of
suffering and wrong?

H. G. WELLS.—The most brilliant imaginative
writer of to-day, whose stories of the world of
might-have-been, such as "The Invisible Man,""The
Food of the Gods," etc., are only equalled
by the amazing humanity of "Kipps," "Mr.
Polly."

R. L. STEVENSON.—Always polished yet
grasping—there's a thrill in every line of
"Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "Cat-
oina." Each book by "The Worker's Writer"
is a gem of perfection in the most exquisite taste.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—Past master of his-
torical romance. Dumas makes old France
re-live as a vast and gloriously pageant in which
move famous characters of history.

EVERY BOOK PROVIDES MANY HOURS
OF DEEP ENJOYMENT. YOU MUST
NOT MISS THIS GREAT OFFER. FILL
IN THIS COUPON NOW.

BRITISH BOOKS LTD.
BRITISH BOOKS LTD., 86 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Send booklet on the following Editions, with particulars of your offer to forward the
set of Books, with small Table Bookcase for First Payment of 8s. only.
THE NOVELS OF H. G. WELLS (20 Volumes).
THE NOVELS OF CHARLES DICKENS (25 Volumes).
THE NOVELS OF R. L. STEVENSON (20 Volumes).
THE NOVELS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS (20 Volumes).
(Strike out Author you are not interested in.)

NAME ...........................................
ADDRESS .......................................
DATE ...........................................

P.G.W. 38

When you can't spare
the time
for a meal...

When you're
chained to
your desk...

When the
lunch hour is
your shopping
hour...

Buy a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys
Milk and get as much
nourishment as . . .

A GLASS OF MILK
AND TWO POACHED EGGS
ON ONE LARGE SLICE OF BUTTERED TOAST

and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction
is real satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-
giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is
equal to that of a glass of milk and two poached eggs on
one large slice of buttered toast.

CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE ¼ lb. 4d
a very nourishing food
On the Screens Now

by Lionel Collier

PICTUREGOER Weekly

March 17, 1934

The PICTUREGOER's quick reference index to films just released

******THREE-CORNERED MOON

••MY WEAKNESS

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS

TIGER BAY

DOUBLY WAY

TOMBSTONE CANYON

THE FLAW

DAY OF RECKONING

What the astersisks mean—•• Outstanding feature. ••• Very good. * Also suitable for children.

Ginger Rogers is the heroine of "Rafter Romance," a charmingly directed little romance.

There is a good deal more interest in this week's releases than usual.

Three-Cornered Moon, being Miss Dubois' personal triumph for Mary Bond, is easily one of the best domestic comedies I have ever seen; Lady for a Day contains outstanding characterisations and a plot that is right out of the ordinary rut; and Morning Glory gives Katherine Hepburn another chance to show, if we weren't, then that she is an unusually fine actress and not just a publicity-boosted star.

Three Cornered Moon

Paramount, American, "A" certificate.

Claudette Colbert, Elizabeth Rudge, Frank Morgan, Mary Boland, Richard Cromwell, Alan Stevens, Kathleen Arnold, Regis Toomey, La Jolla, Eddy, Judy Roberts, Kenneth Waterbury, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Howard McNear, Kitty McFay, San Hard, Watson King.

This is one of the best pictures of the year, and is perfectly able to hold its own. There has been a physical on the screen without any "ballyhoo," it still manages and preserves that title.

I wrote very fully about this production in the issue of October 7, 1933, but I should like to recall to your memories the salient features now it is released.

While it is adapted from a stage play, its action is in a continual movement and in intelligent use of the camera. It marks a personal triumph, too, for Mary Boland as a totally vague and irresponsible widow with three grown-up sons and a daughter, who gets involved in the depression and perfectly unable to understand why she is becoming penniless.

You must visualise a totally irresponsible household which lives well and suddenly faces the prospects of poverty. The reaction of all of them to this state of affairs forms the basis of some excellent comedy and brilliant characterisation.

For instance, there is Claudette Colbert at her best as the daughter, Elizabeth, who, realising that her lover is a work-shy parasite, turns him down in favour of a young doctor who is trying to help the family in their difficulties.

As the parasite lover, Hardie Albright is delightfully objectionable, while Richard Arlen affords a strong contrast as the moral and clear-thinking doctor.

Tom Brown is excellent as the youngest son, who fools his way through the crisis until he is really and truly paid off, and breaks down and sob; a fine piece of work this.

Wallace Ford is boisterously beautiful and Wannos is as the eldest son, and William Bakewell is very good as the would-be actor member of the family who walks about striking attitudes and delivering himself of impassioned speeches.

Lydia Roberti gives a very clever little characterisation. The maid whose knowledge of English is negligible, and who clings to the family, because she really does not understand what is happening.

How all the members of this very amusing and attractive family find their way by this time, and that Hepburn is one of the most joyous and human entertainments I have seen in a long while.

Lady for a Day

Columbia, American, "C" certificate.

Drama, fantasy. Runs 75 minutes.

William Hall, Dave, the Dude, Mary Robson, Alice Annette, Harry Trask, Judge Blake, Glenda Farrell, Missouri Martin, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas, Verne Atwood, Jean Parker, Louise Alamond, Walter Connolly, Courtenay Curle, Betty LeMar, Charles C. K. French, Frank Capra.

This week we are including in the PICTUREGOER a supplement which contains every characterly acted and human story, which is full of humour, strong in emphasis, appeal, and wistful in sentiment.

For this reason, I do not intend to go into it at length, but merely to state that Mary Robson gives a performance as "Apple Annie," which will linger long in your memory and in every character is the most faithful and cleverly drawn by the artistes concerned.

Warned and Wannos is as the daugher, always a dependable artiste, is at his best as the gambler who helps her in her effort to convince her daughter's fiancé that she is a woman of substance, while Guy Kibbee is brilliant as the man who poses as her fiancé.

Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly, Nat Pendleton, and Ned Sparks are all outstanding, long of your every attention, and the production as a whole has that delicate touch of humanity and sincerity which is not by any means a common heritage of the screen.

Frank Capra's treatment and direction is exceedingly good, and it is with a sure touch that he contrasts the loyalty and common weal of the underdogs with the upper ten, with whom circumstances makes them come into contact.

There is a touch of fantasy, surely, but in introducing it Capra never loses his sense of the realities underlying the little romance.

Morning Glory

RKO, American, "A" certificate. Psychological drama with back stage settings. Runs 86 minutes.

Katherine Hepburn, Eva Leavelle, Adolphe Menjou, Lewis Leak, Charles Butterworth, Arline Matthews, Joseph Sheridan, Mary Duncan, Rita Hayworth, C. Aubrey Smith, Robert Hedges. Directed by Lowell Sherman from the play of the same name by Howard J. Green.

For story feelly based on the film by Marya Williams see page 22.

Katharine Hepburn makes the familiar story of a small-town girl with theatrical ambitions appear almost novel, she gives such an individual and thoughtful and psychologically correct interpretation of it.

She is in essence the picture, although Douglas Fairbanks, junior, gives his best as a young playwright who is in love with her, and Lowell Sherman, one of the few directors who know how to film a dual role and director and leading artiste, has brought to bear all his imaginative faculty and clever pictorial expressiveness.

Audrey Smith is delightful as the old actor who believes in, and helps, this girl, while the Menjou is as polished and cynically impervious as usual as a theatrical champion.

As a temperamental stage star whose outbursts makes way for the romance, Maryaston's Hepburn and Duncan deserves a mean of pride.

Incidentally, this story closely follows the actual experience of Hepburn's very real, and Hepburn's one of the most magnetic and dramatically sound actress discovered for the screen for some years.

Just because she arouses such fierce controversy as to her ability, there must be something vital in her; one does not worry to argue about nonentities.

Rafter Romance


Ginger Rogers, Mary Carlisle, Norma Shearer, George Sidney, Max Eckhaus, Robert Young, J. Arthur Rankin, Julia Williams, Sidney Miller, George Stevens,anda story by Jane Wells adapted by Lily Toren.

Here is another unpretentious romance between Hepburn and a girl who, like the girl is better, but who are more than many much more publicised stellar vehicle.

It is charmingly directed little romance between Hepburn and a girl both poor, who share a room—he uses it during the day and she by night—without knowing each other's identity.

They meet outside, fall in love, bluff each other as to their means, and finally discover the truth about each other.

Of course, they still remain in love—after a hectic quarrel.

The plot is very well directed, and Ginger Rogers on everyone form a thoroughly attractive romantic team.

Robert Brenchley, once editor of Life, is exceptionally good as a none too clean-minded chief salesman; Laura Hope Cress is excellent as an amorous and usually intoxicated spinster; and George Sidney brilliant as a Jewish landlord.

The atmosphere of the cheap lodging house is very realistic, and the camera works the action flowing easily and with excellent pacing.

Kennent Murder Case


William Powell, Pauline Winton, Charles Reisner, Hilda Lake, Eugene Pallette, Walter Pidgeon, Raymond Ward, Ethel Eberhardt, Dorothy Patrick, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Vinson, Pauline Lord, Ben Hecht, Lilian Halsey, Charles Marquis, Spencer Charters, William Austin, Howard Hickman, James Last, Eilene Jackson, directed by Michael Curtiz, adapted from "Van Dyke Story."
The Wise Way to GET SLIM

HOW THOUSANDS OF OVER-FAT MEN AND WOMEN HAVE REGAINED SLIM, YOUTHFUL FIGURES

Without Dangerous Drugging, Starving, Purging or Violent Exercises

It is now an accepted truth that no one need be excessively fat. The slim, subtle figure so universally admired is a possession which everyone can enjoy. To-day thousands of once-burdened men and women now delight in the possession of a Slim, Youthful figure. Many more thousands of those who exhibit a tendency to "put on flesh" are finding that easily, simply and with considerable benefit to health, they can control that tendency and keep indefinitely the slim, graceful lines which fashion dictates and well-being demands.

The scientific remedy which has achieved these marvellous results is SILF Brand Obesity Tablets.

At last such dangerous and pernicious practices as drastic Dieting, Drugging, Purging and Violent Exercises are exposed in all their futility. Seekers after Slimness should avoid them at all costs—for not only are they definitely harmful and injurious but absolutely unnecessary!

SILF is a scientific method of weight reduction which enables every fat-burdened person to once more enjoy the pleasures and joys of youthful and healthful slimness. It is a remedy for obese conditions which, while reducing excessive fat in a natural and safe way, also restores and rebuilds the ruined health.

As the fat is melted away from over-burdened limbs and bulky bodies, as stiffened internal organs are freed from their stranglehold of fat, so does the ungainliness and distress, the shortness of breath, the sluggishness of movement, the accelerated beating of the heart, the weakness and depression also vanish.

The SILF way to slimness is the way of wisdom... and it is the certain way as the many amazing successes so amply prove.

LOST 6st. 2lbs.

"Never Felt Better in Health."

A Chatham Lady says:

Dear Sirs,—Your Splendid fat-reducer, "SILF," has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 st. 12 lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10 st. 10 lbs. What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6 st. 2 lbs.

And let me say I have never felt better in health—for I had got very run-down—had to be always resting—could scarcely walk about and felt a worn-out woman with nerves shaken and no energy left.

Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. M. C.

MONEY BACK OFFER

We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 box of SILF (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that SILF will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the SILF Co., Ltd., of 39 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

1/3-, 3/-, and 5/-

From all Chemists and Druggists or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 63K)
39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

WAS 13st. 9lbs.
NOW 9st. 3lbs.

London.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing this letter to say how grateful I am to your marvellous "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets. Only a short time ago I weighed 13 st. 9 lb., but now I am only 9 st. 3 lb.

I cannot express my gratitude for this remarkable change for the better, but can only say I will recommend "SILF" brand tablets to anyone I know who would benefit by taking them, as I know they cannot fail.

Yours truly, F. G.

Whether your excess weight runs to many stones or is merely a few pounds—the action of "SILF" is just as wonderful.

The discovery of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets has solved the problem of superfluous fat for ever. Not only is this Natural Remedy Perfectly Safe but it achieves its object without "starvation dieting" or other perilous practices. It restores to the fat-weakened system the lost health and strength—tones up every weakened organ and sets you on the right road to Health as well as Slimness.

Start "SILF" now, and then "Watch your Weight," for you will soon be gratifyingly surprised.

As the slim, trim figure lines of Nature return and those health worries fade away you will be only too happy to admit that we have given you the wisest of wise advice!
**ON THE SCREENS NOW - Continued**

**TIGER BAY**

Anna May Wong....Liu Ching
Henry Victor....Old
Ben Lyon....Bay
Victor Garland....Michael
Margaret Yards....Alice
Ernest Jay....All
Laurence Grossmith....Whistling
William Alington....Stumpy
Wally Patch....Waiter
Brian Richfield....Tony
Lev Os....Hm Tang
Directed by J. Elder Wells, home of the one by J. Elder Wells and Eric Asheim. Scenario by John Guille D'Alvella

**TOMBSTONE CANYON**
Gaumont Ideal, American. "U" certificate Western drama. Runs 65 minutes.

Ken Maynard, John Ladd, Ken Nason
Cecilia Parker....Jenny Lee
Sheila Bromley....Jean
Frank Browne....All Sikhs
Jack Clifford....Jagari
George Groves....Clem
Laver More....Colonel Lee
Edward Peil, Sr.
Directed by Alan James

Competently directed and acted Western mystery drama rooted in Ken Maynard's putting over his usual robust performances, which should please the juveniles well enough.

**TOMMY TUCKER**

Mae Clarke....Sally
Elinor Jane....Mary
Maurice Marsac....Ray
Directed by Edward Sedgwick

A strong story of a young college footballer who thinks more of what he can get out of the game than of the game itself and who, getting mixed up with crooks, finally discovers that there is more in life than money.

It is conventional material, quite capably worked out, with an exciting football match climax. Sound acting from Tommy Tucker, Lesley Hayms, and Andy Devine.

**TUESDAY'S MILLIONS**

Robert Young....Jim Fowler
Leila Hyams....Joan Chandler
Joe E. Brown....Al, also
Ango Devine....Andy
Grant Mitchell....Earl Fowler
Mary Carlisle....Thelma
Joby Bowers....Coach
Mary Doman....Main
Paul Porquet....Felix
Jacqueline Logan....Society Reporter
Rudolph Trualler....Mr. Granger
Paul Henre....Trainman
Herbert Corthell....Bobby
William Rabat....Sam
Directed by Edward Sedgwick

A familiar story of a young college footballer who thinks more of what he can get out of the game than of the game itself and who, getting mixed up with crooks, finally discovers that there is more in life than money.

It is conventional material, quite capably worked out, with an exciting football match climax. Sound acting from Tommy Tucker, Lesley Hayms, and Andy Devine.

**TWO OF A KIND**

Richard Dix....John Day
Maude Evans....Daisy
Conway Tearle....Roland
Una O'Brien....Minnie
Stuart Erwin....Jerry
Sherry Henry....Johnny
Isorete Jezel....Kate Lovett
James Haggard....Snob
Raymond Hatton....Tart
Paul Henre....Hans
Herbert Lomark....Abraham
Walero Lucas....Gus
Samuel Hinds....O'Farrell
Directed by Charles Brabin, from a story by Morris Lawler

The long arm of circumstance is unduly stretched in this artificial and mechanical variation of the old triangle theme. Richard Dix is unable to make the leading role of an abnormally clever clerk a success, while Madge Evans does not appear at ease in the role of his butterfly wife.

Conway Tearle is poor as the inevitable false friend. Good comedy is given by Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel.
BEAUTY FIT FOR A QUEEN

Miss Merle Oberon, the brilliant young film star who plays Anne Boleyn in the London Film Production’s great success “The Private Life of Henry VIII,” says:

“In my part of Anne Boleyn it was necessary to give very careful attention to my complexion to help me impersonate the lovely and fascinating Queen.

“I took the advice of other Film Stars who unanimously recommended Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream, and I can only say that I am more than delighted with the result.”

The action of Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream is almost magical. Immediately it is applied, the skin absorbs the pure ingredients on which it nourishes, and only a delicate matt Powder Surface remains. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required. On sale everywhere, in all popular powder shades.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

Walter Forde supervises Lawrence Hauvery's make-up as "Kaim Baba," in this version of "O Kuan Choe."

BIG TEST for
ANNA NEAGLE

Star to Play Nell Gwyn—B. & D.'s Ambitious Production—
A New Jerry Verno Comedy—Surprises at Gainsborough
Studios—George Robey's Proud Boast.

S

O we are to have a Nell Gwyn after all! First we were told that Gracie Fields, in her latest and only-just-completed film, Love, Life, and Laughter, was to portray "pretty witty Nell." Well, that gave me a bit of a jolt in my solar plexus, because I didn't see how "wear Graacie" could ever be made up to look like the popular conception of "our Nellie."

She certainly has one essential qualification—a touch of the gamin which Nell also had; but everyone who thinks of Nell Gwyn conjures up a vision of a pretty, baby-faced, plump and kittenish, curiously-hairied little hoyden with ringlets and dimples. And Gracie, whose success is attributable to her native wit, her charm, and her humanity rather than to her acting ability, would have to be not so much made-up as made-over to fit into a part like that.

Saved

However, it was next explained by the studio that this was a kind of modernised Nell Gwyn—"how would Nelly behave if she lived to-day" sort of thing—and only for one brief episode, a semi-burlesque of the Charles II period, with John Loder as Charles himself, would Gracie actually impersonate "sweet Nell of Old Drury."

So all was well.

Now Nelly has broken out in a new place—to wit, in the British & Dominions studio at Boreham Wood. Yes, you're quite right, these studios do adjoin the British International studios at Elstree; but B. & D. are quaintly averse from the idea of being in any way connected with B.I.P.—hence the insistence on Boreham Wood.

This time Nell Gwyn is Nell Gwyn and no nonsense or modernisation about it; but Nell Gwyn is also Anna Neagle, which raises another problem.

Inscrutable

Anna has always seemed to me the perfect type of a well-bred English young lady, with her emotions under control and her inhibitions sufficiently obvious for even a Harley Street psychologist to detect.

Now, Herbert Wilcox, in his inscrutable wisdom, has cast her as an ill-bred English young rascal, with her emotions flying round loose and no inhibitions to speak of at all.

If she succeeds in this part (as I sincerely hope she will, for we need successful British pictures more desperately now than ever we did) it will be a sheer triumph of acting ability for Anna. If not, Herbert will not have "done right by Nell" or by Anna, either.

I shall await the finished picture with more than usual interest.

A touch of originality is introduced by not having Charles II played by Alan Jeayes, who has played the part so frequently that his face is more familiar to us than the portraits of Charles.

As recently as in Colonel Blood (one of the best historical films turned out in a British studio, and by far the best production of Sound City), Jeayes demonstrated that he not only looked like Charles (an important consideration to begin with), but had managed to get into the skin of that complex character.

Now we are to see the newly created theatrical knight, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Charles, which means that we have to accustom ourselves to a different conception of the part.

Also, we are to have a different Pepys and Mrs. Pepys (Esme Percy and Helena Pickard instead of Arthur Chesney and Stella Arzheimann). This reminds me of the time, not many years ago, when Sherlock Holmes was represented in three different films by three different actors, all totally dissimilar and all appearing about the same time.

Yes, My Lady!

B

Y the way, Helena Pickard is Lady Hardwicke, but I haven't quite got used to calling her that yet. She is a clever actress who has been seen very little in films. However, I have an idea that that will soon be put right.

There are also Jeanne de Casalis (wife of Colin Clive) as the Duchess of Portsmouth, Dorothy Robinson as Mrs. Knipp, whoever she may be, Miles Malleon as Chifflinch (Keep-
er of the Backstairs), and Lawrence Anderson as the Duke of York.

Anderson is one of the handsomest men on the stage, but he, too, has not been seen much in films—at least recently.

It is claimed that "the film will deal with several new aspects of the life of Nell." As the pretty witty orange-seller died nearly two and a half centuries ago, and has been the subject of innumerable books and articles ever since, British & Dominions have set themselves a task to find new aspects.

At any rate, we are assured of a first-class production, for in these studios (where both Private Life of Henry VIII and Catherine the Great were produced) they spare no pains to get their pictures right. Certainly those two films were made by London Film Productions, not by B. & D., but the tradition and the general amenities of the studio are very important factors in their success.

Jane Pleases

B

Y the way, Jack Raymond (whose last effort was the talkie version of Sorrell and Son) is in action again. This time he is directing a fabulously called Girls Please that will introduce John Tilley to the screen.

One of the girls who please is Jane Baxter. Godfrey, she certainly pleased me very much in the recent production of The Constant Nymph. In fact, I thought her one of the highlights of a patchy pine.

Peter Gawthorne is here, too, and also Lena Halliday, whom I haven't seen for years. She used to play mother-in-law with great effect, so I'm not betting that's what she's doing now. It's very difficult to get rid of your label!

Down on the River

B

etty Astell, who has all the qualifications of a first-rate actress, has been given a part that suits her, has left the rafmed atmosphere of the Chiltern Hills, where she has been on contract to British Lion, and is now down at Teddington, playing opposite Jerry Verno in a new comedy called The Life of the Party.

There are one or two other people I know in this—Kenneth Kove, Vera Bogetti, and Hermione Hannen, who is the second of Nicholas Hannen's children to take to the films.

(Continued on page 32)
"The gift of a good complexion.—Not every girl can boast the possession of perfectly regular features, but this is no reason why she should be classed as unattractive. Given a clear, unblemished skin, you are well on the way to beauty. Perhaps you complain that your skin is sallow and muddy? Then play Fairy Godmother to yourself and make yourself a gift of a brand new complexion. To do this, just get an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax from your chemist (this wax is only sold by registered chemists, so be on your guard against the many worthless imitations on the market), and apply this night. Gently and imperceptibly it will absorb that old, unlovely complexion, revealing in its place a youthful, peach-bloom skin. Keep your new complexion lovely by adopting the wax habit permanently.

Headed for beauty.—Well burned, softly waved hair, gleaming with lights and shades, is not always a gift of Nature. It is more often attributed to a wearing shampoo known as Stallax. Many of Europe's lovely Beauty Queens owe their beautiful hair to this shampoo. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water makes a shampoo which is ideal for setting permanently waved hair, coating natural curls to take on new beauty, and encouraging straight hair to develop a hint of wave. However neglected your hair may be, it will respond to this beauty treatment. Just try it.

Good grooming counts.—Modern beauties realize that good grooming is all-important. They are scrupulously careful in dealing with that most disfiguring blemish, superfluous hair. No drastic depilatories, no fearome rasors for them! In place of these old-fashioned methods, they have adopted Sipolite, the safe hair eraser. Simple, safe, and speedy in action—get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply this to the unwanted hairs. As the paste dries, the hairs will shrivel away, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished. The matter of how sensitive your skin may be, you can use Sipolite with perfect confidence to remove both facial and body growths.

If you're run-down, is it your stomach?—Half the times you get run-down and out of sorts, lose all your energy and interest in life, it is usually the fault of your stomach. If your digestion is out of order, how can your system get the nourishment it needs?

So, if you're not feeling well, try the effect of a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The wonderful formula for indigestion that Hospitals and Doctors all recommend is even for serious disorders like gastric and duodenal ulcers. You will find it simply marvellous how quickly Macleans will regulate your digestion and how quickly you will find your health and looks improve.

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from your chemist to-day, but be sure to ask him for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but in large and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder and Tablets.

Beat the Heat Ask for an 'Ardente-fitted Seat' at the Cinema—No Fee! installed by Mr. R. H. Dent, 309 Oxford St., London, W.1

Thick, Wavy Hair Follows New Vogue

"You've no idea how silky and glemey it makes your hair," say fastidious girls. "And it takes such a little time," declare the busy ones.

This quick, new way of caring for the hair is taking women fairly by storm. A little 'Danderine' on the brush each time you arrange your hair, and oilly films go. The full, natural colour reappears. Your hair takes on new life and lustre! 'Danderine' dissolves dandruff. It works every time; and quickly. Scalp is cleansed, soothed, toned. Hair is encouraged to grow longer, thicker, more abundant. Dry hair and scalp is quickly corrected.

How marvelously 'Danderine' holds the hair in place. How much softer it makes the hair. How wavy, and lustrous! No wonder 'Danderine' is so popular with the smartest women!

Of Chemists and Stores, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6.

'Danderine'
The One Minute Hair Beautifier

'I always use Eucryl!'

Eucryl Ltd., Sept.'33 Southampton.

Dear Sirs,

I have been a dental nurse for 1½ years, and patients are always remarking about the whiteness of my teeth, and naturally ask how I keep them so white. I always use Eucryl.

I am enclosing my photograph, but prefer my name and address not to be mentioned.

Yours faithfully,
G.M.F.

Free sample. Send post card to Eucryl Limited, (Dept. C 1922) Southampton

Yardley

March 17, 1934

PucktoGoer Weekly

Hullo, Miss 1934!

Waiting for Prince Charming?

Beneath her blast exterior every Miss Modern cherishes a secret dream of a Prince Charming. But in these days there is much competition for the title of Princess Charming and unless she plays Fairy Godmother to herself, the plain girl is more than likely to hear the wedding bells ring for her pretty sister. A fresh, flawless skin, lovely hair, daintiness, and charm—cultivate these, Miss 1934, and one day your dream may come true.

Beauty Secrets from Bond Street...

To women who covet the elegant, well-groomed appearance of costly Beauty Parlour treatments, Yardley offers a range of the finest quality preparations for a Beauty Treatment at home, which is simple and efficient.

First a cream: Yardley English Complexion Cream, three creams in one—at night for cleansing and nourishing, and by day as powder foundation. It protects the skin and assists rouge and powder to adhere lastingly. It is ideal for dry skins, whilst for the 'not so dry' skin there is Yardley Foundation Cream. Next, Rouge... cream or dry.

English Complexion Cream 2/6

Foundation Cream 2/6

The Rouge Cream is in two delightful jars, for day and evening use. The Compact (dry) Rouge is in a neat platinum finished case. Both are made in shades for day and evening—blonde and brunette. Now that subtle artist the Powder... Yardley 'Silver Box' Powder is so mistily fine; it clings without clogging and imparts a delicate, down-like bloom, perfectly shine.

Rouge Cream 2½
Compact Rouge ½/6

Lipsticks, Propelling 2½
Netree Action 3½

issued in shades to match the rouges, and also in a new shade 'Poppy' specially designed to blend with English Peach Powder.

Yardley Nail Enamels are made in two shades: a natural flesh pink and a deeper, ruby shade. Enamel and Rer over can be bought singly, or together.

All Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores

Yardley

33 Old Bond Street
Rheumatism—and fat—banished by Kruschen

Here is a woman who not only prescribes Kruschen Salts for others, but uses it in her own home. If she confidently recommends Kruschen for rheumatism, it is because her husband, who is liable to attacks of acute rheumatism, has proved that Kruschen is the sure means of keeping the old trouble at bay. If she tells you that Kruschen will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, banish ugly, unhealthy fat, it is because she herself has had the satisfaction of watching the Kruschen melt away 30 supertuous pounds. Read her interesting letter:

“My husband has been prone to acute rheumatism all his life. As soon as his eyes become the least bit bloodshot, I know tritis is the signal that he is in for an attack of rheumatism, so I immediately stop all meat eating and give a course of Kruschen Salts and this procedure has saved us scores of pounds in doctor’s bills, loss of work, etc.

“Again, I have reduced a woman of sixty-five years of age who weighed 17 st. 2 lbs. to 11 st. 6 lbs. by the aid of Kruschen Salts. She could not walk, her legs were so swollen. By reducing the size of her legs they soon became normal. I met her the other day, she had walked from home to the park, a distance of three miles.

“I also reduced myself from 11 st. 9 lbs. to 9 st. 7 lbs. by taking only a moderate course of Kruschen Salts. The only thing I cut out of my diet was cream.”

Mrs. Jessie E. Forsyth.

The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European spas which have been used by generations of people for the relief of rheumatism and the reduction of weight.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1 1/2 bottles. A 1/2 bottle lasts three months. Enthralling a day for health and happiness.

ACCEPT THIS LIFT ALONG

THE ROAD TO LOVELINESS

A LITTLE magical is the added charm which comes to users of Iclicia Face Powder—nine times sifted through silk, and blended with the finest rose of Spring.

TRIAL OUTFIT OF 7 BEAUTY AIDS

 FOR a complete Trial Beauty Outfit containing 2 boxes of Iclicia Face Powder (Natural and Ruby), tubes of Iclicia Shaving, Plum-Tinted, and Cold Creams, a full size 3d. Iclicia Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Iclicia Hair Powder for dry shampoo, read 6d. in stamps to: Iclicia, (Dept. 290) 45, King’s Road, London, N.W.1.

FREE! ABSOLUTELY FREE! For cost of enveloping only we will send to this number 12ct. gold-filled BUSTER RING. Precious hands improved with your own name! And no one will be able to resist the Dainty Tolley Ring set with the quality magnificent stones, Garnet, Ruby, Emerald, or Carbon Diamonds. Send P.O. 15 and postage 1d.

Every ring guaranteed for five years. Refunded if not perfectly satisfied.

Sims & Mayer (P.O. 939)

418-422 Strand, London, W.C.2

Ext. 31 years.

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

Peter, the elder, a most promising young actor, fell a victim to a tragic mishap when he was playing in the British Lion studios in The Water Grizzlies, catching pneumonia during production of an exterior scene, which proved fatal.

I am glad to welcome Hermione into Filmland; if she has anything of the talent of her brother and her distinguished father, she should be a great asset to British production.

Gwenn Again

Vernon himself is "the Life of the Party," and I can’t imagine anyone better suited to the part. He’s one of the most ebullient comedians I know.

At Beaconsfield, Aileen Marion, British Lion’s new contract player, is being launched in Passing Shadows, directed by Leslie Hiscott, as most of the Beaconsfield films seem to be nowadays.

Edmund Gwenn, who lately took a rest from films extending to nearly three weeks, plays the lead in this, and the rest of the cast is exceptionally strong. Barry McKay has journeyed up from Shepherd’s Bush (he has been playing the lead opposite Jessie Matthews in Evergreen), and we have also Viola Lyel, D. C. Clarke, with Barbara Everest, Barry O’Neil, Wally Patch, and John Turnbull. “So that’s all right.”

Art

There is a run on these “Elephant and Castle” titles for films just now. For instance, Tangled Evidence, with its peculiarly tangled plot, was finished at Twickenham last week, and was immediately followed by Whispering Tongues. This is a kind of Raffles story; a young man turns crook to avenge himself on the people who both he and his brother were thought to have taken about his suicide. Reginald Tate is the hero. Judy Kelly is the heroine.

I am grateful to Twickenham for one thing—they have handed me the best smile I have had for some time by describing this film as a Real Art production.

I AM SURPRISED!

The Gainsborough studios at Islington are full of surprises this week.

The first one occurred to me when I leaned negligently against a pile of natural-coloured camel-hair rugs on the Chu Chin Chow set, and the whole pile lurched, tilted, scammed to its feet, and stood looking round at me with the most offended expression I have ever seen on a film actor’s face.

Of course, I might have known that the super-limbo of these studios would oblige them to at least one real camel in an Arabian market-place scene—but he did look so like a pile of rugs behind him.

But he is not the only newcomer to the studios; the casting department plunged into the East End today to seek out candidates for a few of the usual crowd-people made up for the occasion; and there is also Gertie, the Goat, who is making her first film appearance.

Gertie Expects

That is to say, she will make her first film appearance as soon as a certain interesting event has taken place; at present she lies in the careful keeping of the studio, chowing the cud and contemplating the mad business of film-production.

By the time you read this, Gertie and her progeny should be all ready to take up their responsibilities to the British screen public.

Another surprise (to me) was Fritz Kortner, who is playing “Chu Chin Chow from China.” Himself. Somehow I expected something more of the Spreading Chestnut Tree type, as I had only envisaged Oscar Asche in the part. Kortner is large, but not enormous; facetiously he is a little reminiscent of Wallace Beery.

I watched him do a scene in which he bribes the cobbler, Baba Mustafa, to take him to the house where he has had the somewhat unusual job of sewing up a corpse. It was good: both he and Frank Craven, who plays the cobbler, are accomplished actors, and the incident had just the right amount of “menace” without being overdone.

Veterans

Cochrane is one of the few members of the original cast who are playing in the film; another is Sydney Fairbrother, as Mahubbah, and there are a few of the smaller-part people who have been brought in, more or less for the sentiment of the thing, very much as the same people are brought into Peter Pan year after year.

A Japanese actor, Kyo Shirotsuka (familiarly known as “Taxi”) makes his reappearance in this film. It’s amazing how people disappear from the studios . . . and then bob up when you least expect them.

Two of the most important members of the cast are George Robey and Anna May Wong. Neither was at the studio when I turned up there this week, but I hope to encounter them on my next visit.

There is this to be said about Robey—that he is always there when he is wanted. Indeed, it is his proud boast—and a very honourable one—that in more than forty years on the stage he has never failed to appear when billed.

His two hobbies are keeping himself fit (for work) and making violins; I hope they are as well strong and tuneful as he still is.

Who Are They?

Jim Süs, with a cast almost as long as Who’s Who in Filmland, continues to hold the floor at Shepherd’s Bush. It must be admitted, however, that the cast-list is swamped by names that mean precious little to me—such as E. A. Hill-Mitchelson, Woff Silverberg, Gwen Clifford, and Selma von Dais. Maybe some of you radio fans or cabaret habitues can enlighten me.

However, I have just discovered that “Mrs. Knipp” is the seventeenth-century actress whom I have always known as “Mrs. Kneip.” So perhaps I have met all these other good people under different names. One never knows.

NEXT WEEK

The specially enlarged number of “The Picturegoer” will contain fashion articles of the utmost interest to our women readers. A notable feature is a profusely illustrated article on Jean Harlow’s trousseau, and the early spring fashions are foreshadowed. Place your order early to avoid disappointment.
**Deep Waves and Tight Curls**

Witching waves and captivating curls — set while you sleep — at a cost so small you hardly notice it! "Wave-Set" your hair at night, and the waves your mind. Soon you in the morning are waves — "professional" — would be proud of. Simply apply AMAMI "Wave-Set" — a few pats and pinches — a tight cap while you sleep — and your coiffure will be the envy of every girl who doesn’t know your secret. From all Chemists and Hairdressers.

---

**AMAMI!**

6d. and 1/3 "Wave-Set" regale

---

**FREE**

A FULL-SIZE BOTTLE OF THE FAMOUS

"My Secret" Perfume

Monsieur, Leonard Pivert, perfumers of Paris, through their London factory, make this remarkable offer to those who have not yet tried their famous products. After sixty years’ experience and success, it is their privilege now to offer to everybody their high-quality beauty aids at the most popular prices.

**MAKE "MY SECRET" YOUR SECRET OF BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS**

Here is the wonderful offer — FREE bottle of "My Secret" Perfume, large-size box of Matt Powder, and Permanent Lipstick in dainty nickeled case. The complete set for only 1/6.

**ALWAYS USE "MY SECRET"**

Powder (light or dark, Raribel, natural, flesh, cantar), Lipsticks (orange, light, medium, dark), Rouge, Eye Cosmetics, etc., at 6d. and 1/3p. Perfume: 1/2, 2/6, and 5/—

*(Obtainable through boots, chemists and good stores, hairdressers, etc., or send postal order to Leonard Pivert (Dept. B.), Park Crescent, Clapham, S.W.A.*

---

**Cleopatra at the Bath**

**S**ince the world began the bath has been one of the most important stages of the feminine toilette. To her bath, Cleopatra undoubtedly owed much of her famous beauty, which captured the heart of handsome Anthony.

The precious herbs and costly cosmetics of Ancient Egypt made Cleopatra's bath a complete beauty treatment — to-day the modern woman may have a bath just as beautifying, a bath that is supercharged with oxygen, that clears and tones up the skin, that revives every weary nerve and muscle.

So simple too! Just crumble a Reudel Bath Cube in the water — your bath is made fragrant as a flower garden, luxuriously soft and impregnated with beautifying oxygen. The oxygenated water makes skin soft and velvety — it holds soap and dirt in solution so that they cannot wash back into the pores. Thus you get new vitality, new grace, new loveliness.

---

**Truly CUPID LIVES IN THE BATHROOM**

**REUDEL BATH CUBES**

OXYGENATE YOUR BATH

---

**Silky, fadeless — economical**

SPARVA, the silky but sturdy fabric, is ideal for pretty, practical clothes for mothers and children. 100 smart plain colours and numerous printed designs. Fast in wash or light, sea or sun.

Sold by Drapers everywhere.

**SEND FOR SHADE CARD**

Write for shade card and name of nearest retailer to "SPARVA," 74, "Sparva" House, York Street, Manchester.

---

**Deaf — Ask for an 'Ardente-fitted Seat' at the Cinema**

No Fee! Installed by Mr. R. H. Dent, 109 Oxford St., London, W. 1.

**Beautiful Curls — Made at Home Quick & Easily**

Roll a damp lock of hair around finger and fix cup until dry. From Hairdressers, Stores & Boots, 6d. per card of 2 clips. Jarrett, Rainford & Laughton Ltd., Birmingham.
What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Please, Mr. Korda

Storm of Protest Over "Scarlet Pimpernel" Casting

"WHAT is all this nonsense about Charles Laughton as the 'Scarlet Pimpernel'? How utterly ridiculous.

I have great admiration for Mr. Laughton's acting. His characterisations are wonderful. But where the resemblance to the famous 'Sir Percy'? His hair is not Roman, but he is certainly not romantic, and the 'Scarlet Pimpernel' is one of the most romantic heroes of fiction. The book describes him as tall, of slender, though powerful, build and remarkably agile.

Not once be referred to as being rotund. Indeed, I doubt if he would have had to many hairbreadth escapes if he had been. His build alone would have betrayed him to his enemies.

'I fear this choice will cause a lot of controversy among admirers of the 'Pimpernel.'"

Alexander Korda

What is Wrong with the Kinema?

"The question 'Are Kinemas losing some of their popularity?' raised by L. Rosslyn in The Picturegoer Weekly, is one that needs following up. Mr. Rosslyn points out that the radio, stage, dancing and greyhound racing are giving the picture theatres serious competition."

"We have, recently, certainly, seen a stage revival—both in regard to the legitimate drama and variety.

But there is much room for improvement in the talkie programmes. What is lacking in the kinemas is all-round brightness and above all, better music at first hand, not the mechanical or organ music, but all-round brightness can be obtained by including more comedy and travel films.

'Scrap the kinema organs and bring back the orchestras. These need not necessarily be very large.—I'll V. Fifoot, 'Ingledene,' Surrey Road South, Hounsmill, W."

"[A great deal more imagination could certainly be used in showmanship at most kinemas outside the big centres. Orchestras will never return unless the public makes a very strong move for their reinstatement."

Our 'Award of Merit'

"It will be interesting to see the results of this year's voting to decide the best performances of 1933. There is, I suggest, a much greater appreciation of genuine acting in this country than in America, and the actor and actress to whom the poll will have to do something big.

"If one may judge from the results of similar contests run in America, sheer merit rarely decides the issue. The personal popularity of a star evidently blinds the U.S. public to glaring technical deficiencies, with the result that girls such as Joan Crawford are held to be better performers than the less glamorous Helen Hayes and Barbara Stanwyck."

"As America is the chief market for Hollywood's films, this enthusiasm for sensational personalities rather than for sound technique, may explain the low level of acting in the pictures. We must do our best to redress the balance between genius and glamour.—J. L. Holland, Clifton House, Boundary Road, Wethers, Sussex, who is awarded the second prize of £1."

[Picturegoer's faith in the judgment of its readers is expressed in the form of the Award of Merit. Have you recorded your vote, by the way?]

Miss Humphries Again

"Miss Humphries' statement that the screen has been the greatest factor in the education of the woman of to-day is so manifestly absurd that it cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

"What wonders a head of patent hair, be it dark, blonde or red, as long as it endures, can do! It encourages the growth of mental weeds which have sprouted and flowered under the artificial sunrays of the cinema."

"It has killed her individuality, undermined her intelligence, and given an entirely miscue and superficial view of fundamentals."

"It fills her head with notions of luxury far beyond her means. It encourages serious effort, substitutes affection for sad froth, and gives her an approach to marriage or a career which is as shallow as it is pathetic."

"Miss Humphries is right when she describes the kinema as the finishing school of the modern girl. It finishes her all right! (Mr.) William Burgess, 39 South Drive, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs."

Typing, Joan Blondell

"As one of Joan Blondell's countless admirers, I think it is pertinent to point out in which type of films she is adaptive, and in which type of films she is not."

"In my opinion, Miss Blondell's talent and personality are absolutely thrown away on such public films as Good-bye, Egypt, Haraana Widows, and Convention City, and I think even her most ardent fan will agree with me that she was wrongly cast in that otherwise fine film, Gold-diggers of 1933."

"She is definitely not the type for such films as those."

"Miss Blondell is a popular actress, but I fear she will lose some of that well-merited popularity if Warner Bros. persist in typecasting her as a perpetual 'girl next door.'"

"She is seen to far better advantage in her former successes—The Famous Ferguson Case, Three on a String and The Woman in White."

"[As a fellow Blondell fan, I agree that Joan is in danger of becoming typecast as a bouncy bandit.]"

Marlene's Eyebrows

"Why do producers forget or omit small effects which, in an opening scene of The Song of Songs, Marlene Dietrich appears dressed as a peasant girl, and yet it is immediately noticeable that she has this terrible modern idea of plucking the eyebrows to form, or give the illusion of, well-formed eyes."


YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

If 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the most two most interesting, and 5s. for the other letters received each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper and should not exceed 150 words. Address to 'Thinker,' 'The Picturegoer Weekly,' Long Acre, W.C. 2.
PICTUREGOER

March 17, 1934

SUPERMA

MACHINELESS

PERMANENT WAVING


SUPERMA, the only completely machineless system of permanent waving is now available all over the country.

No Electricity
Greater Safety

Gone the fear of electricity, the discomfort of being strung up to a machine—instead, absolute comfort, complete freedom, and a more lasting wave.

SUPERMA Machineless ensures deep, lustrous and lasting waves, and the tightness of curls—hair of every shade and texture—including white, over-blonched, dyed, coarse, or fine—the result will always be perfection. It cannot harm the most delicate hair.

Write for free pamphlet "About your hair" to:
SUPERMA Ltd. (Dept.70), 93-97, REGENT ST.
LONDON, W.1.

WEAR this BELT
and keep SLIM

VOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Fitting-Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Sticks over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for MEN OR WOMEN.

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. 4/11 deep
11 ins. 5/11 deep

BEASLEY BELT Dept 405
26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.3

Write for free list of belts for Men and Women. Surgical belts supplied through Approved Dealers.

Deaf
Ask for an
'Ardente-fitted Seat'
at the Cinema—No Fee!

installed by Mr. R. H. Dent, 309 Oxford St., London, W.1

TEN MINUTES MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

"Isn't my hair a sight! I don't know what John will say."

"Why not give it a shampoo with Icima Hair Powder, dear?"

"Ready, darling? I say, how pretty you're looking."

"Good night. I love you more than ever."

Sprinkle on—brush out! That's the new ten-minute way of shampooring with Icima Hair Powder. It's so convenient when you're in a hurry. Keeps the waves in, too.

ICIMA

HAIR POWDER

for a quick Dry Shampoo

3d. Box of 7 each 1/6

I.C.S. 6-410

The OLIVE OIL
in Palmolive has
these three effects

20,000 beauty specialists stress the vital importance of deep, natural cleansing—soap and water cleansing, night and morning. But they warn against using any soap...

"it must be an olive oil soap—Palmolive!"

Palmolive Soap, blended by a secret process, is rich in an abundance of natural palm and olive oils. This alone gives it that particular soft green colour. And from the inclusion of these same valuable oils comes, too, that plentiful velvety lather which, without irritating the most delicate skin tissues, performs a three-fold function—cleansing, soothing, beautifying. That is the secret of "that Schoolgirl complexion."

3d.

per tablet

Except in I.F.S.
She need never doubt—

for KHASANA Blush Cream will always bring out that natural colouring which is just right for her, so discreetly alluring, so unobtrusively correct.

By using KHASANA Blush Cream you too can be sure that your own individual colouring is absolutely right. For KHASANA is no ordinary rouge, it is made so that the colour changes on your cheeks to the exact shade which suits your complexion.

KHASANA Lipstick has a similar effect on the lips, giving you that most natural rosy glow, which is kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

“George” and “Anne” are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTURESQUE WEEkly. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

E. M. (Old Kent Road, S.E.17) — CONSTANT BEATON (Leeds), and Two Irving Novello Fans (Wolverhampton).—Ivor Novello was born on January 13, 1923, at Cardiff. Real name, Ivor Davis. Black hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 11 in. tall; educated Magdalen College School, Oxford. Pictures include The Call of the Wild, The Bells of St. Marys, The King of the Boomers, The King of the Gypsies, The Secret of Dr. Fu Manchu. Novello’s mother is a Welsh newspaper editor.


KHASANA Blush Cream 1/6. Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6. Trial Size 9d.

Don't get CROSS with your skin

If your face cream should be a food, not a mere covering to camouflage blemishes. It should be absorbed deep into the pores of the skin, leaving only a dull matt surface. That is what distinguishes La Reine des Crèmes, the really world-famous cream, from all others. It brings to your skin an admirable softness, makes it clear as a petal and as freshly fresh. It is a complete Beauty Treatment in itself, for day and night use. It cleanses and vanishes a well. Perfumed with a delicate perfume.

J. LESQUENDEU, Mount Pleasant, Alperton, Middlesex.
D.W. (St. Anne).—(1) Peggie Toomey was born on August 13, 1902, at Pittsburgh, Pa., 5 ft. 8 in. tall, gray-green eyes, light brown hair. Pictures include: Alice, Rich People, Delusion, Crazy That Way, Good Intentions, Light of the Western Street, Street of Chance, Pore, The Steel Hyphen, Springtime, Midnight Patrol, Stilet of Life, Finger Points, Film and Harris, Standish Street, Kidnapping, Murder by the Clock, Graft, Twenty-Four Hours, Playing the Game, They Never Came Back, Whirlwind Wilson, and Laughing at Life. Address her c/o Universal Studios, Universal City, California. (2) Here is the cast of Men Must Fight: Love—Diana Wynyard, Edward Power—Lew Stone, Bob Stewart—Phillips Holmes, Marrian Seward—May Robson, Peggy— Ruth Selwyn; Geoffrey—Robert Young; Albert—Robert Greig; Mrs. Chase—Hedda Hopper; Steve—Donald Dillaway; Evelyn—Mary Carlisle; Soto—Luise Albinens.

KY (Liverpool B.)—Address Janet Gaynor c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. I cannot guarantee that Janet will reply to you personally; just imagine all the letters she would receive if she did. If you answered all her fan mail herself, however, it will get her signature. A letter would take approximately ten days to reach Hollywood and another ten days for the reply to get to you. There may be some small charge for a photograph.


DREAMY (Exaser)—(1) Both Nils Asther and Paul Lukas are featured players. (2) The role of the American admiral to General Yen, in The Rising Tides of General Yen, was played by Walter Connolly. (3) Nils Asther took the part of the grown-up Kit in the silent version of N. T. and S. A letter addressed to Nils Asther c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California, should reach him safely. (4) Here is the cast of The Kingdom of King John: Kate——Nahum Warner, Mary——Dorothy Comings, Peter——Peter Lorre, Julia——Joseph Schleskin; Matthew——Robert Edeson; Thomas——Sidney D'Albrook; Mary Magdalene——J. G. Lacy; Calpurnia——Rudolph Schleskin; Pharete——Seymour DeGraae; Pontius Pilate——Vic Torizzo; Simon of Cyrene—William Boyd; Mark——M. Monroe; Marthe——Julia Faye; Lactana—Ruth Mclean; Alan Brooks. (6) Yes, Nils Asther is included in the list of picture post cards.

BENNET'S FAN (Hampstead)—(1) Your question is at the top of the list of particulars. (2) Addresses as follows: Robert Donat and Marie Osmond, c/o London Film Productions, Ltd., 22 Grosvenor Street, London, W.I; Anna Neagle, c/o British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts; Noma Searl, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. On the role of Katherine, Henry's last wife, in The Private Life of Henry VIII, was played by Bette Davis, and the part of Thomas Pernell, Anne of Cleves' lover, in the same film, was taken by John Gielgud. Thank you for your good wishes.

REGULAR BARTON (Cambrold) — Sylvia Beecher played opposite Maurice Chevalier in Innocents of Paris.

FLORESC (Battersea)—(1) Donald Cook celebrates his birthday on September 26, and he comes from Portland, Oregon. He is divorced from his wife Betty. Latest picture is Brief Moment, Exit, Fury of the Jungle, and The War Bride. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios, 1,438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (2) Frank Albertson was twenty-five on February 9 last; unmarried, Address him c/o Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California. (3) J. Farrell MacDonald was born in 1898, (4) Frank Lawton will be thirty on September 30 next; unmarried. Address him c/o Grosvenor British Studios, Lane Currie, Shepperton Bush, London, W.12. (5) Paul Muni was born on September 22, 1917, in Vienna. His real name is Muni Weisendreud, Married to Bella Fishbein. Write to him c/o Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

D.G. (Rickmansworth) — Conrad Veidt appeared in the German version of Hamlet in the title role. It was one of the finest performances of the year and affords an interesting contrast to Lionel Barrymore's interpretation of the "Mad Moth.


O.P. (York) — Lilian Harvey was born at Muswell Hill, London, in 1907. Her latest film is I Am Suzanne, in which she has a chance to dance. She was originally a dance dame.

FRENCH PASF (Kenington) — The new French film, at the Rialto, London, is La Rue Sem Nani. It is fully reviewed in this issue. It was directed by Pierre Chenal.

L.G. (Glasgow) — The Student Prince was made as a silent film, starring Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer. It has not been produced as a talkie. I agree with you that a revival of it would be welcome.

CURIOUS (Bristol) — The story of The Lady Christopher Bean was adapted from the stage play which, in turn, came from the French version, Princesse a la Peinture.


Tooth Paste

In tune with the fashion for self-coloured table-ware, these handcrafted, unbreakable spoons are all the rage. Useful at teatime and for ices, jellies, trifles and especially in the nursery. The colours are superb and on the handles are embossed familiar nursery rhyme characters.
Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it in this column. Please enclose your query in a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

SPRING sunshine shows up a lot of imperfections. It makes winter faces look just as passe as winter clothes. Short, it discovers the need for a spring clean. There is nothing like a pack for cleansing the skin from winter grime, and tightening and toning up the muscles. It also restores the contour of the face. First of all the mask should be prepared. Take some butter muslin or a piece of old linen and shape it roughly to the face. Cut out holes for the eyes and the mouth, and sew two pieces of tape to each end so that the mask may be tied behind the head. In cutting allow sufficient material to cover the neck. For, of course, you should treat your neck as well. At this time of year necks are very much neglected. Almost dirty after a winter of swallowing in far collars and scarves.

If you decide on a clay pack, you must buy the clay ready prepared from the chemist. Prepare the skin by sponging face and neck with warm water. Then pat dry with a soft towel. Spread the clay in an even layer over the face. Carry it well down the chin and round the throats.

Put on the mask and allow the clay to dry slowly. Allow it to remain for half an hour after drying. Then remove by gentle sponging with a face cloth wrung out of warm water. Dry the skin, massage with your usual skin food or a good cold cream, and lastly apply a mild astringent lotion.

The skin will look considerably fairer and clearer after this treatment, and if a weekly mask is given for a few weeks, it will work wonders with a winter grinned complexion.

A Bleaching Pack

A nother pack that will whiten a skin that has never really recovered from last summer’s over-dose of sun bathing is made from almond meal and peroxide of hydrogen. Make 2 oz. of almond meal into a thick paste with a mixture of 2 parts peroxide of hydrogen (10 vol.), 1 part lemon juice, and 2 parts rosewater. Beat this with a wooden spoon till quite smooth. Then apply it as directed above, preparing the skin in the same way.

Wear the mask for at least half an hour.

Open pores trouble so many of my readers that I think I must give you all the recipe of a mask designed to close them. In this case fine oatmeal is used. Cook half a cupful of the meal thoroughly. Then sift 2 tablespoons of flour and 1 tablespoonful of glycerine.

If the paste is still a little too thick to spread over the skin smoothly thin it down with rosewater till it is soft and workable.

With another pack will smooth out wrinkles as well as cleanse. This is made by mixing fine raw oatmeal with honey and white of egg. Beat the white stiffly, stir in a tablespoonful of honey, and then 2 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal. Work in sufficient rosewater to make the mask soft and easy to spread.

Banishing Wrinkles

White of egg is a strong astringent and may banish wrinkles quickly. It is excellent for use on special occasions when you want to look your best. But, and here is a word of warning, it is too strong for general use.

Beat up the white of the egg and then apply it to the face with a camel hair brush. Allow it to dry. Give another application of the paste. When this has dried, paint the skin over with the well beaten yolk of the egg.

After 20 minutes bathe off the egg with warm water and super-fatted soap, dash some cold water over the face, pat dry, lightly massage with cream, and lastly apply extract of witch hazel mixed with half its quantity of rosewater.

Answers to Correspondents

M.C. (Hammersmith)—To cure the red shiny nose mix some ordinaries Fuller’s earth to a paste with milk. Spread over nose and leave till dry. Remove by dabbing with sponge and warm water. Then apply followi- ng lotion with pad of cotton wool. To 2 oz. rosewater add a few drops at a time, and after beating after every two or three drops, too little simple mixture of benzoin.

Cres Cat.—Place a small dot of rose- coloured cream at the inner corner of each eye and the corners of the mouth larger. Clear white come only with very good health. Improve your health and they will cease to look a “dirty white.”

Sneakocks (Leeds).—See your doctor. Facial moles are not suitable for home treat- ment.

Anxious Anne.—Summer freckles will yield to a bleaching lotion to be bought from any chemists. “Permanent” freckles are irremovable. Dab the plucked eyebrows with extract of witch hazel.

Floria McKinney, Metro- Goldwyn—Mayer player, sprays a little perfume in her hair, rather than use it in the obvious ways.

Bryt (Romford).—To cure the red nose avoid all alcohol and avoid indigestible foods. Rub in a little neat oint- ment every night. Also use it as a base for powder.

M. M. (Sidcup).—Never tamper with a mole. Serious trouble may result if you do. Some moles are suitable for removal by modern treatment, but only your doctor can pro- nounce on the point. If the mole can be removed he will introduce you to a surgeon.

S. P. H. (Southampton).—After the bride has cut the cake and the toasts have been proposed and the responses made, she leaves the reception to change her dress and prepare for going away. When she has changed into her going away-dress, she appears again and says good-bye.

Young Del (Hackney).—Dab the open pores with extract of witch hazel and the cold stores with Calamine lotion.

Greets (Morecambe).—The toilet depart- ment of any of the large London stores will be able to supply you with your needs.

Regular Reader (Totnes).—You omitted to tell me the colour of hair and eyes, so I cannot advise you about your make-up.

Dulcie (Greenwich).—You cannot increase your height. Try massage with a reducing cream and douche with cold water to tighten up the muscles.

Mary (Wandsworth).—The redness of your hands is probably due to the first warmth that perspires starts to be close done with your gloves with which you have carefully to read all hands from your the winter too early—for there is still a steady touch in this air season, and four fingers may avoid the roughness you mention rub in Glymnel Jelly before you put your gloves on, and your hands and smooth and white. Another great asset is that it is not neither sticky nor greasy.

K. R. G. (Liverpool).—The birthday stone for March is a bloodstone. You can obtain a ring from your stone in it from Stones and Mayer (Dept. 418-422), Strand, London, W.C.2, for 5s. 6d., postage 1½d.
Proudle MATTEVER leaves no visible "make-up", and is the guardian of that essential feminine attribute — CHARM.

IN 9 SHADES

1/3 BOX

Dainty Bottles Trial Size

1'9 to 4/-

Parfum MATTEVER

An exquisite reproduction of that famous perfume which makes Proudle Mattever so distinctive.

By the same creator as Le Tulle Fascinant and d'Aventure Powders, Perfumes, etc.

CREATED BY

L.T. PIVER PARIS

Made for Chemists for the U.S.A.

PARCEN LTD., Duke's Rd., Western Ave, London, W.3

THIS CHOCOLATE BANISHES CONSTIPATION OVERNIGHT!

British Science has put at your disposal a Chocolate Laxative under the name of BROOKLAX. It is considered by many as one of the marvels of our century. BROOKLAX tastes like delicious chocolate, and yet within twelve hours rids your system of poisonous waste. Being gentle, harmless and non-habit-forming. Doctors recommend it for adults and children. Try a piece to-night, and you will be a new person to-morrow. 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

From all chemists, including all branches of Boots, also Taylors. We are so certain that you will derive benefit from BROOKLAX that we offer you a trial at our expense.

TRY BROOKLAX AT OUR EXPENSE FREE

Post this coupon to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 4-12 Palmer Street, London, S.W.1

NAME ___________________________________________

ADDRESS _________________________________________

BROOKLAX CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT TO-DAY No deposit, no references required.

Call or write for Spring Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, sent post free. SMARTWEAR LTD., 283-271, Regent Street, London, W.1

Beautiful Complexion

Apply the Crema Forte Pack, a medi- cated white cream (not Pinner's Earth) twice a week to face and neck. Full particulars free on application.

CLARK'S GLYCOLA

FOR BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS

Use Clark's Glycola

A little massaged well into the skin will keep your hands, face, and neck smooth, soft, and youthful. Used regularly night and morning, it will

PREVENT CHAPPED HANDS AND CHILBLAINS

Glycola is economical, protects the skin, and forms an excellent powder base. Slough a little on hands, arms, and face before applying powder.

TRY IT FREE

A generous sample of this wonderful preparation sent free on application:

CLARK'S GLYCOLA CO., LTD. (Dept. P.G.), Oak Grove, Cricklewood, N.W.2

Obtainable of all Chemists and Hairdressers, etc.

This Beauty Rinse Gives Glamour TO YOUR HAIR AFTER WASHING OR SHAMPOOING

This Beauty Rinse Gives Glamour TO YOUR HAIR AFTER WASHING OR SHAMPOOING

Don't let friends tell you your hair used to look much prettier. Don't let your casual acquaintance secretly think it. Here's a simple, quick remedy.

Just rinse your hair with Golden Rinse or Toner after regular washing or shampooing. No matter how dull or lifeless your hair may be — whether it be fair, dark or auburn, a Camilatone Rinse will give it a warm and youthful sparkle which will delight you.

GOLDEN RINSE

BLONDE TONRINZ, AUBURN TONRINZ, GOLDEN BROWN TONRINZ.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. For a limited period any good Hairdresser or Chemist will supply you with two 6d. packets or capsules (each containing sufficient for three rinses) for 9½d. Choose the Rinse to suit your shade of hair.

Camilatone Beauty RINSES

P.S. A 2d. deposit is required for each order. Write for free samples of Camilatone and description of colours.

Camilatone Laboratory, 61-65, New Oxford Street, London, W.1
When beauty is on parade

Read what LYNN BROWNING, the lovely and talented Warner Brothers player, says:

"Work on the Set makes heavy demands on vitality, and unless a player is very careful the bloom of youth speedily disappears. Shredded Wheat for breakfast is an ideal meal, bringing the sparkle of health to the eyes, and the firm soft lines of beauty to the figure. It is invaluable, too, in providing plentiful energy to get through a tiring day's work."

Shredded Wheat is indeed a sunshine food—it contains all the goodness of sun-ripened wheat, and it is so healthful and nourishing that it speedily promotes sunny health and fitness. Eyes sparkle with delight when they see delicious Shredded Wheat upon the table, and continue to sparkle with the vitality which Shredded Wheat so liberally gives. Of all Grocers. Eightpence per packet (in U.K.).

LYNN BROWNING
One of Warner Brothers' most lovely players, as she appears in "Footlight Parade."
JEAN HARLOW'S TROUSSEAU

PICTUREGOER

Special FASHION NUMBER

MERLE OBERON
THE MOST SENSATIONAL SPECTACLE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

JAMES CAGNEY
RUBY KEELER
DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL
FRANK McHUGH
GUY KIBbee
HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY

300 dazzling beauties in breath-taking dance routines actually staged under water! Just one of the amazing surprises in Warner Bros.' new show of 1000 thrills! "42nd Street" and "EVERYTHING" actually surpassed by the master makers of musicals - in a show so different it's like a new form of entertainment!
let corot designs and prices speak for themselves.

on what basis do you buy your clothes? do perfection of line and cut, up to the minute designs and modest prices influence you? judge corot models by these standards alone and let your conclusions speak for themselves.

call at the corot showrooms and see the spring collection, or post the coupon below for the corot spring fashion guide and full particulars of the corot instalment plan which is an additional service we offer to our customers.

Snowfire
FACE POWDER

Shades - Naturelle Rachele & Pêche
Loose in attractive boxes, 2d., 3d., and 6d.
Flat compacts 6d.

Use Snowfire Cream too—it’s the perfect powder base and it keeps your skin soft and lovely.

Holding container 3d. Tubers 6d.

Corot Ltd., 33 Old Bond St., London, W.1.

Free please send, without obligation, corot latest fashion guide and full details of your instalment plan.

Name

Address

--------

P. E. 439
TRUE charm and beauty can only come from radiant health. And this perfect physical fitness which brings a glow to the cheeks and a sparkle to the eyes, depends almost entirely upon correct and adequate nourishment.

To be sure of obtaining an abundance of correctly balanced nourishment for all needs of the body, brain and nerves, make delicious 'Ovaltine' your regular daily beverage. 'Ovaltine' provides in the most easily digestible form every nutritive element required for giving and maintaining glorious good health and vitality.

But—it must be 'Ovaltine,' and not an imitation made to look the same. There are obvious and very important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, 'Ovaltine' stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value.

Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine'
Janet Gaynor Must Grow Up

"No Longer to be a Cinderella"
—Shearer Not to Join Queen Cycle
—Edna Best Comes Back—Talkie Teams Re-united—Why Marie Dresser Was Annoyed—Cleaning up the Musicals.

And now we are to have a new Janet Gaynor. According to a declaration of policy by Mr. Winfield Sheehan, mogul-in-chief at Movietone City, the world's sweetheart is no longer to be a Cinderella.

"We don't want childish Cinderella stories," he declared to the assembled Fox executives. "Neither do we want wholly sophisticated ones. "We want her to play in slightly more mature characterizations, but always in situations where the world is primarily against her and where the audience will want to come right up and help her."

I do not know if the announcement was greeted with three hearty cheers, but if it was not I should like to rectify the omission at once.

A New Will Rogers, Too

Also pleasing is the adoption of a similarly definite policy for the exploitation of Will Rogers.

With one or two distinguished exceptions, such as State Fair, the American star's pictures have, for the most part, been eight reels of excellent philosophy and wise-cracks, but little else.

Now the studio which pays him $4,000 a week, has decided that that has gone on long enough and is searching for real stories and characterizations for him.

Another "New" Valentino!

Requirements for the studio for their other headline players are also listed. Lilian Harvey is to be given comedy and stories permitting her to dance; Warner Baxter is to be provided with more important vehicles; Spencer Tracy is to be fed on strong roles, and Charles Boyer, "romantic European yarns of the Valentino type."

Mr. Sheehan also declares against costume pictures and pronounces that his organization will make very few.

Norma Not to "Go Royal"

Coming on top of this, I am wondering if it is significant that M.G.M. has "temporarily" shelved Marie Antoinette.

The studio got caught in the last big film boom, and for years it was dangerous to mention the word "musical" in the neighbourhood of Culver City. Is the studio waiting to see how the historical cycle will last?

Norma Shearer is to be switched right away into The Barretts of Wimpole Street which, after months of heated wrangling between the rival factions on the lot, has finally been awarded to her. Production will start as soon as Rip Tide, now known as Lady Mary's Lover, is completed.

Edna Best Returns

British filmgoers will be particularly pleased to hear that Edna Best, who for the past year or so has been content to let husband Herbert Marshall win the family's film honours, is coming back to the screen.

Edna is to do a picture in Hollywood—The Key for Warners.

It was originally, I believe, a rôle intended for Ruth Chatterton. Miss Best's come-back has, incidentally, provided something of a problem for Richard Barthes. The British star is occupying his studio dressing-room suite while he is between pictures.

His dressing-rooms are strictly masculine in decoration and he wondered how he could "dainty" them up for the Best tenancy.

After a lot of heavy thought, he compromised by removing some very tired-looking tennis balls and locking up some old hats in a spare cupboard.

Edna will have to do her own "feminising."

"Cavalcade" Team Again

Another important casting announcement of the week is that Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook are to be "team" again for the first time since Cavalcade.

They are to appear in a film version of The Dover Road, one of A. A. Milne's most successful plays.

Other players already cast are Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and Reginald Sheffield.

Both Miss Wynyard and Mr. Brook are at the moment well in the running for the Picturegoer Gold Medals for the best performances of 1933.

Readers who have not yet cast their votes should write their selections on a postcard and address it "Award of Merit," Picturegoer Weekly, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Marie Dresser Annoyed

It is Marie Dresser British? The point is raised by the fact that her American citizenship has been questioned by inclusion in a list of "alien" artists submitted to the committee that is considering the proposed new legislation to bar American studios to "foreign" talent.

Here is what Marie herself has to say about it: "I have resided in the United States ever since I came from Canada fifty-five years ago. I married an American thirty-five years ago and that gave me citizenship. I have been an American in all respects."

"Reunion Week"

Now that Living in a Big Way is on the shelf again, Marie is to be reunited with Polly Moran in Coming Round the Mountain.

The picture is scheduled to start any day now. In the meanwhile, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable will be seen together again in China Seas. Yet another popular Culver City combination is brought together again in Treasure Island, in which Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery make the reunion with great pleasure.

I hope, incidentally, that young Master Cooper's version of the Stevenson classic will be more successful than its Jackie Coogan predecessor.

More Hollywood Stories

Hollywood continues to be the background for film stories. One studio has had 355 Nights in Hollywood, by Elam Williams, a film colony newspaperman on the stocks for some time, and now it is scheduled for early production.

Universal is to give us Weather Permitting, as far as I know, the first screen story devoted to the life of the film extra.

(Continued on page 7)
One of the first Hollywood studies of Mrs. Phillip Astley—Madeleine Carroll to you—who is in America to play in the Fox production, "The World Moves On." Madeleine was born at West Bromwich on February 26, 1906. She was a French mistress at a Hove school but success in amateur acting decided her to take up the stage as a career. She has fair hair, blue eyes, is an M.A., and the daughter of a French mother and Irish father.
And the film world is waiting with interest and some anxiety for the production of By the Levee, a stage play which satirizes the trial separations of movie stars.

Kay Francis Does it Again

A little while ago I was lamenting here the Warner studio’s apparent inability to develop a feminine star. I have been wondering since if the case of Kay Francis is one of the reasons why.

I am not quite sure if Kay’s main movie mission in life at the moment is an effort to make up for the slump in gangsters or the express bumping off of Ricardo Cortez. At any rate it is not likely to advance her popularity with the film public. You may recall that she put a bullet through Mr. Cortez when his presence became inconvenient in The House on Fifty-Sixth Street.

Now again in Mandary she pulls off one of the neatest little murders of the season and that gentleman is again on the receiving end. This time it is poison. Even Kay Francis cannot make unjustifiable homicide a pleasurable or elevating spectacle.

Wholesale Horror Stars

The film public cannot be so easily frightened as it used to be. At any rate, the Universal studio has had recourse to teaming those two eminent professors of the macabre, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, in one picture.

The horrific combination of Frankenstein and Dracula has been brought together to provide bigger and better thrills for the filmisation of Edgar Allan Poe’s The Black Cat, one of that author’s best stories. Edgar Ulmer is the director.

Cleaning Up Musicals

A advance reports indicate that the current big picture purity push has resulted in a “cleaning up” of forthcoming musicals.

The chorus girls, who in recent song and dance shows have been establishing new limits of nudity, will be fully clothed. In one picture which will shortly be shown here the Hays office intervened to dissuade the producer from carrying out the bright thought of hanging near-nude chorus girls from chandeliers!

In the meanwhile our own censor’s contribution is the changing of the title of Nana to Lady of the Boulevards.

£60,000 for Wells Picture

London Films, I hear, are to spend £60,000, quite a lot for a British talkie, on Whether Mankind, it’s H. G. Wells story of the future.

The famous author has completed his synopsis and is still immensely enthusiastic about the project. The period of the film will, of course, be fifty years hence, and he has visualised strange cities, with giant buildings, and weird and wonderful machines—a robot age in which powerful monsters of iron and steel are held in leash at the end of a slender wire and released at the press of a button.

The Week’s Best Wisecrack

Someone was congratulating Zeppo Marx upon the success of the brethren in Duck Soup. “It’s nothing,” he replied. “Just a little thing we tossed off in six months.”

Kinema Couples

This week’s half-guinea prize is awarded to Leslie Herbert, 87 Addenbrooke Street, Darlaston, South Staffs, for the following neat commentary on a current studio preoccupation:

The Blue Danube

Weary River

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to

Malcolm D. Phillips

W. E. Classey, 28 High Street, Colliers Wood, Merton, S.W.19, for:

Mickey’s Nightmare

The Cat Creeps

J. Hughes, 30 Bengel Street, Liverpool, 7, for this short, sad story, which acquires topicality in view of recent events in France:

X Marks the Spot

He Knew Too Much

R. H. Pimm, 41 Pentney Road, Balham, S.W.12, for this interesting but perhaps dangerous theory:

Radio Patrol

The Big Bluff

And M. Smith, Davenham Lodge, Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs., for:

A Cure for Love

My Wife’s Family

There are no rules and regulations in the Kinema Couplet’s Competition, except that all attempts must be submitted on postcards and addressed to me, c/o Picturegoer Weekly, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes cannot be opened.

Do you recognise the lady with Herbert Mundin in this scene from “Boor Since Eve”? Yes, you’re right, it’s our old friend Betty Blythe.
The FILM CRITIC of A.D. 1984 LOOKS BACK
by Stuart Jackson

HOW will the talkies of 1934, and the Garbos and Wests be regarded 50 years hence? Our contributor tries to supply the answer in this fascinating article.

In this year of grace and kinematic enlightenment, A.D. 1984, it is interesting to look back over the past fifty years of progress at the curious conditions which prevailed in, say, the year 1934. Kinematic changes have been revolutionary in that time; more so than the "revolution" which is said to have shaken the industry with the introduction of what were somewhat crudely known as "talkies," in that distant date, 1928.

Pre-eminent, of course, has been the perfection of tele-films, which altered the outlook of the kinema in a way undreamed of by those early pioneers who were experimenting as far back as 1933 behind closed doors in Hollywood, the major centre of film production at that time.

But kinema conditions have changed greatly, too, both from the architectural and decorative standpoint and in the facilities offered. In the kinematic departments of the museums there are old prints in existence which show large crowds lined up outside the kinemas of the time.

It appears that audiences would stand for several hours at a stretch, in all kinds of weather conditions, for the purpose of seeing some specially attractive "pictures." They seem to have suffered this without much marked complaint, and kinema managements considered that such a spectacle was indicative of "big business." The environmental fact that such weary prelims must have militated against the complete enjoyment of the ultimate entertainment seems to have escaped notice.

Kinema queues in 1984 would be regarded as a curiosity, and it is certain that the officials of the Pedestrians' Safety Board would quickly take action against such conditions. In time, steps were taken in those early days to provide such amenities as cafés, lounges and small rest-rooms, but the theatre of 1984 would have been considered a dream of Babylonian proportions.

The kinema which combined the amenities of a vast social club for filmgoers with all facilities for shopping and the pursuit of a prolific assortment of interests would have been colossal to the mind of 1934. It seems that the kinema of that day, more or less lavish though it might be in its own circumscribed way, was just a place where "pictures" were shown, and little more.

The gigantic plan which led to the co-ordination of kinemagoers' interests throughout the country had yet to be put into operation. The tremendous "chain" circuit which, in conjunction with the all-powerful Kine League, secured a monopoly by building huge kinicles where, for a nominal subscription, the atmosphere of the kinema and everything that was available to it was available at any time, was viewed as a staggering piece of enterprise.

The year 1984 takes its kinicle as a matter of course. The queue would be considered an anomaly in an age when members of the Kine League enter the auditorium at leisure after passing the time of waiting in pleasure, either in the reading lounges, the restaurants, the roof gardens, the swimming-pools, the ballroom or in the attractive shops built within the towering walls.

Another anomaly of the early thirties was the distribution of "talkies" in tin cans at dates long after the film had been produced, so that those enthusiasts who were not numbered among the favoured few privileged to see "pre-releases" would invariably have to put up with what was, in effect, "stale" entertainment.

Protest left its mark on the trade to the extent that "release dates" were moved forward. Thus the provincial and suburban kinemagoer was given the opportunity of seeing a new film within three months of its actual production, as compared with the wait of nearly a year which had been tolerated previously.

But with the advent and subsequent perfection of the telecine, the system of screening a film even three months "stale" (except for educational purposes) completely disappeared. So did the practice of "distributing" films from town to town in tin cans by train and by road.

The pressure of a film in London shared a simultaneous *première* with Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle, Glasgow, Leeds and other big cities—the latest tele-film being radiated from a "key" centre under the control of one of the important tele-kine combines.

One of the most striking curiosities of the 'thirties was the "star system," concerning which, according to old newspapers and magazines in our museums, a good deal of ink was spilt. Under this system, it seems that some of these "stars" could assume a virtual dictatorship in the companies who employed them.

Judging from the records, the actress known as Greta Garbo—whose legend has survived to this day in an industry where memory is so short—was the "star" who featured most in this respect.

Many old records refer to her habit of remarking "I t’ink I go o’me" (she was of Swedish origin) whenever matters were not going precisely to her liking.

This actress created a fad for being "Sphinx-like," which meant that the less she said the more was the better. This practice apparently paid so well that a number of upstart actresses endeavoured to imitate her. What is more astonishing is that, in the vernacular of the time, they were allowed to "get away with it," but they flourished on synthetic success for just a year or so, and then withered like the mushrooms they were.

The film executives of 1984 must certainly be astonished that though their predecessors paid the price they seemed hesitant to call the tune.

Another curious feature of the screen of those days was the preoccupation with what was then known as "sex appeal." It appears that this

The flagrant posturing and blatant back-chat of Miss West will seem incredible to the "fans" of fifty years on.
term was so freely flung around in the industry that it came to be looked upon as something that could be sold in chunks, like any commercial commodity.

More and more "stars" were incited to be the exponents of "sex appeal," until all sense of proportion was lost, and it was considered essential to the success of a "picture." It seems that "sex appeal" came to be synonymous with the more sordid side of sex, and though it must have been obvious to more far-seeing minds that satiation point must inevitably be reached, large numbers of these films continued to be produced, irrespective of the financial falling off which ultimately came in their train.

To such an extent did this craze go that, in the general confusion, there followed a glorification of the vulgar which would be repellent to the kinematic mind of 1984, attuned, as it now is, to the mental and emotional harmonies of more subtle entertainment.

The flagrant posturings and blatant back-chat of a large woman known as Mae West would seem incredible as "entertainment" in the eyes of the Kine League, that vast organisation of kinemagoers which now determines the type of entertainment with which it shall be provided. A celluloid record of this Miss West is preserved as a curiosity in the trade museums.

It is a remarkable commentary on a confused age in the history of the cinema—confused, too, because one was blind to evidence when any critic dared to suggest that all was not well within its fold. "Sex appeal," now, of course, is subservient to the story, instead of the story being subservient to "sex appeal," but it is remarkable to reflect that this loss of proportion might have involved the industry in calamity and crash.

For one thing, it made for a "sameness" in entertainment that, sooner or later, was bound to bring boredom to audiences desiring variety.

But a more serious consequence was the "loose" attitude which crept into films, double meanings and innuendos that became more prolific as they got past the Nelson whose board controlled censorship.

It is true that these "loose" products of a self-contained community made money—but only for a time.

Unhappy, their "example" was so extensively imitated that it became the fashion to wink at screen products which should have been criticised in their true colours.

This state of affairs reached its climax about the year 1936-7, and then, a few of the film magnates looked forward and saw—obliteration.

Here they were with an industry still too much in its infancy to be an art, and becoming too artless to survive as an industry unless something were done to provide with a real foundation.

So many "cycles" of films (the foolish practice of imitating ad nauseam one particular type that had proved a success) had been produced, so bankrupt of ideas had they become in consequence of suppressing originality, to such an extent had stories been "manufactured" instead of kinematic writers encouraged to provide sincere scripts—so much had this industry become like a snake about to swallow its own tail; that thought of the "future" of films threw these magnates into a panic.

They were men who had grown up in this industry, and they longed to love it. They were used to thinking that they had done their share in contributing to something that would survive. They now saw that the whole business of film production, particularly since the advent of those "talkies," had been steering a course that was too much on the catchpenny principle.

In those years of crisis they saw that their industry stood sorely in need of stability. The audience who entered the kinemas to-day—what guarantee was there that they would be there to-morrow? Supposing some new attraction cropped up of an outstanding kind—something that would call for the real backbone of competition, prestige?

These men met in conclaves and reviewed the entire position, for they now saw that only a policy of prestige would give the industry the stability it needed. For some time they had been told that they were underestimating the intelligence of those kinemagoers who saw their films, and now this fact could no longer be ignored.

Thus began the fight to put prestige into "pictures." It was a long fight, for they met with much opposition from those within their own camp who were not so far-seeing. But that they won through in the end is evinced by the prosperity which is apparent in kinematic circles in the year of grace, 1984. Let us salute those "pioneers" of the new era!
Don't buy it, June Knight, in spite of the saleswoman's wiles! He is not likely to want to wear it and a tie wrongly chosen has been known to disrupt families, let alone friendships!

Henry Armetta, the Universal comedy star, takes a few lessons in dental paste advertising from his canine partner, a fine Alsatian, in "Full Average."

Above: Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez get into a little "huddle" all their own during the making of "Wonder Bar." Left: William K. Howard directing Mary Carlisle and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven." The cameraman is Hal Rosson.

Muriel Evans, Marion Byron, Ruth Channing and Irene Hervey, M.-G.-M. "baby stars," are ready to challenge the world in any cooling contest since they appeared in the culinary "short" "Vital Vittals."
WHY Film Authors are NOT "STARS"

by Arthur Wimperis

ONE of the most distinguished scenarists in British films—who collaborated in the writing of the "books" of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great"—answers a question raised by a recent "Picturegoer" contributor and reveals a little known side of the picture business.

The reasons why the writer of a successful film gets little or no publicity, as compared to his brethren of the stage play, are many.

To begin with, the stage playwright is, or should be, the "only begetter" of the play.

The man who "produces" it does so under the author's supervision and in accordance with the author's stage directions, as set forth in the script. The producer has his own ideas, of course, and, if he is worth his salt, they are all to the good of the production.

But they have to be submitted for the author's approval, and he is in a sense, the author's instrument.

In the case of the screen play, however, the position is reversed. The director, to use a colloquial phrase, is "the whole works," and the author, or authors, are cogs in a vast machine of which he is in sole control.

The director "sits in" at every story conference; the construction, rhythm, and dialogue, are all prepared under his eye. Necessarily so, since it must be through his eyes that the public eventually see the picture.

The screen author is, in fact, writing to order, though this does not necessarily mean that he is a "hack writer"!

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that in most cases he is not by any means the sole author of the film.

In my own case there are three of us in collaboration—first and foremost Alexander Korda (privately known as Alexander the Cruel, owing to the merciless manner in which he dismisses our pet ideas!), who has forgotten more about story construction than most people ever knew.

Then Lajos Biró, famous Hungarian playwright, novelist, and publicist, who is architect in chief, last and least, myself, who writes that brilliant dialogue, which you never hear because it gets cut out by A. the C., and contributes those witty scenes, which you never see for the same reason.

Not until the resulting shooting-script is, in the director's opinion, comparatively fool-proof, does the actual shooting begin.

By that time many other expert forces, marshalled by the director, have done their part—designers of dresses, sets, and so forth—brilliant people some, with a positive genius for their job.

But the "play's the thing," and that is made or marred in the scenario department. Otherwise, to take a great liberty with Omar—

The Movie finger writes: and having writ, Moves on: Nor all your piety nor wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor anyone make head or tail of it.

Writing for the screen differs in technique from writing for the stage, and unless you have mastered film technique, you must not complain if your story is handed over to another department to be expertly handled!

Dialogue must be short, and to the point, though this does not imply that it need lose any of its subtlety, rather to the contrary.

Wit "comes over" on the screen as on the stage; the same line will raise a laugh on both.

But writing for the screen presents far more problems than writing for the stage. There is, in fact, a problem a minute, since no scene on the screen must be dull, and no scene should last longer than a minute. The average picture therefore, that lasts one and a half hours, presents ninety problems for the poor author! The slogan of the film is "speed" and every scene must be packed with action that is definitely progressive, so that the audience is never left with the irritating feeling that the story is "hanging fire."

On the stage, dialogue can sometimes supply the need of action, but on the screen never—dialogue can only be the complement of action.

Will film authors get more recognition in the future? Probably all they deserve! Certainly nothing like the kudos of the stage playwright. Because never, at their best, will they be more than efficient cogs in a machine controlled by the director.

Personally, I confess to hugging my chains as a galley-slave of Alexander the Cruel—but there are others.
“KONG” gets a COMEDY COMPLEX

CARL and HILDA discover a young edition of Kong, bogged in a swamp. They rescue him and Kong’s son constitutes himself guide and protector.

Then follow adventures fast and furious. Scrap with prehistoric animals, the finding of a treasure, sea monsters, and an earthquake, durnk and during which the island sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Carl is saved by young Kong who presumably dies in the process.

Helstrom is dead and the rest are picked up by a passing steamer. Naturally Carl and Hilda decide to pool their treasure and the future.

It is hardly fair to compare this film to King Kong. No effort was made to construct so ambitious a picture but there are some fine effects, and, as viewed in the right spirit, should provide good entertainment.

Robert Armstrong again plays the part of Carl and is very good. Hilda is played by Helen Mack and this young actress gives a performance that adds to her rapidly growing reputation.

Mention should be made of Frank Reicher, John Marston, and Victor Wong—M. B. Y.

Bedside

I do not think I have ever seen Warren William to worse advantage than he appears here as a “fake” doctor who lives on his wits and personability and gets a qualified practitioner to attend to the real needs of his patients.

It is all patent artificial, and I can only imagine that Warren William felt it so, and failed even to express the irresistible appeal to woman which the character he represents is supposed to possess.

The picture, while singularly poor and unconvincing in plot, is interesting in that it introduces a potential new star in Jean Muir, who has the role of a nurse who loves the fake doctor, and for whose sake in the end—she is lying dying after a motor accident and he is unable and incapable of operating on her—he exposes himself so that a genuine medico can perform the operation.

She struck me as rather last possibilities. She is natural and unaffected, good-looking, without being “dolly” or stereotyped. The part she has here is negligible, but, properly handled, I feel she will go far.

There is also another newcomer in this picture, girl whom M.G.M. kept one of the girls the whole time Garbo was away as a possible successor to her throne, if necessary.

Her name is Kathryn Sargent, and she has the comparatively small part here of an actress whom the fake doctor nearly kills by performing a minor operation without knowledge or skill.

I do not think that Garbo need be unduly disturbed.

Good performances are given by David Landau as a distressed doctor who passes his diploma on to Warren William and Allen Jenkins as a press agent who boosts the faker to social eminence.

I’ve Got Your Number

One of the brightest comedies I have seen for some time. It is ingenious in story, novel in setting, pack full of actions, and contains more wisecracks to the foot than one would have thought possible; incidentally, the wisecracks are often “naughty” but, as the song has it, “nice.”

There is a galaxy of talent in the acting line here, too. Let’s look them over.

There is Pat O’Brien as Terry, an irrepresible among the members of the treat-em-rough and leave-em—early variety.

He gives a breezy performance, full of personability and pep. Of course, he has to fall in love, and does—showing great discrimination—with Marie, a telephone operator, most appealingly played by Joan Blondell.

Trouble starts for them, however, when Marie gets used as a tool by a gang of crooks and is arrested by the police, but Terry soon puts that right by discovering the gang’s whereabouts and finally beating them up.

Sounds a bit thin, you say? Maybe so in broad outline. It’s a fast moving and ingeniously dovetailed situations which bolster up the main plot, which go to make the picture such a first-rate success.

Besides, meets these other characters: Allen Jenkins, playing Terry’s mate, a pessimistic individual who views with disfavour his companion’s way with the women; Eugene Pallette, as the supervisor of the telephone company’s electrical engineers, who always has a down on life, and who, after Carole Landau, the smooth crook, played most convincingly by Gordon Westcott; and Bonnie, a fake spiritualist, amusingly rendered by Glenda Farrell.

The workings of a telephone intercommunication forms a convincing backdrop for the story, and it is ingeniously introduced both to enable the crooks to do their job and for Terry to discover who they are.

Incidental situations show Terry at his work requiring lines and machines, and getting into thrilling as well as amorous situations.

For instance, he has to go and cut away a cable that is being endangered by a big fire.

This provides a real thrill and is excellently pictured. Again the fake spiritualist, Glenda Farrell, uses a hook-up with the telephone to get her “spirit voices,” and there is a piece of fast and furious fooling when Terry is ordered to investigate the irregularity and clear up the line.

Ray Enright’s direction is admirable for this fast-moving type of picture he has had to handle. I have only one complaint, and that is that the laughter occasioned by a situation or wisecrack is apt to swallow up the next—they follow in such quick succession—L. C.

Mandalay

It is not a bit of use, you cannot get sympathy for a heroine who commits a cold-blooded murder—especially a murder which does not advance her cause one iota.

That’s why Kay Francis do—"m Murders" are becoming quite a habit with her these days—in Mandalay, and not all her charm nor all her acting ability can stop the part either likeable or, indeed, very credible.

The victim in this case is Ricardo Cortez, who, by the way, must be getting as used to being murdered as Kay Francis is to being a murderer.

This picture, by the way, was originally intended as a vehicle for Ruth Chatterton, but she turned down the role, and I think that Kay Francis would have been wise to have done the same.

The pity of it all is that the production generally is very good, and there are several well-handled dramatic situations; it is only about midway through that it starts becoming highly coloured folklore, and so detracts from your sympathy and interest in the characters.

The formula on which it is based is the familiar one of the girl who lives with a man who leaves her, starts to exploit men to her own advantage, and then—falls in love. Of course, her original lover comes back, and that is the main cause of the tension; solved in this case by a neatly administered glass of poison.

The picture is set in the Far East—quite a change from the usual type in Kongoon, where Ricardo Cortez, a gun-runner, decides to drop his mistress and leaves her flat in a night club of unsavoury moral character run by Warner Oland.

It is here that Kay Francis, in her character of Tanya, proceeds to fleece the men until finally,
The Man Who Changed His Name

This Edgar Wallace story is quite a fair enter-
tainment. Wallace knew how to build up a
story to a climax and Henry Edwards who
directed has maintained the suspense all the way
through the film.

It would have been a first-rate picture had some of the acting been better. Leslie Perrin is not well cast in the part of Frank Ryan. He is unable to do full justice to it. It may have been due to under-rehearsal.

The same remark applies to Betty Stockfeld. I was disappointed with her. There are many opportunities in the part of Nita Clive for some really fine acting, but she does not get anything like the maximum out of it.

Picture a wife, Nita Clive, who is in love with another man. Frank Ryan, and who believes her husband, Selby Clive, to have been a notorious murderer. Ryan is merely making use of the wife in order to obtain some valuable concessions from Clive.

When Ryan and Nita discover that Selby is the man who changed his name they live in constant terror of being murdered.

This part of the picture has been well directed. Little incidents are made to appear (and rightly so) important links in the chain of evidence against the "villainous husband." This makes for a better climax and for a more exciting story.

Yet a little more subtlety in the acting during the get-away breakdowns for example—would have heightened the desired effect.

Nita discovers that Ryan cares for nobody but himself and somewhere in her (she might have indicated this better) is a streak of love for Selby, her husband.

March 24, 1934

Let our Film Critics who really see the pictures guide you

having made a pile by blackmailing a colonel, decides to travel to the cool hills of Mandalay.

On the river boat she meets a doctor whose chief occupation is getting drunk; he had performed an operation while under the influence of liquor and his patient had died, and he is trying to drown that memory by going to a black-fever belt which is virtual suicide.

Tanya pulls him together, and the pair fall in love.

At this critical juncture re-enter the gun-runner, who proceeds to try to win his mistress back. However, he learns the police are after him and stages a fake suicide by poison, leaving clues which make him look as if he had thrown himself overboard.

So the course of true love appears to be clear again for Tanya and the doctor, who decide to go together to the fever country as a sort of penance for their former sins.

Up pops the gun-runner again: he had been hiding in the engine-room, and this time there is no fake about his death. His former mistress puts poison in his whisky and, by a stroke of luck, in his struggles he pitches out of the porthole.

No suspicion attaches to the "heroin," who leaves the boat, head erect and triumphant with the doctor.

Ricardo Cortez is good as the gun-runner, but the part allows him few opportunities.

Kay Francis does her best to bring sympathy to the role of Tanya and in the opening appears to excellent advantage; all through, indeed, her acting is polished, but she cannot make the part wholly convincing.

One of the best pieces of acting comes from Warner Oland as the exotic cabaret proprietor. He gives a brilliant little character study.

Lyle Talbot is fair as the doctor, and some indifferent light relief comes from Lucien Littlefield and Ruth Donnelly.

The Eastern atmosphere is very good and extremely picturesque. Settings are excellent; indeed, the technical side of the production is the best thing about it.—L. C.

The Cat And The Fiddle

The Cat And The Fiddle picture is one of the screen's most romantic personalities. Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald are teamed together. There are sequences in technicolour, and most enjoyable of all—to me at any rate—is Charles Butterworth.

Forgive me if I forget this musical romance and its scintillating stars to dwell for a moment on this fine character actor. You have doubtless seen him in many films—Accidents Wanted, Crooks in Cloaks, Love Me Tonight, Manhattan Parade, Beauty and the Boss—yet you would find it difficult to recall him. I challenge you to see The Cat and the Fiddle and forget Charles Butterworth.

From the moment he makes his appearance as a mourner at his uncle's funeral he is a joy. That delightful unforced humour is responsible for real laughter. To see him at the harp is a study in rare comedy. If he is under contract to M.G.M. may I suggest, or even plead that he be given due consideration in any picture in which he plays. To me he is funnier than the vast majority of alleged comedians.

And now to return to the film. Ramon and Jeanette make a good team. They are well cast for their parts as music students who are anxious to gain fame and fortune.

The setting is Brussels and Paris. Shirley (Jeanette MacDonald) arrives in Brussels to study at the Conservatoire. Riding to her lodgings in a cab she suddenly discovers Victor (Ramon Novarro) as a fellow passenger.

The acquaintance thus begun ripens into friendship and love. Shirley becomes famous with her song "The Night was Made for Love," and Victor is struggling with his operetta The Cat and the Fiddle.

The scene changes to Paris. Shirley now has luxury. She is pursued by Daudet the music publisher, who offers her everything, and is loved by and loves Victor.

Daudet engineers a separation between the lovers and the next time they meet is on the stage in the first performance of Victor's operetta. Both the principals have walked out on the eve of production and the two lovers take up the parts. Naturally, everything ends "happy ever after." I was not particularly struck with the story. I think it could have been better, but there are compensations. There is Jerome Kern's music, there is Ramon and Jeanette, there is Jean Hersholt, Henry Armetta and Sterling Holloway (a tiny part, not mentioned on the programme) and there is Charles Butterworth. He alone is worth the price of admission.—M. B. Y.
To the Bride Free
this fascinating little book

A Selection of London made Wedding Rings and Signets from the many illustrated in our book.

22 Carat Solid Gold £12 22 Cts.
22 Cts. Solid Gold & Platinum £3
Pure Platinum £4

Hallmarked 22 Carat Solid Gold £2
Hallmarked 22 Cts. Solid Gold & Platinum £3
Pure Platinum £4

We give free a beautiful London wedding Ring, a handsome Bracelet, Steel Letter Knife or a Course Silver plated Dessert Spoons.

22 Carat Solid Gold £1 10
22 Cts. Solid Gold & Platinum £2 5
Pure Platinum £3 10

You cannot have better than a Brawington Ring.

To Brawingtons Ltd., Kings Cross, N.1.
Please Forward post free, the following:

Name...
Address...

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

We give BEST PRICES FOR OLD & BROKEN JEWELLERY, PRECIOUS STONES, ETC. OR TAKE IN EXCHANGE.

BRAIVINGTONS
KINGS CROSS 6, GRAND BLDGS.
2 DOORS FROM LNER TERMINUS FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE
189
71, LUDGATE HILL 4, BROMPTON RD.
JUST UNDER THE RAILWAY ARCH, LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE.
March 24, 1934

An Open Letter to Ann Harding

Dear Ann Harding:

MANY, many movie moons ago when *Paris Bound* first flickered across a screen in a preview theatre at that time still acclimatizing itself to sound, this department we first fell in love with Ann Harding—cinematically, of course.

To some of us, it's still doubtful that we'll ever see the permanence of the success of the new medium the arrival of an actress who brought to the screen a deep, pleasant voice that was not hard on ears shattered by previous early talkies, and an intelligence and intellectual inspiration almost unique in the genius film star of the silent era as was a bright shining ray of hope in the darkness.

I hurried away to look up the record of this new discovery.

I found that she came from Texas and that she was the daughter of an army officer. That was a friendship with the daughter of Otis Skinner, the famous American actor, had secured Ann her first association with the theatre and her first training in elocution.

It was some years, though, before you could realise your ambition to go on the stage. Next to the theatre you always had aspirations for a business career and your first job was as a stenographer in the offices of a New York insurance company. Your salary, you told us, was $2.10s. a week. Did not take you long to realise that your career lay before the footlights and you made a modest start with the Provincetown Players.

You thought you could "carry a spear or a flag or something..." and the manager who thought he knew a good looking blonde when he saw one told you to report for rehearsals next day.

A few months later you were terribly thrilled when your salary was raised to the princely sum of $7.2 a week. I believe you get $20,000 a picture now.

Your first big hit in the "big town" was in *Tarish*, but it was some time later that *The Woman Disputed* definitely established you as one of Broadway's leading actresses.

It was the need for a holiday that took you to Florida and led to your more or less accidental entry into movies. When a newspaper happened to mention that "Ann Harding, the famous stage star," was "on vacation," so near to the studios you were inundated with offers. Your test was a success and the result was *Paris Bound*—which brings us back to where we started this letter.

From the time that I first had occasion to take the trouble of looking up the record of Ann Harding I have followed her career with the greatest possible interest.

And in many ways, I must confess, the study has not been without its disappointments for the ardent Harding fan.

There have been too many indifferent pictures saved by the personality and skill of Ann Harding, and too few offering her worthwhile "vehicles" for her art.

When you come to think of it, there has since *Holiday* been only one really good Harding picture—please don't misunderstand me, by a "really good picture," I mean one that was not solely dependent on the rescue work of the star— and that, of course, was *The Woman in His House*, one of the few really intelligent talkies yet made.

Naturally, you are in no way to blame for the quality of the majority of your pictures.

You have, incidentally, I see, pioneered "studio vacations" for stars, just as some years ago you originated the innovation of "stage holidays."

In your present contract you insisted on the inclusion of a clause permitting you to make one "one week" holiday a year, which I think is a sound one even if we may not be unanimous in approval of your choice of *Gallant Lady* as your first selection.

Nevertheless there is a tradition of sameness growing up about Ann Harding pictures. I might, indeed, go so far as to suggest that there is something of your name becoming too closely associated with a type of pseudo-intellectual Hollywood hokum, of which, I think, *Westward Passage*, *When Ladies Meet*, and *Double Harness* are fair examples.

We have already spoken of the charm of your speaking voice, but do you think it is wise to become so prominently identified with "wordy" talkies? It has become almost a certainty now that Ann Harding's name on a cinema marquee will mean an evening of "smart" dialogue. It is a tribute to you that we still find your rescue act irresistible.

I can appreciate your difficulties and those of your studio. Stories like *Holiday* and *The Woman in His House* are not easy to come by. And, in any case, there is no telling what a story that may look reasonably interesting and intelligent when you read the script will look like by the time it is produced and a director, a corps of costumed yes men and a supervisor or two have had a go at it.

There is a legend that you were so disappointed with *Prestige* when you saw it on the screen that you offered to buy the film from your studio to prevent it from being exhibited.

If the story is true, I don't blame you. Perhaps you will find the solution in the arrangement by which you will choose your outside films.

You have, I know, recently expressed the opinion that you consider the matter of a story more important than salary.

"It gives a player a chance," you add. "To test his or her own ability as a story judge. When you are under exclusive contract to one studio there must be several for differing with your producers on the story they select for you."

But where a contract permits you to make your own deal you stand or fall by your judgment. Such an arrangement also gives you a change of studio environment which is stimulating. When a painter takes to various oil colors he carries along a palette and brushes and sketches new scenes. Changing your studio occasionally is similarly a sort of working vacation."

I hope and believe that the arrangement will give us some pictures really worthy of Ann Harding's talents and any rate, although one could have wished for something less conventional than your first attempt *Gallant Lady*, I have faith that you will stand and not fall by your judgment.

In the meanwhile we are looking forward to seeing you in the three-colour world outside, which should further associate the name of Ann Harding with the making of screen history.

PRACTICAL
LOOK at your fingers
and think of your throat

The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—tobacco tar! Protect your fingers and you protect your throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—traps the one cause of burning, of dryness and of hoarseness. You enjoy the true Virginia flavour—cool and full and fragrant. Nicotine, the charmer . . . yes. Rich, round flavour . . . yes. But a stain for your fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—definitely no.

Have you tasted rare Virginia as it really should be—free from tobacco tar?

du MAURIER

cigarettes with the exclusive filter tip
PICTUREGOER

March 24, 1934
Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

MAE WEST’S NEW LEADING MAN

George Raft for “It’s No Sin”—Garbo’s Plans—Cagney at War Again—Why Ginger is Changing her Name—Man who has Bossed 100,000 Girls.

Mae West tells me that she has finished writing her next original story—"It’s No Sin"—and that a vastly different type of leading man is to play opposite her. This new leading man is George Raft! According to Miss West, Raft has the looks of Valentino, the grace of Anton Dolin and the brains of six Hollywood leading men—he is also "tall, dark and handsome."

Raft, incidentally, is the only member of the cast so far chosen for "It’s No Sin." After Miss West had stated that she could not resist George Raft for this film, the sensational star added a few other things which are always irresistible to her.

The story includes: handsome men; handsome men; men; diamonds; calling policemen by their first name; writing her stories and film scenarios in bed; fur coats; food and more food! It is interesting to recall, incidentally, that Mae West’s first screen role was a "bit" in George Raft’s "Night After Night."

Garbo’s Future

The film city is particularly interested in the reports from London of Prince Sigvard of Sweden’s romance. There have been persistent rumours here for some time that Greta Garbo was negotiating with the Prince to become a picture producer in Sweden. In the meanwhile, further excitement has been caused over the Hollywood tea-tables as a result of the fact that Ruben Mamoulian’s father is quoted as saying that the director will marry the Swedish star.

Jimmy Isn’t "Mortified"

Jimmy Durante, by the way, scored the bit of the evening at the elaborate Hollywood preview of Queen Christina at the famous Chinese Theatre. "You are probably wondering why I am here after all that stuff about Garbo and Mamoulian," he declared when asked to make a speech. "Well, it isn’t true." Somebody should introduce Jimmy to Greta some time.

Cagney’s Billing

James Cagney, whose one-man revue some time ago was an international sensation, has, it is reported, been at war with his studio again. The trouble arose, apparently, over the billing for Footlight Parade. Stars are more touchy about billing than ladies are about their age. It seems that Jimmy was rather upset when he noticed the Warner Theatre in Hollywood had put Joan Blondell’s name above his on the theatre front. He promptly engaged a cameraman to make a record of the fact. He claims that his contract specifically stipulates that "no one shall be billed before Cagney."

A Unique Picture

While there has been no actual throwing of theшинвар between Richard Bennett and his glamorous daughter, Constance, it’s no secret that the arguments have often waxed hot and furious. Bennett, for, explains it by saying that they are both too much alike. However, the two of them were at Palm Springs recently and a new cameraman asked Bennett if he would pose with Constance. "Oh, she wouldn’t have her picture taken with me," replied Bennett. A little later the cameraman asked Connie, "Will my father be in it, too?" said Connie.

Those who see the picture may not appreciate the fact, but a photograph of the two Bennetts together is almost history-making.

When "Ginger" is Not So Hot

Now the reason for the proposed change of Ginger Rogers’ name is becoming clearer. Miss Rogers is to be starred in Déclassé and you can’t star a name like "Ginger" in a role which Ethel Barrymore, no less, created on the stage. Déclassé has been a bit of a problem for Hollywood. At the time it scored a success on the stage a divorced woman was socially ostracised—the play, of course, pivoted on that point. Now they will have to make the heroine a murderess or somebody’s mistress at least.

What’s in a Name?

Which reminds me that Hugh Enfield, a Universal contract player, is having a terrible time with his name. His parents named him Hugh Enfield, but when he was assigned a part in the Perils of Pauline, his moniker was changed to Robert Allyn, which, incidentally, is the combination of the first names of his two great-grandfathers. But since his role in Cross Country Cruise, he finds his name changed back to Hugh Enfield again. Officials at Universal City have decreed that he will keep that name from now on. But Hugh Enfield isn’t at all sure.

There is something of an orgy of name-changing on at the moment. Harry Wilcoxon, for instance, has now become Henry Wilcoxon. And Harriet Lake is now Ann Sothern.

He Knows Women

The man who knows most about women in Hollywood is not a matinee idol nor even a handsome juvenile. He has handled somewhere in the neighbourhood of 100,000 girls—and he was always the boss.

That sounds like an excellent source from which to obtain advice for harassed husbands, perhaps, but the man—Sammy Lee, one of America’s greatest dance directors—admits he can’t concoct rules for winning the dictatorship of the home. Sammy, who bossed some 400 chorus and show girls in a revue number from Stand Up and Cheer at the Fox Film studios, has taught nearly 1,000 girls dance routines for the five numbers in the film. And ever since Sammy came out of the army he has been directing girls in dance routines—in the "Follies" and other Broadway shows, and in Hollywood.

Two Assistants

Lee has two assistants with whom he plans the dance routines. Next, a selected group of fifty girls, the most talented and beautiful obtainable out of the 3,000 or more available in the film city, is rehearsed carefully. It is really this that Sammy admits, which is the mainstay of his discipline.

The special girls are subsequently "planted" carefully throughout the ranks of the chorus. It is their particular job to maintain discipline—not by ordering it, but by setting an example.

The system seems to work—Lee has yet to be even half a day behind schedule in completing numbers. Rehearsals and "takes" go off with amazing precision. When Sammy speaks into the microphone and his voice is amplified over the loud-speaker system, the girls jump to rigid attention.

Over-acted!

During a rehearsal of a scene for All Men are Enemies, Hugh Williams, the young English lead, was called upon to tug frantically at a locked door. He did—and the door-knob broke, cutting Hugh’s finger. As a prop man dressed the cut, Helen Twelve-trees came up and asked, "What happened to your hand?"

"I just over-acted," was Hugh’s rejoinder.

Mitzi Postpones "Comeback"

Because she did not consider the part in Radio’s Finishing School quite suitable for her "come-back" in grown-up roles, Mitzi Green has asked permission to withdraw from the cast. The Radio studio has given its consent and Miss Green will return to New York for further stage work, whilst her part has been given to Dawn O’Day, a well-known screen child actress.

Miss O’Day joins a cast which includes Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot, Billie Burke. The picture will be the first directorial assignment to be given to Wanda Tuchuck, the second of Hollywood’s women directors.
A woman's position depends on her distinction, whilst her taste is judged by the clothes she wears. The reputation of Marshall & Snelgrove has ever been founded on these two qualities... taste and distinction.

YOUTHFUL FROCKS

in gay Spring Styles at Inexpensive Prices...

No wonder that more and more women are making a habit of choosing their frocks on the Débutantes Floor at Marshall & Snelgroves. The styles are extremely distinctive, and the prices are so inexpensive.

Marshalls are noted for Gowns, and the departments now abound with delightful creations, all destined for a smart Spring Season.

Write for the new Spring catalogues, sent post free on request.

Marshall & Snelgrove
OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

"PARELA."
Smart Day Dress in heavy printed Crêpe Pelican with smartly cut detailed skirt and bodice. In navy white, brown/white, black/white, lido/white, green/white, and red/white. Hip measures 38, 40 and 42. 45/-

"MOLLY."
Smart Dress in printed crêpe Pekalaize, new shape neck, augmented with small bows. In brown, lido, red, green, black and navy. Hip measures 37, 38, 40 and 42. 30/-

Post orders receive special care.
Jeff, the world-renowned hat designer of Berkeley Square, used the palest of ice cream pink straw for this delightful little boater in order to enhance the lovely shade of Merle Oberon's skin.

Marshall & Snelgrove have created this charming beige silk Restaurant Gown in which the new season's neckline is shown to advantage. The belt is of soft suede to tone. The ensemble is completed with a new "shallow crown" hat in fine straw.

Here Merle Oberon is seen wearing a very smart suit designed by Nicoll's of Regent Street. It is symbolic of the development from the slim and boyish to the more feminine. The double collar and flag basque are very new, as is the hook and eye fastening. The white knotted string handbag has a conical-shaped gold and sapphire clasp.
This cunning little sailor hat is a model by Jeff. Merle Oberon wears it perched coyly over one eye. It is in stiffened brown felt, trimmed and bound with saxe blue velvet.

Merle Oberon

the famous British screen actress, acts as mannequin for “Picturegoer’s” parade of the latest styles from London’s showrooms.

Above: This frock is in the new crackle crêpe, and is brown with white embroidered spiders’ webs. It is open down the front, and the three-quarter length sleeves are turned back with a wide cuff and caught into position with a white cubic button—two of these buttons are also at the neck of the dress. A white satin scarf, knotted, is fastened with a diamond brooch.

Left: Merle Oberon smiles at you in a Cocktail Gown by Marshall & Snelgrove. It is in marocain with lamb’s sleeves trimmed with monkey fur. The new waistline is accentuated by the diamante’ buckle.

Above: Hostess Gown, by Marshall & Snelgrove, in black lace over a pale pink crêpe-de-Chine slip, with detachable complementary coatée. Note the new “waterfall” line at back.

Right: A perfectly plain uncrushable black velvet frock, designed by Merle Oberon herself. The lilies at the neck are very distinctive.
Jean Harlow's Trousseau

by Virginia T. LANE

GOOD morning! This is the Duchess of Ginsberg speaking. Get out of bed, darling. Maybe you haven't noticed—but it's a perfectly beautiful day and I'm going shopping for a trousseau. Want to come along?

Jean Harlow's voice came bubbling over the wires, gay with excitement.

Did I want to go along? Does Mussolini like black shirts!

We met in front of Bullock's Wilshire, that classically modern shop where the clerks look like French countesses and act as if they were personally interested in you.

And, anyway, I think brides exert a charm all their own, don't you? Because clothes never have anything scruptious. And when you consider the bride was Jean ...

"I sort of reversed the order of things. Married before I bought my clothes! But we had to do things in a hurry," she chuckled as we entered the regally quiet eighteenth century salon. Then the fun began.

Out came a negligé that was like sipping a heady cocktail while you listened to your favourite symphony—if you know what I mean. Well, look at it yourself on page 22. Exhilarating and at the same time aesthetic. The material was dove pink crêpe patterned with delicate satin flowers in pastel shades. And if that doesn't do things to the imagination! Like all self-respecting negligés, it had a sheath silhouette and finished with a grand swirl of a train. What made it even more exciting were the huge cuffs and the collar of blue-orchid maribou. Instantly my mind reverted to that maribou of mother's reposing all these years in a half-forgotten trunk. Would I delve after it as soon as I got home—now would I?

This is the season of seasons to haul out all those "fine feathers and fluff" of former times, have them cleaned, and use them to marvellous advantage.

"Um, I said I'd never go in for pastels," Jean was musing to herself, "but, heaven help me, I'm weakening."

"You know, Virginia, I don't think men want their wives to be boyish or brilliant across the breakfast table. They want to leave for the day's work with a pretty, wholly feminine picture in mind. Fluttering hands—about-the-coffee—pot sort of thing—so you have to be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline. Pink, my dear; that's the morning tonic that puts them in a mood to do battle against the world for the little woman!"

Jean's jolly laughter rang out but I couldn't help wishing all young brides had as much wisdom.

"No," she went on, "I'm going to keep my more exotic 'hostess' dresses for dinner at night. You want to be exciting and glamorous, then."

As if in direct answer to that last sentence—The Wonder appeared. Jean named it at first glance.

It was an evening ensemble of that very new "sauvage" velvet in a luscious deep green jewel shade. The kind of costume that speaks for itself in soft-shaded hours.

There's something about a princesse frock with a train that makes you remember romance isn't just an illusion. This one was cut to the waist at the back, moulded, and had a draped-shoulder effect.

The only ornament was a jewelled buckle in front. The sleeveless coat accompanying it also held to the princesse line but fell in gentle folds to the ankles. Around the armholes were corded rolls of the sauvage velvet.

"Oh, oh!" came an exclamation from beside me, "there's my formal 'picture' gown." Every trousseau needs one. For those occasions when you want to be outstanding at a large ball or at the theatre.

And there simply isn't anything like cording gold lamé. It's striking without doing sharp things to the figure. And pictorial—oh, my dears! Especially when it just hints at being an Edwardian court dress like this one. Get out the plush album and look at those pictures of mother-as-a-girl. Likely as not she'll have buttons skipping down the front and a ruffle around the bottom. Then look at the 1933 version of an (Continued on page 22)
old and honoured style—"zipped up" to be in tune with modern times. Tantalizing, isn’t it?

In this case the buttons skip down the back with only the top one actually buttoned—and they emphasize the very snug fit of the gown. Adjustable kinds of necklines are the newest thing for both day and night.

With this gold lamb, you can either close it high in front or leave it to fall into a soft rever that ends in a sun-pleated ruffle. You have to be well poised to wear a gown of this variety with distinction.

All picturesque gowns demand poise and good posture. So do trains. Ah, these trains. You find them on house coats and long-sleeved dinner dresses as well as formals.

 Naturally, as soon as Jean saw that black velvet creation shown on page 21 it was as good as sold. She can’t resist it. Ah me, who could? Charming... dramatic... dazzling. That’s black velvet with touches of white fur!

First of all it has that stunning new décolletage that rises serenely about the throat under the chin and goes sliding down to the waist towards the back. It’s slit in such a way that you can wear it open for dancing and closed for dinner.

A rhinestone clip gives the bodice a very slight draped look. And notice those dropped shoulders again. They’re considered a shade smarter than bare shoulders.

The gown smoothly suggests that you’ve been poured into it and tapered off—until you come to the bottom, which ends in a devastating train. There are two startling slits in the front hem which make it even more exciting, but they have a very practical purpose—to give you freedom of movement.

And don’t overlook that huge double bow at the back. It’s grand to effect lissom lines on slender people—but if you’re a bit thickish through the hips, better leave it off. The sandals you see Jean wearing are black and silver.

Usually, for evening, you want to look so poised—at your glamorous best.

Then let me tell you, get either one of the latest fascinating “monk’s capes” that hint that you’re in a dashing mood, or a three-quarter length fitted coat similar to Jean’s black velvet. Yes, it’s part of the above mentioned ensemble but you can wear it as easily with pale chiffons or slinky white satin. The ermine collar has self buttons and there are magnificent ermine cavalier cuffs.

You see, short jackets and flares are young and sprightly. Perfect for youngsters who want to look perky enough to capture football heroes. But hardly in keeping with the “grand dame” air.

Look how youthful and seventeenish Jean appears in that cocktail suit of Rodier gold tweed shown below. The high collar of the mink-brown satin blouse is the one sophisticated thing about it. Tweed and satin! They’re doing astonishing...
March 24, 1934

things together this winter—and going innumerable places. To luncheon, on to the matinee and tea, to make that Sunday afternoon call when you don’t want to look too “dressed up.”

The suit has a soft, not-so-tailored look. Padded shoulders, wide lapels, a single link button closing the coat. And an unusual stitched treatment that winds up in three inverted pleats in front makes the skirt different.

A tiny mad hat with a band of mink around it strikes a corresponding note with the mink muff.

Oh, there are a lot of things you can do with a suit like that. Have you noticed (it is shown on page 22) the coat is collarless—which means your fox skin can swirl around it one day and your next little kidskin jabot set it off the next. Or you might just let it serve as a complement to the collar of your blouse as Jean does.

Collars—dress necklines—they do for your face what frames do for pictures.

The thought crystallized suddenly when I saw Jean in that little black velvgrana frock with its small stand-up collar accentuated by the most feminine of fly-away lace bows. Turn back to page 21 and study it.

But supposing you wanted to give a worldly wise air to the frock. Take off the lace. Supplant it with a daring flare orribbon or one of these white satin collars that goes off at bizarre angles and has equally bizarre cuffs.

With a little imagination, there’s no end to what a bride can do with her trousseau.

But let’s be quite frank for a minute. No clothes in the world will give charm unless there is personal daintiness.

Elsewhere in this magazine there is a whole department devoted to it. An expert advises on the finest method of cleansing the skin, of arranging the hair, of using depilatories.

And now we can get back to our shopping.

“Personally, I believe more thought and money should be spent on interesting daytime clothes than on formal ones,” observed Jean. “Somehow, evening things always manage to look intriguing—but it’s difficult to make everyday ones romantic!” Which was why she decided on that scintillating Scotch plaid and logwood seal outfit you see on page 22.

It’s the sort you’d choose for gala days with him. Comfortable and just right to put you in a gypsy mood. The swagger coat is of the seal, lined with plaid woollen to match the wrap-around skirt.

Then, just to retaliate, the skirt sponsors a pocket trimmed with a band of the logwood seal. The angora sweater blouse is the last word in slipovers. And have you noticed that most of the sports hats are brimmed now? That brown felt one is and young Mrs. Hal Rooson certainly knows how to wear it at a dizzy angle!

“Hal and I actually fell in love during our first golf game together,” muses Jean. “I think I’ll get that green wool golf suit to commemorate the occasion!” It would be a tribute to any such occasion—that suit. So trim and tailored with its wide stitched collar and trim lines. Jean wears the newest type of Oxfords with it. Those with side closings, and her sweater is of green angora with two-tone crochet ties.

She bought the accessories along with each costume—which, after all, is the most satisfactory way to shop.

It occurred to her that a brown corded wool suit she had purchased needed a very special kind of topcoat—and she found it in a loosely woven tweed in brown and white check. Here it is on this page. An awfully swanky coat that flared around the bottom and tucked snugly under the chin.

Then came the riding habit. Unquestionably, they do bring out a certain fascination in a girl! Jean’s final choice was beige and brown: A beige suede slipover that fastens down the front, with brown leather buttons and has the new laced collar and cuffs; a coat of the same suade that has enormous buttons and patch pockets; beige cavalry twill breeches; brown boots that match the buttons and ribbon on the hat—and you have symphonic splendour for the bridle trails!

And so we came to the end of a glorified day—and Jean’s glorified trousseau.

Above left: Miss Harlow’s separate topcoat—so handy to go with other costumes. This is loosely woven tweed in a brown and white check.

Above left: Jean chose beige and brown for her riding habit. The coat and slipover she wears beneath it are beige suede. The breeches are cavalry twill.

Right: The black velvet and ermine wrap that goes with the Platinum Blonde star’s velvet evening gown.
Muriel Evans shows you the latest in wide-brimmed hats, with extremely low crown and bandeau to give it the new tilt, banded in dawn blue grosgrain. It is of stitched chocolate brown organdie over sisal straw.

Fashioned of rumba-rust wool, this tunic dress worn by Wynne Gibson has a slit at the front, which adds width to the garment. The stitched bows on the front and sleeves are drawn through unique metal buttons. Parma violet, an exquisite new shade, is a feature of this silk net frock, made bouffant by shirred insets and ruffles of tulle, worn with waistline ruffled jacket with long, tight sleeves by Una Merkel.

White Angora for the new sports sweater with smart club collar and polo sleeves is what Madge Evans favours. It is worn with a gay plaited skirt of green, red, and black on white, the ensemble being completed with a brimmed white felt hat with bright feather atop the crown.
RESS
LIKE THE STARS

"The Picturegoer" here presents its parade of advance Spring fashions from the screen.
Although they represent the choice of some of the best-dressed women in films, all these clothes are adaptable for everyday wear. They will help you to introduce star glamour to your wardrobe.

Muriel Evans' "models" again. Basket-weave straw cloth, in black and white, creates this smart off-the-face hat with box-pleated crown and navy grosgrain bow at back. Note the matching envelope bag.

With its entire yolk of heavy beige lace, this lovely night garment, worn by Joan Carner, Radio Pictures player, is made of apricot-coloured satin. Tiny satin bows hold the opened sleeves, and a satin bow extends across the back.

Marian Marsh, who appears in the Universal musical drama, "I Like It That Way," displays the latest in white flowered chiffon dinner gowns.
SCHIAPARELLI TALKS on BRITISH FILM FASHIONS

In an interview with Helen Wagstaff, one of the best-known dress designers in the world, she tells you how you can learn from our own studios.

Jessie Matthews wears this smart and piquant tussore silk morning suit, specially designed by her by Berlei, in "Evergreen."

On the credit sheets of a good many American films you will see the name of Adrian, one of the best dress designers of the United States. Before long you will see a British picture in which the gowns are designed by one of the most famous coutourieres in the world—Madame Schiaparelli.

The film fashions of to-day are your fashions of to-morrow. Almost are the screen fashions of one month adopted by the multitude the next.

Gone is the time when "advance fashion" hints could only be gleaned by attending exclusive dress parades or going to the theatre, which meant as far as the majority of people were concerned, that "the latest" only leaked out by chance.

It is possible nowadays for the least clothes-conscious among us to have access to the most up-to-date fashions by going to the pictures. And to British pictures at that.

It is no use baulking the fact that there was a time when the question of dress in British pictures seemed to be the last thing the producer considered.

You chose your story, arranged your cast, put them into some suitable clothes, and started shooting! But that was way back in the early days of picture making. Imagine glamorous Anna Neagle as she is to-day being photographed in something just suitable. It simply isn't done.

Her costumes are thought out for her as carefully as her make-up is adjusted for each "shot" and styles that suit her peculiarly fragile personality, specially designed for her, as indeed they are for all stars.

Madame Schiaparelli has designed frocks for both American and French films, but until now her services have never been secured for a British one, and it is a fact that she has consented to come over from Paris to design the clothes for Little Friend.

In the severely furnished showrooms of her London establishment with its concealed lighting and pale grey walls, Madame Schiaparelli told me that designing clothes for films was a part of her work in which she was particularly interested; she has extended her London premises and British staff specially to cope with the work she will be doing over here.

"Some of my most successful materials have come from this country," she said with a smile, "and indeed, all the wonderful ideas in my designs for this picture have been bought here."

"Your particular speciality, Madame?" I inquired. "What is it?"

Madame waved an exquisitely manicured hand to the further end of the showroom. "My speciality is line," she said briefly. "Schiaparelli is famous for her 'line,' and apart from the fact that the cut of a gown is the first thing that distinguishes it from its fellows, 'line' is more telling than anything else when it comes to dressing for the screen. The most sumptuous trimmings, the most fetching frills and furbelows do not have nearly so good an effect as a suit or a gown that is faultlessly cut."

"Next to 'line,' I think the most important thing to consider when designing clothes for the screen is material."

"Beautiful fabrics photograph well and need no additions to make them striking. Hollywood has exploited trimmings to the nth degree; there is no new way of displaying ostrich feathers or swansdown on lingerie, or furs on evening wraps and gowns. I only use the best materials, a good many of them original ones of my own, and rely on drapery to do the rest."

The truth of the matter is that the drapery relies on Schiaparelli to do the rest.

One of the chief parts in Little Friend is taken by a child of between twelve and fourteen, and you might imagine that this would limit the scope of even so versatile a designer as Madame Schiaparelli, but she has a little girl of exactly the same age, and is full of ideas on the subject of dressing children.

When I visited the Little Friend set at the Gaumont-British studios, I saw some of her theories attractively put into practice.

The young heroine was sitting up in a tiny white bed, wearing the most fascinating pink pyjamas in a crinkly crepe Schiaparelli material, and cut with a Peter Pan collar, so becoming to the very young. A bright red romper suit in soft woolly stuff lay over a low chair, and the original, gaily-patterned chintz chosen for the bed-valance and curtains showed that Madame Schiaparelli's inspirations are not confined entirely to clothes.

A well photographed film with a good story is not enough; a picture must be "dressed" as carefully as it is cut, and Gaumont-British, who have long ago realised this, have built up a particularly efficient costume department which includes among its staff that brilliant young designer, Mr. Berlei.

For a young man in his early twenties, Mr. Berlei's accurate knowledge of detail where dresses of all periods are concerned, is amazing.

All the clothes for Evergreen which Gaumont-British have just completed, have been made to his designs, and so complete is each one of his sketches that it is impossible for the costumier to go wrong in the smallest detail.

Mr. Berlei does not wave his pencil negligently over a sheet of cartridge paper, make a rough sketch and hand it to the dressmaker with a "something like that, please.

It is exactly in the mind's eye what he wants, and draws it down to the furthest flounce, the tiniest hook and eye. He even makes the faces of the characters themselves into dress doubles for the actress for whom the gowns are designed, and in looking at his sketches you can see that he imagines the mood of the model as he draws. There is an exultant Jessie Matthews, in an exquisite orange "rumba" frock; there is a dignified Jessie in a creation of black and white; there is a jaunty Jessie, in a smart tussore walking suit and a hundred others designed to represent her in all her different moods. And that "hundred others" is no exaggeration.

For in Evergreen, Jessie has no fewer than 127 changes!

The designer has not confined his attentions solely to Jessie. Betty Balfour's frocks are also the result of his creative pencil, and all the lesser parts that you buy a frock like that? What a stupid question to ask. Because they are worn of course! Quite. But why are they worn? Because they became the fashion after they were first seen and admired on the screen.

26
Miss Merle Oberon, the brilliant young film star who plays Anne Boleyn in the London Film Productions' great success "The Private Life of Henry VIII," says: "In my part of Anne Boleyn it was necessary to give very careful attention to my complexion to help me impersonate the lovely and fascinating Queen.

"I took the advice of other Film Stars who unanimously recommended Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, and I can only say that I am more than delighted with the result."

The action of Potter & Moore’s Powder-Cream is almost magical. Immediately it is applied, the skin absorbs the pure ingredients on which it nourishes, and only a delicate matt Powder Surface remains. The fresh natural bloom of the complexion is thus revived—and so refined is the effect, that it is almost impossible to detect the use of any make-up. On sale everywhere, in all popular powder shades.
THE STORY OF THE FILM
by Marjory WILLIAMS

Smuggling?" she inquired over a plate of fish which she found unexpectedly to her taste.

"No. Too much trouble. I transport cotton on this barge; bales and bales of it. I'm taking a load to New Orleans now."

"I don't think much of you, Lorry. How do you manage to live here?"

She said frankly, looking round the ten by ten cabin, fitted with the bare necessities of life and not even boasting a piano.

"Frywell. It's hard work, but there's a fascination about the river and its captain. You'll be wanting to turn in—say one thing—why didn't you jump off that ship?"

So he did know, "I've got my reasons," was all she admitted and, relieved when pointing to a somewhat disordered deck, he went away, as he expressed it, "for a snooze on deck."

In a wall cupboard opposite the bunk hung a jacket. For some time Lorry meditated, swinging the door to and fro. Dan Walters, barge owner, was a nice boy. Something clean about him. She didn't want to rob anyone like that, but she had the future to consider—the life on a bed of roses.

When, in the pearl grey dawn, the barge docked at New Orleans, Lorry was first on the quay, avoiding the eye of Dan, who was still aslep. As the first step to fortune, she acquired business-like clothes, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a suppositional uncle, a congregational minister, well known in West Virginia.

In the guise of a sub-sister, representing the American Newspaper Syndicate, she invaded the office of Stephen Paige, a book publisher whose name she had heard mentioned on the Louisiana quay.

She found a man of forty: at least, grey-haired, unshorn, and politely interested in her wish to include him in a volume of articles dealing with successful business men of the South.

While she prattled on about Uncle Tom's Cabin, he, now had some very bachelors were, and listened to Stephen Paige's views on Prohibition, she found for the quickest way to a woman's heart was capable of getting drunk.

As with her "pigeon" on board the show boat, she believed inebrity a short cut to wealth.

Finding her patter beginning to flag, she spoke of leaving, gasped (Continued on page 30)
You can **SEE** and **FEEL** your skin getting beautiful

La Reine des Crèmes quickly proves its worth. After a few applications, your skin becomes clear, delightfully soft and velvety and always looks fragrantly fresh and beautiful.

La Reine des Crèmes is non-greasy. Use it by day but don’t forget to use it night time too. It is a complete Beauty Treatment in itself. It cleanses as well as vanishes and can be used as a day or night cream. Delicately perfumed with a lasting fragrance.

**WORLD FAMED FOR THE COMPLEXION**
J. Lesquendieu, Mt. Pleasant, Alperton, Middlex.

**LA REINE DES CRÊMES**
THE QUEEN OF CREAMS

---

**PICTUREGOER**

**35**

**remarkably**

**LUSTRSET**

**lace-trimmed**

**TUITION**

**test**

It complete...good...thorough.

**is**

**treatment**

**tube**

---

**NOTE:** Store Larger Handbag Tubes S. If...your...band.

**Crimes** incline...supply...Hairdresser...

**is**

**skin**

**gelling**

**Perfumed**

**as**

**well**

**Treatment**

**too.**

**THE**

**REINE**

**vanishes**

**and**

**cleanses**

**used**

**time**

**can**

**used**

**itself.**

---

**FREE.** Write to Conlowe, Ltd., Dept. C.B., Congleton, Cheshire, for this dainty Underwear Style Brochure showing all the latest fashions. You will love the luxuriant silkiness of lace-trimmed Conlowe undies and the fine embroidery. They are economical too, standing up to any amount of wash and wear and will not ladder.

---

**BEAUTY RINSES & LUSTRSET**

**SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER**

**TO PICTUREGOER READERS—USE COUPON BELOW**

---

**Camlatone**

**BEAUTY RINSES & LUSTRSET**

---

**CAMILATONE** 1934

**GOLDEN RINSES**

---

**Picturegoer**

**Weekly**

---

**March 24, 1934**
BED OF ROSES—Continued.

and relaxed in her chair by Stephen Paige’s desk.

“I’ve such a pain—round the heart. I must try—no, I’m afraid
I can’t make it yet. I suppose you haven’t a dash of something warm-
ing—my Uncle Rupert used to advise—!”

From a half-closed eye she watched Paige at the wall-cupboard,
producing decanter and glasses.

It was disappointing when he refused to join her in “something warm-
ing,” for, in expressing his view on Prohibition, he had admitted a
personal leaning towards intoxica-
tants. Vowing to that suspicion, she
sipped her liqueur and gladly accepted an invitation to dine.

The latter part of the evening
was ugly, if successful. A long
bodily of abstemiousness had ren-
dered the publisher susceptible to the
fiery potions unmentioned in the
Volstead Act. He was also
attracted to Lorry, more genuinely
than she knew. About 4 a.m. she
took him home and went to bed, leaving a silk stocking and satin slipper in the living-room for him
to find in the morning.

He did find it along with an
intolerably wigging head; he still had
the “head” when she arrived.

“What are you doing here?!” he
demanded with an attempt at being
dignified in a dressing-gown.

Stephen, how can you? You
carried me here, of course.” (He
did have nothing of the kind.)

“Don’t you remember saying you
loved me and drinking champagne
out of my slipper?”

She flowed on in the familiar
vein.

“Tell me what you want—how
much?” he cut in irritably.

“I don’t want anything, Steve
dear. I want you.”

“You can’t have me. I’m a
respectable citizen. At least, I was
till you turned up and tricked me.”

“Tricked you. After all the
tings you said last night. Don’t you
remember the love nest we were
going to have, and Uncle Rupert
always said we were an honest
pair.”

“I don’t believe you’ve got an
Uncle Rupert.”

“Didn’t you? Well, I’ll kill myself
on your doorstep if you don’t look
after me. I will. I’ll scream.”

Stephen was in no mood to call
her bluff. The entrance of a servant
with a bromo-seltzer may have had
something to do with his climbing
down, or it may have been that
Stephen was a lonely man. The
existence of a slender slip of a girl
with long-covered hair whose
outrageous behaviour seemed to be
no part of her real self, may have
meant something to him.

Within a month Lorry was
instructed to decamp an apartment
and furnished with a wardrobe so luxu-
rious as she could desire. Life on the
bed of roses had literally begun.
Yet in Lorry’s daydream, as she
lay on silk sheets under a rose-
strawed coverlet, there were memories of an utterly barge cabin and a
young man with honest eyes.

Attired one breezy morning in
black waistcoat and white collar, she
visited Dan on the Mississippi
Queen.

“Never expected to see me again,
did you? Well, I’ve come to bring
back your dough. You must have
raged when you found it gone.”

“At first, then I thought you
must have needed it pretty badly; so I didn’t worry. Forget it.”

His smile went straight to Lorry’s
heart. She said soberly: “I did
need the money. It got me clothes
and a job.”

“Good. Where are you now, then?”

“Governess to some children. A
nice family.”

She turned the conversation, glad
to be done with lying.

“Surely you get off some evening
in the week. You must meet me
and we’ll dance some place,” he
was saying.

When she said “Good-bye” she
was almost sorry that she wasn’t to
dine with him.

Minnie called that evening while
she was trying on a new negli-
gée, an elaborate, ruffle-trimmed
affair, typical of her new life. Minnie,
though the same as ever, had a
surprise in store in the shape of her
marriage to Mr. Oglethorpe, whom she
had met in Fort-then.

Minnie married, was a topic that
revolved through Lorry’s thoughts
during the day. Dan was due in
dock. If Minnie could find a hus-
band, why shouldn’t she?

Donning the black and white
costume, she took a walk along the
New Orleans waterfront. It was a
clean, windy day, towers, spires,
buildings, and factories rose clear
cut against the blue across the
broad rippling river. Dan’s barge
floated by anchor, flying a gay
pennon. On the quays, cotton bales
were being dumped.

Lorry spied a tall figure, pipe in
mouth, superintending the work of
the cranes.

“Enjoying your job, I see.”

“Nearly finished now. Marvelous
day, isn’t it? Don’t go away. I’ve
got something for you in the cabin.”

Presently she followed him down
the companion way and undid the
pinnacle.

“A silk shawl. How lovely!”

Glowing more than in any negligible,
she petted on the table-rose and
above the soft-laced silk watched
him take down a china mug and
start to shave.

“This is a privilege. No girl has
ever been allowed to watch me
shave.”

He finished, lathering with
fervent strokes. A moment later he
was gently repulsing her when she
offered her lips. Awed, for the first
time in her short existence, she
followed his lead, maintaining an
impersonal, friendly intercourse
until, after supper, provided with a
lantern, he lead her on deck.

For some time they talked under
the stars till his arm shielded her.
His sincere boyish face was near
hers. Words came haltingly.

“Reckon I can’t do without you,
little girl. I’m crazy about you.
Marry me and run this barge as it
should be run.”

She was doubtful at first; not
that she loved him. With a woman’s
instinct and the wisdom of her kind,
she had known that from the first.
Could she lead the life of a barge
owner’s wife?

She thought of the rose-strawed
bed and smiled.

“Okay, Dan. You want me to
come along to-morrow at six and
marry you before we take the trip
to Louisiana, then I’ll come.”

(Continued on page 33)
You can share Edna’s secret!

You can prevent “Tired Skin” from ruining your complexion. Knight’s Castile is specially made to counteract the ageing effect of smoke-laden air and stuffy indoor atmospheres on the skin. The rare oils which it contains nourish and revive the delicate skin glands, restoring lost loveliness and keeping the complexion fresh, smooth and ever youthful.

Knight’s Castile
TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED
SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1814

TODAY!

LADY JUNE CHARLTON

reveals the secret of her flawless skin

These Society Leaders share the Same Method of Skin Care

“I have tried other creams, but Pond’s is my favourite,” says Lady June Charlton, who is blessed with the fair beauty that Englishwomen are famed for all over the world

“All Pond’s Products are wonderful at keeping your skin at its loveliest” she adds.

You, too, can make your skin as flawless as Lady June’s... Try Pond’s gentle, nourishing beauty care. So simple... so inexpensive... yet recommended by Society’s most beautiful women.

First, massage Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck. Let the soothing oils penetrate into the pores and float out any dirt, wipe away cream and dirt with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues. Pat on Pond’s Skin Freshener to refine the skin. Lastly, before powdering, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream over face and neck.

Wind, cold and the dry air of over-heated rooms whip the moisture out of one’s skin — it easily becomes rough and coarse. But Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains ingredients chosen to check this loss of moisture and keep the skin soft. It soothes away lines and wrinkles, and “it’s the best powder base I know of” says beautiful Lady June.

Other distinguished users of Pond’s:
THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK • THE COUNTLESS OF GALLOWAY • THE COUNTESS HOWE • LADY ASHLEY

Guide your skin to beauty with

POND’S TWO
CREAMS

FROM SIXPENCE
Idly, on the crest of happiness, she drifted through the apartment next —driving a relentlessly hoping for a meeting with Stephen, who hadn't turned up. She called the coloured maid to pack. "Just put in anything, Genevieve; I've signed on to scrub decks.

Humming to herself, she took up the telephone.

"That you, Minnie? It's happened. I'm getting married. Can you believe it? We're sailing at six. I thought I must let you know. See you when I get back. Good-bye."

She hung up in time to see Stephen, correct to the last detail of his morning dress, grey-haired and in a grey mood.

"Going somewhere, Lorry? You seem to be in a hurry."

"I—er—I wanted to tell you I'm walking out on you really and truly. I'm getting married."

"I heard so, but I didn't believe it."

"It's true."

"And that gives you the right to leave me, you think. The lucky fellow's rich, I suppose."

"Steve, don't look at it that way. I wouldn't go, for just anyone. I love the man."

"You love him?"

"Yes. He's poor. He owns a cotton barge."

"Well—I only hope he knows as much as I do about you."

Lorry bit her lip. One couldn't vituperate Stephen too. He was to having thrown the past, about which he had acquainted himself, in her teeth. Fear inspired her to be angry with someone.

"Why should I spoil my life by telling the only man I've ever cared for, that?"

"Because, sooner or later, he'll find out. You can't love him and marry him without telling him."

"Meaning you'll tell him if I don't."

"Possibly."

"Listen, Steve; you can't do that. I'm going to be straight with him."

"You'd better, Lorry. A man imagines the woman he marries as something set apart, as something clean. That's why young love is different from anything in the world."

"You're being old-fashioned!" she flung out.

"So are most men."

Horribly true. She had known it all along. Ironical that Stephen should be the one to uncover the knowledge that she had tried to hide.

"You've got me scared," she admitted. He swung her to him.

"Lorry, don't tell me you're going to quit to take a cook-sitting-washer-woman-job on a barge. You'd never stand it. Young love would nearly last 6. Ours might. We've never fooled each other. Genevieve, come here—your mistress won't need that suitcase. She's changed her mind."

Winking away a tear, Lorry laid hands on her property. "Thanks, I'll have it, Genevieve. Good-bye, Stephen!"

"Where are you going?" Her face, her attitude denied any suggestion that she was leaving for the cotton barge.

"I don't know. Guess I'll find a job somewhere."

"Little fool!"

Lorry was led to Dan. There seemed nothing to save and no manner of saying it that would avoid giving him a clue to her whereabouts. She didn't want him to find her. Like a sick animal, she wanted to hide.

She found a job in a multiple store and a room in a back street. For six months she lived a business girl's life, wrapping parcels, dealing with change all day, eating modestly at night, and going early to bed. When the shrill siren from the river announced the departure of a boat she stuffed the bedclothes in her ears. She never visited the docks. She gave no one her address.

A big sale was in progress at the store, the afternoon Minnie tracked her to the stock room. Whatever Minnie lacked, it wasn't push. Disregarding a dozen women customers who were making demands on Lorry's time, Minnie planted her elbows on a basket of marked-down hose, and observed:

"Hello, Lorry! My hubby's giving a Mardi-gras party and we want you to come."

Four times she made this remark while Lorry bustled about serving. For the sake of peace and quiet, she gave in to Minnie's request. After all, she had almost forgotten what a party was like. Somehow, she got together a fancy dress and joined the throng of masked and costumed figures in the ballroom of New Orleans' leading hotel. There was a lack of lustre about her gaiety on arriving which had not improved when she followed Minnie and her husband, rather too appropriately dressed as a court fool, to their table.

Minnie's vulgarity jarred on Lorry. Lorry found she didn't want to be reminded of the old life. She looked at her plate and saw a velvet case beside it; inside the case a bracelet set with brilliants. The masked figure of Napoleon detached itself from the throng to stand beside her.

"Hullo, Steve!" she said. Minnie and her husband discreetly faded away to dance in a manner which suggested their services as host and hostess had been commandeered; which was the truth.

"Are you still hearing barge whistles?" inquired the real giver of the Mardi-gras party.

Lorry looked at Stephen cleared-eyes. "That's all over with me," she said firmly, "and with you, too." She handed him the velvet case. "Take care of this. It isn't wise to leave jewellery about."

A few days—or, perhaps, it was a few weeks—later, for when one has nothing to look forward to, one takes scant heed of time, a knock came on the door of Lorry's bed-room. It was as she was due to start for the store.

A young man stood on the threshold, cap in hand.

"Dan, how did you find out where I was?"

"Never mind. Why did you go away?"

"Didn't you guess that I was afraid. There was an awful lot I should have told you."

"Don't. I know everything. I've seen Minnie, but even she couldn't tell me why you're leaving here and slaving in a store."

I loved you, Dan. I wanted to prove to myself that I could be the kind of girl you wanted me to be. That's all."

"Is it?" Inquired Dan and kissed her.
"Look your best"

FOUNDATION CREAM

The quality and supremacy of Coty Cream and Face Powder, as a means of keeping the complexion flawless, are recognised by women throughout the world.

Coty Foundation Cream holds the face powder—preserves, protects and imparts an attractive finish to the complexion, and is the perfect safeguard against wind and cold. It is perfumed.

IN JARS
2/6
with enamel lid
IN TUBES
Larger size Small size
1/3 and 9d

OTHER COTY CREATIONS
PERFUME 3/9, 6/-, 10/-, etc.
CLEANSING CREAM 6d., 1/-, 2/6
GITANE LIPSTICK 2/6
EAU DE COLOGNE 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, etc.
ROUGE 2/6
TALC POWDER 2/-

FACE POWDER
In 24 fragrances and 12 delightful shades. A masterpiece created by a genius. Its fineness of texture protects the skin, and leaves a soft velvety surface.

Large box Half box
2/3 1/3

Try a waffle and fried egg for breakfast

Breakfast becomes a hundred times more interesting when WAFFLES are served as delicious, light and crispy alternatives to toast. Try a WAFFLE with your fried or scrambled egg, with grilled bacon or tomato—WAFFLES with marmalade are quite irresistible too, one can ring the changes indefinitely—that's the beauty of them!

WAFFLES made with eggs, milk and flour, or specially prepared WAFFLE FLOUR are most easily, quickly and cleanly cooked by electricity. The SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER is all ready to plug into a lighting or heating point—simply switch on and in three or four minutes the waffle is perfectly cooked on both sides without turning. There are innumerable ways of delighting your family and friends with Waffles. Write for FREE RECIPE BOOKLET to W.T. HENLEY'S TELEGRAPH WORKS CO. Ltd., Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER

THIRTY-TWO AND SIXPENCE
complete with recipe book and 1-lb. sample of Waffle Mixture. If unable to obtain please send in the name of your nearest dealer or stores.
A sincere and pictorially brilliant adaptation of the novel, which I feel will please those who have read it more than those who have not.

If you have not been introduced to the Bohemian Sanger family, the head of which is an eccentric composer who dies leaving his progeny, collected in different parts of the world, to their fate. It is probably that you will find little hiatuses in action that may leave you a little bewildered.

But you cannot help but be charmed by the love affair between Tessa Sanger and Lewis Dodd, an erratic composer who has known her from childhood, but does not realise until after he has married that he loves her.

The story ends tragically with her death in a Brussels lodging-house, where she takes her when he runs away with her, after the performance of his first symphony.

I reviewed this picture very fully in our issue of February 3, and I would refer readers to that to supplement this brief recapitulation.

Brian Aherne scores the hit of his career as the wayward Lewis Dodd. It is a sensitive and well-balanced rendition of a difficult rôle.

Tessa is excellently portrayed by Victoria Hopper. Hers is a delightful performance, but I'm not going to be rash enough to prophesy stardom for her because of it.

The opening scenes in the Austrian Tyrol, where the Sanger family lives, are really beautiful, and the atmosphere and the characterisations are sincere and convincing.

Later, when Tessa comes to London, the atmosphere is again admirably caught, and the relations between Tessa and the girl whom Lewis has married, and who has undertaken to look after the little orphan, are excellently developed. A highlight is the performance of Dodd's symphony at the Queen's Hall, which is both effective and realistic.

The casting is particularly good, and every member of the company gives a performance which helps build up the atmosphere of this emotional and well-balanced story.

An amusing story of a self-opinionated Irish publican who takes a fall, but eventually comes to his senses and wins the girl he loves.

It is all very slight, but well seasoned with wisecracks and capably acted, with two catchy song numbers thrown in as make weight. "It's the Irish in Me" and "You're My Thrill."

Jimmy Dunn is very good as the swarthy publican who, by devising a stunt in which an elephant runs riot in the streets, gets fired, but is taken on by his employer's mistress, a cabaret artist.

This appointment causes trouble with his girl, Sally, a rôle pleasantly played by Claire Trevor, although at times she strikes a rather harsh note both in character and appearance.

James' idea for a publicity stunt for the actress is to announce that she is secretly in love with the handsomest gangster in town.

This causes a riot again, and this time—James is fired for good. The ending is the conventional one of the hero making good, coming back and making a more humble mood to his love.

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference Index to films just released

***THE CONSTANT NYMPH

**LOVE, HONOUR, AND OH! BABY!

**JIMMY AND SALLY

**TURN BACK THE CLOCK

**BED OF ROSES

**KING OF THE WILD

**TO THE LAST MAN

**BROADWAY SINGER

SHOT IN THE DARK

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. c Also suitable for children.

An amusing story of a self-opinionated Irish publican who takes a fall, but eventually comes to his senses and wins the girl he loves.

It is all very slight, but well seasoned with wisecracks and capably acted, with two catchy song numbers thrown in as make weight. "It's the Irish in Me" and "You're My Thrill."

Jimmy Dunn is very good as the swarthy publican who, by devising a stunt in which an elephant runs riot in the streets, gets fired, but is taken on by his employer's mistress, a cabaret artist.

This appointment causes trouble with his girl, Sally, a rôle pleasantly played by Claire Trevor, although at times she strikes a rather harsh note both in character and appearance.

James' idea for a publicity stunt for the actress is to announce that she is secretly in love with the handsomest gangster in town.

This causes a riot again, and this time—James is fired for good. The ending is the conventional one of the hero making good, coming back and making a more humble mood to his love.

Clementine Colbert combines the rôle of the serf and the leading role in "Breadway Singer."

A picture which has the advantage of novelty in treatment and a sincere human outlook. It deals with a man living contentedly in a small way with his wife, and gets both drunk and disillusioned with his life.

He is knocked down by a car and taken to hospital, where, under an anesthetic, he dreams himself back at the start of his career with all the knowledge he had accumulated later.

He proceeds to re-live his life and, instead of marrying the girl he loves—as he did—turns her down in favour of a rich girl who in actuality married his friend.

His experiences lead to misery, and he wakes up convinced that he is happier as a poor man than he could have been if he had ordered his life with only an eye to wealth.

Tracy is extremely good in the leading rôle, vital and likeable.

Mae Clarke is simple and unaffected, and the picture is based on the theme of Peggy Shannon affords an incisive contrast as the rich girl, Elvina.

Sound supporting character studies are given by Otto Kruger as the wealthy friend, George Barbier, C. Henry Gordon, and Clara Blandick. The director has touched on world events, such as the Great War, in a logical and illuminating manner, philosophising on them through his leading character, who, of course, forsees all and can get no one to listen to his warnings.

BED OF ROSES


For story, see review by Marjory Williams page 28.
HEADACHE
"LINES" FACES

Frequent headaches make the face careworn and add unwanted years to one's appearance. But why put up with headaches? In Zox you have a well-proved remedy—simple, safe, quick, convenient, inexpensive. Zox is in powder form for better and quicker action. Sufferers say: "It acts like magic." Take advantage of the

FREE ZOX OFFER
Zox powders 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box. Send 1d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Mfg. Co. (Dept. 6), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.I.

HEAD WON'T ACHIEF ZOX YOU TAKE
Your Cuticle Problems Solved at last!

Beautiful hands are essential to a well-groomed appearance. Unidy cuticles destroy the beauty of your hands. The Cuticle Solvent created by Madame Arline removes the cuticle, and nourishes & strengthens the nails. Prices 3d/6 and 4/6.
The original CAMOMILE GOLD HAIR WASH imparts that rare ash-blonde shade. Prices: 3f/6, 5f/9, 10f/6.
SPECIAL OFFER, for a limited period, 2/6 size for 1/9, post free.
Manufactured by Madame Arline for
THE ORIGINAL
'VEGETABLE' BEAUTY PRODUCTS
LTD. (Dept. 3) 116a, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephone: KENnington 2072 & 3579

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—Colgate's removes all seven.

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you, yourself, ever knowing it.
Don't resign yourself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. Fate does not dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers do! Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee leaves stains on teeth... seven different kinds of stains, all told.
But you can take them all off—completely—with Colgate's. Know why? Because Colgate's has the TWO cleansing actions necessary and most other toothpastes have only one action—do only half the job of removing the stains.
When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, two things happen. First, an emulsive action loosens and washes away most of the stains. Second, a gentle, polishing action safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.
Isn't it worth a shilling to find out how really lovely your teeth can be?

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH
1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

A Eugene Wave has yet to be equalled for natural beauty and permanency. There is nothing harsh or forced about the Eugene Method or the lovely creations it produces. Just soft-flowing waves of natural loveliness which still look beautiful long after others have ceased to charm.

There is no wave like a Eugene Permanent Wave

Send to the address below for interesting booklet and free specimen Eugene Sachet and make sure your Hairdresser uses exactly similar Sachets for your next Eugene Wave. Eugene Ltd., Publicity Dept., Edgware Road, London, N.W.
FIINE HAIR
NEVERN LOOKS LANK
IF WASHED WITH
AVA
the wonderful
New Soapless Shampoo
AVA is a new scientific discovery—
a shampoo that contains no soap.
Thoroughly cleansing the hair and
scalp, it leaves the hair soft and
silky without a trace of sticky film
so often left by harmful soaps and
alkalis. After shampooing with
AVA in either soft or hard water,
it is a positive joy to set any kind of
hair—the whole head is stimulated
and alive and every hair seems to
fall in with your slightest wish. Try
it to-night, and see for yourself
why thousands of women are now treating
their hair to this inexpensive new luxury.
AVA Shampoo has been awarded the
Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.
AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT,
HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL
AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

FO THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

*TO THE LAST MAN
Western drama. Runs 65 minutes.
Ralph Bellamy, Lynne Hayden,
Elisha Cook, Jr., Albert Johnson.
Directed by Henry Hathaway from a
story by Zane Grey.

FAmiliar story of a feud which has
continued for ages between two
Western families, which is healed
by the love of the son of one of the
conflicting parties with the
daughter of the other.
This pair manage to outwit a
crook who is trying to extend the
feud to his own advantage and bring
peace and unity to their parents
and the district as a whole.
The picture is notable for some
excellent scenic qualities and some
fine sequences of cattle herding.
The acting of Ralph Bellamy as
the hero is sound, while Esther
Ralphs retains all her attractiveness
as the heroine.
Jack La Rue makes a soundly
sinister villain.

*LOVE, HONOUR AND OH!
Broad comedy. Runs 60 minutes.
Slim Summerville, Mary Wickes,
Ralph Bellamy, Lynne Roberts,
Tommy Doran, Noah Beery,
Phyllis Haver, Mack Swain.

Another vehicle of the Summerville-
Pitts team, which, if you have
enjoyed their predecessors, you
will like just as well.
Personally, I feel that Zasu Pitts
is worthy of better things and that
she requires a partner who
would prove more of a foil to her
own lugubrious characterisations.
This time the plot is all about
a breach of promise case, which
Zasu engineers so as to get her jove,
Slim, a lawyer, a job.

*GENERAL JOHN REGAN
Romantic drama. Runs 74 minutes.
Henry Edwards, Dr. O'Grady
David Horne, Major Kent
Fredric March, Major DeWitt
W. G. Fay, Col. Fitzgerald
C. G. Mathews, Capt. Wilson
Mary Astor, Mrs. Regan
Edgar Norton, Capt. Shaw
Frank P. Lord, Duke ofirmed
Eric Blore, Mr. Kells

Christopher White and Henry
Edwards appear together again,
after a long interval, in this homely
and stylishly adapted version
of Birmingham's novel.
The comedy is achieved at by
placing an American hunter
into a small Irish town, where
he informs the residents that he is
searching for details of the life of a
General John Regan.
The local practitioner calls the
American off by manufacturing
the non-existent hero and having
a monument unveiled to him with
full civic honours.
Henry Edwards is well in char-
aracter as the blarneying doctor,
while Chrissie White, in the small
role of the heroine, is effective.
The supporting cast is quite sound.
Development is rather too
surely.
However, characters are well
brought out and the Irish humour is
cleverly conveyed in the dialogue,
which is pithy and far more important than
the action.

*KING OF THE WILD
Columbia, American. "U" certificate.
Western melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.
Rex, the hero...Lady...Lady, the heroine...
Morgan...The Villain...
Janney...Red Wolf

Conventional story dealing with
the exploits of a wild horse
which helps to circumvent the plans
of a crook to steal thousands of
horses from an Indian reservation.
The main feature of the other-
wise entirely naive picture is the
intelligence of the horse Rex, which
is shown to the utmost advantage.
Scenic qualities, too, are good.

*BROADWAY SINGER
Mourning melodrama. Runs 68 minutes
(Flyby Trent
Claudette Colbert
Mimi Benton
Richard Cortez
Tony Cummings

David Manners
Mike Gardner
Lydia Hobey

Babe LaRoche
Dora's baby

Chancellor
Grace

Sam Godfrey
The Announcer
FLORENCE HOBERTON
Mother Angola

Virginia Hammond
Mrs. Judson

Mildred Washington

Cora Sue Collins
(Sally's 3 years

Lavishly staged and technically
up to date, this melodrama,
dealing with a mother of a love
child who eventually marries
her father, after having become
a famous cabaret singer and broad-
cast in the children's hour, is very
unconvincing and thoroughly out
of date in theme.
Its naive emotionalism makes
very little appeal, and Claudette
Colbert is unable to make the transi-
ton from maternity home to
cabaret anything but artifically
ingenious.
Richard Cortez and David Manners
support as well as they

SHOT IN THE DARK
Murder mystery. Runs 53 minutes.

O. B. CLARENCE
Rev. John Malcolm
Jack Hawkins
Dr. O'Grady
Michael Sheen
Norman Paul
Dame Bambury
William Waugh

Dame Bambury
Michael Browne

A. Bromley Davenport
Peter Brown

Russell Thorndike

Dr. Stuart

Alfred Mowbray

Roxane

H. E. Wright

George Yarrow

C. M. Watson

Margaret Yarde

Kate Browne

Director: Sir George Pearson from a novel by
Gerard Fitzdear.

Bromley Davenport's portrayal of
an aged recluse who lives in
the fear of being murdered, and
who is eventually found guilt,
is one of the best things in the
otherwise unconvincing and slowly
developed murder story.

O. B. Clarence is well cast, too,
as a local clergyman who investi-
gates the circumstances of the
death of an old man in a trap which
catches the murderer.

Otherwise the acting is not
outstanding, Settings of the old
manse are quite effective and
there is some well-timed comedy.
**“IT WEARS AND WEARS—**

**“Sparva” Taffeta de Luxe**

COLOUR FAST IN WASH, LIGHT, SEA OR SUN

**PRINTED**

Clubs of the MANCHESTER, WAREHOUSES only is your guarantee of quality and satisfactory service.

**HEAVY** wear, of your own or the children’s clothes, is a definite call for “Sparva” Taffeta-de-luxe—the economy fabric that is silky in appearance and reliable in wear. In the 100 plain colours and numerous smart designs, there are patterns in plenty to suit all tastes.

For Casement Curtains also, “Sparva” is splendid

Sold by Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, write for Shade Card and name of nearest Retailer to “SPARVA,” 74 “Sparva” House, York Street, Manchester.

---

**RADIUM **v. **GREY HAIR**

**20 YEARS YOUNGER!**

Whatever the cause of your greyness, however far advanced it may be, “Caradium” will soon make you look 10 to 20 years younger. “Caradium” works this miracle by restoring Grey Hair in Nature’s way to its original rich, lustrous, beautiful colouring without dye, stain, or risk of injury.

“**CARADIUM**” **IS NOT A DYE**

“Caradium” regrows the original colour straight from the hair roots, quickly, safely, yet absolutely safely, due chiefly to the radio-active water with which it is prepared. “Caradium” stops your hair falling immediately and gives it a new lease of life. IT NEVER FAILS.

DANDRUFF BANISHED AT ONCE

**Caradium**

Write for Free Booklet—size is now available for those who are ONLY SLEETLY GYRE. Large Size **7/6**

GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF “CARADIUM” IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC. “CARADIUM” is suitable of all age chemists, Taylor’s Drug Stores, Boots, Harrods, Whiteleys, Selfridge’s, Timothy White, or direct Post Free (plain wrapper).

Garadium Regd., 38 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

---

**“Gracious! has Peggy got a better job?**

“No, but she’s got a pleasant hobby and that pays for her new clothes.”

“How do you mean, Alice?”

“Well, she runs a ’Worldwide’ Club in her spare time, and earns a good Commission and Profit-share.”

“Oh, yes, I know. I got a lovely coat for £1, and only paid 1/- a week for it, but I had no idea it paid her so well.”

“It’s true, May. I run one myself. I got £2 commission from mine last week . . . You should start one in your district—it’s quite simple, and great fun.”

“A good idea, Alice—I will. I’ll send for their Catalogue and full particulars to-night. I’m glad you told me—I could do with that extra money.”

Organise a “Worldwide” Club—the friendliest hobby in the world. You can earn from £2 up to £5 more, easily and pleasantly, in your spare time. No experience or capital required; no samples to carry or selling to do. Send the Coupon for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars (Free).

**TO—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,**

Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name ____________________________

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address __________________________

P.O.S. ____________________________

Associated Wholesale—7, D. Williams & Co., Ltd., Manchester, British to the backbone—40 years’ reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. Directors—E. C. & W. P. Williams.

**WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES**

**CHARLES ST. MANCHESTER, 1.**
STORM has struck Ealing Green. Not rain, not thunder, not lightning, not snow, but Parker. Al Parker, the name. And don’t stand there looking at me, get a move on, folks, say now. Are we ready to go, AWL right then, all together, folks, and gimme all you’ve got, now then, SHOOT!

Excuse me. I’ve been watching Mr. Al Parker in active eruption, and it’s a little catching.

He’s erupting on behalf of Messrs. Fox—the British end of the Old Firm at Fox Hills, Los Angeles, whence Mr. Parker has but lately come. You wouldn’t guess why he’s come—not in months. Give it up?

He’s come looking for the romance of film-making.

Yes, I thought that would shake you. You imagined all film-making was equally romantic, didn’t you? Nay, not so, but far otherwise—according to Mr. Al Parker.

We Begin

Production in Hollywood, he tells me, is losing its zip. It’s getting too mechanised, losing the personal element. He thinks British production is now waking up—which is nice of Mr. Parker—and there’s more fun being mixed up in something that’s just beginning.

Yes, “just beginning” was what I said. For three things I am grateful to Mr. Al Parker—besides his kind opinion of British production. Firstly, he carries into practice a favourite theory of mine, by casting for type. For the benefit of new pupils who have joined the class since my last lecture, I will briefly recapitulate. Casting for type is choosing players for the way they look and the kind of people they are, rather than for their ability to assume characteristics foreign to themselves.

Get the idea?

For instance, take Nell Gwyn. If I wanted a Nell Gwyn, I should cast a plump, flirtatious, rather saucy little bit with dimples and a way with men; preferably with red hair. Never mind whether she could act or not.

All she has to do is to assume certain expressions and go through certain evolutions to order. That isn’t acting, in the stage sense of the word. It’s acting as children act before a mirror.

What They Forget

It wouldn’t do on the stage. Gosh, no! You have to have a laboriously acquired technique there. But we are not dealing with the stage, and that is what so many film-producers (here and in Hollywood) forget.

However, tradition insists upon actors, and if possible stage actors, being employed in our studios; so Al Parker compensates by casting for each part a player who at least looks the part. If you have a chance, see Rolling in Money—the current Fox opus—and see the effect of this. It’s pretty good. There’s a strong cast. Leslie Sarony has the most important part. Maybe you saw him in Gainsborough Soldiers of the King, with Cicely Courtneidge.

And I’ve seen him working in this one, and I think we’re in for a pleasant surprise. He’s developed a screen personality (he’s made a number of “shorts,” of course, which has probably had something to do with it) and this role is “right up his street.”

With him are Isabel Jeans (she was in Sally Bishop) and Lawrence Grossmith as respectively Duchess and Duke. “Larry” is very much like his better-known brother George, but seems to me to have fewer mannerisms. He has spent most of his time in the States, where they like him very much.

Prize Winner

Then there is John Loder, provided for the heroine to fall in love with. And there are two fine “old stagers” in Horace Hodges (I last saw him as the elderly judge on Dartmoor in Escape) and C. M. Hallard—and there is Garry Marsh, bless his little heart. If there was a prize offered for the most popular person in the studios, Garry would pinch it while they were counting the votes.

And there is Millicent Wolf in a tiny part as the Duchess’s maid. She’s a weakness of mine. She looks straight at you and says what she thinks. Also she’s very good-looking, for which I am much obliged to her.

And—you won’t believe me, I know—here is Rene Ray. Fresh paragraph for Rene Ray.

We Want Rene!

I have seen Rene badly miscast, but I have yet to see her give a bad performance. She’s a clever little actress, who could be built up into a first-class box-office proposition if only someone would take a gamble on her—and bring a little intelligence to bear in casting her.

A. Parker has done that; but one part doesn’t make a successful career, any more than one swallow makes a summer. I want you to see Rene in this film, and make up your minds whether you want to see more of her, and if so, demand her. Dash my spats, boys and girls, you can get

(Continued on page 40)
PICTUREGOER is like, free. natural collapsed injurious the 6d used Truman PASTILLES tube hem. Fassett'. 1 only sure ought way when where without cured, taken Powder Brand ALEX whateverindigestion Tablets. whateverindigestion corrected in permanent lighter, darker, childhood, not many hair. Whateverindigestion started 1/3, asked under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under Under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under under
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

the players you want if you ask for them. And I'm pretty sure you'll want Rene, when you see her in a suitable part.

**La Lee**

Of course, all the fuss in this film is really about Anna Lee. But I can't tell you much about her, I'm afraid, because she was having an off-day when I dropped in at the studio.

I hear she's considered a good bet. Parker is grooming her, and seems all shot away about her. He's made her go dizzy-blonde (just as he made Rene Ray return to her natural brown, for which I'm thankful), and she certainly looks an eyeful in her portraits. I'll tell you more when I've seen her.

But I was starting to be grateful to Parker, wasn't I? Item Two, he gets his film moving. The tempo of a couple of scenes I watched was smart, brisk, and a bit like a British film" as the cynics would say. We need that.

Thirdly, he brought back to me a whiff of the past, when directors were dynamic, forceful, eruptive people, alternatively blowing 'em up and kidding 'em along.

We have a few like that still—Maurice Elvey, Walter Forde, Hayes Hunter (and where, oh where, is our little Hayes gone?!); but generally, nowadays, you have to ask which is the director, if you don't happen to know him. And it's a point at someone who you took for a second assistant cameraman with a retreat complex.

**Discovery**

You don't have to ask when Al Parker is directing. No sir! He's here, there, and everywhere. I have an idea his film may be here, there, and everywhere, too. In the cinemases, I mean.

He directed Doug. Fairbanks, senior, in The Black Pirate. He also "discovered" Ralph Morgan, Alan Dinehart, Helen Vincent, Helen Mack, Pat Paterson, and Heather Angel...

And Valentino, of course. Everyone discovered Valentino.

Down on the Thames this week I was reminded more than ever of "Alice's" complaint: "I'm yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." At Warner Bros. First National Tooting Studios (what a mouthful—let's call it "Warners") they had finished a film yesterday, and were starting another to-morrow. Same thing at Twickenham. No consideration for the poor weary footstone Studio Correspondent.

**An Old Friend**

At Warners' they were just about to plunge into Church Mouse, from the stage play which Gerald du Maurier put on last year. It's the not altogether unknown story of Cinderella, brought up to date—and none the worse for that; especially when Cinderella is Laura La Plante.

This clever little comedienne, who seemed to go right out of our lives when talkies came into them, is slowly but surely returning. She has started by completely captivating the studio personnel. I'm not surprised! She captivated me long ago.

Ian Hunter (The Man from Toronto, you remember her?) is playing opposite her. I think it will be a pretty good team. Then there is Gibb McLaughlin, who is justly held in high esteem at Tooting. Clifford Heathley (the two were together in Catherine the Great), John Batten, who hasn't been seen for some time I think, Edward Chapman (a clever character actor), and Jane Carr.

It doesn't make the slightest difference to my partiality for them that they used to be. Their real name is Rita Brunstoun. Besides, I can hardly believe it, anyway.

**Keeping in Trim**

Monty Banks, who is to direct this picture, and will follow his usual custom and play a small part in it, just to keep his hand in. This is all to the good. I should hate to think of Monty getting rusty.

And at Twickenham I found that the "jam to-morrow" was the screen version of The Lash, which Henry Edwards is to direct.

---

**Feen-a-mint**

Feen-a-mint guards your vitality and charm by ensuring internal cleanliness. It is the dependable laxative. No over-action; no griping. It is not habit-forming. Children especially love its fresh, mint flavour.

**Feen-a-mint**

for the whole family

Obtainable at all chemists 1/3 a box

FREE SAMPLE—send your name and address and 1d. in stamps to cover postage to:

White's laboratories ltd. (Dorip. 87), 143. Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6D SIZE.

When a car pulls up before The Hotel Blaże's stately door Says the sergeant.

**Sharp's the word and Sharp's the Toffee**

like best of all

after SMOKING

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

March 24, 1934

Anna Lee, who appears in "Rolling in Money" and is reported to be a "good bet."

This is a "heavy drammer," not to say meiller-drammer, of conflict between a father-and-a-son. The son will be John Mills, who lately finished his role in The Magistrate at Elstree. I haven't heard yet who the father is to be, though I have my own theories about it.

At night, while I am recovering from the heat and turmoil of the day, the good people of Twickenham are making Whispering Tongues, with George Pearson in charge. By the way, I'm sorry to hear that Judy Kelly has been down with laryngitis, so that her tongue will not whisper after all. Her part in this film has been handed to Jane Welsh, whom I haven't seen in a film for a year or so—probably because she has been very busy on the stage.

**"Nell Gwyn"**

The main British & Dominion production in progress at the moment is Nell Gwyn. I saw Cedric Hardwicke in a scene with Anna Neagle. He looks very regal.

Anna Neagle was almost unrecognisable in a flaring red wig as Nell Gwyn. Ann was almost as different as it is possible to be from the last Nell Gwyn whom Herbert Wilcox directed. That was Dorothy Gish, and it all happened in the Gainsborough studios at Islington nearly eight years ago.

Handle Ayrton was the Charles II then. Fred Rains (father of that Claude who has just made an auspicious film debut in The Invisible Man in Hollywood) was there, and Sydney Fairbrother, Aubrey Fitzgerald, Donald Mcardle, Juliette Compton, Judd Green, Johnny Butt, Roll Leslie, and now the last three have taken their last Call, and the others are mostly scattered.

Only Sydney Fairbrother remains this week at Islington, where she is in Che Chin Cheow, and by a coincidence, it was Herbert Wilcox who directed the silent version of that...

One of the few names in the cast-list of that silent Nell Gwyn that still grace the call-board is that of Gibb McLaughlin; but he's been fourteen years in the business, and he's got the habit...
**Exquisite...Lasting...Fragrant**

**THE ORIGINAL MATT FINISH FACE POWDER**

Poudre MATTEVER

means: no greasy skin...no constant powdering...no visible "make-up". Poudre MATTEVER is the guardian of that essential feminine attribute...charm. The ONLY powder which ensures a fascinating matt bloom, undisturbed by hours of sport and dancing.

**IN 9 SHADES**

**1/3 BOX**

**DARTY BOTTLES**

**1/9 to 4/-**

**TRIAL SIZE 1/-**

**Parfum MATTEVER . . . Sweetly refreshing.**

An exquisite reproduction of that haunting perfume which makes Poudre Mattever so distinctive

By the same creator as Le Treile Incarnat and d'Aventure Powders, Perfumes, etc.

**PARSCENT LTD., Duke's Road, Western Avenue, London W.3**

---

**A Sympathetic Figure Support**

Beauty of figure line is always assured with perfect comfort. If you wear a KEMPAT, the brassiere that stretches two ways. For, wherever you may be, at a party, a dinner, or a dance, the sympathetic KEMPAT adjusts itself to every movement of your body. It is never slack and never tight, but always just right! These moulding the contour into lovely natural lines without a hint of a cutting strap.

**KEMPAT Brassesires from 2'/1**

---

**MACCLEBOIL**

**PURE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS**

Sole Manufacturers:
David Whitfield & Co. Ltd., Macclesfield

---

**PICTUREGOER Weekly**

Both helped with the 'washing-up'

but who would know...thanks to

**Snowfire Jelly Vanishing**

Snowfire Glycerine Jelly is the quickest and easiest way of preventing or removing redness from your hands after washing up. Soon absorbed, non-greasy, it keeps them soft, smooth and pretty. BRITISH MADE.

Of all Chemists, Caiffiers, etc.

...all for 6d.

Every single thing for the beauty-shop manicurist uses, comes in this handy box...and it costs 6d. I Try Amami! Manicure necessitates this way.

Other Manicure Sets 1/2 & 3/6

---

**AMAMI**

British-made MANICURE
"It was my AMAMI HAIR that John fell for!"

HERE's what "AMAMI hair" did for an Amami girl in Devon! "I have used Amami for about 8 years" (she wrote us recently). "I started it when my blonde hair began to fade. Amami soon restored the lovely natural colour, and kept a beautiful wave and curl in it. And then... I got married — thanks to Amami! Yes, really; my husband always says it was my Amami hair that he first fell for!"

Every Amami Shampoo you buy contains 47 ingredients. 26 of these are just to make your hair lovely. The other 21 are tonic ingredients, to nourish, feed every starved hair-root, banish hair-troubles, bring healthy hair, that lasts! Buy AMAMI to-day!

AMAMI
TONIC SHAMPoOS

AMAMI No. 1. Wilt
Henna. For dark hair. 3d. and 6d.
AMAMI No. 8. Wit
Comminol. For fair hair. 3d. and 6d.
AMAMI No. 7. Can
milla. Application and Shampoo. 6d.
AMAMI No. 9. Tar
Antiseptic. 6d.
AMAMI SPECIAL
Henna. Wakes brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired. 6d. and six other varieties—
No. 2, for children 6d.
No. 3, for men 6d.
No. 4, Dry shampoo 6d.
No. 6, Auburn. 6d.
No. 7, Cocomal 6d.
No. 9, Almond Oil 6d.
AMAMI Products are supplied at all Chemists and
Barbers.

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

BUILDING BOX-OFFICE NAMES

What would Hollywood have done with Gracie Fields?

UK producers seem utterly hopeless in exploiting talent. England has supplied some of the finest 'star material' in the world, yet not, until it has been 'groomed' at Hollywood, is it turned into 'star'.

"The great Charles Laughton was hardly known—apart from London theatregoers—until he went to Hollywood to be made a world famous film star."

"What would Hollywood have done with our own 'Gracie'? They would have cut out the over-exploitation of Lancashire dialect, which appeals only to Britshers, and made her 'World' instead of 'England' famous."

"Despite what a recent Guinea Prize winner said on this page, Marlene Dietrich is world famous; and was it Hollywood's fault that Brian Aherne did not shine in Song of Songs?"

"The few other unknown players he mentions are negligible, when you think of Charles Laughton and the long list of Hollywood-made English stars."—L. Jennings, 84 Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey, winner of the guinea prize.

[The old controversy as to whether our stars should be groomed on the Hollywood plan is again in the news. Despite recent criticism of the American system, the fact remains that British studies have hitherto been unable to create names with box-office value in the outside markets.]

Colour Films

"Is the film industry exploring the full possibilities of coloured films? The few of these films we have seen have illustrated the scope of this new feature."

"UNDoubtedly, all films which rely upon their scenic effects gain in appeal when shown in colour. The current film, RingUp the Curtains, bears out this statement, though in this particular instance the coloured effects are introduced in rather haphazard fashion and, consequently, break the continuity of the film. This fault must be avoided."

"Of course, the technique of films in colour must be perfected, just as the 'talkies' had to be improved. But why is no apparent advance being made in the right direction?"—L. T. Rosslyn, 36 Eldon Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

 Cicero, 159
[As Picturegoer has already predicted, the next few months will see some big developments in the exploitation of colour. Radio Pictures, for instance, are filming 'The Last Days of Pompeii' and 'Rip Van Winkle,' among others under the new Technicolour process.]"

"Debunking" the Stars

"I read that George Raft has had his shoes built up several inches for his role in Bolero in order to overcome the handicap of his shortness of stature."

"Why tell us these disturbing facts? I am definitely not a 'Raft' fan; but I should have preferred not to have known of this deception."

"The constant 'debunking' of stars, together with descriptions of fake scenery and the general trickery employed in the making of films presents, to my mind, a serious menace to their continued enjoyment."

"Studio secrets should remain studio secrets. The shattering of all our illusions will result in the word 'picturegoer' becoming synonymous with the word 'cynic'."—W. A. Smith, 110 Kettinger Street, S.W.16, winner of the half-guinea prize.

[Picturegoer, as far as possible, tells the inside story of picture-making. But I should value the views of other readers.]

In Defence Of The Huberts

"I am a recent Picturegoer, a reader concerns the Huberts' pictures for containing the same situations and gags, and adds that their popularity will wane in consequence."

"I disagree entirely with these remarks as I have seen all their films from The Ghost Train to Aimi Sally, and cannot detect any duplicated gags or situations in any."

"Both Jack and Cicely are far too brilliant artists to tread on anything but excellent films.

"My favourite pictures are dramas, but when the king and queen of mirth appear, I am for comedies every time. As for their popularity waning, it should prove quite the contrary if they continue as they are doing."—Miss Rita E. Guest, 159 Vicigle's Road, Clifton, Bristol, 8.

[We am glad to publish this defence of the Huberts.]

They Should Stick To Their Stories

"Truth is certainly not stranger than film press agents' fiction, the inconsistency of which is becoming too ridiculous for words."

"I had always understood that Ramon Novarro had seven sisters, all nuns, and had been duly impressed with the picturesque circumstance."

"When I read that one of Ramon's hallowed sisters, Carmen Samaniego, had recently renounced a dancing career to carry a studio technical advisor, I thought it a little too glamorous."

"If the stars must be saturated with glamorous uniqueness, let it at least be consistent."—Oliver Perry, 54 Queens Drive, West Derby, Liverpool, 13.

[We agree that if press agents must have their story, they should stick to it.]

In Praise Of Dancing

"Why do film critics always disparage dancing members in films like 42nd Street? I, among others, worship these diversions, even though it delays the action, because I am keenly interested in dancing of all kinds."

"What an opportunity for a producer to make a film for dance-lovers of, say, Carnival and Prince Igor, in colour if possible. What gorgeous scenic effects could be procured. If this one paid, there are numerous others."

"I dare say Karssarvina, Lopokova, Sokolova (my cousin), Massine, Wozikovsky, Lifar, etc., could give as fine interpretations now as they used to."

"Please don't let the critics rid us of the small proportion of dancing we get in films now: it is the only attraction, to me, of film musical comedy."

—Miss G. Sierlini, 67 Langham Road, London, N.15

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films? Let us have your opinion, briefly.

5s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for all other letters published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 200 words. Address to: "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Phil gives away a Beauty Tip

LET ME DO THAT FOR YOU!

NO PHIL, DEAR. LOOK HOW IT RUINS ONE'S HANDS, AND YOURS ARE MUCH TOO NICE TO SPOIL.

GRACIOUS, NO! WHY A 41ST JAR LASTS MONTHS! JUST 'VASELINE' JELLY RUBBED IN AT BEDTIME. IT SOFTENS AND WHITENS THEM OVERNIGHT.

NEXT MORNING

PHIL, YOUR 'VASELINE' JELLY TIP WAS MARVELLIOUS! MY HANDS ARE AS NICE AS THEY USED TO BE BEFORE I HAD TO WORK.

I BELIEVE THEY'RE WHITER TOO!

THERE is another reason why you should keep 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly always handy, it shuts out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors agree that it is a perfect protection. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

The Good Companions

CHILD and puppy . . . equally happy . . . equally fit. Mummy gives careful thought to the feeding of both those "precious pets," puppy as well as child. She feeds him on Spratt's Ovals, those dainty morsels of tasty nourishment, each of which is a perfect doggy diet in miniature. And when she buys them, she asks for them by name, and looks for the name on the bag. Then she's sure they're the genuine

SPRATT'S OVALS

Send for free copy of 100-page "Guide to Dog Management," which will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. Spratt's Patent Ltd., 58 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

FREE A FULL-SIZE BOTTLE OF THE FAMOUS

"My Secret"

Perfume

Messes. Lesourd Pivert, Perfumers of Paris, through their London Factory, make this remarkable offer to those who have not yet tried their famous products.

After sixty years' experience and success, it is their privilege now to offer to everybody their high-quality beauty aids at the most popular prices.

I MAKE "MY SECRET" YOUR SECRET

OF BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS

FREE 1/- Bottle of Perfume, Large size Box of Matt Powder and Permanent Lipstick in dainty nickel case. The Complete Set for 1/-.

Powder (lt. or dk. Rachel, Natural, Flesh, Suntan), Lipsticks (Orange, Light Medium, Dark). Rouge, Eye Cosmetics, etc., at 6d. and 1/-; Perfume 1/-, 2/6 and 5/-. Obtainable through all branches of Boots the Chemists, most Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers, or send P.O. to:

Lesourd Pivert, Perfumers (Dept. T), Clapham Park Rd., S.W.4
What lovely hair! It must be washed with

Scilma SHAMPOOS

3 each

Box of 7-1/6 each 3

What lovely hair! It must be washed with Scilma SHAMPOOS.

COMING UP AND

GET MY PORTRAIT

Seize your pen without further delay, pass this puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope if you wish for a reply by post.

BROKEN veins are a minor blemish; nevertheless, they are a disfigurement. They often appear on a weather-beaten face, and are also caused by a poor digestion and a faulty diet. It is useless to deny that they are extremely stubborn and difficult to cure. When using standing, nothing short of expensive electrical treatment will have any effect.

They should be dealt with as soon as they appear. Astringent tonics will constrict them to a certain extent, and very gentle massage with a good cold cream is also beneficial. The cold-cream massage should take place at bedtime, and the astringent should be used two or three times a day. Extract of witch hazel mixed with an equal quantity of rose-water is a suitable mild astringent for the purpose.

Strict attention to diet is necessary. Very hot beverages should be avoided, and all highly seasoned dishes and sauces, pickles, etc. Alcohol makes the veins decidedly worse, and the minimum of sugar should be consumed.

Moans

The mole is a birthmark. It may be the size of a pin's head, when there is nothing to worry about, or it may cover several square inches, when it certainly is an embarrassment if it is on the arms or face.

But, however embarrassing, let me say, right away, you must not tamper with it yourself. Amateur treatment of moles is a dangerous proceeding, especially when the moles are facial ones.

Some moles—not all—are suitable for removal by cautery or freezing with carbon dioxide snow. But only your own doctor can pronounce an opinion, and if he considers they can be removed he can effect an introduction to a practi
cioner for the operation. It is quite painless and costs a few guineas.

Warts

There are three main types of warts, only one of which need concern us—and that the common wart, recognizable as a rough, ridged overgrowth, generally on the backs of the hands. If a wart is dealt with immediately it appears it will sometimes yield to an ordinary corn plaster. When of longer standing, more drastic remedies are needed.

The best and least harmful in amateur hands is glacial acetic acid. It should be applied with an orange stick or a pointed match-stick twice a day. If this fails, medical aid must be sought. The doctor has half a dozen means at his disposal for the destruction of warts.

KILMENY—"I have no personal knowledge of the process you mention. Use your own judgment more liberally and it will not leave the growth of stubborn hair. Covet a full range of products in the line you mention. Leave blanked by all good chemists.

MARGARET (B Exford)—Various devices have been introduced to help the dirty walker, but I know of none that is a success.
"What I like about Duofold is that it's mentally satisfying. Writing with it is like writing in your own handwriting. It's not like writing with a standard pen, where you're forever trying to control the flow of ink. With Duofold, the ink flows smoothly and evenly, and you don't have to worry about it drying out or clogging. It's truly a joy to use."

-Parker Duofold User
Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your inquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUREGOER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired, a stamped address envelope must be enclosed.


In the press, George will continue to promote "Krasco" Nail Polish, which has for long been a favourite with smart women. "Krasco" is economical, easy to apply, and waterproof. Every bottle includes a brush.

Krasco Nail Polish


Prices: 1½, 1, and 2½ per bottle

"Krasco" Polish Remover

Just brush on nails and wipe away. 1½, 1, and 2½.

"Krasco" Cuticle Brush

USED BY ROYALTY

"Krasco" Cuticle Brush is used by Royalty for maintaining the beauty of their hands. It is a hygienic, natural method of protecting the nails from bacterial invasion. It is easy to apply and leaves the nails feeling soft and supple.

The Pink of Perfection

When Dame Fashion decrees that fingernails shall resemble blossoms in variety of tint, and that they shall glister bewitchingly in the light, we must be sure to use a polish which will not fail to compel admiration—and quite the best for this is "Krasco" Nail Polish, which has for long been a favourite with smart women. "Kraska" is economical, easy to apply, and waterproof. Every bottle includes a brush.

Krasco

Obtainable from Boots and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

"Krasko" for, underarm hygiene. Odourless, safe, and effective. A preventive of perspiration evils. 1½, 1, and 2½

"Krasko" Nail Tonic and Hair Spray Remover, for keeping the hands free from dirt. 1, and 2½

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY

March 24, 1934

46
And so it was Persil that made that old frock like new?

I've only used Persil for boiling linens

A. But Persil is perfect for all washing—woollies and coloured frocks as well as for sheets and tablecloths.

Q. Do you mean just Persil by itself?

A. Yes, just Persil by itself. No need to add soap; Persil gives all you need—pure soapsuds with oxygen in them—and it's the most marvellous way of cleaning everything: wonderfully safe—but it gives an extra thorough cleansing. That's why it gets better results with all the dainty things as well as making the linen so dazzling. Why don't you use it for everything too?
"Be smart and Practical too—
keep clothes fresh and lovely
this way—"
says Joan Blondell

"The fashions you see on the screen are
smart and practical—if you follow screen
stars' way of keeping everything new-looking."
says Joan Blondell, lovely young star of
Warner Brothers' "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stock-
ings and lingerie. And nowadays, when it's
fashionable to be economical, I've learned how
many frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at
home with Lux. It's the
greatest blessing to know that delicate things
and lovely colours are safe in it."

You treasure your lovely undies, sheer
stockings, fragile precious blouses and frocks.
You want to keep them always as deliciously
fresh-looking as the day you first wore them.
It's easy—follow Joan Blondell's example
and care for them with gentle Lux. With Lux
there's no rubbing. There's no soda in Lux.
Colours and fabrics safe in water alone are
safe in Lux. Your grocer or dealer has BIG
6d packets. Also 2d and 4d sizes.

safe for colours
and all lovely fabrics,

JOAN BLONDELL—lovely wearer of lovely clothes—knows how to be exquisitely
fresh always without being extravagant. "You can keep that delightful new look
about clothes so much longer—by using Lux," she says.

"There's hardly a garment in the studio
we don't wash with Lux—dresses, negli-
gées, flannels, even draperies" says N'WAS
McKENZIE (right) of Warner Brothers—
First National. "It's such a saving—
keeps stockings and costumes new-looking twice
as long. Lux cuts down cleaning bills too."

LUX
A LEVER PRODUCT

**PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PROPRIETORS, ODHAM'S PRESS, LTD., LONDON, W.C.2, ENGLAND. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER. POST FREE ALL OVER THE WORLD: 1½s. PER NUMBER, 2s. 6d. FOR SIX MONTHS, 3s. 3d. FOR THREE MONTHS. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE PRESS, AGENCIES FOR AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: GORDON & GOLDS, LTD. FOR SOUTH AFRICA: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD. AGENTS FOR CANADA: IMPERIAL NEWS CO., LTD., ALSO CANADIAN WHOLESALE NEWSDEALERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD. ALSO ON SALE AT W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.'S BOOKSHOPS AT 288 RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS, AND 75 BOULEVARD ADOLPHE MAX, BRUXELLES, AND MAGASINES DAWSON, 13 RUE ALBONER, PARIS.**
BIRTH OF A NEW STAR

FREE INSIDE THIS ISSUE
16 PAGE Souvenir Supplement "Christopher Bean"

HELEN MACK

March 31 1934
Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large — big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.  
Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.
Waffles

Doesn’t it sound delicious?—Yes, and it tastes just as good.

Waffles are irresistibly good with almost anything—and so simple to prepare on a SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER.

Just plug in and delight your family and friends with Waffles.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

Every reader of the "PICTUREGOER" will be sent POST FREE AN INTROSPECT RECIPE BOOKLET and full particulars by forwarding a postcard to:

W. T. HENLEY'S TELEGRAPH WORKS, LTD.,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

Not a fleeting Glimpse but a PERMANENT RECORD

The glimpses of Kay Francis and other favourites which you get on the screen are all too fleeting. Why not have a permanent record of their charms?

"Picturegoer" portraits show the stars in their happiest and most be-witching moods and they are large enough to accentuate each attractive feature. The black and white glossy finish gives them added sparkle, and the thick card of which they are made gives them a long life. Choose yours from the list below. Full list on request.

SPECIAL 2/6 ALBUM

Many film lovers like to place these large photographs in the special album made especially for them. Beautifully bound in stiff cloth, to hold 52 portraits, bevelled edges and lettered in gold. "The Picturegoer" Gallery, the Album is a joy for ever.

THE "PICTUREGOER" PORTRAIT GALLERY


Elisabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lanell Barronmore
Constance Bennett
John Boles
Mary Brian
Sancy Carroll
Ronald Colman
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
Richard Dix
Douglas Fairbanks
Kay Francis
Greta Garbo
Janet Gaynor
Gary Grant
Cecil Griffith
Helen Hayes
Leila Howard
Lois Hyams
Barbara Kent
Bessie Love
Myrna Loy
Jeanette Macdonald
Dorothy Mackaill
J. Ed. McCrea
Laurence Montaigne
Mac Mullen
Pola Negri
Amelia Paget
Dolores Del Rio
Fernand Ordonnez
Sylvia Sidney
Norma Shearer
Sylva Koscina
Hele Twelvetrees
Lupino Lane

there's nothing casual about corot

if you've ever in your life felt that nobody except yourself cared if your new frock was the smashing success you longed for, or just anybody's thing, you've never been to corot.

here they do care, but they'll quietly say it's a part of their service . . . like their monthly payment business that's such a help.

call in at their rather nice showrooms and see, or if you're abroad, in the country, write for their fashion guide and order through the post, without a night's sleeplessness.

"fresh fields" padded rouleaux accept the shoulders of this pure silk crepe drapery frock with a jabot and ruffle collar, cash 4/6 d. monthly.

"get going" a slick costume in tweed weave, has a skirt with a yoked top and a link fastened jacket. cash 13½d. jacket lined art. crepe. monthly.

(Dept. p.539)

Corot

33 old bond street

- post this coupon to corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.

Free please send, without obligation, corot spring fashion guide and full details of instalment plan.

NAME
ADDRESS

P.2.

post this coupon to camilatone Ltd., 31, p.o. box 66, london, w.1.

Free please send the following coupon to CAMILATONE LTD., 31, P.O. BOX 66, LONDON, W.1.

Name
Address

3

Beautify your Hair

THIS NEW WAY

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER

FIRST DO THIS: Immediately after washing your hair, with soap and water or a good shampoo, rinse it thoroughly with a CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSE to suit your hair. (Fair, Auburn, or Dark). CAMILATONE BEAUTY RINSES contain the finest ingredients known to benefit hair. They do not dye, but really tone the hair, giving it sparkle and life. There are four rinses to choose from. CINNAMON, TONKIN, FRENCH BROWN, and TONKIN GOLDEN BROWN for dark hair—and then the favourite Camilatone Golden RINSE, most famous of all brightening rinses for the hair. They come in 6d. capsules or packets (sufficient for three rinses)—obtainable at HALF PRICE through the special introductory offer below.

- THEN DO THIS: Set your hair, after rinsing, with LUSTRESET, Camilatone's marvelous new setting medium—which is also a hair tonic and beautifier in addition and particularly helps your hair after permanent waving. LUSTRESET comes in a tube which, apart altogether from its convenience and cleanliness, is remarkably economical (there are 30 to 35 perfect settings in each 1/3 tube). Thus—with this simple "two-way" treatment—you are assured of beautiful, fascinating hair every time you wish it—rinsed into new life and beauty—set in perfect waves exactly as you desire it. Make a test to-day—USE COUPON BELOW and take advantage, as a "Picturegoer" reader, of this special introductory HALF-PRICE OFFER.

SPECIAL ORDER FORM

TO: THE "PICTUREGOER" PORTRAIT SALON,
85 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

OFFER 1.

Large Portraits of Film Stars.

I wish to participate in your special reduced price offer. Please send me immediately

large photographs of Film Stars. I have indicated which I require by placing a tick(s) in the attached list.

I enclose Postal Order No. Value.$

Cross P.O. and "Co." and make payable to "The Picturegoer."

OFFER 2. Special Album.

Please send me one of your Special Large Size Photograph Albums to take 52 photos as offered at 2½d, post free.

I enclose P.O. for 2½d. No.

Please write very clearly in black letters.

NAME
Full Postal Address

Date

"Picturegoer," March 31, 1934.

Camilatone

BEAUTY RINSES & LUSTRESET

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE COUPON

To: CAMILATONE LTD., WELSH HARP, HENDON, LONDON, N.W.9.

Please send me POST FREE to the address below:

ONE 6½ LUSTERSET for Dry Hair 7½d.
ONE 8d. Packet TONKIN.
ONE 6d. Packet GOLDEN RINSE for Fair Hair 3d.

Total amount enclosed.

*Offer can only be used with this special introductory offer.
When there's no time for a meal...

When the cinema cuts out a meal...

When the next meal is miles away...

Buy a \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. block of Cadbury's Milk and get as much nourishment as

When pleasure or business interferes with the normal routine — turn to Cadbury's Milk Chocolate and be satisfied! For there's real food, real sustaining power in it. Laboratory analyses prove that a \(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. of Cadbury's Milk is equal in nourishment and energy value to a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast — a meal, in fact.

**Cadbury's Milk Chocolate**

\(\frac{1}{4}\) lb. 4p

*very nourishing food*
A Film You May Never See

Some fine work from Russia—Fashion Notes and Arithmetic—Marlene's Novelty—Gambling on a Star—Is it fair to China?—Britain to the fore in new Hollywood Film—Famous Director to visit us.

Let me tell you something about a film most of you may never see. It is called October and was shown by the Film Society. The director was Eisenstein, who is regarded by knowledgeable folk as one of the greatest brains in the screen world.

You will remember the storm that was caused by the alleged mishandling of his Thunder Over Mexico. Well, in the case of October he was his own boss, and he has produced a 19,000-ft. film, much of which has been edited with the genius one expects from such artists who work with Eisenstein.

Clever Doubling

When I tell you that it was originally produced (in Russia, of course) as part of the Tenth Anniversary Celebrations of the October Revolution you will naturally understand that the film was, and is, strong political propaganda. It is designed to show the events in Petersburg from February to November, 1917. The historical structures shown are all actual and the historical personages are doubled so as to reproduce actual physical appearances. When Lenin appeared on the screen he received quite a round of applause. It was a remarkable likeness.

Amazing Crowd Scenes

The picture tells of the abdication of the Tsar—effective symbolism is employed for this—the formation of a provincial government, how the Soviets met, the Kornilov revolt, and the final triumph of the Bolsheviks.

One need not be politically-minded in any sense to appreciate the production, and the amazing way in which the crowd scenes were handled. Nor need one be pro or anti the picture to applaud the casting. The whole thing struck me as an astonishing news reel, which is really a high form of praise. Only the highly imaginative touches reminded me that this was a propaganda film.

There are many striking shots that I will long remember, one or two that made me shudder. Edward Tisse, who was responsible for the photography, is a rare artist. If only for that I would like you to see the film.

One version, which I understand was far from satisfactory, entitled Ten Days That Shook the World, has been shown in Germany and U.S.A. Probably a better version (the film can be cut without loss of effect) will be shown here. See it. If you can, as a picture worth seeing irrespective of the political angle.

Our thanks are certainly due to the Film Society for showing October, and if any of my readers want further information about the activities of the Society, write to Miss J. M. Harvey, 56 Manchester Street, London, W.1.

Our Fashion Number

The success of the fashion supplement in last week's Picturegoer was a foregone conclusion. The effect of the screen on modern life is too well known and too well understood by our readers to need any elaboration here. Perhaps a note from Travis Banton, the Paramount stylist, is not amiss here. He tells me that capes, trains, boas, and feathers will be popular. I also discover that there will be no more fumbling in the handbags in a frantic search for a lipstick at awkward moments. Marlene Dietrich has solved the problem by acquiring a lipstick ring which a Hollywood jeweller made for her design. The ring, with an inch-long silver setting, contains a miniature lipstick and mirror.

Some Arithmetic

You have heard how sometimes one of the heads of a film company emits an agonising yell. I am told one such cry rent the air at the Fox Movietone Studio when the head of the wardrobe department turned in the following itemised list:

- 600 yards black satin.
- 600 yards white taffeta.
- 1,000 yards white.
- 5,000 yards black ribbon.
- 8 trains, 14 feet long.

Claudette Colbert caught by the cameraman putting the finishing touches to her "wedding" make-up while on location for "It Happened One Night."

600 yards crepe Elizabeth.
1,672 feathers.
98 yards silver cloth.
2,000 yards silk net.
500 yards Mousseline de Soir.
330 yards velvet.
1,600 bunches sequins.
200 yards pink satin.
1,000 yards sequin trimming.
200 yards white chiffon.
300 yards rhinestone trimming.
1,000 yards Chantilly lace.
250 bandana handkerchiefs.
1,000 yards calico.
1,350 yards.
500 yards grey satin.

The materials were used in clothing the 100 chorus and showgirls used in four elaborate numbers of the "Fox Follies," which features Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Jimmy Dunn, Stepin Fetchit, Shirley Temple and twenty headliners of the vaudeville stage and screen.

When Does He Sleep?

Talking of Warner Baxter reminds me that he has 41 talking pictures to his credit and is engaged in the leading role of No. 42, while No. 43 is already waiting.

Baxter's star has steadily risen since In Old Arizona. His present picture is Too Many Women, and playing opposite him is Rosemary Ames, who is fairly well known on the London stage. She is supposed to be a great screen find.

(Continued on page 7)
A Carole Lombard Acknowledged to be one of the screen's most attractive women. Her latest success is "Bolero," with George Raft.
March 31, 1934

(Continued from page 5)

I wonder if our searchers of talent in London have again been beaten.

In spite of the constant demand for Warner Baxter’s services, he has found time to excel at tennis, amateur cookery, bridge, and gardening. He’s putting the finishing touches on his new home and is planning a European trip.

An Investment or a Gamble?

On page 8 you will read the story of Anna Sten, who is starring in Lady of the Boulevards. You are by now acquainted with the story of how Samuel Goldwyn groomed her for stardom. What I would like to see are the fifty-one tests that were made of her. Goldwyn certainly deserves to succeed if only to point the moral to British producers.

Why Chinese?

I hear that the Chinese Minister is making inquiries concerning Jack Ahoy. One Shanghai newspaper is most incensed against this film and refers to it as a “disgrace to China.” The Chinese certainly have good ground for complaining. Rarely is a Chinaman anything but a brigand or a villain.

Shanghai Express was never shown in China, and now M-G-M technicians who went to Shanghai in the hope of photographing backdrops for a screen version of The Good Earth have found themselves faced with greater difficulties. It is more than likely that although there are bandits in the book, they will not appear on the screen.

The First Love

Richard Bennett says he is tired of “the shooting galleries,” as he calls the studios, and is leaving Hollywood to star again on the stage. He has been absent from the theatre since 1930, and his best screen performances have been in A Room with a View, If I Had a Million, and Vaxi. Arrangements are being made for him to appear in the title role of The Great Romancer, a story about Alexander Dumas.

Walter Huston has also returned for a spell to his first love and among the parts scheduled for him is Othello. I’d like to see him as the tragic Moor.

“Forbidden Lips”

There will be more than a British levying in Jesse Lasky’s new production, which will be an adaptation of Bena Levy’s stage play, Springtime for Henry. In addition to the British author, Heather Angel, Herbert Mundin, and Nigel Bruce will have important parts. Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll will play the leads. The title has been changed to Forbidden Lips.

Don’t Write to Me

I’m half afraid to mention George Cukor’s forthcoming visit to Engand. The famous director is scheduled to come here to study the Dickens background for the screen version of David Copperfield. Since the book is so well known, M-G-M have decided not to take any chances. Radio was wise that way with Little Women. I understand that about half the picture will be devoted to David as a boy and that Cukor may look for an English child to play the part.

Now you fond mothers and fathers, please don’t write to me about it. Cukor and I are good friends and I want to remain so.

An Explanation

I regret that a prize was awarded twice for the same couplet—American Tragedy —The Crooner—in our cinema couplet contest.

The winning postcard in the first issue was sent down again to be set up in mistake for another entry which has since been awarded a prize.

There is a very large entry for this competition, which has proved exceedingly popular and which I think you will agree has produced some amusing and witty results.

Every possible care is taken to avoid replicat-

James Cagney “tells the tale” to Bette Davis in “Jimmy the Gent.”

PULCHERGOER Weekly

stage in Hollywood and San Francisco. He has a part in Scarlet Empress with Marlene Dietrich.

This Week’s Wisecrack

Lupe Velez always says or does something which attracts attention.

The vivacious Mexican actress, playing in Hollywood Party, was hanging by her knees from a cross-bar.

The usual delays connected with the filming of a scene kept Lupe suspended from the bar far longer than she cared to be. Lupe “blew up!”

“Make it snappier!” she shouted.

“I’m not Tarzan, I’m only his mate!”

Kinema Couples

This week’s award of 10s. 6d. goes to Miss E. Barnes, Spring Cottage, Munton, Bishopston, Swansea, for reflection on modern maidens:

A Search for Beauty

Behind the Make-up

To Mrs. D.C. Cross, South Cliff Farm, Kirton Lindsey, Gainsborough, Lincs., for this inspiring challenge:

Let’s Fall in Love

Welcome Danger

To L. Elston, 13 The Dale, Woodseats, Sheffield, 8, for this dictum on social amenities:

Dinner at Eight

Come Clean

To Miss M. Langdon, 37 Despard Road, Highgate, W., for this “yes” man brevity:

Hollywood Speaks

Yes, Mr. Brown

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be to Miss Winifred Chard, 123 Healthy St., and all cards, marked “Couples,” and addressed c/o PULCHERGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes will not be opened.

M. B. Y.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

T is nearly two years since I last met Anna Sten. I had gone down to her pretty little villa in the West End of Berlin to bid her good-by the night before she left for Hollywood. Everywhere there were signs of departure—trunks and bags standing in the hall ready for shipment, the rooms bare of all those personal little touches that had made Anna's home so typically her own. But the samovar was still in its usual place, and over a glass of Russian tea we discussed the future and her great adventure.

I thought, perhaps, she might have been a little afraid of Hollywood and suggested so, but I found her quietly confident.

She did not underestimate the difficulties she would have to overcome, especially those of mastering the English language, but she was determined to succeed. I knew how that "determination to succeed" had carried her through one of the most remarkable careers in the history of European films.

Anna Sten was destined to become an artiste. It was always an ambition of her mother's to go on the stage, but she found it impossible to defeat the prejudice of her parents. Nevertheless, she came into the world of the theatre when she married Anna's father, the master of a ballet-school in Kiew, where Anna was born.

From her own parents she has not only inherited her artistic aspirations, but also the prevailing features of her character. From her mother, who was of Swedish descent, she has inherited energy and determination, and from the father, an Ukrainian, the blend of sentimentality and gaiety so typical for the Slavic race.

Anna entered her father's ballet-school and made her first public appearance when she was barely five years old. Her artistic development, however, was interrupted by the war and the Russian revolution.

The father died, leaving the family penniless. During the first years of the Soviet regime, moreover, there was neither theatre nor ballet, and instead of the dramatic academy, which had been Anna's ambition, she had to go to work in a restaurant.

But even in the drudgery of the life of a waitress failed to kill her courage and her enthusiasm for the theatre. Later, when a group of young artists formed a company to give theatrical performances, she joined them, and soon her talent was recognised.

The enterprise met with success from the point of view of public support and approval from the authorities, who had by then learned that entertainment was not merely a bourgeois luxury, but a necessity for the proletarian masses.

In that period of her life Anna Sten also made something of a name for herself as a journalist by regularly contributing articles to a local newspaper, The Kiew Truth.

In the meanwhile, the Soviet Government had commenced to organise the production of films, realising that they were an excellent medium for education as well as for political propaganda.

As in other cities, a film academy was founded in Kiew and Anna Sten became one of its first students.

One day she saw that Sowkino, one of Russia's best-known producers, was advertising for young talent for the screen.

Again it did not take her long to decide to go to Moscow and apply in person.

There she was set to the task of playing the same dramatic sequence both in a tragic and comic form. Although she was able to pass this by no means easy test with considerable success, Sowkino had no suitable role for her, and she cooled her heels in the outer office for weeks without getting any work.

Finally, she was sent to Jalta, the Crimen production centre, where she worked for the first time in a film studio.

March 31, 1934

Then she was called back to Moscow and given a contract by Meschrapbol, the largest Russian film-producing company. Here she played the leading parts in some of Russia's most successful pictures, including Moscow in Joy and Tears, The Yellow Ticket and The Other Man's Child.

Those were the times when the Soviet films were making their sensational and triumphant progress all over the European Continent.

To some extent this success was due to Anna Sten. She was recognised as the leading Soviet star.

Handsome contracts were offered her by various foreign production companies, but not until her director, Fedor Ozep, accepted an offer to go to Berlin did Anna Sten decide to leave the Russian screen.

In Ozep's first German picture, The Murder of Karamazov, adapted from Dostoevsky's famous novel, she appeared as the heroine Grushenka. Her partner was Fritz Kortner, one of Germany's best actors, who is now in England, where he will play the part of Hassan in The Chinese Chow, to be produced by Gaumont-British.

The Murder of Karamazov scored a tremendous success on the Continent and in America. It was screened in London by the Film Society and it was another personal triumph for the young Russian actress.

Then Anna made Salto Mortale under the direction of E. A. Dupont, and as a result of that picture Erich Pommer signed her up for Ufa.

Here she played the Queen in Captain Craddock—the part played by Sari Maritza in the English version.

The picture that won Anna Sten her greatest recognition in England, however, was her second Ufa vehicle, Tempest, in which she appeared opposite Emil Jannings.

Sam Goldwyn, to whom so many screen stars owe their discovery, was again searching Europe for new talent.

He saw Anna in Tempest and decided to take her to America. It is rumoured that he has spent nearly $500,000 in grooming Anna into a top-rank actress, and he has given her every opportunity to make the sensation which he foresaw her appearance in American films would create.

Ann had not been completely satisfied with the roles that had been selected for her in Berlin after Karamazov, and she did not find it difficult to take the Hollywood plunge.

Now her first American picture, Nana, has arrived in England. It is showing in the West End this week-end.

According to all reports, the fascinating Russian beauty has made a tremendous hit in America and is now the sensation of Broadway.

Her name seems certain to shine among the outstanding celebrities of the international screen.

Thus, Anna Sten's career leads in a straight line from a comparatively small beginning to a wonderful achievement.

In her homeland she was the most prominent actress of the Russian films, in Germany she won European fame, and America now offers her the opportunity to be counted among the great stars of the world.

FROM RED MOSCOW TO HOLLYWOOD

by Irene PARKER-HEYMANN

SAM Goldwyn saw Anna Sten playing opposite Emil Jannings in the Ufa production "The Tempest" and decided that she was of the stuff of which stars are made. She already had a big name in Russia and Germany, and now it looks as if her first Hollywood production "Nana" will make her internationally famous. Here is the romance of her rise to fame.

NEXT WEEK

"You see I'm not really a good actress—..."

This is Katharine Hepburn, the world-famous artiste, speaking to Gladys Baker during a special interview for "Picturegoer."

It is the most revealing pen picture of Hepburn ever published. You cannot afford to miss it.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.
Dorothy Hyson, who is starring in "Cup of Kindness," has a chat with Berthold Viertel, who is directing "Little Friend," and who was also responsible for "The Spy."

Elizabeth Young, one of Paramount's contract players, shows you one of the early spring fashions in sportswear. It is of green knit, cut high and finished with an original note in the tie. Note the attractive balloon sleeves.

Cliff Edwards, Ukelele Ike to you, puts in an extra bit of off-stage fooling. He is doing a burlesque of Henry VIII in "George White's Scandals."

Carl Laemmle, veteran president of Universal, cuts a 67-lb. chocolate cake on the occasion of his 67th birthday. With him are famous stars, directors, and producers associated with him. How many stars can you recognize?
SYLVIA SIDNEY curled up on the huge sofa, her dark hair, olive complexion and vivid mouth accentuated by a background of flame gladioli, and talked for the first time about her ideal Prince Charming.

"Don't rush, aspiring swains, don't rush!"

For the man who will succeed in capturing the heart of the diminutive Dreiser heroine is cut from no ordinary pattern. Her requirements are many, exacting, and as uncompromising as her ideas about everything that affects her personal life and her career.

First of all, there is the demand for prematurely grey hair. The warning that this requirement might result in a deluge of white-haired Apollos amused her. But she was still adamant in her order for iron-grey locks as part of her hero's physical adornment.

Then there's the question of eyes. Her own being definitely hazel with a fascinating dash of brown in one of them, it's a case of 'opposites attract' with the elfin movie celebrity.

The eyes of her conquering hero must be blue. Simple enough? Not really. For the colour is the least part of it. Rather is it a much more tangible quality having to do with expression.

No large, melancholy orbs such as El Greco set in vogue among Castilian ladies during his reign as portrait painter in Spain. On the contrary, these eyes à la Sidney must be exceedingly luminous, with quick apprehension and aliveness.

"It's not so much the colour," she explained, "but they must show that he's a person of awareness... of keen responsiveness. When I'm introduced to a man the first thing I notice is his eyes. If they're dull and lustreless I feel that he has passed life by and that his temperament is stodgy, unimaginative. Just one look at his eyes and I don't have to know anything else about him. For I believe that eyes are an individual's most revealing feature... they mirror deep, hidden qualities within."

The mouth? I can give her legion of masculine admirers no definite instructions as to what save that the size and shape and modelling are entirely inconsequential. As she laughingly expressed it, "It's what comes out of a man's mouth in the way of interesting talk that's important. You see, I'd much rather listen than talk myself, so it's necessary for the man I'd care about to be able to say things that are worth hearing."

I put forth the theory of certain scientists that attraction between male and female is entirely due to subtle chemical vibrations. That emanations between two persons of opposite sexes either clicked or they didn't—and that was the end of it.

Positively she shook her head. "Not for me. Besides, it's part of my destiny that's written in the stars."

Sylvia, it seems, had her horoscope cast some years ago and Myra Kingsley, the astrologist, made certain startling predictions and unearthed facts in her life which were then unknown to her client. "Everything has been proved except her prophecy that I'd marry the sort of man I've described to you and who has always been my ideal."

More than that Cupid's most elusive target in the film colony went on record as declaring that she was in no particular hurry to launch into matrimony. She's only twenty-three, you know, and besides, she's of the opinion that movie fans prefer that their screen stars remain virgin.

Also, there's another hurdle that her young Lochinvar will have to take in order to storm the citadel of Sylvia's affections. He will be endowed with a high-powered persuasiveness that will break down her instinctive indifference to people which amounts to an impenetrable, imitable, asdous, self-sufficiency.

Most humans being motivated by the herd instinct, are unable to understand this pretty young girl's need for solitude. Being entirely alone at times is for her an inner necessity. Nor is it a pose. It's as essential to her as food and breath and sunlight.

Her house in Beverly Hills is free from intimate associations of friends or family. She is, I believe, the only film luminary I've ever interviewed who was not surrounded by an entourage of business managers, press agents, secretaries and companions. It was impressive to find her entirely alone except for the servants.

"I suppose I acquired the habit of not being dependent on other people from being so much alone during my childhood. I was an only child. My mother and father had separated and my mother was my only companion. Much of the time I was left to myself and it was necessary to cultivate my inner resources. I've always had my best times alone. I remember when I came to New York to live with my aunt at the age of ten or eleven, I used to run away and if I had a nickel it would open up for me a whole day of adventure. My magic carpet was the subway! I would ride for hours on end—thrilled and interested in the people around me."

She's the most amazing combination of youth and maturity. Despite her diminutive size and quaint whimsicality, she infrequently utters words of rare truth and wisdom. This is a part of her nature established by such immutable forces as destiny and environment. From her mother, who is Russian, she inherited a Slavonic sensitivity to the heartbreak of life. A minor strain in her nature casts her not infrequently into deep melancholia from which she can only recover by being entirely alone.

She will not choose for her matrimonial partner a gregarious individual whose acquaintance depends on crowds and parties.

"People take so much out of me. If I'm at a party and people crowd about me, I feel suffocated and want to make for the nearest exit. One party drains me of more vital energy than weeks of steady work in the studio."

Because an individual's philosophy is a sure index to their character, I asked on behalf of the world's eligible bachelors, if she had worked out any creed of life or code of ethics to help her over the rough places.

"I've no orthodox religion, if that's what you mean, and I don't suppose a code of ethics is possible for a person who's had so little contact with people. But I believe terribly in honesty, loyalty, and integrity. The people I care most about know that they can count on me being truthful and I expect the same of them."

Then I learned that her triumphal, Lothario must be possessed of genuine and habitual politeness.

"I think," she mused, "that a person could take the simple rule of courtesy as a guide to their..."
March 31, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

WRITTEN

says

SYLVIA

SIDNEY

THE famous star, in a special interview given to Gladys Baker, talks of love and life, and reveals the type of woman she really is.

conduct and come out rather well from it. I think this characteristic means so much to me that it colours my opinion, not only of people, but of places. That's the reason I fell in love with England last summer. Everybody — shop girls, waiters — everyone I came in contact with were gentle-mannered and considerate.

Then I gathered what should be heartening news to her ambitious admirers. Sylvia Sidney, by her own admission, is the least temperamental actress in Hollywood.

I told her that the charge of being temperamental had been brought against her in various quarters ever since she was said to have "walked out" on the filming of The Way to Love with Maurice Chevalier.

"That's stupid and unfair!" dark eyes flashing. "I'd almost rather die than let anybody down. I left the picture because I was ill. I've a gland in my throat that has a way of behaving badly. It swells to the size of a hen's egg and all I can do is to stay quietly in bed and on the strictest sort of diet until it returns to normal. It's horrid of people to say I walked off the lot. My producers know I didn't."

Though she didn't say so, there are other producers who know the stamina of this dynamic little person. Samuel Goldwyn, for instance, saw her go through the shots of City Streets with a broken ankle. It caused her excruciating pain to go limping across the set with her entire leg in a plaster cast and for long shots leaving off all support except the handle of Crosby Gaige could tell also about the time she kept on in a stage play for three weeks under the same painful conditions.

"I've no patience with the manufactured display of emotions that masquerades under the name of temperament! That sort of temperament means first of all that you've got to get good and mad every now and then, and whenever I get angry all it does to me is to give me a pain in my stomach!" She laughed merrily. "I'd do almost anything to escape a row. Believe it or not, I shapeliest legs curled beneath her. The plain black frock with its youthful white organdy collar accentuated her slimness.

"I'm five feet three inches," she explained, "but my heels are responsible for the inches! And Howard Greer, costume designer, says I have the smallest waistline in Hollywood. He thought that was a compliment, but I didn't. All my life I've wanted to be tall. Crosby Gaige told my mother when I was working in my first play for him, 'I wish she'd grow up. She can't possibly be full grown as she is.' But I was, I was almost twenty!" But to get back to my ideal Prince Charming. He mustn't be too tall. But not too short, either, for my feeling about being so small myself amounts almost to a complex."

But her exquisitely feminine figure has been one of the assets that has worked effectively in building up her vast screen following. Nor has her size prevented Miss Sidney from being rewarded time and again with roles of dramatic power and intensity. In her screen career of three brief years she has proved her potentialities as an actress in such emotional roles as those demanded in Street Scene, Madame Butterfly, The Miracle Man, An American Tragedy and Jennie Gerhardt, the latter being taken from the Dreiser novels.

Her portrayal of Jennie Gerhardt brought a wire of enthusiastic appreciation from Theodore Dreiser, than whom there is no author more notoriously difficult to please. But none of her roles has ever brought her complete satisfaction.

"I'd wanted to play the part of Jennie for so long and had cared so much about it. Then, when I saw myself in it at the pre-view I had the desire to do it all over again. It left me depressed for weeks. Really, I was inconsolable."

But we were digressing. I recalled the object of my interview by inquiring if there were any other qualifications for the man who would eventually be known as "the husband of Sylvia Sidney."

"Oh, yes. It's quite necessary that he should be patient and sympathetic. Especially when I'm ill. I don't believe I'll get sick any more than other people, but when I do I'm more depressed. I couldn't bear for my husband to be the type of man who regards illness in his wife as a neurotic outbreak."

"You don't really believe you'll find this mythical Prince Charming, do you?"

We had risen. She was standing in the centre of the spacious drawing-room. "Of course I do," she said steadily. "It's written in the stars and is part of my destiny."

I had the feeling upon leaving that Sylvia Sidney will go right on searching for her dream lover and because her faith is the sort that removes mountains, perhaps she may find him. Who knows?
Hugh Williams

One of Hollywood's captures. His performance in "Sorrell and Son" proves that America's gain is a serious loss to us. He is now with Fox and great things are expected of him.
WHAT I Think of FILMS
by Otto KRUGER

This brilliant young actor, who has a big future before him, tells you his Hollywood experiences. He tried many occupations before the theatre claimed him, and once hoped to become a famous constructional engineer. One thing he never wants to be classed as is a "romantic type."

I t was just about a year ago that I arrived in Hollywood after playing for several weeks in Counsellor at Law on the Broadway stage. Paul Muni's picture obligations had called him to the film capital, and I played his rôle until the play closed.

I was a little apprehensive about the place because of the stories I had heard about forgotten actors and writers who languished in their homes and offices waiting for assignments.

That almost happened to me. For several weeks there was no mention of a rôle for me. I did, however, visit the various sets, watching the technique of veteran screen artists like Wally Beery and Lionel Barrymore.

There is really a definite and different art to screen work, although stage experience is a tremendous help.

At any rate, I approached one of the executives one day and inquired about my status.

He explained that none of the pictures then in production could afford me any parts, but that Edgar Selwyn and Ben Hecht were writing a screen play called Turn Back the Clock in which I would have one of the leads.

We discussed my lack of activity in the interim and it was decided that I might appear in the California stage production of Counsellor at Law.

It was a big success there, just as on Broadway.

Mr. Selwyn's fine direction of Turn Back the Clock was an incentive to me. After that I was cast for Beauty for Sale, and found myself making love to Madge Evans instead of playing the character rôles I fully expected to do when I signed my contract.

But everyone appeared satisfied, and I signed a new long-term contract after that film.

I also enjoyed working in Every Woman's Man. With me were such sterling performers as Walter Huston, Myrna Loy, and Robert McWade. But Max Baer was the big surprise. He's just a big youngster, as jolly as they come, and very earnest about his work. And did he act? Ask the critics and the public.

I went over to Warner Brothers for Ever in My Heart, and to Twentieth Century for Gallant Lady. Then, finally, I was given a lawyer rôle.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did not buy Counsellor at Law, so they acquired Hugh Herbert's original screen story, The Women in His Life. I believe that to be the kind of story which appeals to all.

Irene Hervey, who plays the feminine lead, is a girl to be watched. One look at the "rushes" convinced me she'll be getting more good rôles from now on.

Just now I am pretty much enthused over Men in White, the Cosmopolitan picture in which I am working.

I understand that the stage play stands an excellent chance of winning the Pulitzer Prize. All of the cast like the picture immensely.

Working in pictures is not easy. Except between pictures one gets little chance to see much of Hollywood and its environs. But I'm not complaining.

With the pleasant surroundings at M.G.M., and the special consideration given each player, I don't regret leaving the stage to come here. As far as future stage work is concerned—well, I don't know right now.

Perhaps some day I'll take another fling at it, and I hope the play will be as successful as Counsellor at Law.
O NLY once in a blue moon do you find a man who is unabashedly sentimental. For some reason, men seem to associate sentiment with softness and femininity.

But there is one young man in Hollywood who is unabashedly sentimental, who is proud of it. Robert Young admits frankly and without reservation that sentiment plays now, and always has played, a large part in his scheme of living.

"I don't talk about it much," he explained, "because I'm afraid that people will laugh at me, will think I'm a silly fool. I don't know why the average man will try to go to the opposite pole of hardness and indifference to hide any sentiment which he may feel. That training begins in boyhood when the other fellows make fun of you if you show any sign of what they call "silliness."

"I remember once when I was in the fourth or fifth year in school, a gang of boys planned to go on a hiking trip one Saturday. I said I couldn't go because it was my sister's birthday. They laughed at me and teased me about it. But I didn't go. I couldn't explain to them that birthdays were big events in our family life. In spite of the fact that we had little money, we always managed to make a big celebration of holidays and birthdays. Nothing in the world could have forced me to miss that little family birthday dinner with the cake and the small, inexpensive gifts which we opened with so much ceremony."

And Hollywood has been as powerless in changing Bob as was that group of boys.

Most young men, who have fought their way upward from poverty, who have struggled in the heart-breaking game of motion pictures with its countless disappointments, crushed hopes and nerve-wracking uncertainties, that would have been stripped of sentimentality, would have been disillusioned and schooled in hardness. But not Bob.

The first time I met him was three years ago when he had just signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His enthusiasm was boyishly naive. He was fresh, eager and thrilled by the wonder of it. After years of struggling along in a community theatre, working in a bond house or a bank during the day and working in the theatre at night, he could scarcely believe he had signed a contract with a motion picture company. He made you feel that he was secretly pinching himself to try to reassure himself that it was all true and not a dream.

The day that he was given the role of Helen Hayes' son in Lullaby, he was almost speechless. "Just think," he repeated again and again, "I'm going to play with Miss Hayes. For years she has been a sort of ideal of mine. I never dreamed that this would happen to me."

I t was the same way when he played with Norma Shearer in Strange Interlude.

Then came near-stardom and a gala Hollywood world premiere of The West Parade. One year, to the exact day, from the time when he signed his contract, Bob was one of the central figures at a Hollywood premiere. And, because Bob was Bob, he did not invite any of the gloriously lovely young women of Hollywood to share his glory on that night. He escorted his mother, the mother who had struggled to keep a roof over the head of her small brood during the lean years when they had lived and hoped and dreamed in a little house on the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

Then, with its cruel inconsistency, Hollywood decided that it had given the young man enough of glory. From near-stardom Bob slipped back to small parts, some of them scarcely more than bits.

For more than a year Bob seemed to be doomed to the oblivion of unimportance. Then, just as suddenly, six months ago conditions changed. During these last few months Bob has played leading roles opposite several of the screen's greatest feminine stars, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor. His most recent film role is in M. G. M.'s Lazy River.

Remembering the first Bob of three years ago, I was almost afraid to meet him again. I was afraid of what Hollywood might have done to him. But he was the same Bob with the same fine enthusiasm and almost bewildered boyishness.

"I couldn't be hard and cold if I tried to be," he confessed, "so what's the use of pretending. Lots of people have talked to me, have advised me to learn to be indifferent about things. Perhaps
March 31, 1934

PICTUREGOER

They are right. Perhaps I would avoid a lot of suffering by being that way. But I'd also lose a lot of happiness. After all, the little simple things of life are the most important—to me, at least. I am trying not to lose sight of them.

When Bob was hospital ed to attain a place in Hollywood, these same advisers talked to him about going places and being seen with the right people. They also had the young wives of the famous players whose names make news and about whom there is a certain aura of glamour. In a town which boasts of its young bachelors, Bob was invited everywhere.

He tried to follow that advice—for a few weeks. But in time, he settled back to his own quiet way of living. And back to the one real love of his life, the girl whom he had known since grammar school.

"I suddenly realised that life was too short to waste it trying to be something which I was not," Bob explained. "I know that a lot of people thought that I was a fool, that I was throwing away a chance which was given to few people. But I didn't care. I wasn't happy. I didn't like social affairs. I wasn't having fun with Betty than I was going to the most elaborate party."

So Bob and Betty were married and Hollywood lost another bachelor. Shortly before last Christmas, their daughter, Carol Anne, was born. Betty stayed in the hospital a few days longer than necessary just so that she could have her homecoming on Christmas Day. Because Bob and Betty, with their warm, young sentimentality, knew that day was the day of all days to bring the third member of their little family into her new home.

And what a day that was! Both families. Carol Anne. Blazing fire. Huge Christmas tree. Gifts and gifts and more gifts.

"Mother had worked for days, making special foods," Bob smiled. "The house was decorated from top to bottom. And, as we sat there, I thought about other Christmases, when we had managed to be happy, to make a big celebration, even though we only had very inexpensive gifts for each other and no money for special foods and decorations. I am glad that I was born in that kind of a family. We have always found pleasures in little things which other people wouldn't notice."

Bob admits with a grin that he celebrates everything. The day that he signed his new contract with M-G-M, a much better contract than the first, he and Betty invited the entire family to a huge celebration dinner as nearly as possible like the one which had marked the other contract three years before. Then Bob and his family had been living in a little cottage.

A year later, when Bob moved his family into a lovely little bungalow on one of Hollywood's older streets, they had another celebration. And, recently, they again celebrated the move into a home at the beach, where Bob's mother can see the Pacific Ocean outside her windows, something of which she had dreamed for years.

Bob and Betty and Carol Anne live in a little bungalow on the outskirts of Hollywood, their homely and feminine. They are planning to build some day their own home, a permanent home. And they are already collecting little things for that house.

"Not long ago we went to Mexico for a weekend," Bob said. "We bought a little boat, a little motor, a little outboard, and in the same breath, we said, 'Wouldn't that look fine on our home?' So we went in and bought it. That was the real beginning of the house.

"Almost the same thing happened long before Carol Anne was born. We were walking down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon and in a window we saw a bonnet and little coat. We both knew that they were just the right bonnet and coat for our baby—if we ever had one. So we bought them. It will be months and months before Carol grows large enough to wear them but we shall probably always treasure them as the very first articles of wearing apparel ever bought for her. Silly? Maybe. But not to us."

In his dressing-room Bob has placed a framed motto from the Arabic. "The Greatest of Virtues is Humbleness." A strange motto for the make-believe world of Hollywood.

"A friend of mine gave me that motto at the time when I needed it most," Bob confided. "I went through a phase of almost losing my head. That was when I first began in pictures, I was nothing but a foolish youngster, awed by the glitter and the razzle-dazzle of it all. It must have been the old-fashioned sentimentality in me which pulled me through. That is the only way I can explain it. Women flattened me and I fell for it. I began to think that I was a pretty important person. Boy," Bob whistled through his teeth, "I certainly had a narrow escape from becoming a complete fool.

"If I had been all alone without any responsibilities, I probably would have fallen under the spell.

"When, now, I look back on that Bob who thought that the world was his oyster, simply because he had signed a contract and because famous women went out of their way to be nice to him—from professional interest and courtesy, I realise now, not from personal interest—it is like looking back on another person.

"Hollywood offers more tests for stability, probably, than any other place. It is so fantastic and unreal. Some guiding spirit or something must have been looking after me, because, suddenly, I seemed to realise what it was all about and get my common sense back."

Clark Gable once admitted the same thing, confessed that he almost lost his sense of balance in the suddenness of Hollywood. And Clark is an older and more experienced person than the boy who walked out of a bank into the very centre of studio life.

So, to-day, Bob is not only proud of his frank sentimentality, and his insistence upon the importance of small things, but he is clinging to them as to an anchor. His small bungalow, Betty, Carol Anne, his family and the family over the dinner table, birthdays, a few friends, anniversaries, pilgrimages back to the neighbourhood where he and Betty spent the days of their courtship—little things which are so big. He looks at them so that his eyes will not be blinded by the glitter of the make-believe world in which he works.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, we are unable to publish Douglas Fairbanks, jun.'s reply to the open letter written to him by M. D. Phillips in our issue of February 24. We hope to give our readers the star's spirited defence next week.

As the star appeared with Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude," the picture which exploited the 'spoken thought' idea.

With Helen Hayes and Jean Hersholt in "Lullaby" in which he scored a big success.
LOOK at your fingers
and think of your throat

The cause of that stain is the cause of your cough—
tobacco tar! Protect your fingers and you protect your
throat. The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar—
traps the one cause of burning, of dryness and of hoarseness.
You enjoy the true Virginia flavour—cool and
full and fragrant. Nicotine, the charmer . . . yes.
Rich, round flavour . . . yes. But a stain for your
fingers, an irritant for your sensitive throat—
definitely no.
Could you have tasted rare Virginia as it really
should be—free from tobacco tar?

du MAURIER
cigarettes with the exclusive filter tip
March 31, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot From Hollywood

MARGARET SULLAVAN MYSTERY


MARGARET SULLAVAN, who scored such a success in Only Yesterday, has the Universal studio worried. She has taken a new version to Hollywood, and its intrigues upon her privacy, and is constantly flying to New York, sometimes when she is in demand at the studio it is difficult to interview. As Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich. Miss Sullavan’s next film for Universal is to be Little Man, What Now? The title might well be changed to Little Girl, What Now? For when the studio sends word to Margaret to come to work, they hardly know what kind of an answer they will receive, or where she may be!

Hollywood believes that Margaret is in love, and that possibly the rumours of a recent marriage and that are based on fact.

A Clever Showman

Everyone is watching the progress of Carl Brisson. Carl, who is appearing in Murder at the Vanities, at a high cost, was the running attention when he arrived with a car-load of trunks, following which he majestically entered the studio in his huge European motor, a car which evokes a gasp from Marlene Dietrich, who has an imposing one of her own.

Marlene gasped some more when she learned that Carl had the right to drive his machine on the lot. Hitherto Miss Dietrich was the sole possessor of such a privilege, at least among the players.

The latest publicity stroke of the Danish star is to have his luncheon, cooked in the approved Danish style, driven to the studio from his Beverly Hills home. Carl climbs into the car and eats his noontday repast, spurning the services of the studio restaurant.

Plundering the Stars

Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee, were held up, while driving along the Pacific Palisades, and swindled a loss of valuations estimated at $150.

Constance Cummings’ mother had her car stolen recently. Connie saw the car a few days later, containing no personal effects, and was unaccountably pushed over by one of the occupants.

Police located the machine in front of a school a short time afterwards, and remarked that the theft of the car was probably due to a boyish prank.

An application of the parental hair brush would do considerable good to juvenile car thieves, but, alas, in Hollywood we do not have ancestor worship, but child adulation.

An Imposing Film

With Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone heading the cast, The World Moves On is under way at the Fox Movietone Studio.

It is hailed as one of the biggest and most spectacular Fox productions of the year, and it is planned for release in mid-summer.

Miss Carroll will win new laurels in this film, and, while she is an idol of the British fans, her first American picture should also establish her as an American favourite. I regard her as a very serious threat to Carole Lombard. The latter lady has no competition from American actresses.

Franchot Tone, who has rapidly come to the front in the past year as one of Hollywood’s most popular leading men, was last seen in Dancing Lady and, just previous to that, was featured in Honda Bombshell and John Ford directs, while Reginald Berkeley, who turned out the widely-acclaimed screen adaptation of Candide, is the author of The World Moves On.

A Publicity “Gag”?

Evelyn Venable, the demure ingenue, who is known as Hollywood’s “kissless” actress, has lost her title.

Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor, appearing in David Harum, a Fox film, exchanged a few osculatory salutes during the course of the story. It is now reported that the yarn of Evelyn’s “kisslessness” is merely a publicity inspiration.

I sincerely hope that Evelyn will not launch into sophisticated roles! We have too many “sexy” actresses without any more additions to the list.

The War is Over

Gloria Stuart and the Universal studio officials have buried the hatchet, and not into one another! The pretty actress is not leaving for China to resume her duties with the paper for which she was formerly a reporter. Instead, she is appearing in I’ll Tell the World, for Universal, and apparently happy.

From a confidential, semi-official source, I learn that Gloria and the studio are “ironing out their differences,” which were matters concerning an increase of salary and more important parts.

Battling Hollywood

Thousands of girls come to Hollywood to crash the gates of fame, but few are as fortunate as Kitty O’Dare, whose real name is Catharine Flynn. She is pretty and the heiress to $1,250,000 which she inherited last year on her twenty-first birthday.

Kitty has not secured a film contract as yet so she is dancing in a night club, and, in her leisure moments, giving very lavish parties in her luxurious home. She is said to have expended over $20,000 in a few weeks.

Her mother and sister, members of New York society, came to Hollywood to induce Kitty to return to the eastern city, but acceded to her plea to have a few months in which to decide whether she can win film fame.

This girl must wish to win film success on her own merits, for if she took off the strings on her bank roll she could get results at once, particularly in these days when so many studios are “in the red,” and could use an extra million with ease.

Home Theatricals

Joan Crawford, who has been renovating her home, presumably for the advent of a new husband, is building a small theatre at the rear of her mansion, where she plans to put on stage performances, aided by a number of her celebrated friends.

The theatre will include footlights, scenery and everything else that goes with a well-equipped playhouse.

“Caggy” Actors!

Humans and a wild animal reversed positions during a filming of She Made Her Bed, at the Paramount studio.

Robert Armstrong played a role wherein he was supposed to be eaten by a Bengal tiger, and, for a time, it looked as though not only Bob, but the rest of the cast, might furnish a meal for the ferocious animal.

The tiger leaped over the enclosure where it was confined, and Armstrong and the rest of the ensemble rushed into the cage, where they remained until the trainer subdued the tiger, and placed him in another cage.

This story illustrates the joys of a movie actor.

A New Romance

Maurice Chevalier has been seen about Hollywood quite a bit with Kay Francis, and everyone is wondering if a romance is in the offing.

While Chevalier has been attentive to many attractive ladies, Kay appears to be the type which would win his serious attention. She is one of Hollywood’s feminine stars who really would appear quite all right in a real drawing-room.

However, Kay is not free of her matrimonial ties, although she has filed an action against her husband, Kenneth MacKenna. According to California laws, a divorce received in the state is not effective until a year after the interlocutory decree is granted.

Poor Mimi

I had luncheon a few weeks ago at the Fox studio with Mimi Jordan and some of the other Fox players. The pretty blonde actress entered the restaurant apparently alone, but when she reached the table, she opened her coat, and there was a tiny Pekinese resting under her arm. The reason for her action was that dogs are prohibited in the studio restaurant.

Mimi worships this dog, but, sad to say, it disappeared while she was visiting her bank. Placing it on the floor, she turned to the teller’s window, and, when she looked for the canine, it was gone!

For several days’ she was desolate, but, after offering a reward, mysterious individuals got in touch with her, and, for a generous recompense, restored the Peke to her welcoming arms.
SIX COMEDIANS in
SEARCH OF LAUGHS

W E have often discussed comedy on this page and we have come to the conclusion that one man's joy is another man's gloom. Therefore, in dealing with a picture like Six of a Kind, one feels a little restrained. Let me say straight away that I enjoyed it immensely. It gave me one of the most enjoyable spells I've had in a cinema for a long time. I also took the precaution of seeing it when the theatre had an audience, because I wanted to see what the reaction would be. There were continual roars of laughter and a constant gurgle of merriment all the time.

Therefore, I feel safe in recommending you to see this film. If you do not enjoy it, you will be the exception.

Here is a brief outline of the story. Charles Ruggles, a bank clerk, decides to take his wife, Mary Boland, on a two-weeks' motor tour across America on a second honeymoon. Mary, in order to save expenses, advertises for another couple to join them.

Who should answer the advertisement but our old friends Burns and Allen! And they bring the dog along! Imagine this quintette in a car, trekking across the continent.

The climax is reached when they put up in a small mining town where W. C. Fields is the sheriff and Alison Skipworth is the proprietress of an hotel. To see Fields at the billiard table is to enjoy one of the funniest scenes screened for a long time.

Through it all runs the thread of a bank robbery, in which Ruggles is innocently involved, and which adds to the humour. The final shot of Charles and Mary Boland achieving what they originally set out to find—a little romance—is delightful.

Now that you know who is in the cast, there is no need for me to assure you of the excellence of the acting. Every artiste gives full value to the lines and the situations, and they all share the honours. There is no picture snatching and no one person tries to blot out the other. Leo McCarey, the director, deserves much praise for his handling of the team.

Also let us give a bouquet to Paramount and the director for having given us a funny picture to which we can take every member of the family, including the children and Aunt Prudence.—M. B. Y.

"The Search for Beauty"

A satire on the "health and beauty" racket, this picture proves extremely good entertainment; it also serves to introduce, in a fairly natural manner, the thirty winners of the International Beauty Contest organised by Paramount.

They are, however, of very little importance to the plot and merely serve as a sort of chorus to it. It would be impossible to judge from their brief appearance here whether any of them are going to get anywhere in the screen world.

The plot shows how Larry Williams and Jean Strange, two ex-convicts, with the assistance of Dan Healy, another shady individual, start a "Health and Beauty" magazine and inveigle two international swimming champions, Don Jackson and Barbara Hilton, to become editors.

They send Jackson off on a hunt for fine types from America, Great Britain, and the Dominions, and, while he is away, proceed to make the paper pornographic and sexy.

Hacks come Jackson, ready to upset their schemes; they buy him out, however, with a farm in the country and ten thousand dollars. Jackson intends to turn the place into a health resort assisted by Barbara and the thirty men and women he has selected in the beauty contest.

Jean is sent down to spy on his plans and get an interest in the business. With her help, Larry and Dan try to turn the resort into a notorious roadhouse, but are signally defeated.

The whole thing has been treated by Erle C. Kenton in comedy vein, and it is action and wisecracks all the way, only interrupted temporarily for a display by the aforesaid contest winners and a bevy of beauty who put up an attractive spectacular dancing ensemble.

Robert Armstrong and James Gleason make an excellent team. Their "back-chat" is exceedingly amusing and both of them draw sound characterisations of a credible nature.

I liked Ida Lupino's performance very much; she is cast as Barbara Hilton, and played it naturally and sincerely. By this showing, she should soon be getting in the bright lights—always supposing she is given the chance.

Besides being a fine specimen of French talent, Buster Crabbe gives an attractive and likeable performance as Don Jackson.

The story is quite good and deals with a smuggler who, accused of murder, is brought before an examining magistrate and answered and threatened into making a mad rush at the guilt. He refuses to do, strong in his innocence, although the magistrate plays on his feelings for his children and his business.

At the trial he is acquitted because the prosecuting counsel, who has made out a flawless circumstantial case against him, has qualms of conscience and puts his doubts as to his guilt before the jury.

However, the wretched man's life is wrecked because, in the course of cross-examination, it transpires that his wife had been seduced ten years ago and had been sent to prison for receiving stolen money from her seducer.

He leaves her, and the woman, under emotional stress, goes and murders the examining magistrate who was the root cause of the whole tragedy.

It is a sombre affair with very little light relief; what there is is introduced through supporting characterisations and is thoroughly effective.

There is a very banal and bathetic touch at the end, when the accused's little son falls down on his knees and prays for his mother. This strikes a painfully theatrical note, but otherwise the dramatic construction is good, although continuity does not run as smoothly as it might.

A brilliant performance is given by Jacques Cretelat as the examining magistrate, he presents a cold-blooded, relentless character and is sinisterly impressive.

The accused man is very well presented by Daniel Mendaille, while Suzanne Rizeller is emotionally tragic as his unfortunate wife.

As the prosecuting counsel, Constant Renyi is sincere and natural.

All through the picture there are cynical touches relating to the procedure of the French
courts—how justice and conscience are swayed by personal consideration of advancement.

There is rather a spate of dialogue, but it is pointed and extremely well-chosen. Those who have no French, there are sub-titles which explain the situation satisfactorily.

The play is set in the picturesque Basque country, but the scenery has not done full justice to the beauties of the countryside.—L. C.

"The Warren Case"

A

fter the opening scenes of this film I was hoping that we were going to have a good newspaper picture, but it just resolved itself into an ordinary crime story.

Lewis Bevan, a drink-sodden crime reporter of The Morning Sun, is not pulling his weight, and Sir Richard's clattering, the proprietor, tells him so.

Sir Richard has a daughter, Mary, who is engaged to Hugh, and presumably Bevan is in love with Mary. Bevan and Hugh meet at a theatre and they go on to a night-club.

Bevan has arranged for Pauline Warren, one of the hostesses of the club, to inveigle Hugh to her flat and to keep him until Bevan arrives. She gets him there, mixes his drinks, and refuses to allow him to leave. There is a scuffle and next morning The Morning Sun carries an exclusive story of the strangling of Miss Warren.

From clues provided to Scotland Yard it is an easy matter to pin the crime on to Hugh. Bevan leaves the Sun for a rival paper, The Courier, and presumably he writes articles which are prejudicial to Hugh.

At the trial the prisoner is found guilty and sentenced to death. But the real murderer has reckoned without love, which in the end triumphs.

Unfortunately, the story becomes hardly credible after the murder. The work of Scotland Yard is too amateurish.

Wouldn't they have asked the prisoner who he was with on the night of the murder?

Wouldn't they have established that Bevan knew the murdered woman intimately?

Wouldn't they have done a hundred and one things they didn't do that were so obvious.

But it would even have fazed all that had some of the acting been adequate. Most of the men were quite good, although Hugh seemed a spineless specimen. Richard Bird played Bevan well, although the character should have more light to its shade.

The women, with the exception of Hugh's mother (unnamed in the programme), were not capable of giving anything like full value to their parts. It's a pity.

Walter Summers directed with ability.—M. B. Y.

"Trouble"

This is a Sydney Howard picture, which means that if you like Sydney Howard you will certainly like the film.

Sydney is a steward on a pleasure-cruise boat. You can see the possibilities for comedy—broad, Howard-like comedy—of Sydney Orpington and his wife, and a £3,000 pendant. Yes, there are a couple of crooks, too.

I needn't go into detail, but Sydney triumphs and confounds the villains.

The picture is not as funny to me as it might have been because from the moment we meet Sydney Howard we realise he could never be the steward he is supposed to be. And therefore all the absurd things he does do not register as they should.

There is no doubt about this comedian's ability but I think his comedy would gain enormously if he were made a more natural figure. The essence of farce is that it should deceive one into believing it is all true, while one is watching it.

I am also getting a trifle bored with the monotony of Muriel Aked's impersonations. She can act and I would advise a change of character for her.

The rest of the cast is competent and the "news reel" shots of sports on deck and so forth are admirable.—M. B. Y.

"The Mystery of Mr. X."

There is not a great deal of tenseness about this mystery picture. The main interest lies in the romance between June Lockhart and Dana Andrews, and is played out on a strong vein with a strong flavouring of romance, but it is ingenious in construction and gains a lot from the pleasing performance given by Robert Montgomery as a crook who reforms.

Do not, however, run away with the idea that it is one of the conventional reformation stories; there is no attempt to point a moral but merely a successful endeavour to present a pleasant hour's entertainment.

Robert Montgomery as Revel is excellent, but he is certainly the most un-crooklike person I have ever seen on the screen.

He steals a diamond and Scotland Yard is convinced that if they can find the thief they will lay their hands on a maniac who has been murdering policemen in a very wholesale manner.

One night the scarf of a man named Marche, who is engaged to Jane, daughter of the Chief Commissioner, is found near a murdered policeman. He is arrested. Revel then makes a bold move and, going into the magistrate's court, perjures himself by swearing that he had seen the murder. What novel this film is is that it is an actual copy of the famous case of the murder of Sir Richard Campbell in Newcastle in 1888. This is the real situation, and is used as the backcloth to the story.

Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino both give fine performances in "The Search for Beauty."

Gracie Fields has a new leading man, John Loder, in her latest film, "Love, Life and Laughter," which will be fully reviewed next week.

Ralph Forbes is definitely weak as Marche; he strikes a stilted and artificial note but Lewis Stone is excellent as the detective, Connor, as is Henry Stephenson as the Chief Commissioner. A brilliant comedy Cockney characterisation comes from Forrester Harvey as the taxi-cab driver.

Edgar Selwyn's direction is very capable and in view of that it amazes me that he should have made such a bored mistake in the conduct of an English court and in the geography of London.

The atmosphere because of this induces an artificial note which is sometimes laughable.

The murders are committed in various parts of London and when Revel goes to a map to try to discover where the murderer is likely to strike next he reels out familiar landmarks which are hopelessly inaccurate in relation one to the other.

With Hollywood efficiency at such a high pitch in other respects, it seems incredible that accuracy so easily obtainable should be neglected.—L. C.

"The Crimson Candle"

Here is one of M.G.M.'s British quota pictures, a thoroughly ingenious and aimless haunted-house comedy-drama which is dated in idea and production and would need a very unsophisticated audience to appreciate it.

It is a pity that such artists as Eve Gray, Eliot Makeham, Kenneth Koves and Kynaston Reeves—all of whom do their best with the poorest of material—should be given such a nonsensical plot.

One would expect M.G.M. to be a little more discriminating in their British output considering their reputation and the quality of their American product.

Perhaps, one of these days they will sponsor a British production of a calibre which has made the lion a visually welcome trade mark on the screen and live up to their motto, "Ars Gratia Artis."
Lady of the BOULEVARDS

This is an adaptation of Emile Zola’s famous story, “Nana,” which Samuel Goldwyn has used as a vehicle for starring Anna Sten. She plays the part of the gutter lily who comes to a tragic end.

She is supported by an excellent cast and has had the advantage of Dorothy Arzner’s direction.

Three little women (Anna Sten, Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland) for whom life held few illusions.

The dashing young lieutenant (Phillips Holmes) who has fallen in love with Nana (Anna Sten).

The tragic end of Nana. Her two friends are played by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland.

A scene between the romantic theatre manager (Richard Bennett) and his protegé, Nana.
The clever actress, Mae Clarke, in a characteristic pose.

A study of Anna Sien, who was specially groomed and trained for stardom, as she appears in the principal part.

The two brothers who mean so much in Nana's life (Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill).

Real Parisian atmosphere, helped by the introduction of the famous Can-Can dance.
**D Y N A M I T E going off! Look out! Can't you read, man? Can't you?** Just retribution. Punishment of the ungodly. Sam Shapiro, the Jew, hearing the shout, acknowledged the fairness of what was coming to him. Sam Shapiro, with an Italian wife, four children, and a portmanteau crammed with junk from the demolished remains of a luxury hotel, was aware of the risk he ran in ignoring the Pacific Wrecking Company's notice: "Danger. Keep Out. This means You.'

A dull rumble, followed by the leap into mid-air of what had been a floor containing a dozen bedrooms, threw Shapiro on his face. He didn't see the man who had shouted leave the bosun's chair at the end of the derrick boom, whence he had supervised the work of demolition, swing groundwards on a rope's end, fall upon and roll him out of harm's way.

The accusing portmanteau, disclosing a host of electric-light bulbs, lay open on its side. Shapiro sought through mud and gore to see his rescuer.

"Seems like every bone in my body's broken."

"Lucky your neck isn't. I've got a good mind to break it myself to teach you a lesson."

Shapiro relapsed into unconsciousness, rousing to find himself in a foreman's hut and a doctor examining his leg.

"Broken, I'm afraid. Pretty badly."

He proceeded to set it there and then. Through agony, heightened by the acute sensitiveness of his face, Shapiro clung to the hand of the man who had saved his life. Their eyes met. A smile softened the tense expression of Chuck Regan, work's foreman—a smile which was gradually returned from the agonised face on the improvised pillow. Friendship flowed between them. Shapiro has met with kindness. Shapiro never forgets. Thus the keynote of the little man's behaviour to Chuck Regan during the weeks in which the hut became his bed and reception-room. He had found the right man to idolise. Chuck Regan, with a genius for wrecking buildings, knew how to construct careers. Not only his own. Many a man, though he didn't know it, owed to Chuck the mounting of another rung of success. Physically, he was tough, with splendid proportions and the endurance of a pioneer. Mentally, he had his weaknesses.

Lying prisoner day after day, Shapiro learned of Chuck's unreasoning fondness for Mary, who kept a coffee stall on the works, and was touchy about her sole rights as saleswoman. She was a dazzling blonde, but not the girl for Chuck, being too flippant, fond of gun-chewing, and, as Shapiro surmised, too fond of number one.

When are you and Chuck thinking of getting married?" he inquired of her, grudging the necessity of acknowledging their engagement. Mary waited while explodinshad settled the descent of the Doric columns of the ex-hotel portico.

"Soon as he has his own business, I guess. I'm sick and tired of Chuck's working for other people."

Two weeks later, Shapiro found Shapiro was within sight and hearing when talking in the hut to Chuck, time-keeper, Tom Cummings.

Tom was a white-collar man, a Harvard graduate, and utterly averse when Mary looked like accepting his kisss.

"Have you any mind shutting the door first?" Shapiro inquired, after a discreet cough. Politeness, thinly veiling hate, was his attitude to her then. He wanted to keep it to himself. She treated him as though he didn't exist.

Then Chuck and she had been three years married and their boy, David, was a year less, Shapiro, determined not to be ignored, became a lion inboldness. Perhaps he had excuse. Under the auspices of the highly successful concern, known as the Regan Wrecking Company, Shapiro, junk merchant, had also made a name.

He had patial offices, a handsome sideboard at home, and two more children to complicate the dresses of the Italian wife. With these assets, well-groomed clothes, and a neat moustache, he ran into Tom Cummings. The two formed the step of the Regan Wrecking Company's office.

"Good day, Mr. Cummings! Fray, don't be in a hurry. I've an idea to put up to Mr. Regan. You must come in with me."

His enthusiasm carried Chuck's erstwhile rival-in-love into the private sanctum.

Chuck, big and bluff, was unchanged; though he, too, wore a white collar. He took Shapiro aside.

"Listen! I've been able to fix that deal with Amalgamated Schools. Cummings is to get the building contract. That's for going into touch with the directors. Don't tell Cummings I had anything to do with it; Oh! Hullo, Tom! How's trade?"

Pretty good. There's talk of putting up a new school on Dart's Heads. Have you heard?"

A rumour or two. Keep your eye open, Tom. I pull down. You put up."

"It's a good joke. Seems like no time since you were punching time in the Pacific office."

"That reminds me what we're here for. Time passes, Chuck. Your days as a transient are numbered."

I'm going move for Sam Shapiro, seeing that in three years, despite their friendship, he had never been asked to Chuck's house. Uncomfortableness was rife in Chuck's face as he took up the telephone—"

"—that you? I'm bringing a couple of folks to dinner to-night. You know them—Tom Cummings and Sam Shapiro. Right, dear? Goodbye. Okay, boys! That's fixed."

All the same, Shapiro sweated a little inside his immaculate dress clothes when he and Tom arrived in the Regan mansion on the boulevard, and found only Mary, and David immersed on the pile carpet, with his toys, to receive them.

"Chuck's late. He won't be here for a little while. He's ashamed, as usual when there's company," she complained to Cummings. Shapiro saw that she wasn't going to notice him beyond a bare "How did you do."

"let go and stream a nervous convolution, finally settling himself on the floor to amuse David, who proved appreciative.

Even Chuck's arrival with more parcels for his son, kisses for his wife, and a welcome for his friends could not soften the chill in Mary's eyes. Shapiro overheard her whisper: "I thought I told you not to phone. I want that wretched little Jew man in the house."

The telephone ringing, as dinner was announced, brought Chuck to an elegant fluted pillar supporting the drawing-room to answer it. Covering the mouth of the transmitter, he communicated briefly to Mary.

"Not so much at the works at Chicago. I must go to-night."

Chuck, you can't. You're always going away. I never see you. You can't let your friends down, either.

Shapiro saw him look at her, then speak into the transmitter: "Sorry. I can't possibly come along. Settle it yourselves. Not so easy, apparently. While the voice at the other end of the wire could be heard, shrilly, "Mr. Shapiro, take Mary to keep your hands. Words, looks passed between them. Mary shook Chuck's arm by the door. "Say you'll go. It was selfish of me. Of course, you must attend to business."

Like lightening the words ripped from Chuck's mouth to the wire: "Right, I'll come along, then. Please meet me in the station and book me a room at the hotel."

He was gone, and with it the chilliness that made dinner an ordeal for Shapiro returned. Valiantly he strove to engage Mary in conversation, relapsing at length into a hopeless silence.

Suddenly Mary and Tom began to talk to each other in French. Though the entire entree was excellently served, Shapiro thrust aside his napkin, rose, bowed, excused himself, and left.

Afterwards he wished he had not been so precipitate, though, had he lingered, he might have prevented the crisis that occurred in the small hours of the morning. Similar crises pervaded the world over all the world, but, because this one involved Chuck, Shapiro knew a keener agony than he had undergone while his leg was mending.

From Cramer, trusty foreman of the Regan Wrecking Company, he learned that something had happened to Chuck after the night of crisis when he arrived home unexpectedly from Chicago, and he had found Tom Cummings with his wife.

"Y'know," Cramer observed as the last of the wine-girders falling, like a house of cards under the influence of oxy-acetylene files, died away on the company's front stoop, "I didn't think the boss ought to have contested his divorce. He might have had a chance if he had."

Now, he's no right to look even at
David. He was all for him, you remember?'

Shapiro thought of a birthday evening and Chuck hugging a sleepy two-year-old before yielding him up for bed, and remembered.

"Where is Mr. Regan this morning?"

Since his divorce had gone through and Mary was the wife of Tom Cummings, Chuck had shown signs of collapse. A month he had been away and Shapiro, who made it his business to look him up every morning, had been unable to find him.

"Not back yet," Cramer informed. "Hasn't been here for days and days. He's out over there, I've been investigating. Pal of mine has a beat on East Street. He's been round the dosshouses, getting information. It seems Mr. Regan's lodging here."

He handed an address on a paper.

Shapiro took it and departed on a search in the slum quarter of the city.

"Can I speak to Mr. Regan?" he inquired, nervously making him more than usually nervous, of a man with a bald head who dozed half-dropped at the top of a foul-looking stairway.

"Never heard of him. Go in and get him if he's here."

Breathing circumspectly, for the dosshouse was malodorous in the extreme, Shapiro passed between a double line of bedsteads, each containing a blighted specimen of humanity. He stopped presently, horror-struck. He would not have known the matted hair, the face covered with a fortnight's beard; only the hand clutching the dirty orange, unrecognisable as the hand that had held his during a few moment's excruciating pain.

"Chick," he breathed, dropping beside the prone figure. "Come along. You've got to get out of here!"

Shapiro was only mute with gaiety, negatives with a curse or two thrown in. The curse proved Shapiro's inspiration.

"Curse me, do you?" he shouted, shaking a fist. "Curse you, rotten drunkard!" You're too weak to get up, too half-recognised! You're yellow—see—Y-E-L-L-O-W."

The hulking, unduly, fortunately, fully-dressed figure of Chuck Regan struggled to its feet and, before the last derisive syllable had been uttered, a blow blew down Shapiro to his knees in a corner. Trembling, sure that he was hurt, but still determined, the Jew got up and, with a pathetic imitation of violence, tackled his assailant.

"Get on!" he shouted, administering a kick. "You know you're too feeble to walk. You may be able to stand, but you couldn't get down those stairs. You're a coward. That's what you are—C-O-W-A-R-D."

This had gone in front of him, staggering backwards down the ramshackle stairs attempting to spar with that luckily missed. Perspiring, this time not from nervousness, Shapiro put an arm round the big man in a taxi. "Listen, Chuck. You've got to pull yourself together. It's Christmas Day to-morrow, and David's going to spend it with you."

"Nonsense! How can I see him?"

"He's coming to my house for dinner, invite him and you. Mama and the kids will be so happy."

"Sam, it's no use. I can't come to a party."

"Here's what you want."

He saw Chuck through a Turkish bath, and haircut; finally thrusting into his hands, as he emerged from the drying-room looking like a human being, a waif of notes.

"Present for David," he reminded apologetically. "You be at my house six o'clock, for certain, please."

Shapiro left him, satisfied with Chuck's lodging near the works. Worse lay ahead. Shapiro had counted his chickens long before they were hatched. He had yet to tackle Mary on the subject of her son. She was at home. The butler showed him into the pillared drawing room. Four years had changed her from a flippant girl, in a check frock and frilled apron, into a woman, in trailing evening dress, black against her gleaming skin. Her eyes and mouth were harder than ever when Shapiro, not a little nervous, made his tremendous plea.

"Allow David to go to his father—certainly not—not for a moment!"

"Mrs. Cummings, please! This is Christmas, a time when we forget percentages. Couldn't you give your husband a present? You wrecked his home; now you have everything you want that.Won't you yield him this little thing? The child shall come to my house. He shall have every care. He's—"

"No—no—and no! I refuse!"

"But, Mrs. R—Mrs. Cummings."

Her hand went to the bell. The butler appeared instantaneously. "Elliot, this man is leaving."

Shapiro backed out stammering he hardly knew what, but his blood was up. By four o'clock next day he had the child in his house rehearsing what he was to say to his father, including a dramatic appearance from behind the gaily-decorated Christmas tree.

The programme went perfectly. Shapiro's 'wife, kindly soul, mother, David while the six offspring, proof by their father, behaved themselves. When Chuck appeared punctual and spruce, his arms full of be-ribboned parcels, Shapiro was as excited as David. Like a child himself, he sported a paper crown at dinner, confident of his scheme's success. David had half-recognised and been wholly glad to see his father. Chuck had been overjoyed. Nothing mattered.

The heat occupied some time and was, fortunately, over before Nemesis approached. Two detective, greatly agitating Mrs. Shapiro, who let them in, singled out Shapiro, who was reaching the grand climax of a recitation, with which he was regaling the company.

"You're wanted for child kidnapp-ing," came the curt voice of the law. Shapiro made light of spending a night in the cells. He had forseen that a dozen men could be prevailed upon to bail him free. Meanwhile, he had a rod in pickle for Tom Cummings and, as soon as the holiday was over, sent for him on a plea of urgency.

"How are you feeling?" Cummings inquired with would be a comfort. "Quite as good as you, Mr. Cummings, I've no doubt. I suppose you intend to proceed legally against me, though why I don't know. True. I kidnapped Mrs. Cummings' child for a few hours, but he is safe now and at home, for that I did was for the best reasons."

"Very likely. They don't concern me, however, or my wife. Certainly I shall prosecute."

If you do, I shall do the same by you. Sam Shapiro has known me. He has facts. What about the school on Dart's Meads you've put up? Chuck got you that

Continued on page 24.
contract. Maybe you don’t know it. But he did. He did it on the assumption that you’d do the job thoroughly, use the best materials, employ the best brains. Have you? Shapiro knows. He’s been too long in the junk trade not to know that your material’s junk, third-rate, fourth-rate, and you charging top prices, looking after your rake off. You miserable rat.”

He pressed a finger on the buzzer. A page appeared. “This man is leaving,” he observed.

“Have you been reading the libel laws?” Cummings inquired at the door.

“Maybe, And I’ve been reading the Old Testament as well. Doesn’t it say something about ‘An eye for an eye’? A tooth for a tooth?”

A bout of sultry weather, unnoticed, perhaps, by those engrossed in public and private affairs, occurred and took a hand in the game that Shapiro, Regan and Cummings were playing against each other for.

For Shapiro realised more keenly as the months went by that if Chuck Regan were to be saved from falling back into the dooz-house, he must have his son. Truly, the strong man had his weakness. He was incapable of building up his life out of tragedy unless he had something to spur him on. He took Shapiro into partnership and stuck to his job of demolition, but in a half-hearted way.

A stimulus was needed and Shapiro ached to supply it. Then nature took an unexpected hand. It was sultry weather, portentous weather, to those who knew the signs, earthquake weather. Meanwhile, the school on Dart’s Meads stood complete. The opening ceremony was staged.

Before an audience of five hundred people assembled in the hall, the Mayor of the City congratulated Mr. Tom Cummings, the builder, on his handiwork. “The ‘National Anthems’ was sung. There was a storm of applause. Gradually the crowd left the building. Before the last of it had left, there was a distinct earth tremble. Another followed. Another, more serious. Homes were rocked. Panic filled the streets. The word went round. The new school’s collapsed. collapsed with thousands of women and children mercilessly outside it.

Through a mass of wreckage, twisted girders, broken plaster, relief men forced their way in search of two people. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings had not had time to leave the building when the main shock occurred. Dead or alive, they had undoubtedly been trapped.

One man found them, alive, crouching behind steel girders that had become bent and twisted like a child’s toy. Above man and wife was a mass of plaster and debris, more bent girders, broken columns, the whole mounting to the height of the original buildings and precariously poised, supported by steel frameworks which if moved would precipitate the mass on their life bodies.

One man found them thus; the only man who knew how salvage could properly be carried out. Chuck Regan.

He faced the members of the city’s salvage corps who had followed him to where two panic-stricken figures stared between the interstices of a steel grating, imploring help.

“You’re a wreckers job. I can undertake it. The pile must be moved gradually, piece by piece from the top. Working from underneath, as you advise, would kill those two in five minutes. Get me a bousin’s chair and my file working. I’ll have them clear.”

Shapiro found him at work at the end of the boom, using an oxy-acetylene file that flamed and spurted and sparkled and ate into the steel girder that stretched between them, like wire drawn through cheese. Shapiro stood on the square foot of platform beside the lift in which he hated heights, he had made giddy ascent.

“Chuck! Listen! I had to come. Something you said to Cramer while you were waiting to come up here—something about an accident and no one knowing. Maybe I know what you were thinking. You’re thinking of your son. If his father and mother were dead—

In the light of the flare, Chuck’s face was stern.

“What if I was thinking, Sam?” Shapiro might have been龙’s voice. Wouldn’t you? That I’ve got a chance—a marvellous chance. One of these steel stays goes wrong. The mass fails. It was an accident. Who’s to know? Who’s to blame? Two rats meet their due, that’s all. And I have David.”

“Chuck, you can’t do it. You can’t judge. There’s only one Judge. Leave it to Him.”

“Get out! I never asked you to interfere.”

“Very well, then. I don’t go, I cling on here, like t——to this.”

Shaking all over, he left the platform and clung to the slanting girder, closing his eyes so as to avoid the horrors beneath. W——when this g——goes—I g——go!”

The man in the bosun’s chair looked at him sharply. His eyes lost their hardness. “‘You win? ‘ he shouted.

“——you’ll do your best? There’ll be no accident?”

“No.”

He was wrong. Before man’s demolition was complete, nature was more to blame. Not by murder, but by result of earthquake shock. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings failed to escape.

According to their secretary, Messrs. Regan and Shapiro are in conference on a Sunday morning. Actually, there are more often engaged in explaining to David the mysteries of some new toy. Though children have seven builders now, Sam Shapiro thinks David the world’s wonder. So does his father. Chuck Regan the Wrecker.

NEXT WEEK
The story of "One Man’s Journey" in which Lionel Barrymore gives an outstanding characterization, and one which once again assures him of the pre-eminent position he holds amongst the big stars of the screen.
TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

WHO WILL TRAVEL BY RAIL WITH PENNY-A-MILE "SUMMER" TICKETS

Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact you are to be congratulated if you have to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion, think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country—mountainous Wales—Somersetshire—Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice!

"Holiday Haunts" price 6d. will describe their attractions in detail, whilst giving you a selection of 8,000 addresses. Moreover, Holiday Season Tickets will be available in most districts to give you unlimited travel over a wide area for a modest 10s. a week. Any information will be gladly given at Great Western Offices and Agencies, or, if you prefer, write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, and your requests will be attended to immediately.
On the Screens Now  
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***CHRISTOPHER BEAN  
****JACK AHOY  
**THE WRECKER  
*DELUGE  
**BIG EXECUTIVE  
**BY APPOINTMENT ONLY  

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature.  *** Very good.
**  Good.  *  Average entertainment.  c  Also suitable for children.

At times, perhaps, Sam Wood has rather over-accented comic situations, but they are undoubtedly hilariously funny.

Jack Hulbert is now in the Navy as an A.B., who falls in love with an Admiral's daughter, and rescues her father, and a captured submarine from Chinese pirates. He holds the centre of the stage practically all the time and, while one can have too much of a good thing, there is no doubt that he works hard to make this one of the best comedies in which he has appeared.

A great deal of the credit is due to Walter Forde, who has made this robust, nonsensical, and wholly British comedy run smoothly, with plenty of action and well-sustained situations. At times, however, he seems to me to hold on to a scene too long and so attenuate its humorous content.

Board-room scenes are convincing and well presented, but the submarine sequences—the entire British forces in those waters are called out to try to sink the vessel which they still believe to be in the hands of the pirates and are unable to do so, which is, of course, lucky for Jack—while well done, lack the realism that would have added to their comedy.

Equally the pirate scenes could with advantage have been played with less obvious slapstick. Jack Hulbert's feeling needs a background of people taking themselves seriously which is an essential for the most effective farce.

However, you are going to be well entertained and will find Nancy O'Neill attractive as the heroine and Alfred Drayton excellent as the choleric admiral.

Tama Desmi has a small role as a vamp, in which she is efficiently voluptuous, and Sam Wilkinson provides a sound foil for Jack Hulbert.

I particularly liked Henry Peterson's acting as the leader of the Chinese bandits; he played the role seriously and proved that he has an excellent sense of characterisation.

**THE WRECKER


Jack Holt  
Nancy O'Neill  
Evelyn Keyes  
Barbara Stanwyck  
Mary Astor  
Diego de la Torre  
Edward Van Sloan  
Ralph Morgan  
Vladimir Sokoloff  
Reginald Owen  
Walter Abel  
Drew Lyman  
Katharine Alexander

Directed by John Ford. Based on a story by Jack Hulbert and an uncredited writer.

It is the spectacular scenes of a flood which wipes out the entire world, with the exception of a few survivors, which proves of interest in this film. They are excellently done and make a further return of the camera into its own.

Unfortunately, they are followed by a very conventional and artificial romance between two of the survivors, which follows the approved line of "desert island" stories, complete with the "bad" man, who is, of course, eventually brought to book.

There is also the "other woman" in the case—the wife of the romantic lover who thought she had been killed.

The girl solves the love problem simply by swimming out to sea when her lover re-disCOVERS his family; whether she is drowned or finds some more survivors is left to your imagination.

The whole thing, including the ingenious ending, is very well staged and the acting generally is fair but not outstanding in any respect.

(Continued on page 28)
Once an Amami Girl ... 1925
always an AMAMI Girl

READ THIS LETTER FROM ONE OF THEM

"Do you remember my writing you in 1925, to tell you how pleased I was when I discovered AMAMI? That was nine years ago; and my hair is now as luxuriant and radiant as ever! My hair must always look at its best for my work; and I selected AMAMI because it left such unique brightness and lustre. But I found that AMAMI is a hair-tonic too. I've never had a day's worry over my hair; it's kept thick and healthy through the years, and to-day it's just as colourful, and not a day older! I shall always use AMAMI... and I only wish we had WAVE-SET in 1925!"

Peggy Bayfield.

GIRLS who have used AMAMI for Years—see what they say to-day!

"AMAMI has kept my hair young!"
Since I wrote you some years back I have treated my poor hair very roughly! It has been cut, curled and permed; dressed in different styles; and I have changed the colour twice—but it always comes up smiling, thanks to AMAMI. I really think AMAMI is the best hair tonic on the market... it has certainly kept my hair young!
Miss A. P. T., Leicester.

"AMAMI hair is essential for tiny hats!"
I have had glorious "AMAMI Hair" for years now: AMAMI has won me several beauty competitions; and it has always kept my hair in A1 condition. But I am really writing to tell you how much I appreciate Wave-Set; it has saved me pounds in hairdressing bills already, and is absolutely essential for when you wear fashionable little hats.
R. Lachlan, 9 Burleigh Mansions, Westcliff-on-Sea.

"Just had my 300th AMAMI night!"
I started AMAMI in 1926... and I've reckoned it out that I've just had my three-hundredth 'Amami Night!' Is this a record? I've tried various other things, but they're not a patch on good old AMAMI number one (I'm a brunette). I used to suffer from dandruff once, but AMAMI banished it for good; now my hair really looks lovely.
D. M. Cox, 12 The Square, Harborne, Birmingham.

11 Varieties of Powder Shampoo

AMAMI No. 1. With Henna. For dark and medium dark hair.
AMAMI No. 5. With Camomile. For all shades of fair hair.
AMAMI No. 7. Camomile Application and Shampoo. An application to restore fairness. And a shampoo for fair hair.
AMAMI No. 9. Two Antiseptic.
For hair which is scabby, breaking, brittle or very oily. With Rinsing Powder... .4d. AMAMI SPECIAL HENNA. Makes brown hair a rich bronze or a reddish chestnut shade, as desired... .4d. and six other varieties...

"Wave-Set" is one of the biggest hairdressing booms ever invented, a non-sticky, non-powder, non-oily setting lotion which will fix deep, lasting waves in the straightest, lankest hair. Use it to-night!

FRIDAY night is Amami night

AMAMI SHAMPOOS and 'Wave-Set'

Contains all a
Good Shampoo needs!

Twenty-six of the forty-seven ingredients in each AMAMI Shampoo are put in simply to make your hair attractive, in all the cleverest ways known to hairdressing science. Dull, depressing, faded hair shampooed with AMAMI on Friday night means a scintillating; gleaming halo on Saturday morning—a crowning glory that is admired and envied, fragrant and colourful, all that a pretty woman's hair should be!

Contains all a
Good Hair Tonic needs!

And the other twenty-one ingredients are what make AMAMI so much more than a weekly wash. While the shampoo part of AMAMI glorifies and beautifies your locks, the twenty-one tonic-ingredients rub new Health, Energy and Vitality into every hair-root in your scalp. There are no hair troubles where there is AMAMI. The tonic-ingredients see to that. For Dandruff, Falling, Splitting, Fading, Lifelessness, Lost Wave or any other trouble, use AMAMI to-night... and every Friday night in the year!
ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

**BIG EXECUTIVE**
Ricardo Cortez..........The cause of the century.............Helen Twelvetrees
Elizabeth Young.......Helen Richardon
Sharon Lynn............Dorothy Peters
Charles B. Middleton..Sheriff
John M. Sullivan.......Harmon
John B. Grant...........The divisor
Charles K. French.....The Count
Art Acord..........The Governor
Robert Ellis.........Henry Oaks
Frankie Darro............Richardson
William B. Darrow...Cassidy
William Tabbert..Cobby
George B. Arliss....Flee
Directed by Elisha Cook
Send a postcard saying you are a reader of the "Picturegoer" and you will be sent a free copy of the new Spring catalogue.

**MOLLY**
Smart Dress in printed crêpe Pekalaize, new shape neck, augmented with small bows. In brown, lido, red, green, black and navy. Hip measures 37, 38, 40 and 42 30/-

**SOUTHERN MAID**
Bertha Daniels...........C. Austin Clark
Dorothy Miller............Ike Rice
Directed by Gus Merrell
A Southern maid, by popular vote of the maid, is chosen to be the maid of the maid's maid, with all the duties and responsibilities that come with the position.

**THE JEWEL**
Hugh Williams..........Humphrey Bogart
Frank Hallam............Sarah Kennedy
Jack Hawkins...........Peter Roberts
Mary Newland.........Lady Helen
Erie Cotter.............Major Brock
Irish Murphy.........Madame Vanhoven
Robert Ellis.............Charles MacArthur
Frankie Darro.........Mr. Day
Louise French......Mrs. Day
Directed by Reginald De Koven from a novel by Edgar Wallace adapted by Paul Muni.
"Heavens! It's Bobby's party tonight and I haven't time to wash my hair!"

"Don't worry—here's a packet of Icilma Hair Powder!"

"There, that looks fine, and it's actually brought the waves up!"

"Pat's the prettiest girl here. What lovely hair she has!"

Icilma Hair Powder is a wonderful help when you need a shampoo in a hurry. Just sprinkle a little into the hair, and brush it out again with a good stiff brush. You'll be surprised at the gloss it gives, and the way your hair retains its wave.

Icilma HAIR POWDER
for a quick Dry Shampoo
BOX OF 7
1/6 each

ZOX is invaluable for reducing a high temperature, relieving bad Headaches, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains. Send 1d. stamp (cost of postage) for two free powders now, to the Zox Mfg. Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (Dept. 6)

Zox Powders 1d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box.

FEEN - A - MINT
is the Natural Chewing Laxative—
Safe and Pleasant to Take.
TEST IT YOURSELF!
A FREE SAMPLE will be forwarded to you at once if you send your name and address (and 1d. in stamps to cover postage) to:
WHITE'S LABORATORIES LTD. (Dept. B.7.)
143, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1

Deaf Ask for an
'Ardente-fitted Seat' at the Cinema No Fee!
installed by Mr. R. H. Dent, 309 Oxford St., London, W.1

Always Embroider With
Clark's
IN 350 GUARANTEED

9/9 PER WEEK
That's the Place! HAMPTON COURT
LONDON'S MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT...

£395 FREEHOLD
What a lovely house! Outside and in, its cosiness and charm spell 'home.' It's the very place that you've been searching for—and so well-built. Ultra-modern in its planning and arrangement—Crittal Steel Window Frames throughout—and so convenient, only 25 minutes from Waterloo and electric trains every 20 minutes. Large gardens too, with room for garage. Won't you come and see—a car waits at the station for you all day.

BOOKLET FREE
Post the coupon below To-day!

ULTRA-MODERN SUN - TRAP HOWARD HOUSES
Howard & Webber, Upper Farm Estate, (adj. stn.) West Molesey. Mol.: 1214.

Name.................................................................
Address............................................................
Picturgoer.
The REAL

ANNA MAY WONG

She is an Enigma—Conrad Veidt's Versatility—Walls and Lynn at it again—This British Climate Business—Matheson Lang’s New Role.

On the BRITISH Sets

by E.G. COUSINS

Anna May Wong, as the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow," chats with the director, Walter Forde, and his wife.

O NE thing I will say about the Gainsborough studios at Islington; they may be difficult to reach; they may lurk in one of the slummiest slums in London; grabby little urchins may swarm all over the clean cushions of your car when you leave it outside, imprint impassioned fingerprints on the windscreen, run the batteries down by pressing the starter-button with the engine switched off, and arrogantly demand twopence for "minding it"; the hautest commissioner in London—last (I hope) of a long line of haughty commissioners—does his excellent best to bar your way.

But when you're inside, it's worth all the fuss and bother; they've always got something interesting to show you.

This week they excelled themselves by having Anna May and Oswald. Either of these two people would have attracted me to Alaska, let alone Islington. They are both playing in Chu Chin Chow.

Keeps You Guessing

Anna May (Miss Wong to you, and scarcely that) is an enigma; but then, she is Chinese, and although she has never been in China you can't help being a trifle enigmatic if the pure blood of a thousand Chinese ancestors courses through your veins.

The Chinese are strong on ancestors, and equally strong on enigmas.

She is a surprising creature. She looks utterly Celestial, and when she speaks you expect (unless you know her) a torrent of Chinese—and instead you get pure Californian (which is a very pleasant language, with neither the nasal quality of the Middle West nor the assertive tone of the New Yorker), and a very matter-of-fact manner.

I hadn’t seen her since I was William Shake-

spere and she was Katerina in a silly film-skit on the Fairbanks-Pickford version of Taming of the Shrew, made at Elstree some years ago.

Punishment

She had to throw custard pies at me; they were hard, hard as boards, and I didn’t find out until after she had thrown her first pie that she was an expert baseball-pitcher.

She threw a slip and nearly knocked me over backwards; but it didn’t lessen my affection for Anna May, who is a curiously likeable person.

But she doesn’t at all live up to her name, which means, "Frosted Yellow Willow." She’s willowy (especially in the irreducible minimum of clothing which she wears as the Slave Girl in Chu Chin Chow) but she isn’t yellow, and she certainly isn’t frosted.

Apricot Eyes

Spreading of yellow reminds me of Oswald. Gosh, what a personality!

He darned nearly hypnotised me, as soon as I met him. I’d heard he was capable of doing that, but I didn’t believe it until I actually found myself coming under his baleful influence.

I hear that it’s become a favourite lunch-hour diversion for the camera-boys to go to Oswald’s dressing-room and be hypnotised.

It’s his eyes that do the trick. Not exactly yellow, but more of a peach colour, with pupils like pools of black ink; lids that close with a curious sweeping motion from the top inner corner to the lower outer corner; and a disconcerting habit of pressing his lower lids ever so slightly.

And, when he’s hypnotised, you, he breaks your back with a single snap of his appealing beast—

that is if you happen to be a mouse or a rabbit or a squirrel, which I’m thankful I’m not.

I was also glad he was in a cage. Oswald is the most fearsome bird; Indian Eagle Owl is his full title, and he deserves every syllable of it.

In Reverse

There are also a large number of Sloth Bats in this film; they are nasty-looking objects with wings like perished black leather, that hang upside down all day to cool their feet.

And, while we are on the subject of hanging upside down, I brushed my head against something in the Robbers’ Cave set, and found it was the hand of a skeleton, whose late owner had evidently met his or her death being suspended by the ankles to the ceiling of the cavern for the duration.

All very gruesome and nightmarish; but if Walter Forde (directing) and George Robey (playing Hassimababamahbullalah or something) don’t manage to get some mirth into the thing between them, I shall be very much surprised.

And speaking of laughter, last week in this same studio I was standing in the corridor outside one of the sound stages, when through the open door came the sound of a Laugh. It was not ordinary laugh, and it was laughed by no ordinary laughers. It started faintly in the distance, behind several pairs of closed doors.

I went into the studio to investigate, and saw hunks flinging wide successive doors to admit the Laugh, which swelled to a stentorian roar as the laughers came into view.

It was Conrad Veidt as Jew Süss in the film of that name, which has overflowed from Canvey Island to Islington for the filming of certain sequences.

There was no joy in that mighty laugh; it was the laugh of a man who has fawned and crawled and flattered his enemy until that enemy is in his power. The laugh of a man who has only to bring his hand down—slap! like that—to smash his enemy flat.

It made me feel a little sick, which is a tribute to a great actor.

—And Mourning

Curiously enough, I saw Veidt in a sharply contrasting scene at Shepherd’s Bush this week.

He was in one of the largest “honeycomb” sets ever built in a British studio. Anyone in the class who doesn’t know that a honeycomb set is one with rooms opening from one to another, hold up his hand.

Good! Everyone knows. Well, this one consisted of library, hall, ante-room, salon, study, and bedroom; and Veidt was wandering about these, apparently haphazardly, restless with grief at the loss of his beloved daughter, Naemi.

You notice I said apparently haphazardly? Heavens, the tangle they’ll get into if he happened to wander into the study instead of the bedroom!

It was easy in silent days. All they had to do was to mount the camera on a “dolly” and push it about after the wandering Jew Süss. Some people even had tricycles with a mounting for the camera just above the handlebars, and “turned” while they pedalled.

All Very Wiry

How the studio staff must sigh for those silent days! Now, not only must the “dolly” be attached to wires to supply the current to drive the camera (for only newsreel men turn camera handles nowadays, and very few of those), but another and even more complicated set of wires has to be paid out and controlled and manhandled by the floor-staff.

The “dolly,” when she is travelling on a “tracking” shot, looks like a huge spider spinning her web of several thick cables as she goes; and you can imagine what it’s like when she wants to turn and come back, as she did in this Jew Süss shot.

Add to this the fact that absolute silence must be maintained, and you see the reason for the widespread baldness among production managers.

Bernard Knowles, the wild and woolly-looking but brilliant Gaumont-British cameraman (an I said British), told me he had tracked for 220 feet in this one shot. Now cast your mind back four years, and think of the excitement caused by the enterprise of a sound engineer who sat on a step-ladder and suspended the microphone over

(Continued on page 33)
Nothing attracts a man quicker than a skin that is petal soft and radiant clear. That cherished beauty can soon be yours. Care for your skin with Snowfire Cream. This fragrant, non-greasy Cream improves the texture of your skin—making it finer, whiter, more smooth—makes you always sure of charm.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream

WONDERFUL TRIBUTE TO "SILF"

THE story of how "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets freed Mrs. Stacey, of Middlesex, from no less than 4 stone 9 lbs. of superfluous Fat once again emphasises the outstanding value of this Natural and SAFE remedy for Obesity. Once again, too, does it show how absolutely unnecessary it is to resort to Dangerous "Starring," Drugging, Purging, or Violent Exercises to achieve Slimness!

REDUCE WEIGHT AND REGAIN HEALTH
Do this in nature's way, by taking "Silf." Fat, both external and internal, is removed by "Silf." 1/3, 1/- and 5/- per box.
From all Chemists and Druggists. Do not delay, but send 1/2 to-day to the address given below, when a box will be sent you post free.
The Silf Co., Ltd. (Dept. 61K), 28 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

STORK MARGARINE
8d. per lb.
FREE
CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND GET THE STORK RECIPE BOOK
Fill in your name and address, cut out this coupon and post to Van der Straeten & Jupinay (Coty) Ltd., Dept. 615, 11 Ashley House, London, E.C.4.

ON APPROVAL FOR JUST A SMALL DEPOSIT
EXTRA SMARTINESS FOR EVERY DRESS
F.F. This lightly boned Free Form model is ideal for average figure needs. It is skillfully conceived by experts who know just the foundation required, merits for the sheerest of modern frocks, while combining a fitting that is really snug with comfort that is undeniable. Very pleasing in lovely satins faced cloth. It lays at back. 8-in. back. Four adjustable suspenders. Only in tea-rose. Special Bargain Price, 7/-11. On approval for 1/- deposit.

SPECIAL BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Free Form model at Special Bargain Price of 7/-11. I enclose deposit of 1/-, together with 6d. postage, and will pay balance of 7/-11 either in one sum or by monthly installments of 7/-1 1/2. If I return the article unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name and address and postal order crossed thus / /

BUST..........................................................
HIPS..........................................................
Sizes range from Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only. 30 to 46 in. Bust.
No. 373 THE PICTUREGOER
AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
273 AMBRO HOUSE,
60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

No matter what the Season
ODO-RO-NO is always a necessity!

Odoron saves clothes from ruinous perspiration stains...it prevents underarm odour!

- Just now, when you're living indoors and wearing heavier clothes, you need Odorono as much as in summer—to prevent the underarm perspiration that stains and ruins dresses...that causes offensive underarm odour. Above all, never go dancing, or to any party, without Odorono's protection.

Odorono—a physician's formula—is your only sure solution of this perspiration problem. Use either kind of Odorono you prefer. They're described below.

Odorono is obtainable at any toilet goods counter, 1/6 and 2/6.

NORTHAM WARREN, LTD. (Dept. F.3),
215, Blackfriars Road, LONDON, S.E.1
Enclosed is 4d. in stamps for samples of Instant Odorono, Odorono Regular and Deodorant Creme Odorono.

INSTANT ODO-RO-NO (colourless) is for use at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection against perspiration and odour.

ODO-RO-NO REGULAR (ruby-coloured) is for those who prefer to use Odorono at night and obtain the longest protection...3 to 7 days.
For freshness and vigorous health! Only toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. Wright's—in its new maroon-and-yellow packing—offers you the saving of a larger tablet at the former 6d price.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP
SIXPENCE PER TABLET (U.K. only)

MAKE YOUR BATH
Beauty Treatment

ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

each player's head in turn with the aid of a fishing rod!

Tempora certare mutantur in the film studio, non et jolly well have to mutare, too, if you will excuse my somewhat indifferent Portuguese.

Formula as Formerly

A nd, while we are at Shepherd's Bush, so are Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn; and they're at it again.

This time it's A Cup of Kindness; and although I haven't seen the play, I told it follows the Aldwych recipe pretty closely.

Anyway, Tom Walls does his famous drunk scene, Robertson Hare the hairless is meek and browbeaten and downtrodden, and Ralph Lynn is Ralph Lynn; so what more do you want?

Anyway, you have the lovely Eva Moore into the bargain—one of the most beautiful women on the stage, and easily our most attractive "stage mother"; and you have Dorothy Hyson, who is a worthy chip of the young block—if you could apply such a word as block to such a delightful mother as Dorothy Dickson.

Miss Hyson is also a worthy successor to Winifred Shotter as a person for Ralph Lynn to be foolish about; I give you my word I could quite easily get foolish about her myself—if only the old heart were not so encrusted with selfishness and cynicism, and were not at the same time by way of being otherwise occupied.

Dangerous Ground

But, seriousness apart, a particularly susceptible movie man must find the film studios more embarrassing territory. I know one such—a young gossip-writer, who had an agonizing time, for he fell head over ears in love with a different girl nearly every week.

Now he has a job in one of the largest studios, and instead of meeting his girls twice or three times a week, he sees them all day long, and the poor fellow is nearly pop-eyed with confusion of choice.

The chorines, in particular, are guaranteed to turn a Trappist into a Casanova in six lessons.

By the way, before leaving the Gaumont-Gainsborough menace, I beg to report that the expectant Nannygoat at Islington duly produced twins on the Chu Chin Chow set. They have been named Chu and Chow—presumably because neither of them has very much chin.

It Does Try!

The English climate very seldom pleases everybody; and there are occasions on which the poor thing can't please anybody.

For instance, it provided a first-rate fog at Beaconsfield last week, which is normally outside the fog radius—indeed, the British Lion studios were built there for that reason.

The visitation gave the camera-crew an anxious time keeping the beastly stuff out of the studio; and this week, when the unit got round to filming scenes in a railway station on a foggy night, the weather was beautifully bright and clear!

I'm told the language of the art department on this occasion produced a thick haze, but it wasn't considered quite dense enough, and artificial fog had to be provided.

Nowadays this is done with Nujol sprayed from an atomiser; in my young days a prop man used to burn six inches of it, plunge it into a bucket of water, and then rush about the set holding it in a long pair of pincers, and leaving a thick trail of sulphuric yellow smoke which made everyone cough; but as you couldn't hear them coughing because the film was silent, and couldn't see them because of the smoke, this process worked admirably.

Fried Fog

I like the method of a man in the B.I.P. art department at Elstree recently, who produced a common kitchen frying-pan and a little bag of chemicals whose contents he proceeded to fry over a brazier fire.

The result was the finest fog seen in those studios, and no casualties.

Talking about Elstree, the B.I.P. picturemakers are off on a musical production, called Give Me a Ring, and described as "really lavish."

Well, I'm not very excited about lavishness in a picture as a rule; there are many more important ingredients; but I agree that in a "musical" lavishness is essential.

And lavishness means vast expenditure of money; and money is one of the few commodities of which Hollywood has inconsiderably more than we have.

So just why British studios should choose to make the very kind of pictures in which they cannot hope to compete with the Hollywood product is more than I can say.

Perhaps young Arthur Woods can. He's directing it.

Steady, Steady!

I wonder whether the repercussions of the Youssoupoff case will cause B.I.P. to reconsider production of The Great Defender, which is said to be modelled closely on the life of a certain famous K.C.

Matheson Lang is announced as the star of this production, which is to start in the next few weeks; and much of the action will take place in the sombre, dramatic atmosphere of the criminal courts.

I've always maintained that there is more drama there than anywhere else in England; if only B.I.P. put it on the screen as it really is we are at least assured of a fine exciting picture.

A "Monster" Film

Seymour Hicks is the star of The Secret of the Loch, a film written around the Loch Ness monster. Mr. Hicks is delighted with the character he will portray as it will give him his first serious film part and will show him as an eccentric old professor who believes wholeheartedly in the existence of the monster and determined to prove it. The part calls for a tremendous amount of characterization, and will give him many big dramatic moments. It is being directed by Milton Rosmer.
THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

Ranelagh and Hurlingham, Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes and Wimbledon, wherever the sport-loving English girl is found, the Yardley Lavender greets you. Its fresh, clean fragrance is the one perfect perfume for outdoor and all informal occasions.

And the same exquisite fragrance weaves its way through all her immaculate toilet; the finest of Toilet Soaps, the Snowy English Complexion Cream, the finest of fine quality Powders . . . throughout the delightful Yardley Toilet Luxuries, each one of the finest quality procurable.

Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6, and in larger sizes up to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap - 'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Powder 1/-, Complexion Cream 2/6, Compacts 2/- & 3/-, Rouge Cream 2/-, Lipsticks 2/- & 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, Talc 1/2 & 2/6, etc.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

The LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

THE "LIBERTY" SLEEKIE
"Slim-fitting frocks look their best over this exquisite artificia] silk Sleekie," say the Beauty Sisters. Vest, brassiere and suspender belt all in one. Slimming, comfortable, durable. Plain or lace brassiere top. Sizes 30 in. to 36 in. bust. Tea Rose and Ivory, 3/11 to 8/11.

SLIP-ON CORSELETTE
Ideal for sports—on in a jiffy, snug-fitting yet freedom-giving, and worn next the skin is a sure protection against chills. The exclusive two-way stretch "Liberty" Bodice fabric washes splendidly, keeps its shape. Tea Rose and White—small, medium and large sizes 3/6.

THE "LIBERTY" BODICE
Exclusive two-way stretch "Liberty" Bodice fabric washes splendidly, keeps its shape. Tea Rose and White—small, medium and large sizes 3/6.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

March 31, 1934
How I Got RID OF WRINKLES AT 60

Grandmother reveals Secret of Smooth Young Skin

"No one will believe that I was sixty years of age last week," writes Mrs. K., of London.

"Even my granddaughter, aged 19, and her young friends are envious of my smooth unwrinkled skin. I owe my youthful complexion entirely to regular use of Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood'.

'Biocel' is the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. Now contained in Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour), it nourishes and rejuvenates the skin. Wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood will make you look ten years younger in a month.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood cream (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also tri-fold packets of Tokalon 'Mouse of Cream' Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 5829), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

A VOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Belvedale belt during Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Ships over hips, instantly adjusts itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for men or women.

MEN OR WOMEN, this.garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders. £1. 4/- 11 in. £1. 5/- deep Add 5/- for sizes 38 in. to 44 in. waist. Superior Quality £1. 6d. Fine Silk Elastic 14 in. deep £1. 12d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 6d. carry belt unless at very low reduced rate. See P. 90, 91.

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 405 34, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2


Deaf Ask for an 'Ardente-fitted Seat' at the Cinema—No Fee!

installed by Mr. R. H. Dent, 309 Oxford St., London, W.1

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

GALLANTRY GOES UNHONOURED!

Screen Hero Methods Lost on Modern Woman!


INSPIRED by a recent letter on this page, I determined to reproduce the 'gallantry' of old, with the result that it was some of our more successful directors with commendable daring realise the compelling power of the extraordinary and proceed to lay it on thick.

'I wonder just how dull a film would be if Henry VIII and Queen Christina were exact models for the genius of Charles Laughton andaretas Garbo? With the spice of romance and outrageous behaviour added by the imagination of the artists it would never be a box-office success. 'It means that we are forced to find the one to tie us to the school books. We want entertainment not facts for a history exam.'—Charles Head, Lytham, Lancashire, who wins the second prize of 10s. 6d.

(I am inclined to agree with this correspondent, but I do feel that the main themes of an historical picture should be adhered to. Paint in the detailed background as you will.)

Familiarity Breeds Contempt?

'Does absence make the 'fan' heart grow fonder?'

'I am forced to the finding that it does.

'If a 'popularity' vote were taken of present-day picture players, I should be positive find a pronounced preference for those stars we seldom see in comparison to others.'—Ivor Novello is a case in point.

'His appearances are all too rare—but how wonderfully welcome they are when they do come.'

In the film fan firmament I have found that familiarity breeds clear contempt, for there is something unaccountably sweet in looking forward to a 'familiar face' in the shape of our favourite players whom we know we can only see at elongated intervals.'—Robert Loft, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Ermouth, Devon.

[There is no doubt that the infrequent appearances or rather well judged time lapses between pictures made by such stars as Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks in the past have preserved their popularity over the long period they have enjoyed it.]

Get Them Out of the Rut!

"Are our film heroines hampered too much?

We get film after film built around the character and personality of the female star concerned. The much boosted Song of Songs was supposed to show us a different Marlene Dietrich. But the film was just another excuse for the very familiar Mary Pickford, Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, all have stories where the heroine is the star concerned. All these stars and several others are such fare, and would give amazing performances if they were asked to be someone else but themselves.

"Whilst the star is just being herself one of the small part players is busy putting in an unusual performance and then we read that so-and-so steals the 'film'."—Edith Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5.

[Here I am with you all the time. What do other readers think?]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1, 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and not exceed 150 words. Address The Thinker, "The" Picturesgoer Weekly, 850 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.2.
They both live in a smoky city

But OH, THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...

SHE makes sure
of perfect cleanliness for her linens with Persil's oxygen wands: every tiny particle of dirt is lifted away. She doesn't worry because she knows her wash will come just as clean as new. That's the only way to make linens give longest wear and lovely whiteness.

SHE honestly thinks
she's moving all the smoke and grime that come from soot, but sometimes she isn't. Now and then dirt gets stuck inside the fabric. Week by week her linens go a little greener... till at last she knows they're just sull. Her washing seems a fruitless task.

THERE'S some dirt ordinary washing simply can't shift however much you boil and scrub. Take Mrs. Gray's unhappy looking sheets. Every week a little dirt gets ironed in. But Persil alone—without extra soap or anything else—makes certain of getting all the dirt out. Its safe oxygen and soap action loosens dirt, dissolves it, pushes it right out. That's why Mrs. White's sheets look as dazzling now as when she was first married. It's the same with coloureds, silks, and fabrics of every sort. The Persil action washes safely, quickly, perfectly.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

35
R. H. H. (Leeds).—Hereafter the cast of The Paia of Paul, Holmes; Mary Holmes (Maria di Nardo); Helen McPhar- ton; Geoffrey Holmes (Geoffrey di Marti)—Eric Linden; Joan Hew—Jean Arthur; Jacob Jacobs—Len Simpson; Esther—Clay Clement; Brooks—Frank Parker; Pratt—Sheila Gallagher; Flannigan—Edie Nugent; Klondike—Weiman; Kent—J. Carroll Nash; Kinkaid—John Sheehan.


DREE (Winchester).—Casts as follows: (1) The Race for Rainbows—Rainbow; Ben—Eddie Dowling; Mary Lane—Martha Nixon; Billy Ben—Frankie Darro; Doc—Hardy; Sam Hardy—Colonel Lane—Lloyd In- graham; Bill—George Hayes; The Dog—Beans; (2) When Knights were Bold (silent)—Sir Guy de Vere—Nelson Kevy; Lady Rowena—Marian Seepp; Sir Brian Ballisty—Eric Bromly-Williams; Widdicombes—Wellington Briggs; Lady Waldegrave—Lena Holiday—Bar—Martin Alsen; Whittle—Hal Gordon; Aunt Thormidge—Edith Kingdom; The Dean—E. L. Frazee.

DAVES (Chelmsford, S.W.3).—(1) Release dates as follows: The House of Connelly not read at the time of going to press. Whipped Destiny—May 14, 1934. Maker of Men—July 11. The Strange Case of Molly Logan—November 14, 1934. (2) The title of the film players here the Cloud was altered to Whipped Destiny.

DAVII—The leading man in The Fastest Gun was Leslie Fuller.

EBAN—Mary Nolan has not appeared in picture the same time.

ROBERT FREED (Handsworth).—(1) Robert Ford is a native of Worcester, Massachu- setts, U. S. A. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes; married. (2) Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1939, at Toronto, Canada. Real name, Gladys Smith. (3) Ages as follows: Richard Barthelmess, 39 years; Mary Pickford, 39 years; Clara Bow, 29; Sissy Young, 27; Barbara Stanwyck, 24; Lon Chaney, 56 years; Robert Harrod, 40 years; Barbara La Marr, 51 years; Chadwick, 24; Minnie Gaffney, 34 years; Robert Armstrong, 34 years; Robert Hutton, 29 years; Douglas Fairbanks, 30 years; Laemmle, 29 years; Richard Arlen, 32 years; Vinegar Jones, 37 years; William Butler, 34 years; Henry Aldridge, 30 years; Robert Armstrong, 34 years; Victoria Forwood, 30 years; Marston, 32 years; William A. Seiter, 31 years; Jane Darwell, 30 years; James Cagney, 29 years; Thelma Todd, 29 years; Edmund Lowe, 34 years; Katherine DeMille, 28 years; Robert Armstrong, 34 years.

DONAT (Southwark).—Hereafter the casts you require: (1) The Good, Professor Morland—Harold Goodwin; Broughton—Colin Hardwicke; Laing—Oscar Thies; Loretta—Betty Harlow—Dorothy Lysson; Rathmell—Amos Bullock; Kent—Kathleen Harris; Aga Ben Draganov—Horace Mahood; C. Clarke-Smith; Niel Hartley—Richard Randolph. (2) The Secret of the Blue Room—Jane von Helldorff; Gloria Stuart; Robert von Helldorf—Lionel Atwill; Captain Winter Brink—Paul Lukas; Commissioner Foster—Edward Arnold; Frank Fisher—Ondre Stevens; Thomas Brandt—William Janney; Paul, the Butler—Robert Bartlett; Betty—Muriel Kirkland; Mary—Elsie Efrem; Max—Russell Hudson; Strong—Anders Edgren; Foster's Assistant—James Durkin. (3) The Old Dark House, Morgan—Karloff; Roger Pendere—Melvin Douglas; Sir William Partridge—Charles Laughton; Margaret Waves—Gloria Stuart; Griffith Coxe—Lillian B. Horace Fenn—Emmet Theuer; Roberta—Evelyn Moore; Philip Waves—Raymond Massey; Saul Fenn—Bremner Willy; Sir Roger—John Duff. (4) The Munsey, Im—Hoa-Tip; Boris Karloff; Helen Grevor—Smilanski; Frank Whemple—David Manners; Professor Mullen—Edward Van Sloan; Sir Joseph Wielprew—Arthur Byron; Natton—Brennan Boucher; Nilsen—Noel Johnstone; Professor Pearson—Leonard Mudie; Frau Muller—Kathryn Lynn; Dorn—Eddie Kane; Inspector—Tony Marlow; Pharaoh—Man Cray; Knights—Arnold Grey; Marion—Henry Vactor. (5) At the time of going to press, Karloff has not made a film entitled The Return of Captain Nemo.

M. G. L. W. (Cheatlester).—(1) Donald Dillaway was born on March 17, 1903, in New York. Address him c/o Fox Studios. (2) The poster for a letter to America is Hull. (3) Lee Morgan's latest pictures are Don't Bet on Love, My Weakness, and Cross-Country Cranke. Thank you for your good wishes.

STEVENS (Walsall).—I regret that I am not in a position to help you, but would suggest that you get in touch with Connie's, Ltd, Film Agents, 9 Regent Street, London, W.1.

JOS. (Bethnal Green).—(1) The cast of Hand to Hand: Lefty Merrill—James Cagney; Ruth Meress—Lilian Bond; Lila Waters—Russ Donnelly; Radio announcer—Allen Jenkins; Nurse—Rae Allen; Dottie—John Hayden—Gavin Gordon; Mrs. Hawks—Emma—Freddie Bentley; Robert McWade—Ed McGarrah—John Sheehan; Joe Geri—Matt McHugh; Mrs. Wagner—Louise Ulrich. (2) Joe Houndley's latest pictures are FataleParade, Humanoids, Conviction City, and Hell's Belts.

REGULAR READER (Selby).—(1) Write to the following: Mlyce Lamont and Constance Shottor, c/o British International Studios, 1, Gino Malo, c/o Gaumont British Studios; (2) The leading players in the new film Little Friend are Nova Pilbeam, Matheson Lang, Lynne Stewart, and Jack Hulme.

DAILY EXPRESS (Selby).—(1) Malla Alba was Dobbs Fairbanks' leading lady in Mr. Robinson Crand. She is a film player. (2) The cast of Leave it to Mr. Sebastian Hour—Gene Gerard; Peavy—Olive Garden; Eve—Mollie Lamont; Cooper—George Ger; Baxter—Guy McNaughton; Lord Emmsworth—Lord Con- stance—Torie Bruce; Stedied Velbar—Peter Godfrey; Beach—Bryd Crambley; Freddie—Melville Cooper.

WINTERFIRE (Croydon).—(1) Arthur Winterer was born on January 21, 1873, in London. Address him c/o Twickenham Studios; (2) He is the cast of The Sleeping Cardinal: Sherlock Holmes—Arthur Wintner; Dr. Watson—Fleming; Mrs. Hudson—Minnie Raynor; Ronald Adair—Leslie Fer Ger; Mrs. Hudson—Katharyne Kent; Caption Henlow—Norman McKnight; Thomas Fisher—William Faton; Tom—Rutherford—Sydney King; Marson—Gordon; Beggs—Inspector Longwater—Philip Howland; Colonel Maron—Louis Goodrich; J. G. Godfrey—James Cagney.

BROWN EXTS.—You can obtain a photo- graph of David Manners from The Picture Photographing Card Sales, Long Acre, London W.C.2, price threepence.

CURIOUS (Chesham).—(1) Warner Baxter is married to Miss Helen Kane. (2) The cast of Paddy, the Next Best Thing: Paddy—Janet Gaynor; Lawrence Blake—Warren Baxter; Major Adair—Warren Connolly; Jack Bacon—Warren Stevens; Elsien—Margaret Lindsay; Collins—Joseph K. Merrick; Dr. Day—Fred O'Harra; Miss Green—Mae McDowell; Merv—Merle Tottenham; Micky—Robert Bicey; Henry—Warren Stevens. (3) Janet Gaynor played the role of Millie in Sunny Side Up, and is that of Heather Garden in Delilah. Charles Farrell was Jack Crowe in Sunny Side Up, and Larry Steiner in Delilah.

LAURIE (Loughton).—(1) Winifred Shutter was born on November 3, 1914, in London.

Film Fan Notices

THE HENRY EDWARDS' FILM CLUB.—Readers interested in this club can obtain full particulars from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Kathleen Costello, 37 Avenbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.


IMPERIAL FILM CLUB.—This club held a Grand Film Sale at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, recently and thoroughly enjoyable time was had by both visitors and members. Particulars of this club can be obtained by writing to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. W. Munde, 100 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

LAURIE (Loughton).—(1) Winifred Shutter was born on November 3, 1914, in London.
Miriam Hopkins was born on October 18, 1902, at Georgia, U.S.A.; 5 ft. tall; golden hair, blue eyes. Married (1) Brandon Peters (mar. 1923); (2) Stuart Parker (mar. 1926). Holbert—played dead and reading. Pictures include: "The Woman's Heart," "Rutledge," "The Woman with a Gun," "The Phantom Lady." Address her to Paramount Publicity Studios, Hollywood, C.A.

Studios. (3) I think you must mean Jerry in "Peeg o' My Heart." This role was played by Onslow Stevens.

P. A. (Madal'e Hill, W.2).—(1) Reginald Bith is born on September 3, 1896. Pictures include The Hounds of the Baskervilles and The Hound of the Baskervilles. (2) Buster Crabbe is 24 this year.

Nino (Siliguy).—"Amoo' n' Andy appeared in one film, Check and Double Check.

Violet (Pasha).—There was a film version made in the silent days of Where the Rainbow Ends. I quite agree, it would be well received as a talkie, which would delight juveniles.

Michael (Pinner).—The original version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde featured John Barrymore. Most critics agree that it is the finest piece of acting he has ever given on the screen.

Sangster (Swans).—Jan Kiepura was intended for the part, but took singing lessons and at a contest in 1925 won the title of "King of Tenors." His films include The King of France and The King of the World and the Flesh. "Trouble in Paradise," "No Man of Her Own," "The Emperor's New Garment," "Design for a Living," "All of Me," "The Man Who Broke His Heart." Address her to Paramount Publicity Studios, Hollywood, C.A.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS
Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.
British and American Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.1.
Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co., 22 Grosvenor Street, London, W.I.
Sound City Studios, Littleton Park, Shippton, Middlesex.
Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS
Columbia Studios, 1438, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studio, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 789, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

When you use Ava the wonderful NEW SHAMPOO that contains no soap

It's heaven for the hair! Try Ava to-night and see how your hair gleams afterwards, how easily it takes a wave—and keeps it.

That's because Ava really cleans, without leaving a trace of the greyish film that's almost inseparable from soap. And the unique ingredients of this new scientific discovery help to soften hard water. No special "rinse" or setting lotion is needed with Ava—it works wonders in itself with every kind of hair.

Ava Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

PEN PAPER (or U.K. only) Obtainable from all Chemists
Le Géor GEORGE DO IT

(continued)

Dr. William H. Patten

Took thousands by storm

DIANA took Broadway by storm during 1933. Her lovely portrait in "The Picturegoer" sepal glossy series has also taken by storm thousands of her keenest admirers. An enthusiastic writer has said that she finds "Picturegoer" postcards "bring out the true character." This is very true of the cards listed below. Here is a rare Lana Wynnard's portrait in particular, Send for some of these cards to-day and invest your collection with still more glamour.

Lana Wynnard

March 31, 1934

Leave to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this column.

CAREFUL MASSAGE and the use of good preparations are the two sure ways towards keeping a beautiful and youthful complexion. I advise proprietary preparations, not because I want to boost advertised products, but because they are the best.

Many readers inquire how they may make their cream or the other preparations. There are certainly a few lotions which women may concoct for themselves, but I rarely advise them to make their own creams. And this by reason of the bestowal of all women—superficial hair.

The best feeding creams are so frothed that they may not be encouraged to grow hair on the face. Creams, crudely prepared at home from animal fat, will certainly encourage growth of hair.

Massage, skillfully performed, stimulates the muscles, muscles and blood vessels of the face and neck.

You may use a skin food, almond oil, or cream to stimulate. It must be used liberally, not only for nourishment, but to prevent abrasion from friction of the fingers tips.

After the massage the face should be rinsed in warm water, then in cold water and finally in a astrangent lotion or a tonal eau-de-Cologne.

If readers ask my opinion of ice as an astrangent. Ice is said to close the pores. But in my experience, ice只有 in regular use, makes a face look congested and those ugly broken veins which are practically incurable.

Excessive heat is just as bad, so avoid washing your face in very hot water.

Simple Movements

There are a dozen simple movements you can do to keep your skin young and elastic and your fingers gentle. But do remember that it is regularity which counts.

First spread the cream on the skin and massage. Don't be stingy with the cream, otherwise the massage will stretch the skin.

Movement No. 5.—Place the hands with wrist touching under the chin and finger-tips level with the ears. Work the palms of the hands with a rotary movement over both cheeks.

Movement No. 6.—Begin again from the same position, paying attention to the sides of the cheeks, up to the temples.

Movement No. 7.—Crouch the hands and, using them with an alternate pressing and releasing motion, massage the face. The wide line of the jawbone from the chin to the temple ensure that the backs of the fingers are massaging the underchin.

Movement No. 8.—With the tips of the thumbs and two finger tips, snap all checkers over. Perform this massage gently, unless your face is too fat when punching may be done more vigorously.

Movement No. 9.—Beginning at the chin, work upwards and outwards in short steps, kneading both cheeks. If the thumbs and two outer fingers of the movement may be carried out with the first two fingers.

Movement No. 10.—Cover the second and third finger-tips with cream and gently put under the eyes. There should be no pulling. Begin at the inner corners.

LETHAL ORCHID

"A stringent lotion applied with smooth pad helps to keep the pores of nose and cheeks fine in texture and it is a daily ritual with many a flowery Miss McKinnon."

Movement No. 7.—With the tips of the first and second fingers, brush the back of hands and upwards and downwards from just beneath the outer corners of the eyes towards the forheads. The moves should be vigorous.

Movement No. 8.—Anoint the tips of the two forefingers with cream. Close the eyes. Place the two finger-tips on the outer corners of the eyelids. Patiently towards the inner corners.

Movement No. 9.—With first and second fingers of both hands, firmly smooth skin above the eyebrows. Follow them towards the temples.

Movement No. 10.—Place the creamed finger-tips together in the centre of the brow. Stroke firmly from centre to temples. Then hold one temple firmly and with the fingers of the other hand stroke towards the opposite temple. Repeat the other way. Finally, stroke from the top of the nose to the hair line.

Movement No. 11.—Let the finger-tips meet on the nape of the neck. With the pads of thumbs, give circular massage over the entire neck and under the chin.

Movement No. 12.—Beginning under the nose, knead cream and work outwards across any lines extending from the mouth.

Greasy Skins

Girls who suffer very much from greasy skin can improve the condition by stimulating the circulation. A rough towel, unless the skin of the face is too fine and delicate, will help, and a good towelling across the back of the neck is a splendid stimulant.

A little fine oatmeal placed in the palm of the hand, worked into a lather with a good superfatted soap, and then applied with vigour to the face and neck will also help to take up excessive grease.

Answers to Correspondents

Farr (Leicester).—Sallow skin is usually caused by bad circulation or a sluggish liver. If, however, it is due tolast summer's badly worn tan, try a mud pack to whiten the skin.

N. P. (Plymouth).—A chin strap will correct the tug of your chin and improve the contour. Wear this at night. Every morning put under the chin with a pad of cotton wool soaked in astrigent. Continue till the reaction is felt. You can buy a chin strap from all chemists.
There are lots of colds about—the feverish kind.

'To nip them in the bud' is a good suggestion, for these colds can very quickly get into serious complaints if neglected. Two 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will definitely banish a cold in one night. In doing so, they may save you serious illness and lying-up. They certainly will stop the cold, dispel the feverishness, the aches and pains, and the muddle-headed feeling.

What is more, they will do it quickly, without harming either the heart or the stomach. Apart from 'ASPRO' being, after ingestion in the system, an anti-pyretic, a solute of uric acid, an internal antiseptic and a germicide, it promotes skin action and so enables the poisons to be thrown out through the millions of pores of the skin. So you see 'ASPRO' does not suppress the cold (suppression is harmful), it eliminates it in a natural manner.

Why not get a packet of 'ASPRO' now to protect you against the ills, chills, rheumatic attacks, irritability, sleeplessness, and headaches that are so prevalent at present?

BETTER SURE THAN SORRY
GET YOUR 'ASPRO' NOW

Read These Letters

FLU, Colds and Colds Quickly Disappear
BANISHED

Lodgdes Read, Mare Street, Gentlemen. Huhuhey, E. B. It is with the greatest pleasure that I write this letter to prove the genuine effect of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I sometimes have a headache which is unbearable. But in the while after I have taken two 'ASPRO' tablets it has gone. When I have felt a 'flu cold coming over me, I have gone to bed, drunk some hot lemon water with 3 'ASPRO' tablets and the next morning I am as 'fit as a fiddle.'—I am, Yours faithfully, B. C. R.

HEAD PAINS GO

Bishop's Waltham.

Sir,—I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now. I am, yours respectfully, L. R. (Mrs).

H.M.S. Danae,
Americas and West India Station.

Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and 2 or 3 times again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds but many other things. I remain, gratefully yours, F. J. WARNE.

FINDS 'ASPRO' MUCH BETTER THAN ASPIRINS

Love.

Buxton.

For the past few months I have been taking 'ASPRO' and found them much better than the aspirin which I have previously used. Thanking you and wishing you continued success. I always recommend them now. Yours faithfully, B. Mcf. (Miss).

3d 6d 2½d
PER PACKET
EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is in the 2½d packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3½ worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is in the ¾d packet, which contains two extra tablets.

Vinolia Co. Ltd., London

Premier Vinolia Soap

SO VERY REFRESHING

Premier 61 Double Bath Size 10f
daily Soap

3½ boxes of Baby Soap Free 8d and 1½d

The 'West End Modes' method enables every woman to be really well and fashionably dressed in the most economical way.

Ladies who send their orders by post and mention: 'Picturegoer,' can depend upon receiving immediate and personal attention.

DIANA
A really smart two-piece suit, comprising an undulating geranium coat and floral art silk dress, in all the latest designs and colours. Jeri, long sleeves 15/6 monthly.

JAYNE
A charming two-piece suit in Gen's flamed suiting, with the fashionable three-quarter coat, lined with a good-quality art crepe. A perfectly cut and tailored suit. 15/6 monthly.

When writing please state measurements.

WEST END MODES
LIMITED

Deaf Ask for an 'Ardente-fitted Seat' at the Cinema—No Fee—

installed by M. R. Dent, 309 Oxford St., London, W.1

39
"Our beauty secret will keep YOUR skin smooth and youthful . . . ."

say 846 Hollywood and British stars

MARIAN NIXON says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

JOYCE KIRBY, another Canadian/British film star. Says, "It is a splendid skin soap.

JANE CARR, one of the British stars who is another regular user of Lux Toilet Soaps. "I love its lather," she says.

HONI DAVEY, well known in British films. "It keeps my skin just as I like it—youthfully clear and soft.

DIANA COTTON, a Canadian/British screen star. Says, "It leaves my skin so softly smooth."

YOU have seen on the screen the charm of smooth, youthful skin. You see it in everyday life. How to have and hold that vital charm . . . that is your problem.

MARIAN NIXON will solve your problem. She is one of the 846 lovely stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. These are her words: "We've all been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. It does keep the skin young-looking; I've used this beauty soap myself for a number of years and it has always kept my skin as I like it—youthful, exquisitely smooth and clear." Could there be greater proof than this?

USED BY 846 OF THE LEADING 857 STARS.
The reason is the same for all these stars. "Lux Toilet Soap holds youth and beauty in the skin." This is why they made it the official beauty soap in all the great studios in Hollywood and England!

You can have and hold a smooth, clear and youthful complexion. Use Lux Toilet Soap—regularly! It costs no more than ordinary soaps. Gives a quick, rich lather which thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin. A pure-white tablet, a delicate perfume. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or dealer. Use it for the bath and shampoo as well.

LUX TOILET SOAP . 3d.

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

a tablet
THE REAL HEPBURN—EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

KATHARINE HEPBURN
Still another reason why
'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d.
20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS + 30 FOR 1/- + 60 FOR 2/-
WHAT do you want to know about the stars and the world in which they live? The colour of Greta Garbo's eyes? The address of Ronald Colman? The life story of Jessie Matthews? This great "Who's Who and Encyclopaedia" tells you everything about everybody in filmland—Stars, Directors, Producers, Artists, Authors, Cameramen, and Studios. Containing over 600 pages—more than 250,000 words—nearly 100 full-page art plate photographs, over 4,000 biographies—it is a work you could not buy in the ordinary way under £1 1s. Yet it can be yours—despatched to you at once—for the amazing special privilege price of 2s. 6d. only (plus 1s. for carriage, packing, insurance, etc.) making 3s. 6d. in all, if you apply now.

Here, at last, is a work that lays before you the whole glamorous panorama of filmland—the greatest stars, the greatest screen plays, the greatest performances, film-making from the inside, dressing the stars, studio glossary, behind the scenes, etc., etc.

In his special foreword to this work, George Arliss, "The First Gentleman of the Screen," says: "A volume such as this, of so comprehensive a nature, cannot fail to be a constant companion and a permanent delight to everybody who is interested in films."

Luxuriously produced in heavy stiff covers of crimson silk-grained Art. Leather, and beautifully embossed in gold, this volume weighs nearly 2 lb. and measures 8¼ in. deep by 6 in. wide.

ALSO A DE LUXE EDITION

There is also a De Luxe Edition, as illustrated, bound in magnificent green antique-finished Art. Leather, richly decorated, embossed in gold, with green burnished dust-proof top edges—head and tail bands, and reinforced cloth-jointed end papers. Privilege Price 3s. 6d. (plus 1s. to cover cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.) making 4s. 6d. in all. Supplies of this work are limited. Apply on Form below immediately.

Post the Form below To-day

---

**SPECIAL PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM**

"The Picturegoer's Who's Who and Encyclopaedia"

To The People's Home Library Dept., G.W.I.,

3 Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, at the Privilege Price shown, "The Picturegoer's Who's Who" in the Edition I have indicated below.

**ORDINARY EDITION**

2/6 (Plus 1/- to cover cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.) making 3/6 in all.

**DE LUXE EDITION**

3/6 (Plus 1/- to cover cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.) making 4/6 in all.

Cross out Edition NOT required.

I enclose P.O. No. .......................... Value (3/6 or 4/6).................. Cross cheque or Postal Order & Co. and make payable to Odhams Press Ltd.

NAME ........................................

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS ......................
Westward!

TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

WHO WILL TRAVEL BY RAIL WITH PENNY-A-MILE "SUMMER" TICKETS

Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact you are to be congratulated if you have to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion, think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country—mountainous Wales—Somersetshire—Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice!

"Holiday Haunts" price 6d. will describe their attractions in detail, whilst giving you a selection of 8,000 addresses. Moreover, Holiday Season Tickets will be available in most districts to give you unlimited travel over a wide area for a modest 10s. a week. Any information will be gladly given at Great Western Offices and Agencies, or, if you prefer, write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, and your requests will be attended to immediately.
A HEADACHE for HOLLYWOOD

And one for Victor Saville—Politics and Pictures—Dangers of Film About the Irish Revolution—Three Big Stars Change Studios—Two Sweetheart Teams Reunited—Challenge to Mae West.

THE controversial political picture is again in the news. Since I announced Edna Best's Hollywood scenic adventure in The Key, the other day, the interesting and somewhat disturbing news has arrived concerning that film that it is to be about the Irish Revolution.

Without in any way pre-judging the Messrs. Warner's latest project, it is not difficult to appreciate the dangers that must beset the filming of such a subject.

**Must Not Offend**

Hollywood's attempts to deal with its own current controversies have never been entirely satisfactory. Apart from being hedged round (and many consider rightly) by a labyrinthian growth of official restrictions, the screen as a business concern must strive not to offend any of the cash customers, and the result is usually a meaningless, valueless and pretentious exhibition of what is known in political circles as "egg dancing."

**Ban Possibility**

A film that is too sympathetic to the Irish revolutionists or any way gives rise to dangerous controversy will obviously be barred from the cinemas of Britain.

The strong Irish influence in America which has made its weight felt more than once in more important matters, quite as obviously cannot be defied in the home market.

And if the studio tries to placate both sides they will probably end by satisfying nobody.

It will, however, be possible to draw on the dramatic effectiveness of a hitherto untapped story source without becoming involved in the political aspects. I hope so—but I do not envy the producer his job.

**The Case of Rhodes**

Mr. Victor Saville, too, is likely to lose some beauty sleep over the proposed film version of the life of Cecil Rhodes, of which, quite incidentally, I have been in a position to make a considerable study.

Rhodes' career, associations and times were so full of political controversies that have not yet completely died, that producers of any kinematic record will have to tread very warily if they are not to step on sensitive toes.

**Influence of Gangster Cycle**

The screen is undoubtedly the greatest medium for propaganda in history, but the value of deliberate picture propaganda is still open to some doubt despite—or perhaps because of—the much ballyhooed recent preoccupation of Hollywood with the social conscience as represented by such mild and harmless celluloid sermons as I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Massacre, Dangerous Days, Cabin in the Cotton, and Gabriel Over the White House.

Nearly all of them amably sat on the fence to some extent and certainly all of them gave an unmistakable impression that the cinema crusaders knew their place and were being careful not to overstep the bounds.

On the other hand the cumulative effect of the undeliberately propagandist gangster cycle has, for instance, undoubtedly, aroused our own consciousness to the possible results of prohibition, as well, I am sure, as playing a big part in America's repeal decision.

**Keaton's Come-back**

Admirers of the comedy "short" will be glad to welcome the return of Buster Keaton, who is making a modest bid to "come back" in two-reelers.

It is thirteen years since Buster abandoned shorts for the more dignified and lucrative field of feature-length comedies, and nearly two years since he was seen on the screen.

The Gold Ghost is the first of the new pictures and it is well suited to his type of humour. He arrives in an abandoned mining camp and for a reel doesn't speak a word.

During the rest of the film other characters come to the place, but his lines cover scarcely a typewritten page, with the rest carrying the dialogue.

£1,000 a Picture

Two years away from the studios have wrought considerable changes in Keaton himself. The days when he was one of the best-known figures at the film city's pleasure resorts are over. A recent illness has compelled him to look after his health and he is, of course, not earning the money that he was.

He is reported to receive £1,000 a picture for the new series of shorts of which six are scheduled for the next six months. At M.-G.-M., he received that much every week.

His two sons are attending a military college, protected by a £50,000 trust fund established in more prosperous years.

**Tragic Trail**

The come-back trail continues to be stony for former stars and hardly any of the recent attempts to reclaim to the heights are encouraging.

John Gilbert made a valiant bid with the noble help of Greta Garbo in Queen Christina, but if anybody has been killed in the rush to offer him another million-dollar contract I have yet to hear of it.

Clara Bow's plans are unsettled at the moment, though I hear she may go to Twentieth Century Fox, although she has proved a more competent actress than we imagined in the days of her glory, has had no sensational success since her return.

**Can Gloria do it?**

It will be interesting, however, to watch the progress of Gloria Swanson whose battle for revived kinematic acclaim is sponsored by M.-G.-M., the greatest star-builder of all the studios.

Gloria's initiative in her come-back bid will probably be Three Weeks, although there is a possibility that she may do Heavenly Sinner, a story based on the life of the notorious Lola Montez.

**Good-bye Week at Warner's**

The Key, by the way, will probably be William Powell's last picture for Warners, whose star list, with Ruth Chatterton and Richard Barthelmess also departing, will be almost unrecognisable.

Powell, is, I believe, to work as a freelance. He feels that he can make five pictures a year at £12,000 each.

Miss Chatterton, who, like the male star, went to the studio during the famous razz on Paramount (Continued on page 6)
from Plutarch, not one of them has suggested: "Why don't you sign up this guy Pintarch and have him come to Hollywood and write the screen story?"

**Warren William as Caesar**

In the meanwhile Warren William has been cast for the role of Julius Caesar in the new De Mille opus and Claudette Colbert is busy putting on weight for the title role.

I hope for the benefit of the weight-increasing process that nobody has told her that the part has a jinx tied to it.

According to legend it virtually ended the career of Theda Bara.

Taking off too many clothes also proved a setback to Betty Blythe, who is now essaying a comeback, when she played the Queen of Sheba.

**Lilyan Tashman**

Lilyan Tashman, screenland’s “best-dressed woman,” and unofficial Queen of Hollywood, is mourned by film lovers in every corner of the world. Her brilliant wit and lazy elegance won her a firm place in the hearts of millions.

It was just ten years ago—in 1924—that she and her husband, Edmund Lowe, set out in a third-class carriage for Hollywood.

Both found fame—Lilyan, who specialised in “vamp” roles, rose to greater heights. Although she played star parts in films that broke box-office records, she will perhaps be best remembered for her brilliant performances in Camille, The Prince of Head Waiters, Building Drummond, One Heavenly Night, Putting on the Ritz, Mama Loves Papa and Too Much Harmony.

Lilyan never claimed the title, yet she could justly have been named “Hollywood’s Best Wife.” She and Edmund Lowe had discovered the secret of married happiness—they understood each other.

**A Screen Fight**

The latest reports from the It’s No Sin front records for posterity that Mae West spent nearly two months investigating the customs and conditions of the southern states of America of fifty years ago before she completed her story.

A delightfully named gentleman called Musky Callahan, a former world’s welter-weight boxing champion, is to “wage a series of thrilling ring battles in the picture.”

**That Scarlet Pimpernel Casting**

Protests against the casting of Charles Laughton as the Scarlet Pimpernel in the London Films screen version of the Orczy story continue to pour into this department in such large numbers that Mr. Alexander Korda might be well advised to consider whether he made a wise decision.

One disgruntled fan suggests that Marie Dressler or Alison Skipworth be imported to play the role of Lady Blakeney in “Bath,” he points out, “are brilliant and distinguished artists, but they are about as much like the character as Laughton is to ‘Sir Percy.’” His own nominations for the two parts are John Gielgud and Madeleine Carroll.

**Have you voted?**

Mention of Charles Laughton, who carried off the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for the best acting performance in a 1933 produced film, reminds me that voting in Picturegoer’s Gold Medal award of merit will have to be closed shortly.

The English star’s characterisation in The Private Life of Henry VIII, incidentally, is not eligible as our award has to be confined to pictures generally released last year.

Picturegoer awards two gold medals—one for the best performance by an actress and one for the best performance by a film in which you consider they establish their claim.

All entries must be in by April 14.

**Not Too Many Films**

Mr. Jesse L. Lasky enters the lists against Picturegoer’s frequently expressed view that too many films are being produced.

“I am in agreement with the theory and in my..."
An Improved Offspring

This movement," he adds, "is growing rapidly. Already many of the major studios are producing under the unit system. And many fine quality pictures have resulted.

"As the movement gathers momentum and responsibilities become more clearly defined, the programme picture of to-day will vanish and in its place will come its improved offspring—a picture intelligently produced that represents full value in story, cast and production for the amount expended.

Plenty of Stories

"Let us, above all, encourage the true showman, whether he is called producer, supervisor, director, or what not. Because without showmanship the industry would indeed fail.

Unlike many people, I believe that there are many times fifty good story possibilities lying about Hollywood. After all, there is nothing original in stories.

"All of the tremendous successes of to-day and the past have plots and themes that are centuries old.

"We do not lack stories so much as we lack novelty of treatment and the moulding of these stories into new forms and patterns."

Short Shots

John Barrymore, who looks tall on the screen, is actually 5 ft. 7 in.—Clark Gable wants to get back into his two roles. Jimmy Durante takes his gag man with him when he is let to other studios—Josef Von Sternberg directs Marlene Dietrich in German—Sixteen-year-old Ida Lappino has taken a twenty-four-room house with three garages and a living-room in which she intends to hold her parties—W. C. Fields draws our attention to the fact that Mae West is worrying the grammarians because she ends all her sentences with a preposition—Joan Marsh has shed thirty pounds and is staging a revival of Melody In Spring—Lee Garmes is the latest cameraman to be promoted to the directional ranks; his first film will be Fledglings—Onslow Stevens, according to an announcement from Universal, will be elevated to stardom shortly.

At Shepherd's Bush

The week's best news is probably the return to British studios of Jan Kiepura, the famous Italian tenor.

Kiepura will make his re-appearance at Shepherd's Bush in A Song For You, an English version of the Continental smash-hit Ein Lied für Dir, which is due to go into production within the next day or two.

The film world became Kiepura-conscious on the release of Tell Me To-night, the Gaumont British-UFA picture in which he appeared with Sonnie Hale, and which was received with immense enthusiasm by filmgoers in Europe and the British Isles.

In America, Tell Me To-night achieved the distinction of a "straight run" of ten weeks in Hollywood itself. No former European film had ever enjoyed a success in any way comparable with this in the hyper-critical Film City.

Riviera Location

Although the story is laid in a setting of Grand Opera, filmgoers who find opera "heavy on the hand," need have no fear, for, although Kiepura will sing arias from Verdi's "Aida" and "II Trovatore," these beautiful works are blended humorously into the action, and the atmosphere throughout the film is one of gay and lighthearted comedy.

In addition to the operatic airs, Kiepura's magnificent voice will be heard in specially-written and composed theme-songs.

It is expected that he will again be teamed with Sonnie Hale.

After certain work at the Shepherd's Bush Studios, the Unit will leave for location at Naples and on the Italian Riviera, where bullet sequences of great beauty take place in Mediterranean surroundings.

Recording "The Merry Widow"

The most careful recording ever attempted in a studio, with the use of a special "broad reproduction band" capable of recording anything from the highest to the lowest note on the human ear is able to hear, is to be a technical feature of production of The Merry Widow, the Irving Thalberg talkie soon to be filmed with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald as stars, and Ernst Lubitsch as director.

Technicians in the sound department are at the present time carrying on intensive research into the plan, designed to reproduce the famous music of Franz Lehar in all its original colour.

The use of special microphones and light valves, special handling of the filmed sound track, are all involved in intricate calculations by which the engineers propose to reproduce the last word in filmed music.

Kinema Couplets

This week's prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to Elsie R. M. Paterson, 1 George Street, Bathgate, W. Lothian, for:—

Miss M. Dean, 8 Cleveland Road, Hawley, Staffs, for:—

Looking for Trouble Three on a Honeymoon

Prizes of 25. 6d. each are awarded to:—

Carole Lombard, who must be one of the busiest actresses on the Paramount lot, has been cast opposite Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing."

M. Reynolds, Fairview, Gobowen, Shropshire, for:—
Sailors' Luck No Marriage Ties

H. Keighley, 171 Moorside Road, Eccles Hill, Bradford, for:—

The House of Rothschild Walls of Gold

R. H. Collins, 98 Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.17, for:—

Bill of Divorcegement Symphony In Two Flats

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be sent in on postcards, marked "Couplets," and addressed to me, c/o PICTURGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Envelopes will not be opened.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS.
OME time in May or June, I plan to make my first trip to Europe. This may not sound so very interesting at first, but I've arranged for enough novelties to make it one of the strangest journeys abroad ever taken by an American.

In the first place, I plan to motor. Not in a de luxe car driven by a liveried chauffeur, but in some rattle-trap of a bus that won't make me tempt speed laws. If the car is so old that its radiator springs a leak, its motor dies, and its tyres flatten out on me, all the better.

You see, I want to look at the country as an itinerant tourist. I want to learn something of the peasantry in France, to see all I can of that peaceful English countryside Clive Brook and Leslie Howard have been pumping into my system these many years.

Travelling in style, rushing from one great city to another by train, isn't my idea of seeing Europe. And so I'll travel in some second- or third-hand automobile, or maybe a motorcycle that isn't too ambitious and young—anything, in fact, that huffs and puffs and stops.

While it is true I haven't spent much time on an itinerary, I know pretty much where I want to go and what to see. My travelled friends in Hollywood have been filling me with places worth seeing for the past six months.

Some say Blairitz is the finest place to go; others favour St. Moritz and other groups tell me I'll be missing the finest spots of all if I don't go to the Riviera, Monte Carlo, Paris, or Vienna. A lot of names!

I really made up my mind where to go a month ago, when I spoke to a disabled war veteran—a former member of the Marine Corps. He'd been to Paris, Dijon, Bordeaux, London, and the Rhine cities, but didn't paint as lurid a picture of them as I expected he would.

I asked where he would go if a sizable amount of money were placed in his hands and he had several months to do with as he pleased.

"It didn't take him long to answer: 'I'd visit the battlefields,'" he said. "All of those I knew as a Marine, and then I'd go to the French and English fronts, lingering at the most famous spots.'" That fellow gave me the idea of retracing the steps of the American soldiers in France. First of all, I'll go to London, hire or purchase my small vehicle there, and travel the most picturesque roads in all England up to the Scottish border.

Mind you, I'm going to make plenty of stops in out-of-the-way places, small villages preferred, where I can get a first-hand view of how the British people live.

Of course, I'm going to "hit" all the historical spots, the Norman ruins, and the tumble-down abbeys there are to see. A fine list of these has been given me by Clive Brook.

When thoroughly satisfied that I have seen all the sights, I'll go back to London, spend a few days there analysing the show business, and then ship my transportation to St. Nazaire, where the first American soldiers and Marines landed in 1918.

Following the advice of my friend, the veteran, I'll spend several days touring the coast-line trying to find a lighthouse where he used to call on Marie, the keeper's wife.

He wants me to tell Marie that he wasn't fooling her at the time he tried, in extremely poor French, to tell her she was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. I really will try to find this lady and give her my friend's message.

And I hope I don't compromise myself too much in the attempt—my French being what it is! After St. Nazaire, he wants me to motor to

Brevannes. On the map it's the smallest of dots, but it once quartered the entire Fifth Regiment Marines.

I suspect that my friend has a mission for me in that village.

He wants me to see Rosa and tell her that he didn't steal those rabbits which appeared mysteriously in the Headquarters Company's hot-pot some time in December, 1918.

He says I'll find plenty of typical French farmers in Brevannes. He'd like to know whether the depression hit its occupants.

From Brevannes he says I ought to go to Damblain, which is about the size of the other village, and scold the proprietor of the Bucket of Blood for charging him five francs for a sour bottle of vin rouge that he later sold to Captain DeCarre for ten.

The café has a new name now, I suspect, but find it I will.

There are many other small places I shall visit before I reach historic Rheims, near the Champagne front, where my friend was sorely wounded at Mont Blanc.

From there I'm supposed to go to the Argonne, where my friend stuck a sign in the mud reading, "Twelve miles to the nearest female."

And if I find it I'm instructed to bring it back home with me. I'm afraid that is carrying friendship a little too far!

From the Argonne sector I'll journey to Metz, then roll into Germany and Coblenz on the Rhine, where our soldiers were quartered some eight or nine months after the Armistice. After I've seen all I want of that sector, I expect my car will be so thoroughly a wreck that I'll have to give it away.

Boarding a train at Cologne, I plan to go to Berlin for a few days and, if I have time, travel by plane to Moscow for a sight of Russia. After that there won't be much time left and I'll fly back to London.

At my hotel there I'll no doubt be greeted with a stack of cables from the Fox studios saying me my time is up, and so to New York and eventually Hollywood.

In Hollywood, no doubt, I'll see my friend, the veteran, and he'll ask me about that sign I was to get in the Argonne. I'll have a good excuse ready for him.

S

EE OLYMPIA THIS WAY

THE Special Exhibition Number of The Ideal Home Magazine gives a unique opportunity to see the best features of the Ideal Home Exhibition from one's armchair.

Domestic architecture, as represented by the "Village of To-morrow," with its clean and inviting frontages, is fully reviewed, as well as the furnishing of the modern home, not forgetting the innumerable devices which save time and temper—always one of the most popular corners of the exhibition.

Charming glimpses are given of "The Garden of History and Romance"—sixteen plans from old manor houses and historic homes.
April 7, 1934

Madeleine Carroll in Hollywood. She is seen here with Franchot Tone, Roy Simmonds, the Fox publicity chief for Britain, and (on her left) John Ford, the director, on "The World Moves On" set.

As a prize in a Mae West slogan contest, Catherine Queen, of Cleveland, has been spending a holiday in Hollywood as the star's guest. Her winning slogan was: "The Girl Nobody No's."

Through Our LENS

Fairbanks, sen., starts work. Doug being fitted by Oliver Messel for the costumes he will wear in "East of Siam," his first British picture.

When the "strong arm" squad of ticket sellers for an actors' charity invaded the set of "The Man Who Broke His Heart." Despite the well-known persuasiveness of James Cagney and the charm of Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris seems to have got the nod from Dorothy Dell.

Earl Carroll and Carl Brisson watch the filming of the Danish star's first American picture, "Murder at the Vanities."
KATHARINE HEPBURN TALKS ABOUT HERSELF

In this interview specially obtained for "Picturegoer" readers by Gladys Baker the famous Screen Star indulges in some revealing self-analysis.

"XIT glamour!"

Katharine Hepburn crowded into the tiny room for her dressing table as she went about the business of removing her make-up.

The graceful gown of pale gray velvet which she wore in the final scene of The Lake had been changed for a nondescript bath robe such as schoolgirls wear among themselves in not too fashionable dormitories and Katharine Hepburn, the most discussed actress of the moment, had a marked freckled face and a maddening freckled freckling.

"This," she announced, "is the most important discovery of my life." She held aloft a small, oblong box of mascara for her eyelashes. "It doesn't run all over my face when I'm weeping."

"Do you actually shed tears?"

"Heavens, yes! You see, I'm not really a good actress—a good actress can control her emotions—but not me. I bow to the band when I'm really tough by a part I'm playing, and I always laugh at it. I can't play the part unless I am touched by it! I've got to feel whatever I'm doing in order to get the audience to feel it."

It was typical of her lack of conceit to beber herself for one of the qualities of acting found only in the truly great; the quality of being able minutely and faithfully to reproduce within herself the emotional state of the character prototype.

I mentioned this peculiar quality of her acting. Now I was serious, as she generally is when discussing her work.

"Well, whatever it is, it certainly wasn't on the job the night of the opening. I simply walked through the part. I wasn't mentally up to it. I couldn't think and when I can't think my lines every minute a robot would be an improvement on Hepburn. The critics gave me an awful panning."

"Not all of them."

"Well, if there was one who didn't, I must have missed his paper! But at that they gave me no more than I deserved, I was terrible!"

"Do you know why?" words swiftly tumbled, "I didn't care. It was only the third time I'd played on Broadway and being a star in Hollywood is no help at all when that curtain goes up out there. People think because of my breezy way of talking, that I'm hard-boiled, but that's just a protective veneer. Honestly, underneath I'm hyper-sensitive. But to go back to the critics. I wouldn't have blamed them if they'd walked out after the first act. That's what I would have done. It was swell of them to stay and they were sweet about the way they administered their spanking."

"What do you mean 'sweet'?"

"They had the attitude between the lines of saying, 'we hate to pan the kid, she did the best she could considering her lack of experience,' you know, they were darn good sports about it."

"Never mind, you'll have them on their knees after your next Broadway performance."

"Yes, by George, I'm going to have another whack at it and show them I've profited by their constructive criticism."

"Gosh, I look like awful, don't I?" The reflection in the mirror showed a wrinkling of retroussé nose with its indiscriminate sprinkling of freckles.

Yet judged by traditional standards I saw in that much publicised face none of the obviously beautiful features which move poets to immortalise the object of their inspiration.

"You weren't at all pretty as a little girl," I commented.

She threw back her head and roared. "Pretty! And you don't suppose anyone thinks I'm pretty now! It was because the make-up man who fixed me up for my first screen test tried to make me pretty that I was delayed in getting to Hollywood. He tried his best to transform me into the candy-box type—you know, pinched mouth; sky, drooping eyelids; round dimpled cheeks. Ye Gods! I was ridiculous. The RKO artist had the good sense to accentuate what he saw in my face that gave me individuality.

Unless we're to look like we're rolled out of a stamp machine the face has to retain the natural lines and contours that are put there by our ancestry, our thoughts, our emotional reactions and just by living. Otherwise it's not interesting."

Yes, that was part of the answer. The face was interesting without being beautiful. But I sought further to discover the secret of Katharine Hepburn's physical appeal which has actually set a new vogue in feminine beauty.

Some quality, vibrant and lovely, made me look at her more closely and these lines flashed through my mind:

"For she shall catch the wind's young hands
And run along the uplands of the sun,
And down the valley of the Spring."

A poet, after all, had helped me to a closer understanding of the complex personality. She was chatting away about Hollywood. In fact, in her present mood of exuberance she talked incessantly. "I'm going back in June. They're doing Joan of Arc for me and later The Tudor Wench."

"I'm glad you're going to do Elizabeth."

"And am I? I kept asking for it until finally I got it." It was not difficult to understand that Katharine Hepburn's was the sort of persuasive-ness that even the hard-headed movie Moguls found themselves incapable of resisting.

"I hope the public won't be fed up with queens before my turn comes. All my rivals, you know,—a wry smile—'have gone into the Queen business."

Her maid came to the door. "I don't need you, Janie," she waved her away, "I can manage all right, thank you."

All the while she kept right on talking. "I'm mad about Hollywood. Simply adore it. I'd be a pretty ungrateful little cuss if I didn't, don't you think? I'm keen about working in the movies. It gives you so much more of a chance. All you do is act natural with the camera right up close—and I'm vain enough to like that! Also it's much easier—you don't have to keep up sustained action as you do on the stage."

A rap at the door. There was no pause as she continued adjusting her tiny beret. "Come in," she shouted. It was Colin Cive, her leading man in Christopher Strong and in her present stage vehicle. The manner in which she received the handsome British actor whose presence is usually conducive to female heart palpitation was charcteristically unsentimental. "Hey, there," she shouted and began scrubbing her teeth vigorously. Her utter lack of affectation, I observed, as another facet of Hepburn's disarming charm.

As we left the stage entrance, crowds of people lined the pavements. They'd been standing for a solid hour in the cold rain of midnight to get a glimpse of her. Courteously they made a lane for her to pass to her car. As she smiled and waved her hand their tired faces lighted with adoration. At least for the moment they were her loyal subjects and the slim young girl their uncrowned Queen of Filmland.

A few days later I went to have tea with Katharine Hepburn in her charming house overlooking the East River. I was early but Barclay, the major domo of the establishment, made me welcome.

Barclay spoke of the weather and as he still lingered to make sure there were cigarettes and that the fire was doing well, I surmised that he wanted to speak of his famous young mistress. I asked how she was. Instantly the brown face was wreathed in smiles.

"Miss Kate? Oh, she's fine—she's always fine, thank you ma'am. My! We certainly is glad to have her home again. It's a different place when Miss Kate's home—even the cats feel different."

Two lovely Siamese kittens were doing their best to demolish the rug but Barclay was too
engrossed in his subject to notice. "I hope and pray I'll be with Mrs. Roosevelt on one of her travels. There she comes now!" And Barclay resumed a dignified silence.

All at once a quiver of excitement seemed to go through the house; one sensed that something thrilling was about to happen. Yes, there she was, running up the stairs, smiling and gay.

"Do you mind coming up to my room?" she yelled over the banisters. "I have to put oil in my hair before my shampoo."

She waited for me and we went to a large room which she explained she had chosen for her own because it captures the morning sun.

I observed the exquisite Tanagra-like figure wrapped in a beautifully tailored grey suit.

"Oh, I am glad you like it!" she exclaimed when I expressed my admiration. "I can't bear fussing over clothes, so if this is becoming I'll probably wear it morning, noon and night."

She has been criticised for going about Hollywood in overalls and slacks. Her designer, Howard Greer, trailed her all the way across the continent to design for her the three costumes she wore in The Lake. He bemoans the fact of her indifference to clothes but admits that once a costume is finished, she transfigures whatever she is wearing.

It was an interesting hour. As she sat looking into the fire, she was quiet and poised, expressing now and again her deep love for her work. I saw still another side of her mercurial temperament which changed as swiftly as the patterns of light and shadow cast by the glow of the flames.

"I see so much mediocrity in the theatre that it appals me," she mused. "I hate coming in contact with things I can't respect. Poor books you don't have to read; poor paintings you don't have to look at; but poor plays and movies are being constantly foisted upon the public. Why do they accept them? You see, in a way the public is as much at fault."

She spoke then of her family. Her own people are very dear to her and she is notoriously loyal. Every Sunday during her stay in the East, she journeys up to Hartford to be with them and if ever she is ill, heads straight for "Daddy"—one of the best physicians in Connecticut. Both parents are blessed with superior wisdom for they permitted their children to be the individuals they were destined to be.

I asked her if it were true that she suffered from an inferiority complex. "No," she replied, "but I knew what was right for me and so didn't do the things which may have seemed right to an outsider. You see," she put her hand on her breast, "nobody lives in here except myself."

Honesty is the key-note to her character. It is that and the ability to stand up and conquer any situation that is part of her power; for power she certainly has, of personality, of individualism, of real charm, plus a fine mind, a mind that is both fresh and bracing as a keen wind over flowering fields.

Barclay appeared with tea for the caller and a supper tray for the actress whose early appearance at the theatre necessitated an early repast. Her meal was surprisingly substantial—a juicy beefsteak, potatoes, the inevitable spinach, a custard and after-dinner coffee.

"Don't look astounded," she laughed, "that, pointing to the tray, "represents my last act. I burn up energy so fast that if I didn't fortify myself, by 10:30 I'll be hollow and I'd act hollow too. You see, I believe in the theory of climax; now she was serious again, "just as in a musical composition one builds towards a climax, so must an actress playing a part. I could mark my parts, I believe, with musical terminology. For me that is where the chief interest lies—in the ever-changing colour and contrast. There's nothing really new in the theatre. It's all there, rich in wisdom and beauty, waiting for us to take and interpret as best we can."

I spoke of how rhythmically she moved on the stage. "If I do, it's entirely due to my dancing. I've worked hard at it." There is no sterner critic of Katharine Hepburn than Katharine Hepburn herself. No wiser judge of her capabilities and no one more eager to learn.

On a small table I noticed a French grammar. She saw me and said: "I study with a teacher every morning, but I'll never learn to roll my r's. I try so hard that I get blue in the face!"

At 6:30, her voice teacher was announced.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I always work a half-hour before I go to the theatre." She introduced me to her coach who, after Hepburn's greeting, demanded to know what she had been doing to herself.

"Oh, nothing," replied the pupil, looking like a small child caught in the jam cupboard.

"But you're hoarse," reprimanded her coach, "where were you yesterday?"

"Oh, I went up to see the family," still looking guilty, eyes fastened on the floor.

"Yes, and what did you do up there?"

"Went skating on the ice."

"Did you keep your mouth shut?"

"No, I did a lot of yelling with my kid brothers—I'm sorry. But really I forgot. Tell you what, if you'll let me off without a scolding this time, I'll swear to wear a muzzle next week. Is it a go?"

I strongly suspect that it was. For upon leaving I noticed that the professional severity of the voice instructor had thawed. Like all humans who are exposed to it, she too had come under the spell of Katharine Hepburn's provocative charm.
"From stenography to stardom," sums up the career of Dorothy, who was a typist at the Radio Studio when she was spotted by a casting director and given the lead in "Are These our Children?" She has her biggest part to date in "Eight Girls in a Boat."
Mr. Fairbanks is not going to take the criticism of him in a recent open letter lying down. Here, in an interview, he vigorously replies to the charges made against him.

People who are in the public eye—and actors are necessarily in the public eye—are, I suppose, open to criticism. And if it is fair criticism, we do not object to it.

Personally, I have been in the film business long enough not to lose my sleep every time some disgruntled journalist has a liver to be worked off or a page to be filled somehow, in a hurry.

But there is some criticism that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged—either because it is sufficiently constructive or intelligent to be worth while replying to, or because even an actor has a right to defend himself against gross misrepresentation in a journal of the influence and importance in the film world as Picturegoer.

In picking up the gauntlet here, I am inspired by both of these reasons—and one other. So much that is misleading and conflicting has been written about our decision to come to make films in England, that I should like to make our position clear once and for all.

In a recent open letter, Malcolm D. Phillips, rather saw me in triumph. Thinks very unfairly, took me to task in regard to an interview attributed to me in an American paper.

I have said "very unfairly" because Malcolm D. Phillips, as a journalist, should know that interviews do not always fairly reflect the views pronounced by the person concerned.

Judging by the tone of his comment your writer, who appears to set himself up as a general guardian angel of everything from public morals to the entire film industry, was very annoyed about that interview.

I can understand and appreciate his reactions. He was not nearly so annoyed as I was when it was brought to my notice.

Miss Kathleen Hayden, who was responsible for the offending article, has considerable prestige in film journalistic circles, and deservedly; and distortion would, I am sure, be quite out of the question.

Nevertheless, in the involved and mysterious processes of transcription, sub-editing and printing what I had to say in explanation of why we came to England has been completely misinterpreted.

I have, incidentally, made representations to the paper concerned to correct the impression created by their misrepresentation.

It was, for me, a particularly unfortunate interview in that while it contained much of what I said, the alteration of a word here or the omission of a phrase there, completely reversed the whole sense of the views I advanced.

And, as everybody knows, there is nothing quite so damaging as a half truth, or so difficult to refute.

It was most certainly cited Morning Glory as an example of the Hollywood film factory system that the conscientious actor is up against, which is a very different thing from saying that I left Hollywood because I was dissatisfied with my part in that picture. Nothing, of course, could be more ridiculous. Hollywood, by initiative and drive, has built up the world’s greatest and most efficient movie-making machine, but it is a machine, and those who serve it are liable to become its slaves.

Evel Barrymore, whose hostility to Hollywood is well known, recently referred to John and Lionel, who have more definitely thrown their lot with films, as “a couple of institutionalised factory hands,” and while I would, of course, hesitate to endorse that opinion about two screen actors for whom I have the highest admiration, Miss Barrymore has, in general, expressed a view that is, at least, worthy of consideration.

Artists are literally shoved into parts because they happen to be on the pay roll or because they happen to be free at the moment, or because a box-office name is wanted, or for many other reasons, most of which are not connected with that artiste’s suitability for the part.

In regard to Morning Glory, incidentally, Mr. Phillips, by accident, design, or because he did not think it important, omitted to mention an accurately quoted passage which might have helped to make my remarks concerning my attitude to that film rather more clear.

Katie Hepburn has no greater admirer than myself. I knew as soon as I saw the script that it was no great rôle for me. And so did Adolphe Menjou.

It was mainly the fact that it was turning out such a great rôle for Miss Hepburn that we put all we could into it to help make it the triumph for her she deserved.

I am also taken to task, I note, for too frequent reference to “my public” in the “Photoplay” interview.

I have never used the phrase in my life.

Equally ridiculous is my supposed “eloquent railing against commercialism in films.”

I earn my living through commercialism in films.

Commercialism in films, nevertheless, does not necessarily mean blind slavery to money-making. Our production activities here are a great experiment. I may not make the money which I earned in Hollywood, but I shall, at least, be trying to do something worth while.

Please do not misinterpret this (as it was misinterpreted in the Hollywood interview) into a belief that I want to put on one-man stellar shows with Douglas Fairbanks jun. in the centre of the camera from the opening to the final fade out.

By “something worth while” I do not—and did not—mean demanding all the personal honour and glory, but suitable roles in worth-while films in which I can give the film public the best that I, as an actor, can do, which is what the public pays for.

Malcolm D. Phillips’ formidable charge sheet also indicts me for alleged over-acting in Catherine the Great (although I think I may claim with modesty that many more distinguished critics have been very kind about my performance).

But, on the facts, he can hardly accuse me of putting my supposed and diabolical plot to hog the Elstree limelight into operation in that picture.

I accepted the part in Catherine chiefly because, in addition to the fact that I considered it suitable, it gave me the privilege and the grand experience of playing opposite Elizabeth Bergner.

Doug and myself have come to make films in England because we have faith that good films can be made here and because, as I think I have said here before, we believe that the centralisation of the film industry in Hollywood is detrimental in the long run to film-making as an art.

It is unnatural and artificial that talkies, international in their distribution, should be the products of an industry that is centralised up to the hilt.

Our little experiment, on which we have set out in high hopes, is, we believe, a modest step in the direction of the decentralisation which must be brought about if films are to achieve their greatest heights.

And, finally, Mr. Phillips accuses me of taking myself rather seriously.

If, after all I have been through in the last two years, I still took myself seriously, I would not have had to be an actor to interpret the part of Mad Peter in Catherine the Great.
Lothar MENDE'S and Berthold VIERTEL

Talk About Their Latest Films
by Peter WITT

TWO famous German directors now in England discuss their ideals and aims and give you an insight into their new productions which are, respectively, "Jew Süss" and "Little Friend."

In the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush there are at present, working side by side, two men who, for all that they first saw the light in the same country, belong to two utterly different worlds.

One of them, Lothar Mendes, is busy directing Jew Süss. The other, Berthold Viertel, is hard at work as author and director of his film, Little Friend, for which Gaumont-British brought him over from Hollywood.

It was in the Ghetto of Frankfurt-am-Main that I met Lothar Mendes.

Does that puzzle you? I mean, of course, in the ghetto which has been reconstructed with such amazing virtuosity at Shepherd's Bush.

Lothar Mendes (and, for that matter, Berthold Viertel) is a pupil of Max Reinhard; his career has taken him from Vienna via Berlin to Hollywood.

In appearance he is so unlike a film director, that I thought my friend, who introduced him, must have made a mistake.

Yet, before the end of our half-hour's conversation, I was convinced that here was one of the great men of the film world.

Although Lothar Mendes has acquired American citizenship, he is so impregnated with Continental ideas about films that even without the foreign intonation in his English one could guess his origin.

"For years," he told me, "I have been carrying about with me the idea of Jew Süss. It seemed strange to me that I was never able to persuade my friends in Hollywood to make a film around this figure.

It may, of course, have been that we have no really appropriate actor there.

"Of course, there are great actors in Hollywood, but none of them would be the right man to play the rôle of Jew Süss in more than a restricted phase of his life.

For example, Barrymore would be wonderful as the Duchess's favourite; Muni would doubtless be most attractive in the earlier stages of Jew Süss's life.

But to compass the whole personality of Jew Süss and portray his life from start to finish lies within the power of one man only—Conrad Veidt, to whom this English film now affords a wonderful opportunity of demonstrating his great artistry.

"I know Conny Veidt from my Berlin days and, when I heard from him that he would be willing to accept the part, I was resolved that there could, there must be no obstacles which I would not overcome."
April 7, 1934

"I have no intention of making a propaganda play out of this film. Nor have contemporary events in Germany influenced me."

"No, the history of Jew Süss in itself seemed, as it were, to cry out for representation on the screen. The preparatory spade-work was long and arduous."

"Fruechtwanger and I spent weeks and months in America and Europe making the scenario from the novel—a scenario which should do justice both to the period it portrays and to our own time."

"Jew Süss is a Continental figure, a man belonging to the Courts of the petty princes of Germany and peculiar to them."

"It requires a very special mentality to revivify those times and the characters which moved against the background. Jew Süss was no common usurer."

"He was a man who, by virtue of his insight and ability, would in our own day probably have risen to be minister. Minister in England, though, not in Germany. In Germany he would most likely have been a banker."

Lothar Mendes proceeded to tell me of his great hopes for the success of the film, which owes its existence to the English spirit of enterprise.

"Actually, I can’t see any reason why it should not be a success. A great story, enthusiastic collaborators, marvellous actors, and that spirit which is evoked only by great efforts in a great cause."

Mendes is a man who is very reluctant to speak about himself, his ruling passion being his work. "Just watch us at work," he said as we parted, "and then you may, perhaps, be able to tell me whether you, too, believe that we shall make of it the success for which I hope."

Then, leaving the Frankfurt ghetto behind us, but five paces to the left, we came to the Duchess’s boudoir. Alien worlds set side by side. Henita Hume and Ivanka Vesper; German court life, cold, impersonal, volcanic, thickly veneered, grandiose, ostentations. Could this film fail to be a success?

Berthold Viertel, though a German like Lothar Mendes, is an entirely different kind of man. He, too, worked in Vienna, Berlin and Hollywood before coming to England. But he is typical of these literary men who are the peculiar product of Viennese cafés:

"Intellecual, analytical-minded pioneers, imaginative and unremitting in their pursuit of new effects, Berthold Viertel’s most famous German film was the History of a Ten-Mark Note."

In all the adventures which befell this banknote on its journey out into the world, as it passed from hand to hand actually through the background of different social strata, it was the ten-mark note which usurped the place of the film. But all this belongs to the past. Now, all his thoughts are centred on his latest film, Little Friend.

"He is making it for Gaumont-British. He is utterly absorbed in his new piece, so absorbed that he eagerly welcomed the opportunity of analysing and explaining it to me."

"It is the story of a marital crisis, seen through the eyes of a little girl who looks up to her parents with boundless love and confi dence, believing them to be almost godlike."

"Suddenly she feels rather than sees that even in this relationship, for all its apparent harmony, there are deep, deep rifts, occasioned by an actor’s liaison with her mother."

"Actually, the film is based on a Viennese story, but Margaret Kennedy has adapted it to an English setting and made of it a story which, while typically English, still retains its international appeal."

This high-brow (Kammerspielartig is what they would call it on the Continent) treatment, this unreal and at the same time intensely human atmosphere made a deep impression on Berthold Viertel, the intellectual from Vienna.

"Originally, he belonged to the theatre, was and still is a dramatist. He acted as dramatic adviser to Reinhardt and it was he who introduced playwrights of the stamp of O’Neill into Germany."

"Elizabeth Bergner, Moissi, Jannings and Werner Krauss have worked under his direction and in America he made films with Fox."

"He collaborated in Murnaus’s Four Devils and, in his opinion, The Seven Faces is one of the most interesting films he has ever directed."

"I am fighting to establish the value of this film," he told me. "I am sparing no effort for it. The more lyrical, the more psychological a manuscript is, the more does it attract me as a potential screen play."

"There are some themes which are acceptable only in Europe; and we have to forge a real link between America and the Continent. This is what makes me so glad to be working here."

"There was a time when films of this type were acceptable in Germany, or at most, perhaps, in Russia, too, provided one introduced sufficient propaganda into them."

"Today, the world’s film-makers meet in London. Could one wish for more significant evidence of England’s great progress in the film world? Success draws men after it and itself creates further successes."

"With Rome Express a new era in British film production was inaugurated; it was the first of a series which has continued unbroken up to the present day and which, I hope, will long continue."

"And may I also hope that Little Friend represents a milestone and by no means the last on that triumphant march."

NEXT WEEK

"The famous British director, Victor Saville, discusses in a frank and unbiased manner the ever-present problem of sex and the screen. His wide experience makes him particularly suited to pass an opinion on this subject and what he has to say will be well worth studying."
Conrad Veidt

Germany's gift to British talkies, who in the last year or so has become one of the most popular star in our studios. Veidt was born in Berlin on January 22, 1893. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. He will shortly be seen in "Jew Süss."
JOHN BOLES’ VIEWS ON LOVE

Rules for Married Couples—A Twin “Stand-in” the perfect screen Debutante—A Tiger Rag!

The film colony has just been treated to John Boles’ views on the question of love—but he does not, on the strength of that, consider himself qualified to give advice to the love-lorn.

The star who appears opposite Margaret Sullavan in Only Yesterday told me the other day that he is more in love every day—and since he is of Irish extraction, and the Irish are the most romantic race that is not to be wondered at.

Happy Though Married

Here are his rules for married couples. Husbands must not accept their wives as a matter of course. Their life should be a perpetual honey-moon and romance conserved if their love is to last. He believes that love outside the law can be just as tender and satisfied as that made with marriage vows, but he states that generally speaking the ideal love must be based on the acceptance of social conventions.

Nigel Bruce’s Double

There is one man in Hollywood whom Nigel Bruce, the California-born English screen favourite knows is downright sincere in wishing for his continued good health and film success. That man in Ralph Banks, who was signed the other day to act as Bruce’s “stand in” on Murder in Trinidad, in which Bruce makes his first real debut on the American screen.

Except that Banks’ eyes are brown while Bruce’s are blue, and that he has a bald dome instead of the thick hair that grows atop the British comedian’s head, the men are as alike as twins.

The Sincere Good Morning

They’re both six-footers, each weighs slightly over 14 stone, they have the same colouring, the same reddish moustaches and other physical features. Banks, who once started out in Buffalo to become an actor, hasn’t been enjoying the best of luck when he won the “stand-in” job.

But he knows now that so long as Bruce continues on the screen, he has no need to worry about work.

So there’s real sincerity in Banks’ voice each morning when he greets the “boss” with: “Good morning, Mr. Bruce, I hope you’re well.”

Miss 1934

A sked to describe what type of girl he thought would make the best screen debutante for the new year, Carl Laemmle, veteran president of Universal Pictures held a contest among the 300 applicants for dancing roles in I Like It That Way and chose Gwen Ray, 16-year-old Los Angeles High School student, as “Miss 1934.”

With Stanley Bergerman, producer of the musical drama, Mr. Laemmle, for the first time in many years, personally interviewed the many applicants for screen work and chose Miss Ray because, “she possesses the girlish wholesomeness, wide awake, happy, healthy appearance every modern girl should have and theatre audiences always applaud.”

Gwen Ray, a professional dancer for three years has been dancing since she was four years old, plays basketball, golf, tennis and is fond of swimming and horseback riding. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has reddish hair and blue eyes. She measures 32 inches at the bust, 25 inches around the waist and 35 inches at the hips.

What now Mae West?

Hold That Tiger!

While on the set for a scene in She Made Her Bed, Richard Arlen, Robert Arm-strong, Sally Eilers, and Grace Bradley were in more danger than they realised at the time.

A tiger had to dash across the set and the trainer watched its progress nervously. When the sequence was finished, he remarked with relief:

“The tiger did pretty well, didn’t he?” That was the first time he was ever out of his cage and I was a bit worried that somebody might get hurt!”

A startled production manager, who had been told that the tiger was a tractable, well-mannered animal, has assured Paramount officials that a certain menagerie proprietor’s word will not be trusted in future!

Advice to the Love-lorn

The film colony’s newest church is being established within a stone’s throw of my apartment house. The permanent building has not yet been erected, and services are now being held in a tent.

The church organisation is up-to-date. Radio broadcasts are sent out daily from a local station, and a publicity representative has written to all the movie papers, inviting the patronage of film celebrities matrimonially inclined, pointing out that the new church will be sound-proofed and equipped for radio broadcasts.

“Why go to Yuma, Arizona, to be married,” is the moving plea to the film favours, “when you can be wed in Hollywood and the ceremony broadcast all over the country?”

All for Charity

Tom Brown, the clever young screen actor, is enthusiastic over his plans to produce and direct his own 16-millimetre pictures.

The young RKO-Radio star will make the films with many of his famous young actor friendship in the cast, and intends to turn the proceeds over to a worthy charity.

It will be the fulfilment of Tom’s life ambition, as he has always wanted to direct, and this will be his first opportunity.

Hollywood Says That—

— Franchot Tone consented to set his birthday forward a day in order to celebrate the event jointly with Madeleine Carroll, with whom he is sharing honours in the Fox film production, The World Moves On.

— John Ford, the director, and Reginald Berkeley, author of the story, agreed to provide the double-decker birthday cake.

— Anna Sten has two loves—travel and work.

— Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston have written a special song entitled Crooner’s Lullaby, which they have dedicated to Bing Crosby’s baby.

— Sally Rand, has just had a plaster statue made of herself, to be used for dress-making purposes.

— Carole Lombard is to play opposite Bing Crosby in Paramount’s musical, We’re Not Dressing. George Burns and Gracie Allen are also featured.

— Richard Cromwell is building his own house in a canyon near Los Angeles and is getting exercise by doing hard manual labour.

— Lilian Bond was a beauty contest winner.

— Donald Cook studied to be a marine wireless operator.

— Jack Holt is taking up skeet shooting.

— Ramon Novarro taught piano lessons in Los Angeles.

— Walter Byron, at the age of three, appeared as “Little Willie” in East Lynne.

— Gary Cooper worked as a cartoonist for a newspaper in Helena, Montana.

— Clive Brook is a proficient violinist.

— Fredric March was a clerk in the National City Bank of New York.

— Boris Karloff worked on a farm in Ontario, Canada.
THIS is a great entertainment. I am sorely tempted to indulge in a long string of superlatives which, as our readers know, we only do on very rare occasions. But whatever adjectives I cared to employ, nothing could be more effective and more enticing, I hope, than the plain statement "great entertainment."

**Wonder Bar** is remarkable for many things, but to me one of the most outstanding is the return of Al Jolson. This artiste had almost become a legendary figure. His *Jazz Singer* and *Singing Fool* have become part of cinema history. He was regarded by most people as a flashing comet that had streaked across the talking firmament.

After seeing this picture most people will agree that Al Jolson is a shining star, dimmed in the last year or two by the cloudy material in which he was supposed to scintillate. He dominates *Wonder Bar*, and yet he does not swamp the other players. He becomes the natural centre of the film.

There has been a deal of gossip about Jolson "hoggning" the picture and the consequent temporary unpleasantness among the stars in the film. This may be true or untrue. But even if it is true the producers and director were justified in allowing Jolson to have so much of the limelight.

From all this you will gather that our old friend Al has returned to his high place with no uncertainty, and he can remain there indefinitely if the producers will give him the right kind of material.

Before proceeding with a further analysis of the picture and its players, let me tell you the story.

The *Wonder Bar* is the gay Parisian cabaret which draws the pleasure seekers, and where brightness masks many a human tragedy.

Al Wonder, the proprietor, loves Inez, the dancer, who in turn is passionately devoted to Harry, her heartless and philandering partner. Madame Renaud is infatuated with Harry, and has given him a necklace. Her husband is suspicious.

Tommy, the band leader, must croon and play while he watches the tragedy of Inez and Harry, remembering how once he and Inez were happy and had looked forward to life together.

Captain Von Ferring has decided on one last fling. For him there will be no to-morrow.

Al realises that Inez and Harry have quarrelled again and that their relation is near snapping point. Harry knows that the police are making inquiries about the "missing" necklace of Madame Renaud. He wants to leave Paris that night. He must have money.

He offers the jewels to Al, who buys them in order to get rid of Harry, hoping thereby to remove his rival. He learns that the necklace belongs to Madame Renaud, and that she is about to run away with Harry, and not desiring a scandal he returns the jewellery and persuades her not to go on with her folly.

Inez has discovered that Harry is going to leave her, and during a Mexican dance, where féminity plays a natural part, she stabs Harry with a dagger. The audience believes it is part of the show, and the dying man and the girl take their bows.

Al and his old friend, the manager, carry the dead man to Von Ferring's car, believing he will carry out his boast and drive over the cliff to Eternity. But Al learns that Fate has another card up her sleeve. Tommy, not he, wins Inez, and as the sun rises over the city a man is heard speaking of the "great women ready to clear up the debris of Wonder Bar's revel the night before, the police 'phone to say that Von Ferring and Harry have been killed in a car accident."

You might imagine from a bare recital of the story that it is a gloomy affair. Far from it. It is a musical show with musical numbers and with two dance numbers created by Busby Berkeley that are more ambitious and more effective than anything yet seen. In one, by mechanical devices, there appears hundreds and hundreds of girls in the other, a negro's idea of heaven, there is a fine blending of fantasy and humour.

Indeed, the comedy is one of the strongest features. In addition to Jolson there are Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda, and Ruth Donnelly—two married couples—who made an extremely amusing quartette.

On the serious side are Ricardo Cortez and Dolores Del Rio as the dancers. Both are excellent. They fit their parts magnificently. Kay Francis, as Madame Renaud, had little to do but look like beauty in distress. And that's easy for Kay. I wish there had been a big scene for her. That's merely personal prejudice.

Dick Powell is his usual adequate self as Tommy, the band leader, and mention should be made of Robert Benchet as Von Ferring, Henry Kolker as Mr. Renaud, and Fifi D'Orsay and Merna Kennedy as two of the cabaret hostesses.

The director was Lloyd Bacon, who has now earned an enviable reputation for this kind of production. He deserves the maximum award, and so does the film.

---

**No More Women**

Here they are again doing what they have always done, fighting for the favour of a fair lady. The only difference here is that there is only one feminine prize and not the usual galaxy of bright-eyed hours; in other words their tastes have apparently become less catholic—they have also become purer in speech and outlook.

And so far as the type of entertainment they have always presented is concerned I'm sure that is all to the good.

I expect you have guessed by now, if you did not know before that "they" are Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe and the object of their affection is Sally Blane.

The formula is the same as in their previous partnerships only this time they are deep sea divers, rivals in salvage work as well as in love. This gives them an opportunity for some excellent under water sequences including a fight to the death.
Jimmy the Gent

The indefatigable Messrs. Warner expose another American "racket," with their equally indefatigable Mr. Cagney as the proprietor of a nice little business for providing lost heirs to fortune under wills.

For the benefit of those who still attach some significance to talkies, perhaps, be made clear at the outset that any impression that this one gives of a temporary cultural and social elevation of Mr. Cagney's screen personality, is quite definitely misleading. Indeed, I have seldom seen a rougher, tougher Cagney. In the interest of art, moreover, he has got himself what I believe is known technically as a Bowery hair cut for the role—shaved two inches above the ears all round his head—and Cagney with a Bowery hair cut has to be seen at the cinema.

For the rest, Jimmy the Gent is a high-speed graft craft comedy drama developed on characteristic lines, with plenty of incident to keep up the pace and much valuable support from the wisecrack department.

The side lights it provides on the niceties and ramifications of the will "racket" are, moreover, always interesting and amusing, if not elevating. Cagney as Corrigan, a shyster lawyer, bribes hospital and morgue officials, procures fake heirs, organises bigamous marriages and digs out murder suspects. He even "double crosses" his girl over a cheque when in the last reel they are setting off on their honeymoon.

The story, which has its moments of ingenuity, is mainly concerned with the rivalry between Corrigan and James J. Waltsingham (Alain Dinehart), who is in the same business, but cloaks his operations under a pretence of philanthropy and impressive gentility.

His apparent sincerity so impresses Joan, one of Corrigan's investigators, that she goes to work for him. When both firms discover that the heir to a 200,000-dollar fortune is a gangster "wanted" for murder, the fun begins in earnest. Corrigan, of course, eventually gets the money and the girl and if his methods in doing so are not likely to commend themselves to our own Law Society, they are sufficiently interesting to be spared for your own discovery.

Cagney, of course, dominates the picture throughout, but excellent support is contributed by Allen Jenkins, Alice White and Mr. Dinehart. Bette Davis, however, is not too happily cast as the girl in the case. She appeared to be unable to "play down" to the role and it was consequently difficult to believe in her romance with the repulsive young tough represented by the hero.—M. D. P.

Good Girl

It is something new to see Fredric March as a petty twister in a travelling circus with a penchant for a trim figure and come-hither eyes. Personally I find this idea rather sappy. As a matter of fact, I have seen many, many lesser twisters with much more sparkling qualities and he makes the character a vital and human one.

It is good, I think, for an actor to have these variations in his role. It is not only a help to him but also to the audience. March is trying to be typed but also from being stereotyped.

But the hit of the picture, with its simple little romance, is a somewhat unusual character, is Sylvia Sidney.

As a chorus girl who has her own ideas of morality, who is opposed to marriage, but when deep down has a child-like innocence, she draws an exceedingly natural and interesting character with which to pit her wits against the law.

The stage is held practically all the time by this pair and there is a good deal of dialogue, but so skilful is Marion Gering's direction that never for a moment do you lose interest or feel that the action is at all cramped or confined.

The plot simply shows how Lillie, a chorus girl, eventually wins the love of Mace, a side-show circus man, and brings out the best in him.

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

Not, however, till she really feels he is sincere and has given up his "love 'em and leave 'em" attitude does she consent to marry him. The marriage takes place in a night court where Mace has been hauled for assaulting a man and where Lillie has followed him to state the true facts of the case, although Mr. Capra laid it to him that he should be undefended and be allowed to leave the town after she had innocently, been involved in a case against the immoral dancing that had occupied the cinema.

This I found the least satisfactory part of the picture. It was over-sentimentalised and artificial, but the characterisation all along had been so good that I could easily overlook it.

The whole thing is very well staged and the dialogue is particularly good. With sex, it avoids being blatantly vulgar and gains in effect by this same restraint. Jack La Rue is well in character as a tough circus boss and Russell Hopton as a newspaperman as Mace's companion in petty crime.—L. C.

It Happened One Night

"Money back if you're not more than satisfied!"

That is what I would be tempted to do if I were presenting this film. For never was I more certain about recommending a picture.

Of course, you will say it was necessary to put into another film (provided the story is as good) and that Frank Capra directs it.

From this premise you will rightly conclude that I am enthusiastic about It Happened One Night. I know that some of my more captious readers will find similarities in the story to Platinet Blonde and The Taming of the Shrew, but that, in my opinion, does not detract one iota from the entertainment.

They are so different and natural that even improbable details do not offend or worry us in the slightest.

Ellwood Andrews, he is, is being held "prisoner" on her father's yacht off Miami. She has just married King Westley. Her father is seeking to have the marriage annulled. She escapes and takes a night bus to New York. Peter Warne, a journalist who has just been fired, is also on the bus. He recognises Ellies, whose father is a society man, and Peter, amused by the girl's superciliousness, "squashes" her at every opportunity. He comes to her rescue when her bag and money are stolen.

When it is necessary to spend the night at an auto camp, he registers as man and wife for financial reasons. A blanket hung across the room —the Walls of Jericho, he calls it—assures her of her safety and privacy.

Adventures follow rapidly and Peter, who all along has loved Ellie, discovers that she loves him. On the night before they are due to arrive in New York, Peter, who is with Ellis, and Peter, who is with Ellie, both attempt to warn New York to sell his story to his ex-editor in order to raise some money. She awakens, believes he has deserted her, and telephones her father to bring him home.

How Peter and Ellie meet again, and how the triumphant trumpet is blown for the Walls of Jericho, is for the audience to see. I leave it at that. If you see the film—since I'm sure you're going to see it. The leading characters of Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable is all that can be desired. They're both grand.

An admirable cast includes Walter Connolly as Ellie's father, Roscoe Karns—an excellent piece of character acting—Jameson Thomas as the first husband and a host of really competent artists.

And, of course, I'rank Capra directed.—M. B. Y.
Bill (Spencer Tracy) has taken the starvng Trina (Loretta Young) to an expensive restaurant for a meal. Naturally, he cannot pay for it.

Bill has returned after being shot during an attempted burglary. He wanted to endow Trina before leaving her on their wedding night.

One of those tender moments between Bill and Trina, when he wonders how long the wardrobes will allow him to stay with the stray he picked up.
Bill brings Trina home to the tumble-down community by the waterfront. He happens to be in evening dress because of an advertising stunt.

SOMETHING different in love stories. A reckless rover meets a starving girl and gives her the shelter of his shanty in a squalid riverfront community. The friendship develops into love. The film is lifted out of the ordinary by the skill of Frank Borzage, the director, the scenario of Joe Swerling, and the fine cast headed by Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.
O you’ve come back to Willow Springs. Starting all over again, eh?

"I guess so. You see. I lost my wife up East, and most of my practice went. I thought, maybe, if I could raise five hundred dollars—"

Eli Watt, M.D.—dark, spare, not yet thirty—flashed a look at John Radford, real estate dealer, behind the office desk, and felt a sinking of the soul. How he was hating the business of getting through life! What one thought a terminus in the journey turned out to be junction. There was no permanent resting-place by the bedside of a dead wife. One merely changed trains and went on.

"Thought I’d take out a mortgage on the old place and start practising," he continued.

John Radford, man of business, produced a document from the drawer. "Afraid I can only offer you two-fifty for signing on the dotted line."

H—m—Eli dipped his pen. "I suppose the ink’s free?" he remarked dryly.

Setting in his one-time bachelor home with three-years-old Jimmy was simple, on account of the fewness of their joint possessions. Eli cooked farina, which the youngsters hated, in a double saucepan in the duo-decimo kitchen, incidentally lecturing Jimmy by request on the attributes of the human skull.

The makings of the scientist and research man were definitely in Eli, but the turn in life’s journey gave him no outlet that way. The hand that knocked on the door, while Jimmy played with his bowl of farina, was that of a typical resident of Willow Springs, a low-type farmer with little education and less breeding.

Eli could be patient. He took the man’s arm and led him to the window. Weary of waiting, Jimmy slept in a corner of the phaeton.

"Listen, McGuinnis. That’s my boy. I lost his mother when he came into the world—another doctor—not I, was attending her. I know how you feel."

"Get out!"

"I must talk to you about the care of the baby."

"I won’t look at her. I’ll send her to the county farm."

"You can’t do that."

Eli fetched the morsel of humanity in its shawl and showed him. "Look man, it’s your own flesh and blood."

"Get out! I’m holding myself back now, mind you, but—"

It was Letty’s fourth birthday and the Doctor was helping her to blow the candles out, when the inevitable happened.

"Come in, McGuinnis. What can I do for you?"

"You’re the new doctor, ain’t you? My wife’s expecting a baby most any time. To tell the truth, I would have gone to the doctor in Hampton."

"Oh!"

"He don’t come without money, and maybe you won’t. I could pay you in potatoes. A couple of sacks."

"I’ll come."

Because there was no one to mind the child, Jimmy went with his father in the phaeton, staying outside the McGuinnis cottage for hours. At long last, Eli faced McGuinnis at the bedroom door.

"Well—it’s a girl."

"Fity. I wanted a boy for the farm. Happen it’ll please the wife."

Eli shrank inwardly. How in heaven’s name, could he say what he knew? Somehow, he made McGuinnis understand. The uncoch farmer strode to the bedroom and back.

"She’s dead!" he gasped. "Get out of here before I kill you for killing her!"

Eli got out, carrying the bundle to the phaeton, where a walking Jimmy raised the doubtful compliment, "Isn’t he red, daddy?"

Aided by Beans, fox-terrier of uncertain pedigree, Jimmy proved an efficient nurse. On an income of potatoes and turnips, however, the haphazardness of the Watt household could but continue, and soon as was only to be expected, roused a woman’s sympathy.

Sarah Millin had known Eli before the day that brought her ample person, in its spotless print with chestnut toupee, to the doctor’s parlour.

"Eli Watt, you’re living in the past," she announced with a prod at the family album on the round table. "You want a housekeeper, or you’ll be making no end of mistakes."

As if in support of her words, a cry from the next room heralded the sight of Beans and the infant Letty, sharing a laundry basket. Eli’s protest of independence were drowned in a flood of baby talk.

Sarah proved more than worth her share of potatoes. In spite of its initial set-back, Eli’s practice, freed from domestic trammels, took tentative and, finally, firm root. Eli, who adored Letty hardly less than his boy, was instructing her to blow out the candles on her fourth birthday cake when McGuinnis darkened the open doorway.

"I don’t want no doctoring. I want to talk to you, doc. Fact is, I’ve changed my mind about Letty. I want her."

"So you do. What have you ever done for her?"

"Nothing, I know. I’m grateful for what you’ve been to her, but I’m different now. I’ve been living clean and straight for months. I’ve tidied up at home and got a woman who could look after Letty. Remem-

ber what you told me? She’s my own flesh and blood. That’s why I mean to have her, though I don’t doubt the law will be agin me.

A fame died, the heart, for there and then, though he might put up a show of fight, he knew no fight existed.

Though Letty returned to the McGuinnis cottage, he continued to love her like a daughter, watching her growth into charming womanhood with an almost equal pride to that in fostering Jimmy’s career as a doctor.

Money was, indeed, the only stumbling block in this stage of the journey. As long as patients continued to pay in vegetable kind, there was no cash to meet the mortgage on the house, and John Radford grew restive.

Pees for Jimmy’s medical education were another difficulty. The year of his entering medical school was one of epidemics for Willow Springs. First measles, then mumps, finally smallpox. Eli, empowered by the health authorities at Hamp-ton, dealt with the dread outbreak. He instituted an anti-dirt campaign, turned the street into a dressing station. The church into a hospital. Aided by Sarah, and finally by Letty, who wouldn’t stay away, he doctored case after case, scarcely eating, hardly sleeping.

His work did not go altogether unrecognised. Columns in various newspapers eulogised Dr. Watt’s intelligent handling of the situation, praising his rapid mastery of the scourge.

Privately, the epidemic had fostered Eli’s opinion of Sarah, who had proved not only a good housekeeper, but an efficient nurse.

"You handled that chloroform case very well," he told her. He was driving his new Ford through beechwoods beyond the village, and might have noticed the pleased

(Continued on page 2)
April 7, 1934

smile on Sarah’s homely face had his attention not been directed towards two figures in a nearby hollow, one of which was unmistakably Letty’s.”

Sunlight was on the girl’s white frock and on the face of the young man who held her closely, seeking her lips with hungry intensity.

“Bill Radford’s car,” observed Sarah, indicating the red-and-crimson coloured motorcar off the track. Neither spoke of their thought; condemnation of Bill as a possible husband was implied.

Bill Radford, plump-faced from self-indulgence rather than from good nature, was a bit of a gay dog. Eli fancied.

Within half an hour of reaching home, Eli was answering the telephone. He called Sarah.

“Bill’s car’s overturned. Letty’s all right, but the boy’s hurt. They’re bringing him here. Get Jimmy to phone the Hampton Hospital, will you?”

With Sarah dropping chloroform through a gauge over Bill’s mouth and nose, Dr. Tillinghast went to work on a badly smashed arm. He was fortunately through when John Radford strode in, uninvited and fuming.

“What did the boy go straight to hospital? Damn the expense!”

“He’s going, right now. Jimmy’s arranging an ambulance. It’s things had to be cleaned up at once. Only chance of saving his arm.”

Finally, Tillinghast was calmed down. Eli, who went to Hampton to attend the operation on Bill, which was to be performed by a specialist, was secretly delighted at being asked to assist. He felt like a dog nosing a fresh trail. Hard work, spurred by constant thought of others, had kept him at the top of his form. Physically and mentally he was a healthy and keen as any surgeon in the theatre, responding at once to the ordered, scientific atmosphere of a modern hospital.

John Tillinghast, noted general surgeon, spoke up while masks and overalls were being removed.

“Don’t compliment me,” he protested genially to the senior house surgeon. “I could never have saved that boy’s arm and most certainly he would have lost his life, but for the fine emergency work done by Dr. Wateley.”

“How long have you been practising in the backwoods, eh, doctor?”

“Nineteen years. A lot of water’s run under the bridge since then. Wish I could have kept pace with all the discoveries, advancements. It’s my opinion a general practitio-ner ought to go to school every five years.”

“Quite. How would you like to come to New York Medical Centre—do post-graduate work? What’s your special bent?”

“Neurosurgery.”

Eli was becoming excited. Before Tillinghast had scrubbed up and vacated the washbasin for Jimmy, “the country plug” he found he had all but promised to leave Willow Springs and embark on the longed-for career.

Almost promised. An abiding question in life’s journey entered at this stage.

“I don’t make much money, Dr. Tillinghast, and there’s my boy. I’m sending him to Vienna to specialise, after he’s through here.”

It warmed Eli to hear the lad’s eager:

“Never mind that, Dad. Stick to the chance. It’s what you’ve always wanted.”

“Don’t worry too much, Dr. Watt. Of course, you would be doing some staff work with a reasonable salary.”

With every hindrance removed, Eli flung heart and soul into leaving Willow Springs. Packing, even under the aegis of Sarah, was trying; worse, because in a measure unexpected, was a farewell scene with the villagers.

“You may come crowding round now,” Sarah told the cluster of stolid forms and bovine faces settled in the surgery on the morning of departure. “You didn’t think much of your doctor at first, did you?”

He was collecting reports when the door opened timidly.

“Come in, Letty, my dear.”

Private regrets at saying “Good-bye” to her were swallowed instantly by the conviction that tragedy lurked behind the bright eyes and forced smile.

Letty, you aren’t like this just over Jimmy’s and my leaving. You ought to be glad that we’re both going to school, as it were. What’s the matter?”

“Uncle Eli, I don’t know how to tell you. You won’t be angry with me, will you? Only I and Bill Radford—we love each other. I can’t ask him to marry me—yet I—oh what shall I do.”

While he smoothed her hair, saying nothing, his thoughts raced. Presently he left the surgery.

“Sarah, I’m going to see the Radfords. I’ll be back.”

He found Bill in bed, in argument with his father. John Radford was in a fine temper by the time he got to the study, trying to take the words out of Eli’s mouth.

“Say, you’ve come to see me about the mortgage. Well, I’ve to thank you for what you did for my son—and you didn’t charge two thousand dollars, like the New York fellow. Say, I tear up the document and release you from any more responsibilities that way.”

Gently Eli put him on the right track. Radford’s rage flared white hot.

“Son and that squatter girl. I ain’t worked all my life to see them marry.”

“Listen, Letty means as much to me as if she were my daughter. She’s in trouble and she’s got to be helped. We can’t prevent life from going on and hurting people, but we can make it easier for them to take the blows. Besides, it isn’t as though Bill doesn’t care about her. You know he’d marry her if it wasn’t for you.”

The argument was still in progress when the ‘phone rang—a hurriedly answered anguished messages over the wire, could still feel anxiety at Sarah’s brief communication. By the time he had got home, looked at Letty lying unconscious on the horsehair couch, examined the discarded discard- three-quarters full of coffee, gloried in Jimmy’s presence as much as in his direct handling of the situation, he had made a decision.

“Listen, boy.” The fine hand, used to the noblest of man’s work, went to his son’s arm—retards the net going. You’ve a train to catch. I shall stay for a few days, at any rate. I’m wanted here, and I guess New York can wait.”

Nothing that anyone could say could alter the determination.

Already Eli felt the offer from the world of science belonged to a dream, reality being the soil of Willow Springs, whence he had no intention of departing.

Days merged into weeks, into months, into years. Bill and Letty, both recovered, married, had one—

(Continued on page 24)
How 50 business girls found better health

THEIR NERVES WERE IMPROVED AND THEIR ENERGY INCREASED

This is a report of a remarkable test carried out at the London School of Dietetics.)

Fifty business girls were taken at random from the staff of a large stores. They were examined, and details of their general condition and health registered by an eminent Specialist. Then they were given Bourn-vita to drink daily for three months. The girls were observed during that period and again examined at the end of the time, and in every case the Specialist records a definite improvement in general health and a marked increase in energy. Those troubled with nerves all showed a great improvement, and 28 of the 50 (though none had suffered from insomnia) voluntarily reported "much better sleep."

BOURNVITA WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU! Bourn-vita helps you to sleep well—to repair the day’s wear and tear fully and promptly—to recover and keep your health, and increase your energy. It is the perfect food-drink for tired and busy people.

ONE MAN’S JOURNEY—Continued

Two children, Eli Watt stayed, content to be a country practitioner, hearing only, in his dreams, voices from that other world into which he had so lately strayed. Jimmy came home, a fully fledged doctor from Vienna with a secret.

"By the way, governor, I’m engaged," Joan Stockton’s name. I met her abroad; but you know the father, Fred Stockton, who owns the paper mill."

"Of course. Sounds all right, Jimmy. I hope I may meet the young lady."

"As soon as you like. I’d say that not only I’ve the buzz off to the County Medical meeting at nine."

Pondering the matter, Eli decided not to let the young have sole rights of the 28th of the month. He rang up the local florists, carefully chose the best of two many-flowered primulas in pots, and dispatched it with a note to the Stockton home. He was smoking a pipe of peace alone in the living-room when the result of his mission was shown in by Sarah.

"Jim said I should find you if I was lucky. I want to thank you for the wonderful plant and the note. You said lovely things about my being beautiful. As you’ve never seen late, I had to come to improve it."

He drew the girl’s hands in his as she perched, friendly fashion, on the arm of his chair.

"My dear," he said truthfully, "you’re much better than that. You’re the sort of woman Jimmy needs to look after him."

He wondered why the tears came in her clear dark eyes, and she had to go over to the mantelpiece and take her, hiding her face.

"I humbugging at you, but I’m not going to marry Jim. You see, he doesn’t understand what’s important, being human and kind—he’s always at his work. I know. To-night’s the Medical Council, last night it was the Chamber of Commerce he had to attend. To-morrow it will be the Women’s Federation, I couldn’t marry a man who spends his time at committees, speech-making.

Eli knew the young too well to argue more than, "After all, such things are helping to make Jimmy the success he is. Of course, if you can’t, you can’t; but I’m sorry. He’s never had a mother."

"There’s had you with bent human, but he won’t be. His careerist.""

"Perhaps you don’t really know him, Miss Stockton. Jim’s a fine man."

"I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. Won’t you call me Joan?"

I telephoned him ring the moment settled the question. "Excuse me, Joan," he said and promptly forgot her. "McGuinn’s slow voice came over the wire from the Hampton Hospital.

"Say, doc. Letty must be pretty bad. Jim’s got specialists up from New York but I wish you were here."

"I’m sorry, Joan. Letty McGuinnis—a personal friend, not just a case—she’s been ill for some time—I must go."

With this confidence, astounding for one whose rule was never to speak of his patients, Eli set off. He met Dr. Tillinghast coming away from the operating theatre, and both joined Jimmy at Letty’s bed.

"I’ve done all I can," the specialist said. "It’s a question of vitality if she’ll pull through, and that seems low, unusually so for the age. You know the patient, I believe, Dr. Watt. Maybe you can help."

Bill, awkward, shifting his feet, admitted the truth. He had a friendship with a girl whom Letty didn’t like. "You saw her, doc., at the New Year’s party?; you noticed," Eli added. "The all, I swear there’s no cause for Letty to there isn’t anything Letty mind. I love her."

"Go and tell her so," counselled Eli and, lifting Bill’s youngest in his arms, carried her to the bedside.

Like a wax image, Letty was unresponsive at first to the child’s touch on her cheek. Bill little the voice asking Mummy to come and play. Presently her eyes opened and Bill’s hand was laid to her heart to where her heart beat feebly.

That evening Eli, who, on account of the birth of a fine pair of twins, arrived late, enjoyed the unexpected guest of honour at a dinner of the General Medical Council, to which Jimmy had secured him an invitation.

Dr. Babcock, leading neurologist, saw the spare, silver man quietly take his place at the flower-filled table and rose to speak. "Gentlemen, I wish to introduce you to-night to our real guest of honour. There he sits, a country practitioner who has worked all his life in a quiet corner of the vast American scene. In spite of that, he possesses a power of healing that far exceeds mere scientific knowledge.

"In the recovery to-day of a patient in Hampton Hospital, whose life, after all the noted surgeon could do, was despaired of, we have an example of Dr. Watt’s genius. He grasped the fundamental understanding where science failed—and of loving kindness—the greatest therapeutic force in the world."

Timidous hand-clapping. Eli realising he was the focal point of a hundred eyes, rose, tried to speak, but was simply a shadow figure, his face the subject of a dozen cameras. He sank back slowly, his heart beating with the throb of the fight to hold back tears.

Jimmy came to the rescue. Standing behind his father’s chair, he said all that need be said, adding, only, what obviously, even in such a company, he was said to express—a son’s pride and affection.

"I only Joan could hear him," I was Eli’s one thought. Back in Willow Springs, he made her listen to the gist of Jimmy’s tender speech, and Joan understood.

After the young people’s wedding, Eli might be pardoned for believing life as "country plug" could not run in the same direction to the terminus.

Sarah ordered otherwise. "Always thinking of other folks. Never have time for yourself. I have to do everything for you; even arrange our honeymoon," she grumbled. "How about your talks?"

Eli looked at the faithful partner of years.

"What’s the matter with the Grand Canyon? It’s farther off!"

he chuckled.

Cadbury’s

BOURNVITA

FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

1/2 lb. 9d., 1/2 lb. 1/5, 1 lb. 2/9

WEIGHT GUARANTEED

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 7, 1934
When Dame Fashion decrees that finger-nails shall resemble blossoms in variety of tint, and that they shall glint enchantingly in the light, we must be sure to use a polish which will not fail to compel admiration—and quite the best for this is "Kraska" Nail Polish, which has for long been a favourite with smart women. "Kraska" is economical, easy to apply, and water-proof. Every bottle includes brush.

"Kraska" Nail Polish

It is made in 25 fascinating colours: Blanche, Naturelle, Rosette, Double Rosette, Quadruple Rosette, Deep Quadruple Rosette, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, Pearl, Rose Pearl, Gold, Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.

Prices 1/2, 1/6, and 2/6 sizes only.

"Kraska" Polish Remover. Just brush on nails and wipe away. 1/-

"Kraska" Cuticle Remover, with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/9.

Kraska

Obtainable from Boots and all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

"Kraska" for underarm hygiene. Odourless, safe antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evil. 1/- and 1/6

"Kraska" Nicotina and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 2/6.

CUTICURA Talcum Powder

Protect your skin with a powder that is antiseptic and at the same time fine, soft and smooth as silk. Fragrant, oriental, balsamic essential oils comprise the medication of Cuticura Talcum. Instantly upon touching the skin these oils start their soothing, healing work and you are protected against chafing and irritation. Truly beneficial to the skin—especially recommended for babies.

Price 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists

The Glory of a Good Complexion

To preserve the youthful charm of skin, and to restore original freshness, is the aim of every woman who values her looks. The VIVATONE series of RADIO-ACTIVE Preparations has been produced by the world's leading Beauty Experts expressly for this purpose.

VIVATONE Blackhead and Pore Cream, a feeding cream evolved to all out sales and wrinkles. Excellent for ageing hands as well as face and throat. 2/6 and 4/6 post free.

VIVATONE Anti-Wrinkle Cream, a feeding cream evolved to all out sales and wrinkles. Excellent for ageing hands as well as for face and throat. 2/6 and 4/6 post free.

Post the coupon below for the corot fashion guide

before you choose your new outfit for this season see the many delightful models, at prices from two guineas, that you can pay for by instalments if you choose. or call at the corot showrooms and choose a model personally.

"After you" "very" smart coat in frieze wear woven with contrast check scarf.

Cash 12/- monthly.

"Kraska" for all chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

OCTOBER 1934
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUROEGER's quick reference
index to films just released

*****BERKELEY SQUARE

*****ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

*****MY WOMAN

*****TURKEY TIME

*****TOO MUCH HARMONY

*****HAVANA WIDOWS

What the asterisks mean—***** An outstanding feature. **** Very good.

Good. Average entertainment. c. Also suitable for children.

The British actress, Heather Angel, who gives an outstanding performance in the American picture, "Berkeley Square."

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that Berkeley Square is one of the outstanding talkies of all time. It is directed with delicacy and understanding and is a triumph of acting by Leslie Howard and Heather Angel. I am, however, quite ready to agree that it will not please everybody equally well. If you can understand the sentiment and the sincerity underlying the fantasy of the production as a whole, if you can feel that here is the epitome of romance, which is what struck me so forcibly, you will agree with me; otherwise, I am afraid the fragrance and charm of it all will elude you and you will query my four-star marking of it.

Another picture which is as human and well constructed as it is entertaining is One Man's Journey; it is a tour de force for Lionel Barrymore and eminently well worth seeing.

****BERKELEY SQUARE


Leslie Howard Peter Standish
Helen Angel Heather Angel
Valerie Taylor Dickie
Karl Petaigrew Recruit
J. Stirling Caddy
Beryl Mercer Mrs. Barwick
Colin Keith Johnston Tom Pettigrew
Alan Mowbray The Major
Juliette Comford Duchess
Valentine Prendis Betty Larmorn
Marjorie France
Ferdinand Gottschalk
Myr. Throttle
Samuel Hinds
John Quincy Adams
Cliff Huyler
Sir Joshua Reynolds
David Torrence
Lord Stanley

Directed by Frank Lloyd from the play by John L. Balderston.

I dealt very fully with this picture, which I consider to be easily one of the best of last year's productions, in Pre-Views in the issue of November 11, 1933 to which I would refer readers who want to amplify the brief recapitulation that space imposes on me here.

It is a beautiful conception handled with delicacy and sincere romanticism which postulates a modern man finding himself back in the past and reliving a romance which had befallen an ancestor of his. He is, in fact, the re-incarnation of that ancestor.

This experience in the past—and you must realise that it is not a dream sequence but simply a postulation that time and space are abolished temporarily—makes him break with his fiancée when he finds himself again in the modern world and cling to the memory of a girl who had been dead over a hundred years.

It is fantastic, of course, but yet it manages to convince you and play delicately on all the emotions; humour is present, a whimsical, subtle humour which derives from the fact that the modern youth finds it hard to adapt himself to the conditions of the year of grace 1784.

The direction is perfect and the eighteenth-century atmosphere thoroughly picturesque and convincing.

Leslie Howard's performance is a triumph of restrained, natural acting both in the modern and past periods. His gestures, pose and well-modulated voice make the character irresistibly sincere and attractive.

No less good is Heather Angel. She brings to the rôle of the eighteenth-century girl whose romance ends in death—a death that holds a promise of an enduring future—wistful charm and understanding of a very difficult rôle.

Three other outstanding performances are those of Irene Browne as the mother of Heather Angel. who is anxious to marry off her daughters to wealthy men, Ferdinand Gottschalk as the crabbled, middled-aged suitor for one of his daughters' hands and Juliette Compton as the famous Duchess of Devonshire.

All the minor rôles are splendidly cast and extremely well acted.

Technically, this picture is a triumph for Frank Lloyd and I sincerely advise you to go and see it if you have any romance in your composition.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY


Lionel Barrymore... Eli Wall Eli Wall
May Robson... Sarah Robson
Dorothy Jordan... Letty McNamara
Jordy McCrea... Jimmy Watt
Frances Dee... Joan Stockton
David Landau... McGinnis
James Brown... Bill Seward
Buster Phelps... Jimmy Watt (age 6)
Oscar Apfel... John Radford
June Filmer... June Filmer
Jim Howard... Jim Howard
Millie... Millie

Directed by John Robertson.

Lionel Barrymore is at his best in this human story of a doctor who sacrifies his career for the sake of his son and a girl he befriended but in the end gains a belated recognition of his medi cal skill.

Set in a narrow-minded, small town atmosphere, it is cleverly developed and brings out forcibly the point that a servant of humanity's reward is in seeing the happiness of those he has served and that financial success is actually more illusory.

Barrymore brings all this out very clearly and lives the part he has to portray.

May Robson makes a most effective foil as an old spinster friend who insists on coming to look after his small son when he loses his wife.

As Howard is also very good and has a worth while part for once, and the cast is uniformly sound.

This is not a widely proclaimed "super" film but it has much more in it than many spectacular productions.

It appeals to the heart in its story and to the critical faculties in its polished acting.

MY WOMAN


Wallace Ford... Chick Hamilton
Helen Twelvetrees... Carol
Victor Jory... Roger
Bradley Walker... Peter
Raymond Brow... Pop Riley
Claire Dorn... Mary Miller
Charles Levison... Agent
Ralph Vandy... Clancy
William Jeffrey... Cargle
Leslie Crawford... Ttuch
Booth Howard... Webster
John Stanley... Studio Manager
Lorin Raker... Assistant Manager

Directed by Victor Schertzing from the screen play by Brian Marlow.

Out of quite commonplace material and a theme that is wholly conventional, Victor Schertzinger has made an enjoyable and entertaining picture; he has been assisted in this by some excellent acting by Wallace Ford.

The story deals with a bumptious, illiterate vaudevillian performer who, through his wife's endeavours, becomes a big noise on the radio.

The usual thing happens; success turns his head and he falls "for a society dame in a big way."

His conduct finally causes him to lose his job and his wife, but later finds himself with the director of the radio corporation.

Helen Twelvetrees is artistic as the wife, but finds her best role to be in the presentation of the objectionable and highly unsympathetic husband.

One of the most amusing sequences— the general trend of the picture is towards lightness—is a radio audition; indeed, the radio sequences as a whole are both novel and hilarious.

TURKEY TIME


Tom Walls... Max
Ralph Lynn... David
Robertson Hay... Edwin
Norman Cobley... Mr. Gate
Dorothy Hyson... Rose
Torma Vandy... Georgina
Veronica Rose... Louisa
Lester Smith... Weathbocone
Marjorie Corbett... Florence
Jean... Jean
Gwen Clifford... Cook

Directed by Tom Walls. Screen play and dialogue by Ben Travers.

Personally, I find the Walls-Lynn combination amusing but much too refined to stay in a rut. Here is the usual formula for their farces again.

(Continued on page 28)
TWO SECONDS to be sure of your Hair

'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

Less than a minute—less than a penny—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean, but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

When you've had your hair shampooed, 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings, and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

With all the care a woman gives to her hair, it is a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and delightful as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6, and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

Beautiful CURLS MADE AT HOME QUICKLY & EASILY

The Lady James CURL-CLIP

YARDLEY ORCHIS POWDER

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

FOR WEAR BEYOND COMPARE.

Even in rough-and-tumble use children's garments made from "Sparva" can be trusted to serve perfectly. You can employ it equally well for your own smart frocks and undies—it wears and washes beautifully and its silky texture remains undimmed. Patterns in numerous designs—oo plain colours—and as many uses.

Use "Sparva" for your new Casement Curtains. Always fresh and attractive in appearance.

Look for the name on the selvedge. It is your guarantee of good service.

Sold by Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, write for Shade Card and name of nearest retailer to "SPARVA," 74 "SPARVA" House, York Street, MANCHESTER.

COLOUR FAST IN WASH, LIGHT, SEA OR SUN
ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued

Two cousins, Max, a tough guy from abroad, and David, a harmless, assimilate gentleman, staying with their straight-laced relation, Edwin, and his sour wife.

They take an interest in Rose, who is threatened by the attentions of her boss.

They both try to protect her and this leads to Edwin being compromised and his sanctimonious home being upset. However, romance clears away all misunderstandings.

Both the stars appear to advantage and I can only reiterate what I always feel about this combination, that if you like them you will be as amused as ever; if you do not, you will find it slightly tedious.

That the majority of filmgoers are of the former opinion is mirrored in the box-office returns of former productions.

**TOO MUCH HARMONY**


Original treatment and good acting save this picture from being just another conventional, back-stage musical.

Its story is of the slightest, dealing with the love affair between a successful Broadway crooner and a girl he brings to town from a small town variety act.

Complications are introduced in the person of the crooner's mercenary secretary.

Hitherto, I have not had much use for Bing Crosby as an actor apart from his crooning, which is a desperate pity in the way it is. Although I am quite ready to agree that to a large number of people it is as much as a heavenly choir.

Here, however, Bing Crosby shows distinct improvement histromically and definitely presents the hero in an attractive guise.

But it is Jackie Oakie's unique personality and irresistible fooling that is the mainstay of the picture, although Skeets Gallagher, too, puts up a most amusing show.

Judith Allen is attractive as the heroine and you all know how Lilian Tashman can vamp.

To top off the cast, there is Harry Green, whose never-failing sense of humour is always an asset.

Picture numbers are tuneful and catchy.

**HAVANA WIDOWS**


Joan Blondell — Mae Knight
Glenda Farrell — Spade Akyphy
Guy Kibbee — Deacon Jones
Lyric Talbot — Bob Jones
Allen Jenkins — Herman Brody
Frank McHugh — Duffy
Ruth Donnelly — Mrs. Jones
Hobart Cavanagh — Mr. O'D. Ralph Ince — Butch O'Neill
George Cooper — Maude Erwine
Charles Wilson — Timmer
Gary Owen — Wheeler

Directed by Ray Enright.

Conventional gold-digger comedy of which has the advantage of being snappily presented and well cast.

Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are true to type as the chorus girls who pose as widows and try to extract money from a susceptible old married man.

The latter rôle could not be in better hands than those of Guy Kibbee, while Frank McHugh as a drunken and disreputable lawyer is immense.

As the dumb bodyguard of a gangster from whom, by a ruse, the girls get the money for their gold digging activities, Allen Jenkins is at his best.

The humour is daring and lively.

**TROUBLE**


Sydney Howard — Hohbelle
Hope Davis — Miss Carter
Helen Freeman — Miss May
George Curzon — Capt. Vansittart
Abraham Soper — All
Basil Gill — First Officer
Walter Pidgeon — Second Second
J. Clarke

Directed by Maclean Rogers, Herbert Wilcox.

A lighthearted story of two British tourists who restores a stolen jewel to its rightful owner, exploits his lugubrious humour well and will satisfy his fans.

Most of the action takes place on a liner bound for the Orient and at times it becomes too leisurely to be wholly effective.

There is some good slapstick, however, when the boat arrives at Tangiers and the jewel thieves are chased through its picturesque scenery.

**FLYING FURY**


Ken Maynard — Ken Master
Ken Maynard — Ken Master
Helen Freeman — Miss Carter
Hope Davis — Miss May
George Curzon — Capt. Vansittart
Abraham Soper — All
Basil Gill — First Officer
Walter Pidgeon — Second Second
J. Clarke

Produced by Ken Maynard.

Lively Western with Ken Maynard putting plenty of pep into his fighting and skill into his horsemanship.

It is familiar stuff with some well-shot spectacular stampeeds and a wild horse interest.

**THE ROOF**


Leslie Perrins — Inspector Davoy
Michael Redgrave — Tony
Russell Thorndike — Vic Hoyel
Elwy Rigney — Captain
Eliot Makeham — John Rutherford
George Snow — Jack Ralston

Directed by George A. Cooper, adapted from David Whitley's novel by H. Fowler Mear.

Crime story dealing with a jewel robbery and a murder which rather stretches the long arm of conscience but is competently acted.

It covers a long period of time from pre-war to the present day and would have benefited by brisker treatment.

The high honours go to Russell Thorndike, George Zucco and Eliot Makeham.

**RIOT SQUAD**


Mae Clarke — Lil Daley
Pat O'Malley — Bob Larkin
James Flavin — Judge Moore
Douglas MacManus — James
Owen Davis — Nolan
Ralph Lewis — Walter Pidgeon

Directed by Leslie Hiscott.

A quite a bright British force with ancillary music and song and dance numbers. The main burden of the entertainment is sustained by George Gee.

Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall are members of the strong cast in "The Solitaire Man."

**THE SOLITAIRE MAN**


Herbert Marshall — Oliver
Elizabeth Allan — Helen
Barbara Stanwyck — Wallace
Mary Boland — Mrs. Hopkins
Mary Boland — Mrs. Vail
Ralph Forbes — Bascom
Lucile Gleason — Mrs. Peabody
Robert McWade — Mr. Peabody

Directed by Jack Conway from the story by Bella and Samuel Speewack.

In spite of an excellent cast this machine-made drama tends to prove boring and is overloaded with dialogue.

It concerns a jewn thief who is going to marry and go straight, getting involved in a bit of bother just before he flies from Paris to London with his fiancée, who has also been in the racket.

Practically all the action takes place in a "plane where the hero has a duel of wits with a stool pigeon who poses as a Scotland Yard detective and who actually committed the murder, which had involved the hero in this particular spot of bother.

Except that the cast is a particularly strong one, there is very little to recommend to this picture.

**LOVE ON SKIS**


Bulla — Bishet
Helen — Hilmore
Joan Austin — Himself

Extremely slight story of a girl who engages two comic instructors to teach her to ski in order to surprise her fiancé, who thinks she is a drawing-room beauty only.

It is the pictorial side of the picture with its Swiss scenery and exhibitions of skiing, bob-sleighing and other winter sports that is the main attraction.

Buster prove quite amusing as well as exceptionally clever trick skiers.

**STRIKE IT RICH**


Georges Gae — Eddie Smart
Gina Malo — Mary
Mary Dew — Humphrey Wells
Betty Astill — Janet Wells
Edward Seared — Sidney
Cyrel Raymond — Slaughter
Willa Lawson — Dallies

Directed by Leslie Hiscott.

Quite a bright British force with ancillary music and song and dance numbers. The main burden of the entertainment is sustained by George Gee.
WHY HE LOVED HER

A Reader’s Question Answered

“My fiancé told me, in confidence, that it was my good looks, disposition, and active spirit that attracted him to me. Unlike other girls he had known—ever out of sorts and difficult companions—he said I always seemed well and vigorous. Little did he know that I had a secret and that this was a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans, and a larger dose once a month.

“It is this precious habit which keeps me in the picture of health. I never ail anything, and escape pain. These famous vegetable pills give me so much energy that John tired on one Easter hike long before I did.”

All girls and young married women are better for a regular nightly dose of the world’s most famous vegetable pill. The gentle action of Bile Beans corrects all bodily functions, rejuvenates the female system, and thereby restores or keeps the body healthy and vigorous. By their purifying action, also, Bile Beans keep the complexion free from blemishes and spots and really help natural beauty.

Stick to your regular nightly dose and your appearance will attract the most critical of the male sex. Bile Beans are sold everywhere.

TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY

If you wish to keep fit and healthy and improve your appearance, here is an opportunity to test Bile Beans without cost. Send a postcard with full name and address to C. E. Fullford, Ltd., Carlton Hill, Leeds, 2. Mention Picturegoer and the sample will be sent by return, post free.

Hard worked hands... but who would know... thanks to

Snowfire Glycerine Jelly

Vanishing

KEEP a tube of Snowfire Glycerine Jelly handy in the bathroom and by the kitchen sink. Use it every time your hands have been in water. Then you’ll banish redness and roughness from your hands—make them smooth and white. Quickly absorbs, it leaves no “stickiness” after.

BRITISH MADE. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs, etc.
The Loch Ness Monster Movie

How It Will Be Brought to the Screen—Gibson Gowland as a Ghillie—Sound City's Next—Watch Mary Lawson—A New Basil Dean "Discovery."

Well, boys and girls, you may not believe in fairies any more, but you'll have to believe in the Loch Ness Monster in a few weeks, because you'll see it on the screen and, as we all know, the camera cannot lie. You may have thought that a famous petrol firm had secured exclusive rights in the monster a few weeks ago; not so, but far otherwise. The Monster belongs, lock, stock and barrel—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say hook, line and sinker, since you would presumably fish for lake monsters rather than shoot at them—to Messrs. Wyndham Productions, who are making a film about him, her or it at Ealing Green of all places; or at any rate, partly at Ealing Green and partly on the bonny, bonny banks o' Loch Ness.

Up Bobs Sex

Of course, film people have to be different. They do, in fact, shoot at the beastie; and wound it; but that's away ahead, at, or near, the other end of the picture. It all starts off with a harmless and rather elderly geologist beffing off up to the Highlands to do a spot of research.

He becomes convinced—as some thousands of people have become in real-life—of the existence of the monster. An army of reporters invade the scene, among them being a young man, clean-limbed, personable—yes, I see I needn't describe him any further for you to perceive that he is the Hero.

Anyway, the geologist has a daughter (Sex Rears Its Ugly Head). And so we go on.

And it all sounds very jolly and improbable and exciting, and is guaranteed to take your mind for an hour or so off Final Demands, Summonses, Distraints. Accounts Rendered, and all the other everyday monsters that keep us guessing how we can make their ends meet.

Seymour Films

Milton Rosner is directing it. Seymour Hicks is playing the geologist, and I am looking forward to his performance in this with great interest, for I have never seen him in a film which he had not directed himself, and "I say, and I'll say again" (as Gladys Sewell remarks in The Outcast) that only one actor in a thousand can direct films and play in them.

Seymour Hicks is a brilliant actor, and this is an actor's part.

The supporting cast is interesting, too. Did you ever see a brilliant film, directed by Von Stroheim in Hollywood, called Greed? It featured Za Su Pitts (in the best role of her life) and Jean Hersholt, but the outstanding character was a giant named McTeague—a giant in personality.

A Brawny Near-Scot

That role was played by Gibson Gowland—his first prominent part. He also played in Hell Harbour, and a number of other important films, and has just played the lead in S.O.S. Iceberg.

Now he is at Ealing, a Highland ghillie in The Mystery of the Loch—which is not so very far from his native heath, for he is a Northumberland man, bred and brawn, as you might say (but I hope you wouldn't).

He looks very much of a ghillie, but this is a regular trick of his—to look the part. The clean-limbed, personable, etc., is Frederick Peisley. Some years ago, when you were a tot and I wasn't quite so tottery... well, say seven years for luck, a play was presented in the West End called To What Red Hell; and a young actor called Frederick Peisley gave a memorable performance in it. (A film of the story was made afterwards.) It has taken Peisley a long time to gratitate to films, but he's here now, and how. And Sex Rears the Head of Nancy O'Neal, so I'm sorry I said Ugh! a few paragraphs back, because she's one of the prettiest things that ever came out of Australia—and those Aussie girls are diakum bonzer, whether you understand Australian or not.

Nationality Cocktail

The smaller parts? The smaller parts have been richly attended to. Ben Field (but surely you remember the proprietor of the Scottish Café in Jack The Boy?) Stafford Hill (stage actor), Norah Jones (a Welsh girl with an Irish name who was discovered playing in a Scottish sketch in Newcastle-League of Nations, please copy), and two reporters, played by Billy Watts and Hindle Edgar.

Billy Watts is known wherever reporters figure in British films, for the Powers That Be have decided that he looks like a reporter and as soon as the Casting Director's pencil comes to the word "Reporter," it automatically writes "Billy Watts" beside it.

When he is not reporting in films, he is running a cafe in the West End of London where film-folk congregate.

Hindle and Hounds

Hindle Edgar is a less familiar figure, but I think we are going to grow accustomed to him too. He is the comedian from the North (where all the best comedians come from) who played the young pastrycook in Wallies from Vivian recently—the one who had the argument with Esmond Knight as to which should rescue Jessie Matthews from the fire. He was good.

Also there are four of the finest dogs I ever saw in my life—a leash (or clitch, or pride, or whatever the correct collective noun is) of Irish wolfhounds, which fit better into the story than you would think, for they are Scottish wolfhounds too.

I would keep dogs like that if they didn't eat seven or eight pounds of the best sirloin every day. They will have a job to steal the picture from Seymour Hicks and Gibson Gowland and the rest, but they are going to have a darned good try at it.

Personalities—Off

Two of the outstanding people in this production do not appear on the screen. They are Bray Wyndham, the managing director of the company, who has been described (and I think justly) as the most go-ahead of the independents, and Graham Soutten—only it never occurs to anyone to call him anything but Ben—who is assistant director in this film. You may take Ben (I do) or you may dislike him (I don't), but it's impossible to ignore him. He has that uncomfortable but exciting quality to which we apply the word "dynamic" and he finds it a little difficult to suffer fools gladly. In fact, I don't think he ever tries to, very much.

Consequently he numbers very few fools among his friends and admirers.

Incidentally, when a one-legged man is wanted in a British film, Ben produces a leg and plays the part. He did that in Hindle Wakes and in The Sign of Four among other films, and always with success. And always the same leg.

The Shirt Question

Speaking of Ealing, I am a little disappointed that Blackshirt, for which Florence Desmond travelled all the way from Hollywood, is not to be made after all; not that I was particularly anxious to see Eliza running round in a black shirt, but I feel it would have had to lead to a "shirt" cycle. However, in the interests of peace and harmony, maybe it's just as well. Florence is a brilliant mimic, which reminds me of Jane Carr, who is also more than ordinarily clever in this direction.

I heard that Jane was working in the new film (Continued on page 32.)
5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG in choosing this FACE POWDER

A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse of Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of suchsuperlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box.

If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

Put a Glimpse in your Hair

Hair is the most important item in the female ensemble, and the question which thousands of women are asking is:—

What is there I can use to bring out to the fullest advantage the natural beauty of my hair and keep it up to standard?

Nasheen Vita-Color Hair Rinse

Renews the life, colour and lustre of dull, lifeless or faded hair; covers up unwanted grey hairs NOT a dye BUT a HARMLESS VEGETABLE PRODUCT

There are 12 shades from Platinum Blonde to Raven Black. Add "NASHEEN" VITA-COLOR to the rinsing water after a shampoo. Can be washed off or renewed with the greatest ease.

PRICE 2 for 6d.

FOR FREE TRIAL OR ADDRESSES of NASHEEN VITA-COLOR send stamped addressed envelope to:


Beautiful Complexion

Apply the Colgate Facial Pack, a medi¬cated white clay mask, before or after breakfast for a more perfect complexional harmony and complete cleansing. Full particulars free on application or special two weeks treatment 19s. post. free. ROYCE-HAPPS LTD., Dept. P, 9 Tremona Rd., Nottingham.

April 7, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

I can rid you of CATARRH

Once and for all

I have banished this nauseating complaint for 100,000 others. I can do the same for YOU or it shall not cost you a d.

I don't believe in Free Samples. They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently.

Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.

Allan Cooper

I know what it is
to be everlastinglly clogged in all my breathing passages, to be dulled and incapable in mind and suffer from heavy brow aches,
to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head,
to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech,
to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat,
to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

I have suffered myself!

I know what is behind my mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easier that may, or may not give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes ... AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH, though you have very little faith left.

My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by sheer inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say.

But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. I HAD TO. For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me. Mercifully, I DID.

And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unhappy to whom I have shared my discovery has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself. I want to show you why, how and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body, and why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold, and are always one of the first to be attacked by flu. And, most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably end your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method is so successful that I am able to say NO ONE NEED SUFFER ANY LONGER. Now is the time to conquer your complaint and get rid of it for ever so that you will never have to suffer in winters to come as you have in the past. Not even hay fever martyrs need dread the coming Summer, because my treatment has met with remarkable success in such cases.

If you are in earnest to end your suffering, write to me on the convenient coupon below. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You may if you wish, send 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is optional.

I have just got room to print this guaranteed genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my office and reproduced in full in the writer's own heart-felt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.

"CATARRH GONE IN 3 DAYS NEVER RETURNED"

"I am writing with sincere thanks for your wonderful treatment for Catarrh. The result was most wonderful. I was only taking the treatment three days, and to my surprise the third morning I awoke and found the dreadful complaint was gone. I have delayed writing, thinking perhaps it would return, but I have never felt the complaint since, and am now in perfect health. It is now two years since I had your Treatment, but have not had a recurrence. I feel as if I have never even suffered with Catarrh. People had asked me how I got rid of it, and it has been a pleasure to recommend your treatment."

(Signed) C. MARKS.

Let me tell you how FREE

To Mr. ALLAN COOPER

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how to permanently rid myself of Catarrh and Head Noises.

Name: _________________________________
Address: _______________________________

Picturegoer Weekly, 7/4/34
**ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.**

at Sound City, so of course that’s where I went; but dash my spats, that girl is the most elusive person I’ve ever known! She had gone on to Teddington, where she is playing in *Church Mouse*—doing two perfectly good parts at once.

**Mystery Title**

The Sound City one is called *Intermezzo*, which my dictionary defines as “short movement connecting the divisions of large musical work,” which doesn’t seem to help much.

Anyway, it’s a story of two families, one all County and Mayfair, and the other all Co-op and Balham; the Mayfair (Jane Carr) falls for the Balham boy (Gregory Blake) while the Mayfair boy obliges by falling head-over-tip in love with the Balham boy’s sister—and I don’t see how you can blame him, seeing it’s Mary Lawson.

Mary is the stage actress who plays an accomplice in the theft of the Crown Jewels in *Colonel Blood*, made in these same Shepperton studios and, in my humble opinion, played it remarkably well.

The Mayfair boy is Ballard Berkeley, whom I have seen since *A Chinese Bungalow* (which, incidentally, marked the first or almost the first screen appearance of Anna Neagle). The moral of the film seems to be that it’s perfectly in order for Mr. Mayfair to marry Miss Balham, but Miss Mayfair is a sap if she takes up with a young man from Balham. This argument may be confidently expected to cause more than a little discussion, and acrimonious at that, in the households of Balham.

**Tradition**

Of course, it’s based on the well-known screen tradition that it’s a grand thing for Cinderella to be elevated to the ranks of royalty by Prince Charming, but not so advantageous for the lowly young man to aspire to the hand of Milady.

Queer, but there it is.

Talking about Prince Charming, Mary Lawson has been playing in pantomime in Birmingham ever since she finished playing in *Colonel Blood*—she wasn’t Prince Charming, but Dandini, which is quite as heroic and much more amusing.

Her Birmingham audiences will get the surprise of their Brum lives when they see how utterly feminine she is in *Colonel Blood*.

After her first screen appearance I feel inclined to say that her discovery by Sound City is one of the most important events in the year in the British Studio’s rather spasmodic search for talent. With a few more of the right parts, proper lighting and direction and a spot of publicity, she will develop into a very considerable asset.

**Miles Ahead**

Miles Mander is directing *Intermezzo*. He used to ring all the bells and take all the coconuts as a director of silent films, and he also produced talkies in England (under De Forest patents) when talkies were still in the circus sideshow class.

But I haven’t seen him directing a talkie since *Fascination*, in which Madeleine Carroll was starred in an unsuitable part.

I happen to know that he experienced quite unnecessary and happening difficulties during production of that film, and I wasn’t a bit surprised that it didn’t set the Thames on fire.

I have a feeling that he will be much more successful with *Intermezzo*.

**A Sound Bunch**

Grey Blake (the new young man playing the part of the Balham boy who is a musician) is a discovery of Basil Dean, who has a reputation for finding ‘em.

He has played in one or two stage plays, but this is his first screen rôle of any importance.

Arthur Chesney and Irene Vanbrugh are playing Lord and Lady Wilmington (of Mayfair), and the cast is completed by the inclusion of Eric Maturin (who is gradually transferring his polished villainy from the stage to the screen), Kenneth Kove, Betty Davies, and William Fazan.

Oh, and I nearly forgot Belle Crystall as the Balham boy’s honeybundle who is in danger of being cut out by Jane Carr.

Miles Mander ought to be able to do something pretty interesting with that bunch.

**Bilked!**

Hearing that Jane Carr was at Teddington, playing in *Church Mouse*, I went down there post-haste, but found, of course, that she had left the studio an hour before. It’s pathetic, the way I go dashing about all over the country in pursuit of that girl, who always manages to elude me by a few minutes.

However, I did find Laura La Plante, who is another pronounced weakness of mine. And I did find Ian Hunter, who is playing opposite her, and Clifford Heatherley, who is contributing one of his clever character studies.

And I did find Monty Banks, who is directing this one as well as playing a part in it—that of a window-cleaner. His success in this leads me to believe that he will make a good job of directing himself in *So You Won’t Talk* in which he is to make his long-delayed return to the screen in a leading rôle.

Monty is one of the few directors (the one in a thousand I mentioned) who can direct a film while playing the lead; he used to do it in Hollywood in the silent days with conspicuous success. And in *You Made Me Love You* he directed one of the snappiest comedies ever turned out from a British studio; so I have hopes.
April 7, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

You'll love this smoother clinging powder

Sifted through silk again and again, this Snowfire Powder flatters a beautiful skin. Gives it a rose petal bloom—and a fresh, clear, youthful look. Snowfire powder is delightfully smooth to use and clings for hours with a matt finish. It is delicately and fascinatedly perfumed.

Snowfire
FACE POWDER

Use Snowfire Cream, too—it’s the perfect powder base and it keeps your skin soft and lovely.
Handbag containers 3d. Tubs 6d.

BE YOUR OWN BEAUTY SPECIALIST

Oscar Wilde revealed penetrating observation in the epigram, "Simplicity is the last refuge of complexity." This has never been more strikingly demonstrated than in the Buty-Tone method of home beauty culture.

The greatest achievement of the specialised Buty-Tone method is the ease with which the treatment can be carried out at home.

GET THIS FREE GRAMOPHONE RECORD

For 3d. postage you can have the free Buty-Tone gramophone record on which a famous beauty specialist explains how you can so easily preserve and enhance the allure which makes all the difference in your social and business contacts.

Buty-Tone aids to treatment are sold by high-class establishments everywhere at 2d. each (except in I.F.E.). If any difficulty in obtaining write to:
ROBEL, LTD.,
109 Jermyn St.,
London, S.W.1

Magnificent New Serial

The
Madness
of
Professor Pye

by
WARWICK DEEPING

IN THE
PASSING SHOW
ON SALE
Friday, April 13

Don’t Miss It!
Who are the IMMORTALS? Garbo's Claim to Lasting Fame

"In the distant future, a history of the motion-picture is compiled, I wonder how many of to-day's favourites will be singled out for mention in its pages.

"How many of them are great enough to be remembered when the rest are forgotten?

"To my mind, there is only one star on the screen to-day who has really achieved greatness—Garbo. She alone will join that tiny group of people the names of which will remain familiar and she will still be discussed years after she has definitely left the screen.

"That group already are Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino—one or two others. Their names will remain remembered so long as films are made.

"Then, many will ask, what of the other great stars—West, Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford? Max West is a passing rage and will, I dare to prophesy, not last more than another year or so, when she will fade into obscurity as do all similar sensations in the cinema world. She is not an actress, but a type. Katharine Hepburn is a good actress, but she will never dethrone Garbo as has been suggested. She lacks restraint, and relies on her ultra-modern personality—which cannot remain ultra-modern.

"Dietrich is not a great actress, but rather a mistress of pose. And Joan Crawford—well, Joan lacks the subtlety which makes for greatness. A good actress, yes, but when she leaves the screen, her name will go with her. Into the same category fall Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, and many others.

"There is only one actor in pictures to-day who has achieved anything approaching greatness, and that is George Arliss. Perhaps, in the history, he will be mentioned respectfully now and then, but even he does not belong to that little band of 'immortals' who will never be forgotten.”


"I think, Garbo, the first time I have seen you, and I am not yet ready to judge you by what I have heard about you. I will try to see you in your forthcoming pictures, and then I will write you again.

"If you have in your pictures the faculty of creating suspense, you will be a great artist. If you have the faculty of making us love you, you will be a great artist of the future. But if you have both these faculties, you will be a great artist of the present.”

—William Randolph Hearst

Did they do such things in the Bowery?

"I thought, until I saw The Bowery, that the time was past for mistakes in pictures, but there are three very prominent mistakes in that film.

"The first is the song "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," played by the band accompanying the film. As this is the period of the 'nineties and the above song was unheard of in those days, you slip number one.

"Then we see Fay Wray at a very twentieth-century telephone. My recollection of telephones of the nineties is that they did not contain all the gizmos that it is necessary to turn a handle. Slip number two.

"As George Raft and Wallace Beery go off to The Social (a party), they will be thought weird, for the band played 'Good-bye, Dolly Gray,' which was not composed until our Boer War, 1900. Slip number three.

—E. W. Nelson, The House of Detective

Those Meteoric Chorus Girls

"I would like to venture a protest against a point which, to me, has often spoilt the reachability of the movietone good plot.

"The story concerns, shall we say, a singer struggling for recognition. For years she meets with nothing but failure, but her admirers are not particularly surprised on hearing samples of her art (for she has been chosen by the producer for her acting, not her singing), and yet we are expected to believe that when her chance comes, her audience (whom I see no reason to suppose are less intelligent than we) give her a marvellous reception.

"For a plot like this to be convincing, an actress who is also a prima donna is needed, but as this is rather out of the question, I suggest that all that is required to indicate the success of the artiste is a glimpse of the enthusiasm of the audience.

"The case of Susie Dean in The Good Companions is an example of my point.”

—E. W. Wilson (Miss), 35 Esmond Road, W.4.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 5s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, signed submissions to the following, or other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words.

“Three months ago I never dreamed that a man would look at me twice. Anxiety and trouble had made my face wrinkled and sallow and I had almost given up hope when I read in the paper of a woman of over 60 getting rid of her wrinkles and looking 20 years younger simply by using Crème Tokalon Skinfood. I made up my mind to try it and to my joy and astonishment I could see my face actually looking younger every day. My present happiness and romance I owe entirely to Crème Tokalon Skinfood and I advise every woman to try it for a month. The results are marvellous.”

Naturally this new bride prefers not to have her name and address published. Her husband is an important bank official and her letter can be vouched for. Crème Tokalon Skinfood contains “Biocel,” the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin; lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. By using Tokalon “Biocel” Skinfood regularly you can look at least 10 years younger in one month.

A SLIM FORM

Do you wish to lose yourself of unattractive “extra” curves? You can remove 2 to 9 inches and have a lovely slim figure in a few weeks. Strongly recommended is EMBROIDERED, the beautiful Vegetable Soothing Cream. Dissolved in warm water, it nourishes the skin and is used morning and night. Write for your free booklet.

The Eugène Method produces waves, ringlets or curls with equal perfection. The experienced Eugène Waver with the aid of the Eugène Sachets and clean, harmless steam will give your hair all the permanent, natural beauty you have always desired.

A new thread, ANCHOR Soft Embroidery—durable and fast—available in a large selection of lovely colors. Use it for working this beautiful Chair Back.

Ask your needlework shop for the leaflet giving working instructions, price 1d. Or send 1½d with the coupon to Clark & Co. Ltd.

COUPON Post with 1½d in stamps in sealed envelope.

To CLARK & CO. Ltd., Dept. C.B.19, Paisley, Scotland.

Please send, post free, instructional leaflet for your new Chair Back design. I enclose 1½d in stamps.

Name..............................................................................................................

Address...........................................................................................................

There is No Wave like an Eugène Permanent Wave

Send to the address below for interesting booklet and free specimen Eugène Sachet and make sure your Hairdresser uses exactly similar Sachets for your next Eugène Wave. Eugène Ltd., Publicity Dept., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.
"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUROGEOER WEEKLY. When a reply is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

T. D. (Dumfries)—(1) Address Jackie Cooper and Ramon Novarro c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. (2) Jackie Cooper was born on September 10, 1921, in New York City. (3) The passage for you to America is 114 for the first 32.

Miss M. (Edinburgh)—Address Clyde Beatty c/o Universal Studios, and Edmund Gwenn c/o Gaumont British Studios.


CHRISTINE (London).—Casts as follows: (1) The Sweet Life—Wallace Beery; Newton—Lew Stone; Carl—Clark Gable; Fanchon—Mayrasha; Annie—Jean Harlow; Hank—John Mack Brown; Colleen—John Miljan; Minolo the Ciguer—Paul Hurst; Dolly—De Witt Jennings; Mike—Nelson Knowles; Daniel—Dorothy Norton; Eddie—Louis Nathenson; Judge Frank McGlynn; District Attorney—Abraham Vellel. (2) He Learned About Women—Peter Potter—Kendall; Stewart Erwin; Mimi—Vivienne Foliage—Alice Skogstid; John Allen—Prescott; Eddie Clifford; Gordon Western—Wilson; Sita Tole; Apolyte—Grant Mitchell; Angus—Tom Britches; Simeon—Germantown; Drake—Claude King; Stage Door—Irving Bacon.

M. G. (Finchley, N.)—(1) Frank Lawton's new films are Frank Hi-Go and Friday the Thirteenth. (2) A centre spread of Catherine appeared in the March 11, 1933 issue of PICTUROGEOER. (3) Herein the cast of Castaway—Jane Marrs—Diana Wynter; George—Walter Pidgeon; Mary—Priscilla Grant; Fleetwood—Alfred Bridges; Herbert Mundin; Ellen Bridges—O'Connor; Fanny Bridges—Ursla Jeans; Joey Marrs—Frank Lawton; Edward Marrs—John Waddington; Margaret Marrs—Irene Browne; Edith Marrs—Sarita Montan; Cook—Beryl Mercer; Mrs. Snap—Tame Pigot; George Granger—Billy Bevan; The Children—Edward Marrs—Dick Henderson; Jim—Jack Marrs—Douglas Scott; Edith Marrs—Gracie Fields; Mary Marrs—Dorothy Summerfield; and Anna Marrs—Beatrice Campbell.

CURIOS (Chelmsford)—(1) Toby Wing is a coloured girl. Her picture was in 1956, Street College, Humour and Sarcasm, and The Search for Beauty. Release dates as follows: 27th of April—Queen Christine—September 3, 1934. (2) Toby Wing—April 2, 1934; Catherine the Great—September 3, 1934. (3) London, W.11.—(1) Frank Lawton is 6 ft. 5 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. He is 20 years of age. (2) Herein the cast of Young Woolfe—Lauretta Simmonds—Madeleine Carroll; Mr. Woolfe—Asbury Mather; Miller—Garrett Grimaud; Cope—Tony Haffena; Mr. Simmonds—Sam Livsey; Vandy—Abe Green; Youngman—Aberdeen; Young Woolfe—Frank Lawton.

FLEM STREET (West Hartlepool)—A YOUNG MAN (Wandsworth)—(1) Robert Young is 27 this year. Born in Chicago; 6 ft. tall dark eyes and hair; married one baby daughter. Films include: Lullaby, The Wet Parade, New Orleans for Old, Unshackled, The Kid from Spain, Strange Intelligences, To-Day We Live, Hell Hulme, Tonight About, Saturday's Million, The Right to Romance, Spitfire, and The

The difference between Knight's Castile and other soaps is that it is specially made for the face. Knight's Castile contains elements similar to those found in the skin itself. Thus it prevents "Tired Skin"—the ageing effect of city grime and stuffy atmospheres on the skin—and keeps the complexion eternally soft and young. Fourpence per tablet.

Knights Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED

SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

Le

PARIS 47790

April 7, 1934

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

FRANKLY, WHAT SOAP DO YOU RECOMMEND?

WELL, THERE ARE SEVERAL GOOD ONES.

IT IS SPECIALY MADE FOR THE FACE

BUT PERSONALLY I USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE

House of Rothschild.

(2) The cast of The Flying Circus—Ann Harding—Dolive Judge, Ace Murray—Bruce Cabot; Bud Murphy—Raynor Dodson; Roger Dale—William Bellamy; Scroove—Edwards; Ciff Edwards; Marie—George K. Clark; Girl Friday—Faye Brewer; Kerns—Frank La Rue; (3) Victor Varzis was born on October 31, 1896, at Kirov, Hungary; 5 ft. 10 in. tall; brown hair and eyes; married. Films include: Changing Husband, Feet of Clay, Captain Thunder, Doctor's Wife, Black Camel, The Man in Her Life, Stiff in Hall, The Rebel, The Doolah Battalion, and The Song You Gave Us. The Princess Bride was born on April 20, 1905, at Carlisle, New Mexico; 5 ft. 11 in. tall; dark brown hair; blue eyes; married to Adrienne Ames. Films include: The Raw End and the Bottle, King, Disgraced, Aggie Appley, Make of Men, Don Victor, and The Criminal Principal. (3) You can obtain photographs of Robert Young and John Stuart from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Thank you for your picture wishes.


REDMAN READER—Joan Bennett and James Cagney did not appear in Syncopation. (2) They included: The King of the Riff-Raff, Frank McRae; Julietta, Eileen Downey; Alexander Winston—Ian Hunter; Flo—Barbara Bennett; Benny—Bobbie Wat; Bertha—Shonagh; Edith—Nora Easton Vertee Treadwell; Humlet—Osgood Perkins; Sylvia—Caroline MacKenzie; Eliza—Laura Ward; Astino—Leon Barks.

AIRWAY ADENAB and GEORGE R. RAY FAN—(1) Ken Maynard is married to Mary Labbe. Address him at Twentieth Century Fox Studios. (2) Write to George Raff c/o Paramount-Fox Studios.

SUE GEORGE FAY (Peckham Rye, S.E.15).—(1) Footlight Parade will be generally released on April 14. (2) Casts as follows: (3) The Phantom President—Wendell K. Blair—Peter Varmey; George M. Cohen; Felicia Hammond—Claudette Colbert; Curby—Jimmy Durante; Senator Rockton—George Barlow; Professor Alphonse—Sidney Toler; Senator Scanteen—Lussie Mackintosh; Jerricho—Jameson Thomas; Senator Melrose—Julietta Lee; Washington—George O'Brien; Spencer—Frieda Underhill; Guy—Eric T. Steiner; Princess Yasmin—Jean

CURIOS (Shrewsbury)—Clyde Beatty has the privilege The Last Days of Pompeii that was The Big Cage.

VILLA (Cheltenham)—The Completion of Patton was shown in London last month. I do not know if it will be shown in your locality and can only suggest that you inquire of your local cinema manager. The picture is to go in the States, but we hear that the release there has been through Universal Studios, the producers. (2) Address Ruth Clawson c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I expect she will send you a signed photograph of herself if you ask her nicely. But there may be a small charge. (3) Joan Harlow's films since Red Dust include: Dancing Lady, Blonde Bambollie, A Hollywood Party, and Living in a Big Way. (3) If you send your full name and address I will reply to your last question by post.
LESLIE BANKS, Jimmy Godden, Herbert Smith, Anawam Sojier and Frank Pettingell are in an Imperial Film Club Dance, held recently at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street.

MICKEY (Willesden).—(1) Address Ginger Rogers c/o R.K.O.—Radio Studios. (2) Richard Arlen was born in Charlotteville, U.S.A., on September 1, 1899. 5 ft. 10 in. tall; brown hair; blue eyes. Married to Jolanta Ralston, with one baby son. Address him c/o Paramount-Publix Studios.

IRENE (Dilksford).—(1) Walt Disney is the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony cartoonist and more Mickey and Sympony pictures. (2) Coral Sue Cunard married Sydonia Sidney in Jennie Gerhardt.

TAN YONG HENG (Singapore).—Lilian Heng's latest picture is A Man Done Wrong. J. B. (Northampton).—The incidents you mention would have been in April, 1934.


FREDERIC MARCH FAN.—Release dates as follows: (1) Ginger Rogers—September 14, 1934. (2) All of Me—April, 1934. (3) Good Sam and Death Takes a Holiday—Release dates not fixed at the time of going to press, but will be after April, 1934. (4) Little Women—May 14, 1934.

REGULAR READER.—(1) The cast of Dangerous—Ingrid Bergman, James Cagney, Sully Darto; Sally—Dorothy Coonan; Tommy—Edward Philbin; Gino—George Eads; Lola—Ann Hovey; Dr. Heek—Arthur Hohl; Mr. Astor—Herbert Mundin; Smith—Claire McDowell; Ollie—Sterling Holloway; Alma—Lyle Talbot; Amanda—Dorothy Wilson; Judge White—Robert Barat; Red—Bill Williams; Audrey—Adrian Morris; Harry—Ray Dumead; Aunt Carrie—Mona Gamble; Captain of Detectives—Willard Robertson; Director—William A. Wellman. (2) Address Frankie Darro c/o First National Studios. An Admirer (Switzerland).—Write to Nils Arthur c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, taking the shipping money for Nils was born on January 17, 1901, in Sweden. 6 ft. tall; black hair; grey eyes; married Verian Dunbar (mar. div. 1 little daughter)

DORA (Manchester).—Address Dick Powell c/o First National Studios.

C. W. (Ealing).—(1) Carole Lombard was born on October 6, 1909, and her real name in Carole June Peters. Address her c/o Paramount-Publix Studios. (2) The times you mention will not be shown again in the West End, but I would sure ret. that you make inquiries at your local theatre.

(3) Bakers will be generally released in August, 1934.

L. C. H. (S.E.A).—(1) General release dates as follows: Little Women—May 14, 1934; Duck on a Bicycle—May 19, 1934; Porky Time—April 9, 1934; Broadway Singer—March 31, 1934; The Man in the Attic—March 3, 1934; Aunt Sally—March 3, 1934; Lady for a Day—March 19, 1934; This is the Life—March 23, 1934; The Man Who Invented Mother—April 16, 1934; The Queen's Affairs—approximately September 24, 1934; The Son of Kong—approximately July 30, 1934. (3) Fay Wray's pictures include: The Wedding March, The Unloved Garden, The Finger Paints, The Street of Sin, The Kid, People Behind Thunderbolts, Dirigible, Doctor X, The Hounds of Zorro, King Kong, Once Upon a Afternoon, Anna Karenina, Shanghai Madness, The Bowery, and Men of Steel. Thank you for your good wishes.

Fan Club News

Fan Club for Betty Astell.—Admirers of Betty Astell, the British star, have formed a "Betty Astell Fan Club." Several hundred members have already joined the club, and all those who are interested should write to the hon. secretary, Charles C. Belcher, Priestwood Terrace, Bracknell, Berks, who will supply all details of the club's activities. An inauguration dance will be held at the end of this month at Bracknell, which will be attended by Miss Astell and several other screen stars.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS
Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex
Associated Radio Pictures, Ealing E.5.
British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Herts.
British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Herts.
British Instructional Studios, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.
Nettleton Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.
London Film Co. 22, Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.
Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Welwyn, Middlesex.
Twickelhams, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS
Columbia Studios, 1438, Guiver Street, Hollywood, California.
M-G-M Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Moviaton City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Max Sennett Studios, Studio City, California.
North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

A fantastic Hairdressing expert writes:—

42 Albermarle St., London, W. Dear Sirs,—No style of hairdressing can be a success without superbly healthy hair. Especially is this so with regard to a Prizewinning Hairdressing Style such as is shown. I always advise ladies to use the so wonderful "Harlene." If men, too, would only use "Harlene" they would not be worried by baldness and thinning hair. T. RENATO.

Every reader is fortunate in being invited to test "Harlene-Hair-Drill." Free of Charge. Just choose which 3 "Harlene" Preparations you would like from the list below and send the Coupon without delay.

1 'HARLENE' Hair Grower & Tonic
No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful beads of hair which are admired by all! Take care of your Children Hair! "Harlene" preserves, strengthens and invigates.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO
Provides a wealth of super-cleanings, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burningish Rinse. All chemists. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

3 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE
Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/4½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

2 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion
A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes a cheap and entrancingly beautiful. Saves 6½ on Hair-Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 7½d.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash
A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/6, 3½ and 5½ per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer
Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. 3½- and 5½ per bottle. POPULAR SIZE 1/9

Sample Coupon
On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (R.S.1) 20, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.
LEAVE IT TO ANNE

If you can manage a clean brush every day, do so. If not, wash your hair brush twice a week.

Shampoos

The many excellent shampoos advertised in these pages provide for the hair in health. But if the scalp is out of condition, special treatment is indicated which is prescribed by the hairdresser. Shredded Castle soap is a good base for these preparations. First one-third of a cake dissolved in half a pint of boiling water will set to a jelly. Tar soap may be used in the same way and this will be found most refreshing and soothing. The jelly will readily beat up to a lather when more hot water is added. An infusion of camomile flowers may be added by the hairdresser. Soft soap makes a most effective shampoo for greasy hair. An ounce of the soap, with half a pint of hot water should be heated till the soap has dissolved. Let it cool then add warm water till it lathers. Egg shampoo is kindly to hair that is out of condition, weak and falling. It is made by adding the yolk only of a well-beaten new laid egg and half a pint of hot water. Then add two tablespoonsful of liquid made of half a teaspoonful of powdered borax. These have been advised. Chopped shrimp, two tablespoonsful of finely grated Castle soap, a little warm water, and the mixture beaten till foaming.

Straight and Strong

A straight and supple back is as much of a necessity as a straight and strong leg. As one leaves childhood farther behind, the tendency is for the spine to become humped again. Appearance to take its place. For this reason it is advisable to take two baths. Whipping up the circulation by massage brings the blood to the surface and much of the excess grease is absorbed. Most hair benefits from the application of a little brilliantine after shampooing. It removes the lubricant, why massage a greasy scalp that already has oil to excess? For to-morrow reason suggests a bath in two ways. Whipping up the circulation by massage brings the blood to the surface and much of the excess grease is absorbed. There are various kinds of brillantine obtainable that is free from the slightest trace of greasiness. A very dry scalp should be massaged with a few drops of violet oil.

Neither preparation should be brushed directly on the head. A little violet shampoo should first be spread on the palm of the hand, the brush drawn over it and then the application.

The hair should be brushed upwards. This not only avoids spreading the preparation on the face, but is better, and also keeps it away from the roots—a matter of importance for the fair-haired.

How to Massage

Massage should be performed with the tips of the fingers with gentle circular movements. First the fingers are to be rotated to the right, then to the left. The scalp is then rubbed with the palms. The tips of the fingers are used,

For if you massage at night, then spend at least minutes each morning in vigorous rubbing. The body is then well aired, the cushions—brushed—a good one, please—after brushing, one of the kind that makes it glossy and stimulates the new growth.

Send your order now to:—

PICTUREGOER SALON

85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2
So much depends upon discreet make-up!

That is why KHASANA Blush Cream is so popular with the modern girl—she knows that so much depends upon correct, discreet make-up. So for delicate colouring which exactly matches her complexion, she chooses KHASANA Blush Cream—the only rouge which you can rely upon to look perfectly natural.

With KHASANA Blush Cream it is best to use KHASANA Lipstick, which gives the lips just the right amount of colour, a natural, healthy glow, defying detection.

KHASANA Preparations have a cold cream base, which facilitates their application and protects the skin from sun and wind.

KHASANA is kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

KHASANA
Blush Cream 1/6. 
Trial Size 9d.
Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

The Business Girl...

Only hygiene which affords the fullest protection and comfort, yet which can be disposed of in a moment without trace, can put a woman perfectly at ease at all times, and in all places. That is why particular women show such a marked preference for the ideal soluble hygiene—

PRICES

1/-

1/2, 1/4 and 2/-
in cartons of twelve. Also in 8d. packs. In
1/2d., 1/-, 2/6 sizes.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

To Miss Haynes, 168 Old Street, London, E.C.1

Please send me samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels.

NAME

ADDRESS

S.S.

SU-CAN

LASSES

that

ALLURE

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES

LONGLASH

the medically approved Lash Cream. Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beech. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/- Special Brush 4d. POST FREE. When ordering direct ask for book "NATURAL BEAUTY."

LALEEK BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

are sold at all Leading Stores, Hairdressers, Chemists and ALL BOOTS' BRANCHES

Created and personally supervised by

ADELAIDE GREY

Beauty Specialist: 27 Old Bond St. London W.1

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturer, any reader of The Picturgoer may now obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood cream (one for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon. Ltd. (Dept. 595K), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder

STRIKING TRIBUTE

TO MAXALDING

REAL SUPERMEN

instead of weaklings, says the President of the Newark P.G. Club, whose photograph appears herewith.

Here are his exact words:— December 1, 1933.

"Having been a follower of the MAXALDING PRINCIPLES for some time, I believe that your courses are conducive to the appreciation of the body of strength, mentally and physically. Keep them up and the world will be blessed with real Supermen instead of weaklings, which are a burden to humanity. Once more please accept my appreciative thanks for the great consideration that has been rendered me."

Gratefully yours,

(Signed) Gerard Nisivoccia, Lld.B.

A 20,000-WORDS ILLUSTRATED TREATISE EXPLANATORY OF MAXALDING will be sent on receipt of your name, address, age, and occupation. You will learn why you can cure yourself of any functional disorder and secure a physique comparable to Mr. Nisivoccia. 2d. stamp for postage appreciated.

MAXALDING (Dept. 796)

14, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4
"How do I keep my clothes fresh and lovely?"

This way!

SAYS BENITA HUME

"Lovely clothes are a passion with me!" confesses Benita Hume, so fascinating in this exquisite net-lace frock. "Why not, indeed? Women always want to look their prettiest — and we know how very much clothes help us to do that when they are beautifully fresh.

"Notice, I said beautifully fresh clothes — they don’t need to be near," she adds. "Extravagance is quite out of fashion these days. There’s a way to keep clothes as lovely and new-looking as the most fastidious woman can desire. ‘Never use anything but Lux for washing my things!’ I’ve told my maid. You see, I know Lux is safe for even the most delicate colours and fragile fabrics. I trust it for everything in my wardrobe that’s washable — frocks and blouses as well as stockings and underwear. It’s the greatest blessing!"

Your lovely things — don’t they deserve this safe care? Lux is so gentle — no need to rub. There’s no soda in it. Delicate colours and fabrics, safe in water alone, are safe in Lux. Ask your grocer or dealer for Lux. You can get a BIG 6d packet. Also 4d and 2d sizes.

Lux is official in all the big studios
—FRANK C. RICHARDSON
(right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says: “Costumes represent a big investment which must be safeguarded. That’s why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It keeps them new longer ... and saves money.”

Charming BENITA HUME, one of the loveliest British film stars, knows that entrancing clothes are as important off the screen as on. “Nearly everything is washable these days,” she says. “What a boon that is! Because by using Lux always even the most delicate things last and look lovely almost indefinitely.”

LUX—safe for colours and all lovely fabrics
MAE WEST and CARY GRANT
Still another reason why
'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get
30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large — big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.
Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS • 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-
So much depends upon discreet make-up!

That is why KHASANA Blush Cream is so popular with the modern girl—she knows that so much depends upon correct, discreet make-up. So for delicate colouring which exactly matches her complexion, she chooses KHASANA Blush Cream—the only rouge which you can rely upon to look perfectly natural.

With KHASANA Blush Cream it is best to use KHASANA Lipstick, which gives the lips just the right amount of colour, a natural, healthy glow, defying detection. KHASANA Preparations have a cold cream base, which facilitates their application and protects the skin from sun and wind. KHASANA is kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.

KHASANA
Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

Choose your frocks at corot
and pay for them in the modern way

inexpensive, exclusive models may be chosen from the amazingly varied range now being shown in our delightful bond street showrooms, in an atmosphere of courtesy and personal attention. Or if a call is not possible, post the coupon below for a beautifully illustrated fashion guide, containing illustrations of the latest models, which will be sent with full particulars of instalment plan.

"Here and there"
novely wave woollen suit with
stick bed trimming on the jacket.
12/-
cash 4 gns.
monthly.

"sweet somebody"
solee clip Frock with loose
gorgette collar, edged
with lace.
6/-
cash 2 gns.
monthly.

COROT
(dept. p.g. 240)
33 old bond st.
london, w.1 regent 9234

POST THIS COUPON TO COROT TODAY-
corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.

FREE please send corot spring fashion guide and full particulars

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS ________________________

FREE CASH'S RIBBONS
SEND FOR THIS NEW PATTERN BOOK
You can solve the shoulder-strap problem once and for all by studying the strength and quality of Cash's Ribbons shown in this new pattern book. Post the coupon below.

CASH'S RIBBONS

WASHINGTON.

FREE CASH'S LINGERIE RIBBONS
To J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. R.K. 9) COVENTRY
Please send me FREE copy of Cash's Ribbon book containing actual Pattens.

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS ________________________

VIOLENT PAINS FROM ACID STOMACH
CURED BY HOSPITAL FORMULA

For 18 months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:

"For the past eighteen months I have been a martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed distorted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I intend now to keep it always handy as I am convinced it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lbs. in weight since taking your powder."

Mr. C. G. S—, St. Neots.

If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is made from the famous hospital formula which is used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 5/- and 10/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

EUGENE, LTD. (PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT)
EDGWARE ROAD, HENDON, LONDON, N.W.

EUGENE—PERMANENT WAVES

Increase your charm with a natural wave produced by a genuine Eugene Sachet. If you write at once to the address given below, mentioning that you are a reader of the "Picturegoer," you will receive an interesting booklet and free specimen Eugene Sachet. Make sure your Hairdresser uses exactly similar Sachets for your next Eugene Wave.

STABLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO
VISCOUNTESS MILTON says

"Pond’s beauty treatment is the best I know"

If you have ever seen Lady Milton you must have admired her complexion — it is exquisite. Yet her beauty care is amazingly inexpensive — within the reach of every girl — Pond’s famous preparations . . .

As Lady Milton says — "Why clutter up your dressing-table with all kinds of complicated, and probably expensive beauty preparations when Pond’s easy, reliable and miraculously inexpensive method of beauty care keeps your skin in perfect condition?"

Why Pond’s makes your skin beautiful

As you pat Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck, the pure, rich oils penetrate down into the under skin, and float to the surface all the dust or grime that has burried itself in the pores out of reach of soap and water.

But Pond’s Cold Cream does more than cleanse, it lubricates the natural oil glands so that your skin is kept fresh, clear and youthful-looking.

Always use Pond’s Cleansing Tissues to wipe away surplus cream. They are so soft they cannot stretch the most delicate skin. Next pat Pond’s Skin Freshener on your face and neck to close the pores and refine the skin. And lastly, before powdering, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Sun, wind, cold and heat are constantly whipping the natural moisture out of the skin. It becomes coarse-textured, even rough. But Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains ingredients chosen to check this loss of skin moisture. And, because it gives your skin such satinsmoothness, Pond’s Vanishing Cream is the ideal base for powder. "The best protection I have ever found," says Lady Milton.

Prices from 6d
SOLVING
these Senseless
SALARY SQUABBLERS

Growth of Percentage System—Applying the Box-office Test—The Quota Racket—Look Out, Jackie Cooper!—Laughton to Play Henry Again—Ambitious Korda Talkie—A Successor to the "Three Little Pigs"

The question of paying film stars on a percentage basis has again been brought into the field of practical picture politics.

Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett and one or two other important personalities are already, I believe, working on contracts which give them a share of the profits over a certain amount.

Paramount Chief's Views

Charles Laughton, as is well known, will delight the Income Tax authorities as a result of the amazingly successful outcome of his gamble in accepting a "cut" of the take of The Private Life of Henry VIII in lieu of a "film star" salary during production. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., was telling me the other day that he has a share in the profits of Catherine the Great and I understand that the other major "names" associated with the London Films organisation are working under similar arrangements.

The latest advocate of the system is no less a person than Mr. Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount and one of the leaders of the industry for over a quarter of a century.

Mr. Zukor may be inspired by the fact that Paramount has had its share of salary squabbles, revolts, walk-outs and other costly forms of friction in recent years.

The American Press has on occasion, too, drawn attention to his own impressive earnings!

The depression, moreover, has created a dangerous public reaction against the huge contract salaries of the stars and he has undoubtedly chosen an opportune moment for his declaration of policy.

"Fairest Arrangements"

It is becoming increasingly impossible to determine," he writes in a note I had from the Marathon Street movie factory the other day, "just what an actor is worth in terms of salary.

"Profit sharing appears to me to be the fairest arrangement between studios and those artists who have become distinct box-office assets. I believe that as soon as improving conditions in the film industry warrant such a move, this method of paying outstandingly valuable personalities should be adopted.

"Whenever a star reaches a point where his or her name and talents win an extraordinary number of followers and admirers, then it becomes necessary for studios to pay these artists a fair and proportionate percentage of what their productions are making.

"Such a system would encourage the best efforts always and the public would reap added entertainment benefits.

"The general adoption of the system," he adds, "is a definite possibility."

The Difficulty

I think that most people will agree that the application of the acid box-office test is by far the most sound and logical way of determining stellar salaries.

Applied properly, it is fair to the star, it is fair to the movie moguls and it is fair to the cash customers. And it would spare us those unedifying brawls that have become a feature of studio life in recent years.

There are, however, many difficulties to be overcome, the chief of which is, of course, the amount of the percentage and the fact that with one or two exceptions the most over-paid people in films are not the stars but a number of studio "higher-ups" vaguely defined as executives.

What The Stars Think

Practically every star with whom I have discussed the subject—and I have discussed it with several—has been enthusiastic about working on a percentage basis, with one important reservation.

As one of them put it to me: "Our experience (Continued on page 2)
Norma Shearer

Whom we will soon be welcoming back to the screen in "Lady Mary's Lover," after almost a year's absence. Reports from the lot indicate that the fans are likely to see a new and greater Shearer in that picture.

Norma was born on August 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She thumped a piano in a kinema before entering pictures in 1920. She has brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 ft. 3 in. tall.
The Gold Medal

Norma Shearer, by the way, appears from the present state of the count to be well up in the running for Picturegoer's Gold Medal for her performance in *Smilin' Through*.

Others among the leaders are Diana Wynyard, Madeleine Carroll, Garbo and Dietrich, while on the male side, Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Garbo, Cooper and Conrad Veidt seem to be doing well.

Owing to an eleventh-hour flood of nominations it has been decided to keep the voting open for another week. Entries must now all be in by April 21.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the name of the actor and actress who in your opinion gave the two best performances in 1933 and the name of the film in which they appeared, and address it to Award of Merit, Picturegoer, 93, Long Acre.

It is important to remember that only films generally released in 1933 are eligible.

The Quota Scandal Again

In the last few weeks we have had at trade and press shows a minor deluge of new English-made talkies and the standard of a great many of them makes one wonder if the authorities should not seriously consider if the time has arrived for the revision of the Quota Act in the direction of a Quality Quota.

In its present form the Act has largely outlived its sphere of usefulness. The vast majority of exhibitors are relying on a considerably higher percentage of our own films than the law requires.

It main effect at the moment appears to be providing certain American companies who are turning out cheaper and quicker quota quickies an opportunity to tie in can to the tail of the rapidly improving British talkie industry.

A Rival for Jackie Cooper

It looks as if Jackie Cooper may at last get some serious competition in the infant prodigy ranks. The youngster who may provide it is Frank Thomas, a ten-year-old actor who has scored a hit on the Broadway stage in *Wednesday's Child*, one of the most successful plays of the New York season.

He has been signed to go to Hollywood at the conclusion of the run and play the same role in the film version.

Moreover, although it will be his first picture, Frank is to be starred—a situation unique in Hollywood history.

*Wednesday's Child*, a somewhat sombre play about a young boy whose life is shattered by the divorce of his parents and who finally comes to the realisation that he is not wanted by either parent, provides a severely exacting rôle for any juvenile and New York dramatic critics have given Master Thomas the highest credentials.

Lee Tracey's Five-Year Contract

Another stage "capture" who is expected to do big things is Jane Wyatt, considered by many sound judges to be one of the three most brilliant ingenues in the American theatre.

She has been signed by Universal, which at the moment is busy on a campaign to increase its "star-power."

A recent move in the campaign was the signing up of Lee Tracy on a five-year contract. Lee will probably make four pictures a year.

Laughton as "Henry" Again

So Charles Laughton is again to be "Henry the Eighth" in an Alexander Korda picture.

The London-F-P Productions studio announces plans for an ambitious project to return to the Tudor period and film one of the most glorious chapters in English history in *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*.

If existing casting arrangements stand, it will be Britain's most spectacular all-star picture and probably the costume picture to end costume pictures. In addition to Laughton as the young Henry, Maurice Chevalier will be seen as Francis I, King of France; Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; Flora Robson as Catherine of Aragon and Merle Oberon again in the rôle of Anne Boleyn.

The original Henry, I, learn, took £188,147 at the first 200 cinemas at which it was shown in Britain.

But isn't Mr. Korda carrying originality a little too far by rechristening the Douglas Fairbanks picture *The Private Life of Don Juan*?

More Honours

In the meanwhile, not only has *The Private Life of Henry VIII* achieved the unique distinction for a British film of being burlesqued in a Hollywood "super" (George White's Scandals), but a major Californian studio, Twentieth Century, in announcing *The Firebrand*, "believes that it has a successor to Henry in humour and popular appeal."

"The Firebrand" marks Constance Bennett's entry into the costume series.

She plays the Duchess of Florence to the Benvenuto Cellini of Fredric March.

Will Dietrich and "Von" Part?

The studio gossip are again busy with the report that filmland's greatest Swengali-Trilby team is due for a dissolution of partnership.

Persistent rumours have been reaching my ears of strained relations between Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg on the *Scarlet Empress* set. Pointed comment is also being made upon the fact that while they were previously inseparable, they have not been seen about together so frequently in public of late.

Tongues have been wagging more strenuously than ever since an alleged "incident" in the studio café a few days ago when Marlene, arriving late, received no attention from the director and gazed quietly away to another table for luncheon alone.

"Wimpole St." in Hollywood

"Still" cameramen and studio experts have been busy at 50 Wimpole Street in the last few weeks as Radio did with the Alcott home in *Little Women*, so M-G-M is doing with the even more famous building that is to be the setting for the film version of *The Harvists of Wimpole Street* which is to be Norma Shearer's next starring vehicle.

The building is to be reproduced with fidelity on the Metro lot thousands of miles away in California, from photographs and measurements made in England.

The house, now, of course, a Browning memorial, will provide the plans for both the interiors and exteriors used in the film.

Barrymore's Next

The caption to an illustration in a recent issue of *Picturegoer* of Lionel Barrymore and Mrs. Patrick Campbell on the *Lady Mary's Lover* set, at Culver City may have given rise to a misleading impression that Barrymore was appearing in the film.

The cast in support of Norma Shearer, of course, consists of Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and Mrs. Campbell.

Lionel's next is *The Copperhead*, which I seem to recall as one of his earliest silent successes, something like twenty years ago. It was also one of his most famous stage roles.

Kinema Couplings

This week's award of 10s. 6d. to Miss A. Jones, 73, Weald Road, Sidcup, Kent, for: *Evergreen*

Innocents Abroad

To Edwin H. Collins, 98 Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.17, for: *The Constant Nymph*

To E. H. Osborne, Hartslooe Road, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent, for: *The Crowd Roars*

Money for Speed

To T. Beard, 17, Boyer Street, Derby, for: *Disorderly Conduct*

Good Morning Judge!

To Fernando Lax, 117 East Road, City Road, London, N.1, for: *Broken Idols*

Common Clay

Will new readers please note that all attempts must be sent in on post-cards—no envelopes will be opened—marked Couplings and addressed c/o *Picturegoer*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to this contest.

MALCOM D. PHILLIPS

Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez enjoy a game of cards with members of the "Laughing Boy" company on location.
In recent discussions on sex and the cinema, the box office has been accused of "cashing in" on over-stressed sex situations. It has been predicted too, that 1934 will see a "rising tide of sex," that situations and dialogue hitherto considered indecent, will be given licence, and that scantily clad figures will be alluringly revealed on any and every screen.

And now let us honestly examine these questions, and see how far they are true, and how far film producers have progressed in the sex education of the cinema masses. It is necessary to go back a little—say to 1925. Just about that time there came a succession of seductive vamps of the Cleopatra type, who created a vogue for vamp themes. These influenced the screen for a considerable period, and were entirely sensual in character. Then came Rudolph Valentino whose effect on the screen was devastating, for he literally swept hysterical mobs off their feet, and caused all other stories hastily to begin grooming potential rivals of the same type. Glamorous love plays then reigned supreme until Valentino's death.

It is significant to notice that screen phases come and go in "waves"—one wave always being followed by an opposite wave as reaction—in the same way as governments and politics. Recently we have has a fashion for gangster films and war and spy pictures, and emaciated women like Garbo. The answer to Garbo is Mae West, but not for reasons of sensuality. That is if we can judge by the

A charming domestic shot of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Saville in their home at Highgate, with their little daughter Anne and their favourite "Spats."

success in America of Little Women, which effectively shows the trend of public taste, and definitely points to quite the opposite view. Undoubtedly, however, we in England are set a higher standard to conform to than our American counterparts. Stories, situations, and dialogue, which have been passed in American films, are not permitted by the censor to appear in English films! Imagine an English firm trying to do a Mae West or trying to get away with a scene like Garbo and Gilbert in bed in Queen Christina!

Is it true that directors are "cashing in" on sex? No it is not. But if it were true, and sensuality was succeeding, then the fault would lie with the public! I do not believe, however, that the majority of the public applaud "dirty," or in any way go to the cinema to enjoy cheap sensation. It is perfectly true that to-day films are allowed more latitude and freedom, and this in my opinion is a good sign, showing that we have acquired the common sense to come out into the open, and treat with natural respect, that which in the Victorian era was clothed with unhealthily suggestive secrecy. For it is undoubtedly a fact that it is the interpretation of a situation or dialogue that renders it harmless or suggestive, it is the stress laid on the action, and not the action itself that can make it undesirable. Very few films are intentionally grimy, it is only cheapness of mind that renders them so, though it must be remembered that there is a difference between sensuality for its own sake, and sensuality when it is necessary, say in a historical characterisation like Henry VIII, or in few Susies. In the films I have directed, I have tried to make a balance to England and at times delicate sex problems to direct which form part of my story. I have never had one of these situations turned down by the censor. Surely it must be something in the handling of a story that calls forth protests against sex situations.

Screen freedom to-day is, in my opinion, being tackled intelligently and not exploited, and there have been many plays artistically and wholesomely presented, which a few years ago would have been considered untranslatable. As a matter of fact, the more latitude films are given, the less harm they are likely to do, and the "cleaner" will be the result. This may sound paradoxical, but it is a psychological truism, and as everyone has more or less dabbled a little in psychology to-day, they will understand what I mean. Actually for instance, the mode for nudism has had the opposite effect to what the accusing critics suppose, and has very effectively stamped out sensuality which existed in the "hush-hush" days. In fact nudism is both dull and respectable! I can guarantee that the present day Folies Bergere in Paris, with their almost nude song and dance chorus, do not create half the sensation (or box-office receipts) as the allure of the old Can-Can days, with their lavish display of frilled underclothes and slender black be-stocking legs. Half measures are far more indecent than whole measures!

To-day we have become more sincere both in our actions and in our conversation. We hide less, and therefore we suggest less, and the films are merely following the trend of modern psychology. Our ideas are far more logical too, and the younger generation have been brought up on more commonsense lines than their elders were. Consequently they are no more self-conscious about the facts of life, because wise parents no longer clothe them with unnatural mystery, or exalt them to an untrue proportion. The result is that they come to the cinema with open minds expecting to see real life, as they know it, on the screen, and I am certain that what they see is viewed from a perfectly normal standpoint. They no longer see sensuality where their elders saw it. While the old-fashioned seductive vamp scenes would simply provoke them to laughter, and what was considered a daring repartee of the nineties, would probably merely pass unobserved. Our audience is an intelligent crowd, far more intelligent and critical than of old, and it is up to the screen not to forget this.
This "nonchalant" brown velvet swagger ensemble with matching beret and worn with a blue hand-knit sweater blouse is from Joan Crawford's personal wardrobe. Joan will be seen next in "Sadie McKee," written by Vina Delmar, and hailed as another "Bad Girl."

Lew Ayres and Isabel Jewell share a magazine between scenes of "Let's Be Ritzes." Isabel, who has been making a name for herself as an actress in pictures like "Counsellor-at-Law," is Lee Tracy's fiancée.

Through Our LENS

The lens cameraman takes you behind the scenes on the "Countess of Monte Cristo" set at Universal City. Karl Freund, the director, was explaining a scene to Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly when he looked in.

Edmund Gwenn at home. The popular British player takes his fan mail (and what a mail; the camera couldn't get it all in) seriously.
Margaret Sullavan

The latest autographed studio portrait of the subject of this article.

HAVE just had the pleasure of hearing from Carl Laemmle, junior’s, own lips that he is going to build Margaret Sullavan into a star.

I’m not surprised. She shared the lead with me in her first talkie, Only Yesterday, and she tried to steal every scene from me. Not intentionally. Just naturally.

I should like to be able to say later on when she is a star, that I helped her in her first film—but the truth is that she needed so little help that I had to put all I knew into my scenes to avoid being overshadowed by her!

She is one of those fortunate people—a natural screen actress. She really needed very little guidance before she mastered those intricate points which make screen acting different from stage acting. I have just seen her first talkie test, and there is not a trace of nervousness to be seen in her acting.

Peggy Sullavan is twenty-two, very self-possessed, slender as a borzoi, and just as graceful. Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue-grey. And she is already well-known in America because of her stage work.

Hollywood,” she confessed to me, as we sat one day on the edge of the Only Yesterday set, watching a Benita Hume scene being shot, “is better than I thought it would be! I didn’t want to come out here, first of all—I was too keen on my stage acting. Three different movie companies made me offers, but I turned them all down.”

“What made you come, after all?” I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“What makes you do anything? What made me want to go on the stage? What makes a person fall in love? Sometimes, you simply can’t tell. I just happened to be in the right mood, I suppose, when Universal came along. I was playing the part of Paula in Dinner at Eight when this offer was made—and, well, I thought I’d give myself a birthday present by coming.

“I’m never too certain of what to-morrow will bring!” she added. “I’d received better financial offers than this one, but had turned them down. Then something made me say ‘yes’—and here I am!”

You soon discover, though, that Peggy Sullavan is more interested in success than cold hard cash.

I heard afterwards that one of these film offers was for well over £300 a week, but not all the arguments of a persuasive official could make her accept.

The official is reported to have gone home with a severe headache when he discovered that, a few days after rejecting his offer, Peggy went into stock at a figure of something like £1 a week!

We weren’t appearing in any scenes on that particular day, and it was then that I first got to know her at all well. She had arrived in the studio in a pair of old corduroy trousers and shirt. Which was lucky, for she sat down on the studio floor and gathered quite a lot of dust and dirt on her clothes.

Any fears that she was wearing her clothes in this fashion just for the sake of publicity were soon dispelled. She told me that she had always been partial to this rig-out, and, to prove that she was not merely cashing-in on the current vogue for masculine attire, she did her best not to be photographed while dressed this way, and she was careful not to let a single reporter see her!

What made you go on the stage?” I queried.

Peggy was about to reply when Director John Stahl glared warningly in our direction.

When that scene was in the box, she replied: “The usual thing, I suppose! Amateur theatricals while at school, and a wonderful opinion of my own abilities! I kept up these amateur shows after I left school, then told my father that I wanted to become an actress.

“He said ‘No.’ I said ‘Yes.’ He said ‘No’...
Introduces MARGARET SULLAVAN

again, so I ran way, and got on the stage. He fetched me home, but later on, I ran away again. I think he fetched me home seven times in three years before he gave his official permission, and after this I managed to make quite a hit in A Modern Virgin.

"I was in several shows after that, then along came Dinner at Eight, and this Hollywood offer. That's all. Some of us are born lucky, aren't we!"

She is something of an enigma, though. She is, in many ways, typical of the modern young girl—fresh, athletic, and full of confidence. I have seen her out on a horse, seated superbly, and I've seen her playing tennis and swimming, both of them well.

But when we invited her to a party, she shook her head.

"Sorry. Not for me!"

And so far, I don't believe she has been seen at a single party. Nor has she given one. Once "shooting" is over for the day, she just disappears into her Hollywood apartment.

She is living in the middle of the life she led in New York—a feat which most Broadway actresses attempt when they come to Hollywood, but few succeed in doing.

That's why you haven't heard much about Peggy Sullavan. To get all those publicity pars, a newcomer simply must be seen about. Most go out of their way to attract the attention of columnists, and they go to parties with the one thought in their heads of getting talked about. But Margaret Sullavan doesn't seem to care in the least.

"What do you do at home?" I asked her, casually, one day.

And she replied:

"Oh, just read, or write, or draw." (I've seen some of her drawings; they are excellent.) "And rehearse," she added. "I take my lines home every night, and read them out aloud to my dog. He's a great critic!"

"I used to do this when I was rehearsing a new

"She tried to steal every scene from me, not intentionally, just naturally."

The first kiss, which means so much, to the girl portrayed by Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday." The man, of course, is the author of this article.

—she spends a lot of her time exploring the surrounding district. She came on to the set one day bubbling over with enthusiasm for Gay's Lion Farm, which she had just seen for the first time. Another time, I met her just after she paid a visit to the beach, where she had been out with some fishermen.

Following Only Yesterday, she was cast for Little Man, What Now? I don't dabble in astrology, or foretell the future in any other way—but I do advise you to keep your eye on this young newcomer to Hollywood. But there's no need for me to give you this advice. Margaret Sullavan will make you pay attention to her, if I'm any judge!

NEXT WEEK

C. A. Lejeune, the eminent critic, contributes a revealing interview with Paul Muni which presents both the man and the actor.
EDMUND
LOWE

The sympathy of fans will go out to Edmund Lowe, whose marriage with the late Lilyan Tashman was one of Hollywood's perfect partnerships. His wife's flair for film colony politics did a great deal to advance his career. On the screen Eddie recently rejoined forces with Victor McLaglen and the result, "No More Women," has been showing in the West End in the last few weeks.
An Open Letter to
GEORGE RAFT

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS addresses a few remarks to the star who is in danger of becoming known as Hollywood's walk-out king.

Dear George Raft:

NE of these days when I am feeling in a particularly whimsical mood after a good dinner and one of Janet Gaynor's more Cinderellia displays, I shall sit me down and write the year's best Fairy Tale—about a post-talkie masculine movie discovery—who having been taken from comparative obscurity and poverty and elevated to world fame, wealth and a million-dollar mansion with a marble swimming pool, did not immediately go on strike for more money, an eighth of an inch higher billing type, bigger and better parts or because he didn't like the supervisor's taste in ties.

Well, that's my Fairy Story and I stick to it. If it does not make Walt Disney envious at least everybody will know that it is a Fairy Story.

However, to return to earth from these wistful wanderings, if you are trying to lower the California, open-to-all-comers "walk out" record you are doing very nicely in spite of the handicaps of those built-up heels, the recent disclosure of which has got me into so much trouble with the label.

Indeed, already you can give the Jimmy Cagney, the Clark Gables, the Jean Harlows, the Continental temperament queens and other less proficient performers an old revolution or a suspension, an autographed copy of the Internationale, and a bout of fistfights and still have the length of Hollywood Boulevard in hand.

Now please don't get me wrong. Restrained the old itch in that trigger finger for a moment.

This may be, and I am quite prepared to believe that there are quite a number of excellent reasons behind the fact that George Raft has become the leading contender for the world's heavyweight walk-out championship.

We are obviously not in a position adequately to discuss the rights and wrongs of your various differences of opinion with sundry important and not so important Hollywood personalities.

But I do know that in the last year or so, your name has constantly been in the headlines in association with revolts, assault and battery and similar enterprises of martial kind, both in and out of the studios.

There was, for instance, the great Raft Rebellion over The Story of Temple Drake, when you took one look at the script, put on your walking shoes and bluntly told the front office that you were not going to play an unsympathetic part which you considered would harm you in the eyes of your public.

The studio, presumably to your surprise, promptly suspended you from the pay-roll and put you in a La Rue, whom you yourself had previously superseded in Scarface, in the part.

About the same time, you came to the conclusion that you couldn't clothe and feed the elegant Raft body in the balmy climate of southern California on the two thousand or so dollars a week that Paramount was paying you when you weren't "walking out."

In view of recent events it is interesting to recall, incidentally, that it was whispered in film circles at the time that Mae West played a prominent part in the peace negotiations.

I next read of an "incident" at the Hollywood stadium in which you were alleged to have "beaten-up" a journalist who had written something that did not please the august "new Valentino."

The well-known Raft right hook again came into the news a little later as a result of a report from the Bolero set that you had with marked effectiveness settled a little matter of artistic principle arising out of the script by taking a near look at the whiskers of Mr. Barney Glazer, a prominent Para- sound executive, who I should imagine is, from the point of view of age and training in pugilism, nowhere near your fighting weight.

Without in any way passing a verdict of guilty on you in regard to these two affairs, the prominence given to them makes it necessary to suggest that if you want to go about punching people with whom you beg to differ on the jaw, the proper place for it is the prize ring, which, I understand, you once graced with your presence. At the moment you are making a bid for our two and fourpences as an actor and in any case the quality of your supposed opponents so far does not impress us sufficiently to regard your potentialities as a White Hope with interest.

And now at the time of writing, George Raft is on "holiday" after another performance of the celebrated "walk-out" act, this time from Mae West's It's No Sin.

Again, please do not misunderstand me. My views on these stellar rebellions are well known to readers of this paper, but I have followed your stormy trail through Hollywood with a great deal of sympathy.

It only took the unveiling of a few reels of the completed picture to establish incontestably the soundness of your judgment in refusing to take the role of "Trigger" in the Temple Drake talkie, one of the most gratuitously unpleasant films ever put on the screen.

It certainly did not do Jack La Rue, who has since been typed in similarly sinister roles much good.

And judging solely, of course, by the place of the hero in the scheme of things in the two previous vehicles by, with and for the glory of Mae West, one can at least appreciate the possibility that in the case of your latest revolt, "it's no sin."

Any young actor of your standing might be pardoned for thinking twice about playing in support of a star who is not only the reigning queen of the lot, but writes her own stories.

Nevertheless all these things are getting you a reputation for artistic temperament and you should know as well as I do that a reputation for "A.T." is by no means the best qualification for a career in the studios.

Those "walk-out" powders are dangerous medicine for any up and coming young star. It should not be necessary for me to remind you that Ann Dvorak, who, at your side, climbed to fame in Scarface, took a big one—and her career is still convalescing.

More than one actor and actress has walked out of a studio lot before now—and right out of pictures. The big bosses got tired of the act.

Because I like you so much and because I believe the screen needs you, I should hate to ring you up in your dressing room on the trans- atlantic telephone one day and be told that "Georgie doesn't live here any more."

Oh, yes, and there is just one little word more of advice. We are all looking forward to welcoming you on your forthcoming "stage" tour in England. But please try to restrain yourself from telling the local Press boys about "me and my buddy the Prince of Wales."

It simply isn't done—which is slang for lay off the Royalty stuff or else.

The British public, which is funny that way, hasn't quite forgotten that "buddy" interview credited to you in the Hollywood Press some time ago.

For myself, I hope to be able to take a chance on that doubtless libellous legend that criticism of George Raft qualifies indiscernent journalists for a handful of clouds and (I trust the phrase does not jar any tender spot) come up and see you some time.

April 14, 1934
VERSE writing, it was once thought, flourished best in garrets, on crusts of bread, with loneliness and misery as companions.

But Hollywood versifiers are rapidly altering that impression. The poems of Hollywood film people are written with one hand, while the other is left free to receive ample pay checks to keep them well fed and poetically inclined.

Mae Clarke doesn’t write her verses down on paper. She composes them extemporaneously, and never forgets them. “Just a Bust,” one of her verses, has already been published. Here are two of her recent ones:

ONE OF MY OPINIONS
Will-power makes some people strong
And there are those who suppress a sneeze;
Say “No;” mean “Yes;” and you’ll live long—
But die weak in the knees.

PATCHWORK
I’ve given to this one, and that one, and that
A part of my heart, but turned them down flat
The wholesomeness, because I thought I could save
Enough of it to as to laugh at the knife
Who’d think himself able to do all
The bidding
Of how it should act, and then I’d go
Shidding
Right out of his arms, perhaps to another;
The ache of those tidbits were easy to
Suppress.

But here is a boy o’ whom I would gladly
Present my whole heart, but kindly note sadly,
A new heart can grow where a full one was taken
But the patchwork’s so widespread that hope’s near
Forsaken.

Roland Young’s book of his verse and caricatures. “Not For Children,” is well known. The following are taken from it—

THE COQUETTISH WHALES
The he-male whale wooos the she-male whale
By leaping from the sea,
Says the she-male whale to the he-male whale
“I bet you can’t catch me!”
Says the he-male whale to the she-male whale,
While surging through the water.
“Oh, doctor, tell me, will it be—
“A little son or daughter.”

Another of Young’s verse is entitled “The Goat,” and goes like this:

The Billy goat’s a handsome gent,
But has a waist far-reaching scent,
The Nanny goat is quite a belle,
Let’s hope she has no sense of smell.

David Manners’s father was a book publisher in New York for years, and David worked in book stores during school vacations, so it is not surprising to hear that he does a little writing now and then himself. Here is a poem of his, untitled—

The perfume in my garden is sweet; the shadows reach out;
And the hills are rich with colour,
The image of your face is in the clear pool,
Star framed, and I am weary of waiting.

Suddenly the night fog is upon me:
I pace the wet grass, counting seconds.
If you come now, I cannot run to you nor cry out;
The fever is snatched by silence and broken.
Oh, dearest, I have waited too long for you.
And the peace in my garden is holy;
Come not now where the scent of jasmine is a sharp sword.

Where the dawn wind moans in the cyprus and
Tears fall.
But if you should come, leave softly,
Dearest. Say no word!
Love is sleeping in my garden.

James and Lucile Gleason don’t use their typewriters solely for tapping out plays and scenarios. Now and then they try verse. Here are two.

The verse of Roland Young (in circle) is famous. Helen: “James and Lucile Gleason both try their hands at poetry.
There is a wealth of talent among the film stars. Most of them are gifted in other branches of art. Here our contributor introduces you to the Tennysons of the talkie studios and their works.

Lilian Bond started writing when she was a schoolgirl in London.

I want of life those things that last,
And hope and long with prayers and tears
For things to bless the coming years.
A string of jade—a gown of blue—
A motor-car—a lover true
And pearls and furs and hats and frocks
And yachts tied up at private docks.

James Gleason called his latest poem "My Kingdom," and put it all in seven lines:

There are men and men
And women and women
And girls and boys, of course:
And dogs and cats,
And mice and rats,
But, BOY!
Give me a HORSE!!

Lilian Bond has been writing down her thoughts in verse since she was a schoolgirl in London. The following was written in a pink and blue-paged note-book, and has been preserved by her mother, since Lilian usually tears up the pages as soon as they are written.

MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN
For me there is a Might-have-been,
For me there is a Space unseen,
“Look at your fingers”

and think of your throat

Tobacco tar! The cause of the stain and the cause of the cough. Discolouration and irritation both result from this semi-solid substance. And it forms whenever tobacco leaf is burned ... The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar — traps the cause of the dryness, hoarseness and catarrh — reveals the flavour of rare Virginia unblemished and complete. A smoke that is smoother for being purer. Cooler and better for being clean. You taste a pleasure unimpaired. Enjoyment kept entire!

du MAURIER
CIGARETTES with the exclusive filter tip
A new picture of Bette Davis, who, in spite of a bad feverish cold is carrying on with her work on her new film "Of Human Bondage"

when lightning struck the car and set it afire.

A few nights previous, while Denny was visiting his ranch, the wind blew the cellar door shut, imprisoning him until the following morning.

A Matrimonial Precaution

Dr. Pat Patterson, the young English actress, who recently married Charles Boyer, the French star, does not intend to endure marital unhappiness.

So Pat refused to occupy a certain dressing-room on the Fox lot, formerly used by Marian Nixon, Boots Mallory, Sally Eilers, and Miriam Jordan, who separated from their mates while tenants of the bungalow.

A Faithful Pet

Roooney, a mongrel dog who was Douglas Fairbanks' pet for ten years, is dead.

The animal was buried on the grounds of Pickfair, close to the grave of Mary's wire-haired terrier, Zorro.

Doug, as we know, is in England, while Mary is making a personal appearance tour of eastern American cities.

Hollywood Says That—

—Ann Harding is a licensed pilot.

—Adolphe Menjou, considered the best-dressed man on the screen, receives many letters asking for old clothes.

—Ann Southern, whose real name is Harriet Lake, has a famous ancestor, Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine.

—Dolores Del Rio is taking singing lessons.
AND NOW—ANNA STEN

It is so naive that it fails to register conviction or hold the interest to any extent. It appears to be intended as a sort of "Gaynor-Farrell" type of romance. An ex-officer in the Air Force and his mechanic open a garage where they believe a by-pass is going to be opened up. The officer falls in love, at first glance, with a wealthy girl, who tries to help him monetarily by introducing him to a Mr. Miller with whom she is staying. He offers to finance him on condition he leaves the girl severely alone; this, by the way, at his wife's injunction. What could a hero do but refuse such aid?

Misunderstandings follow until the officer receives a legacy in the shape of a vase from an old flower woman he has befriended and which turns out to be worth £4,000. Most magnanimously he sells it to Mr. Miller for £4,000. The misunderstanding between himself and the girl are satisfactorily cleared up and the long expected by-pass is begun.

The love interest is very slight and the lovers fall in love quicker than any pair I have ever seen on the screen—so quickly does their romance progress that it is impossible to believe it at all.

The sentimental passages between the ex-officer and the old woman he has aided are artificial and the legacy of the vase provides a most mechanical and obvious solution to the difficulties.

Direction is straightforward but does not seem to allow the artistes to show to any great advantage.

Tamara Desni, as the heroine is attractive but her dialogue is at times rather difficult to catch, while as the hero, Maurice Evans is adequate.

Mark Daly is fairly amusing as the Scottish mechanic and Kay Hammond gives one of her usual characterisations as a maid who is innocently the cause of a misunderstanding between the lovers.

The best acting, indeed the only really worth while performance so far as characterisation is concerned, is given by Eliot Makeham as the kindly Mr. Miller.

As the old flower woman, Nellie Bowman suggests she could be very good given better material.—L.C.

Love at Second Sight

Our readers are now well acquainted with our views on the importation of foreign artists into our studios. Let us repeat again that we welcome any artiste, producer, director, or technical man who can be of assistance to the British Industry.

On the other hand we think it only fair to say that when artistes are imported from abroad they should be given parts worthy of their talents.

Which brings us to Marian Marsh and her new starring vehicle, Love at Second Sight. Miss Marsh has proved that she has ability, but this film fails to reveal why any competent British artiste could not have played the part.

The story tells of the

Claude Hulbert is so bashful with Anthony Bushell and Marian Marsh in "Love at Second Sight!"

Cyril Gardner and Valerie Taylor, the stage star in a scene from "Designing Women," which will be reviewed next week.

Pre-Views of the Latest Films

Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You

AFTER two years "grooming" in Hollywood, Anna Sten, who made a sensational appearance with Emil Jannings in that great German gangster film The Tempted, is presented to us by Sam Goldwyn in Lady of the Boulevards.

The effect of the "grooming" has been to give us a stereotyped Hollywood product which I must confess is a bitter disappointment. Fräulein Sten appears to have lost her naturalness and her acting has a touch of the mechanical and artificial about it as though she had been over directed by Dorothy Arzner.

As she is to-day, she has a family resemblance to Constance Bennett with a touch of Marlene Dietrich—they have even made her put over a song of a similar nature to the one the latter actress performed so significantly in The Blue Angel.

No one will deny that she has good looks in plenty and that her inherent ability is still there, but it definitely has not been brought to function in this film—more than one developed picture which is based on Emile Zola's—at the time—daring novel, Nana.

A brief outline of the plot will give you an idea of the sort of material with which Anna Sten has to cope; and I may add that the dialogue which is unusually trite does little to help her.

Nana, broughamy, determines on her mother's death to become prosperous whatever the methods she uses. So she goes to Paris where as a demi-mondaine she catches the eye of Gaston Greiner, a theatrical impresario. He makes a star of her—they must have been easily pleased in the Paris of the Sixties—and incidentally, although an old man falls in love with her.

She vamps a Grand Duke and then falls in love with the new hero, played by David Manners. He is a novelist, but not one of the great ones,.pipeline Gigli. They are in love, but the Duke is jealous.

Nana, heartbroken, sinks near the poverty line, hopeless because her letters have not been answered.

The reason for this is the good old timeworn one that her friends have been tearing her up and not delivering George's.

While she is in this state of despair, Colonel Mussot, who has apparently been suffering from sexual repression for years, makes her his mistress and reinstates her in another theatre.

Nana is reconciled and takes to drinking heavily. Then the Franco-Prussian War breaks out. George returns to find his own brother is keeping the woman he has loved. All difficulties are solved, however, by Nana conveniently committing suicide.

The trouble with the picture is that it leaves one cold. The sympathies are not fully aroused and the characters strike a distinctly artificial note.

On the other hand it is well set and obviously there is a great deal of interest in watching how the Russian actress shapes in her first American film.

As I have said, Anna Sten does not strike a very responsive note and is definitely mannered. As George Muffat, Philip Holmes is adequate but rather inclined to stilted heroics, while Lionel Atwill overdoes the dourness of the character of his brother the Colonel.

Richard Bennett gives a very good little character sketch as Greiner.

Mac Clark and Muriel Kirkland are too American to fit either into the atmosphere of the story or the locale, but they do provide a little welcome light relief which is badly needed in this picture.— L.C.

By-Pass To Happiness

There is an air of amateurishness about this British production which has a very ingenuous plot developed in an irritatingly slow and disjointed manner.

By-Pass to Happiness

April 14, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
April 14, 1934

daughter of a match king who falls in love with a man in an adjoining train. In order to meet her again, his friend writes a song entitled "Love at First Sight," and broadcasts it.

They meet but she now falls in love with the friend who wrote and sang the song.

Complications ensue and everything ends as everybody knew it would end.

Marlon March is adequate and she is assisted by Anthony Bushell, Ralph Ince, Joan Gardner, Claude Helbert, Stanley Holloway (an all too brief appearance), Neil Kenyon and Vivian Reynolds.

A good cast, but the story is twenty years out of date.—M. B. Y.

The Night Club Queen

"Aunt Aggie's" is a notorious night club. It is run by Mrs. Brown and a man named Hale. Mrs. Brown needs the money to send her son Peter to Oxford and her husband—ex-barrister crippled in a railway smash—cannot earn sufficient by his writing.

Like most night clubs of a certain period "Aggie's" thrives because licensing laws are disregarded. A raid is imminent and Hale tries to double-cross Mrs. Brown. There is a row, Hale threatens with a revolver, a scuffle, and Hale drops dead.

Mrs. Brown is tried for murder. Actually this is how the story opens. Her ex-barrister husband is wheeled to the court in a chair to defend his wife. To prove her innocence he tells the story of their married life. This is seen in a flash back.

Although no definite verdict is given there is no doubt how it will end.

It is quite a workmanlike story competently acted. Mary Clare plays Mrs. Brown and Lewis Casson is good as the husband. Pleasant contributions come from Lewis Shaw as the son Peter and Jane Carr as the cabaret girl he loves. She has some good numbers and renders them well.

An excellent character study is provided by George Cawney as Hale. Merle Tottenham (the maid in Cavalcade) is once more a comic maid. Must screen maids always be funny?—M. B. Y.

Palooka

It is always interesting to watch the progress of the independent producers. Mr. Edward Small, of Reliance Pictures, which has in the last year or so been advancing steadily in the direction of the big league, here turns in what is probably his most ambitious offering to date.

And while it lacks something of the final polish imparted in the more important offerings of the major studios, it may be said that he has done quite a workmanlike job of entertainment. Palooka, moreover, possesses the distinction of being a boxing story that at least deviates a little from the well-beaten path of Hollywood ring epics. Its hero, Joe Palooka, so far from performing any impossibly prodigious pugilistic feats, appears to be "punch drunk" from birth and a very inferior performer with the gloves.

The story opens in an earlier generation when Joe's father, Pete Palooka, is champion of the world and his mother a Broadway actress. Success goes to Pete's head, his wife leaves him and Joe is brought up on a farm. It is here that Knobby Walsh, a boxing manager, discovers him and takes him to New York.

Joe, a simple country bumpkin, is knocked out in his first fight as a result of his opponent having "killed something to him about his wife and kids." However, he is soon sent into a fight for the world's championship as a "set up," and owing to the fact that the titleholder, Al McSwatt, enters the ring blind drunk Joe surprises everybody but himself by knocking out his opponent.

Thereafter Palooka develops the swollen head that appears to afflict all successful boxers on the screen. Fighters paid by his managers to tie down give him an impressive string of victories, he trains in night clubs and on manicures, while the girl back home on the farm is forgotten and he becomes the devoted slave of Nina, a worthless cabaret dancer.

It is all good if not always clean fun, boisterously put over and with a welter of wisecracks and gags.

What faults it possesses may be due to the fact that the hero is based on a well-known comic strip cartoon. Thus, with Jimmy Durante playing the manager, we have two principal characterizations that are caricatures rather than convincing studies, and there is little room left for subtlety.

Palooka, I understand, is American slang for a dud and though Stuart Erwin gives an excellent conception of the character as created in the script the film might have been a great deal more interesting if they had made him a little more human.

Durante has more opportunities than any of his previous pictures and if you like the Schonzie's act you will find the film eminently amusing. So will you.

Lupe Velez, daringly gowned, gives her usual devastating performance as the cabaret girl whose affections change hands with the middleweight championship, and it would be difficult to find fault with a supporting cast that includes Marjorie Rambeau, Robert Armstrong, Thelma Todd and Tom Dugan, one of my favourite bit players.

Palooka also serves to introduce an expectant public, Bill Cagney, who in appearance, at any rate, is a chip off the old block, or, if you prefer it according to one of the film's best wisecracks, a slice off the old ham.

While he gives a fairly competent portrayal of McSwatt he is, as far as I am concerned, not likely to put brother Jim out of business.

The boxing detail is in the main quite good, although no satisfactory explanation is supplied to account for Palooka being given a world championship fight after only one professional bout in which he gave an inglorious showing—M. D. P.

The Crucifix

In this very unpretentious little picture, G. B. Samuelson has given us a most human and touching character study dealing with the relations between a dictatorial mistress and a faithful maid.

It is a cameo taken from life staged in the simplest manner but brilliantly acted.

The mistress who dominates her servant, body and soul but, who, before she dies, makes some sort of restitution by leaving her property, is played by Nancy Carroll. She is an artiste whose abilities, if they had been fully exploited on the screen should have a reputation as big if not bigger than Marie Trelawny.

The maid is acted by that sterling stage and screen artiste Sydney Fairbrother, who makes of it one of the most pathetic and moving characterizations I have seen; she is another English artiste whose capabilities have been almost entirely neglected by British producers. True she has had small character parts, but she has never been headlined in the manner that her artistry demands that she should be.

The pathos of this picture lies in the fact that for the forty-seven years the maid has slaved for the mistress she had never asserted herself and that is just what the old autocrat had wanted her to do.

At the very last, taunted beyond endurance, the maid speaks her mind and this so pleases her mistress that she promptly makes a will in her favour.

This is by no means a "super" production but it has more humanity and fine acting than many a one so labelled.—L. G.
Inez (Dolores del Rio) has stabbed Harry (Ricardo Cortez) through jealousy. Al Wonder (Jolson) discovers it is a fatal wound.

A shot of the Wonder Bar during a cabaret act—a dance by Inez (Dolores del Rio) and Harry (Ricardo Cortez). The director, Lloyd Bacon, has contrived some extraordinary spectacular effects.

The comedy element is provided by (left to right) Guy Kibbee, Fifi D'Orsay, Merna Kennedy, and Hugh Herbert.
Inez and Harry in their Mexican dance. A good deal of reality is introduced into this number—more than the audience suspects.

An informal picture of some of the principals. (Left to right) Dick Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Dolores del Rio, Al Jolson and Robert Barrat.
THE STORY OF THE FILM by MARGORY WILLIAMS

Mr. Ryan, I'll be drawing thousands to the 'Garden' before I'm through."

Full of bombast, youth, and push. So Ryan had summed him up. Summed up, too, that Belle wasn't missing any of the glances Steve Morgan flashed at her above their Martinis.

"Guess I'm tired," Belle had said languidly, as though sensing Ryan's displeasure. "I had a bust-up getting here—did you know, Willie? Car overturned and Steve had to help me out. My hair's clogged with dust. I'm going right home now to have a shampoo."

Shortly after her exit, Steve Morgan had left. At this point in his reminiscence Ryan pulled himself up in the office chair, cursing himself for not having realized that then the two would be sure to get together. A knock on the door caused his abrupt "Come in."

Ryan's visitor was smartly dressed and wore a carnation in his buttonhole. The cut of his pin-striped trousers and black coat, however, suggested the dudge of a bygone day and accorded indifferently with his lined face and seedy moustache.

"Where's that fighter of yours, Professor Bennett?" Ryan demanded.

"Meaning Steve Morgan. That's what I've come to see about. Morgan's a coming fighter. I picked him out of a Forty-seventh Street speakeasy. He was polishing glasses. Last night he knocked out Ted Duveen easy as pi."

I think so much of him, you should know where he is."

"Look here, Ryan, I suggest you speak to Belle about him. It's always the same with me nowadays. No sooner do I get up and-coming youngsters than some woman starts turning him to putty before—"

"Steve Morgan'll turn into Hamburger if I get hold of him."

"You can't blame the boy alto-gether. How about your keeping Belle in her place?"

"I'll attend to that when the lady gets here," Ryan promised. "Oh—hullo, Belle!"

He mastered the lump in the throat, arising from the swift glad conviction that she was alive and apparently well; present, too, in grey wool traveling costume and soft fur collar.

"Where's Steve Morgan?" demanded Professor Bennett.

She smiled entrancingly, deliberately ignoring Ryan.

"Over in your office. Professor, waiting to see you."

"Get out before he loses himself again," sulkily advised Ryan. The Professor withdrew, nodding to Hogan and the Adopted Son, who laked talentfully from the office.

Left alone with Belle, Ryan could think of nothing to say. Perched on the writing table, she interrupted his musings by the Persian rugs with, "Is it hard for you to begin, Willie? Perhaps you'd like me to." He detested her matter with you last night? Were you drunk? All that rubbish about going to have a shampoo. What racket did you go on? Answer!"

"No racket. Something marvellously beautiful happened Willie."

Whenever had he heard her use that tone of voice?

"Beautiful! What? With a guy like Steve!" Metaphorically he was kicking the bounder, black curls and all, round Times Square.

"I knew you wouldn't understand, Willie. It's the only thing that hurts."

"Understand! My girl running away from me. Going off like a tramp. What do you expect me to do? Take you back?"

"No."

He stood at the writing table, his hands gripping the white throat, the tiger in him ready to spring. The touch of her fur, the perfume on her lips, drove him crazy."

"I'll have you both dropped out of sight," he muttered.

"What good would that do?"

"I'll give Steve Morgan a kerosene bath and light it myself."

"You won't."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I—I married him this morning."

"Whatever for?"

"I love him."

She opened her smart handbag. Jewels and a housekey ranged on to the desk. He snatched the sapphire and diamond bracelet, an uncut emerald set as a solitaire, the pearl and earrings kept aside for her from a wholesaler on the East side—fine India pearls, too.

"What was that, then, I think, Willie. Don't forget the key."

He pushed the heap aside and poured two drinks from the tinctur. 
"Not for me, thanks."
"You can keep them," he said, "I don’t have no use for the gleaming pile."
She raised her head and he was obliged to see the green clearness of her eyes.
"No, Willie. Let’s start fair. I know there are some clothes—those would come in handy."
"As you like."
He avoided looking at her while he said "Good-bye." The door closed and opened. The Adopted Son stood on the threshold wearing a trilby. The bulge where his gun was concealed was obvious to the acute witness.
"Hey, where are you going?" Ryan demanded. With lowered voice he went on: "I’m not mad, and you can leave Miss Mercer’s business till I am."
"Mrs. Morgan, boss," observed the Adopted Son, removing his hat.
"No, Morgan," echoed Ryan, and stared at the jewels on the desk thoughtfully. "If the blighter Steve ever gives her an unhappy moment, Son, you can spill his guts over any alley you pick out.

An intensive study of the sporting columns of the daily and weekly press occupied much of Ryan’s time during the ensuing months.

Philip and Hogan, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, represented to the night-club proprietor not towns, but points from which young Morgan rose to the further heights of ringside success.

"Steve Morgan’s back in New York," announced at the Broadway Theatre in a variety boxing turn, the Adopted Son, coming into Ryan’s office. "I just passed the pit entrance. What a queue of women! I guess he’s the rage."

"Book me a stall for this afternoon’s début; will you?"

With the idea of confirming rumours about Steve not deductible from the newspapers, Will Ryan took his seat in the second row.

The boxer’s turn came first. It was, as Ryan had expected, a show to attract women. A female chorus in shorts and sports’ ties performed evolutions at rope ends in mid-air in a fancy circus. At a certain figure, Steve Morgan, in immaculate white flannels, smiled irresistibly, the overhead lights shining on his crinkled hair.

Now a song from him while he delivered quick punches to the footlights; the chorus knees bent preparing for a straight right. Smile, Steve, and take your bow in the best musical manner. Now the scene was a cottage window with widely open shutters, displaying Steve in the room beyond, the chorus clustered about him; touching his shirt front, a very charming blonde.

Ryan invisible in the stalls, watching every movement on the stage, felt a surge of contempt for Steve mingled with a throb of excitement. This play-acting with punches, smiling at girls as though he liked it; sure signs of impending ruin to a boxing career.

Ryan was nearing the stage door after the performance, his thoughts’ cysticals trend further developed at the sight of women jostling round the entrance, when a cab drew up. A woman got out and spoke to the driver—Belle, chie and willowy as ever.

She pushed through the crowd, Ryan glimpsing the tinge of her unmistakably pretty feet, feet that he loved to hold and rub gently when she complained of aching arches.

The crowd closed in and he knew she had got past the stage doorkeeper. He waited so long that the feminine worshippers, disappointed at not seeing their idol, went away. Belle came out, the flush high on her cheeks, her eyes ultra bright, and re-entered the cab. Presently a peroxided blonde appeared at the entrance steps. She, too, went away.

Will Ryan, speaking to no one, went home.

He was checking accounts next morning when the Adopted Son announced Mrs. Mercer Morgan.

"Belle, by all that’s wonderful! Sit down."

He drew a chair facing the light, studying her as she sat crossing her slim ankles.

"When I said ‘Good-bye,’ Will, I promised always to think swell things about you. Could you do something swell for me now? Have you a job round here?"

He didn’t answer, allowing himself to fall back on his chin.

"How are things at home? Pretty tough?"

"Remember the shampoo I told you I was going home to get—and didn’t. Well, I had it last night."

"Tell me.

"I’ll be frank. You know Steve’s playing at the Broadway. I called for him yesterday after the matinée. He was pretty drunk. He nearly always is after he’s come off the stage. Daren’t take anything before, Reaction, I suppose. He asked me to get him some aspirin. Then I found out with whom he had been drinking—Lola Martin, one of the chorus.

"Peroxided?"

"How did you know? Steve’s been carrying on for some time, and she isn’t the first."

"I know. I’ve been hearing things. I knew you didn’t have a chance. Guys like that get on top of a mountain and they can’t breathe the air. They choke and get dizzy. Boys!"

Ryan pressed the buzzer. The face of the Adopted Son appeared in the glass.

"Hogan there?"

"Yes, boss."

"Take him and bring in Steve Morgan. Never mind where he is. Bring him along. Use the gloves yourself if necessary."

Steve, summoned from an hour’s training, with Bugis, his faithful second, while Professor Bennett looked on, came without difficulty.

Cocksure and carefree, he repeated the efforts of the Adopted Son and the Tribhovan Hogan to push him into Ryan’s office as if he were a sack of coal.

"Give me time," he implored, "or I may find it necessary to send you both to sleep. Can’t you look after your henchmen, Ryan? Why, Belle—nice family party, isn’t it?"

Ryan at the desk jerked an automatic out of the drawer.

"Listen, you filthy little rat! When Belle married you, I promised myself a treat if you ever caused her a minute’s unhappiness. Guess I’m going to enjoy myself. You’re one of the folk the world can do without.

"Will, put it away! You can’t do that."

"He’s got no use for you, Belle. I’ve got no use for him. Nor have you."

"You’re right, honey," Steve parried.

"What did you tell me last night? I was a sly, flippant little boy; not worth the bother of sweeping up."

He had struck the right note.

(Continued on page 24.)
MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: "During the long days and late nights rehearsing, I found Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish."

"It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.
April 14, 1934

PICTUREGOER. Weekly

[Image of a train at a coastal location]

Westward!

TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

WHO WILL TRAVEL BY RAIL WITH PENNY-A-MILE "SUMMER" TICKETS

Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact you are to be congratulated if you have to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion, think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country—mountainous Wales—Somersetshire—Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice!

"Holiday Haunts" price 6d. will describe their attractions in detail, whilst giving you a selection of 8,000 addresses. Moreover, Holiday Season Tickets will be available in most districts to give you unlimited travel over a wide area for a modest 10s. a week. Any information will be gladly given at Great Western Offices and Agencies, or, if you prefer, write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, and your requests will be attended to immediately.
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER'S quick reference index to films just released

***EVERYWOMAN'S MAN***

THE FORTUNATE FOOL

*POLICE CAR 17*

**FOOTLIGHT PARADE**

*KING FOR A NIGHT*

**SMOKY**

**THE FUGITIVE**

**FOOTBALL COACH**

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good. ** Good. * Average entertainment. e Also suitable for children.

Russell Hopton ............... Barker
Gertrude Michael ............. Alice Hatton
Kent Taylor .................. Kirk
Dorothy Peterson ............. Thomas
Gregory Ratoff ............... Bessie Pinkert
Gertrude Howard ............. Benita
William Davidson ............. The Chump
Nick de Brulier ............. Rajah
Irvine Pichel ................. Bob, the Attorney
George Beggs ................. Dennis
Nat Pendleton ............... Harry
Moriah Corden ............... Professor
Walter Walker ................ Director

Directed by Wesley Ruggles from the original story by Max West from an idea by Lowell Brentano, screen play by Harold Thompson.

Mac West, exuding sex of the type which reminds one of the full-boomed barmaids of the 'nineties, holds the centre of the stage right through this wise-cracking drama, and since one can have too much of a good thing, I found the picture much less entertaining than her previous film, *She Done Him Wrong*, where she was supported by excellent characterisation by other members of the cast.

Mac West is definitely amusing, but not in such large doses as we get here. Cary Grant is fair as the lover who sees the gold beneath the dress of his charmer's exterior, while Gregory Ratoff shines in the small role of a Jewish lawyer.

Settings are good, and circus atmosphere realistic.

**FOOTLIGHT PARADE**


JAMES CAGNEY .......... Chester Kent
JOAN BLOODSBY ............. Nan
RUBY KEELER ............... Bea
DICK POWELL ............... Guy
GUY KIRBY ................. Wolf
ALBERT MCQUEE .......... Mr. Good
CLAIRE DODG ............... Vivian
HUGH HERON ............... Donna
FRANK MCHUG ............... Francis
A. McRae ................. Fred
GORDON WESTCOTT .......... Thompson
DOUGLAS CRUZ .......... Spanish
PHILIP FAYBRASS .......... Joe Grant
WILLIAM HUNTER .......... Miss Smythe
HERMAN BONG .............. Fredric
PAUL FORCAST ............. Appolanius
WILLIAM LANGE .......... Doorman
CHARLES WILSON ............ The Cop

Directed by Busby Berkeley.

Conventional back-stage story, none too convincing and hardly strong enough to bear the weight of the spectacular ensembles which are the main point of attraction.

The opening becomes tedious with a lot of reduplication of dance rehearsals, but in the latter part the spectacular sequences are well worth looking at.

James Cagney does well as a high-pressure musical comedy producer who gives stage shows at a moment's notice which would actually have taken months of preparation.

He is inclined, however, to be a little unintelligible at times—at any rate to English ears.

Join Blondell is well cast as Nan, his effective and equally hard-boiled secretary who gets him out of his troubles with his wife, a gold-digger, and a gentleman who steals his ideas and helps him to fame and fortune.

Some really good comedy is supplied by Frank McHugh. Guy (Continued on page 28)
April 14, 1934

DO

HIS

say

Lux

IEI

so.ip

is

a

really

satisfactory

skin

soap."

JOAN

GARDNER

MOLLY

AMIN'I

DIANA

NAPIER

finds

il

keeps

her

skin

"so

vel-

uses

Lux

Toilet

Soap

"becjusc

ic

says

"Lux

Toilet

Soap

keeps

in>

sety

smooth,

clear—

lovely."

I

is

such

a

splendid

beauty

care."

skin

iusi

as

I

like

it."

Ml

tk(>

kbit

846

BRITISH

AND

HOLLYWOOD

STARS USE

LUX TOILET

SOAP!

Night and day, for years, Elstree and
Hollywood have been proving to
millions of women that Lux Toilet Soap
keeps skin flawlessly clear, smooth and
youthfully attractive. Actually 846 of the
leading 857 stars use this one soap.
Miriam Hopkins says: "I find that the
regular use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps my
skin in perfect condition...always smooth,
clear, and youthful." That is her reason...
and the reason of the other stars...for
declaring it the one official beauty soap in
all great studios!

Make Lux Toilet Soap your official beauty
soap. Have the skin loveliness that wins and
holds hearts! Smooth, youthful skin is just
as necessary to you as to the most famous
stars... Use Lux Toilet Soap—regularly.

Lux Toilet Soap costs no more than ordinary
soap—yet does so much! Even in the hardest
water it gives a quick, rich lather which thoroughly cleanses the
pores of the skin. A pure-white tablet—daintily wrapped—a
delicate perfume. Buy Lux Toilet Soap from your grocer or
dealer. It is splendid for the bath and shampoo as well.

MIRIAM HOPKINS (Paramount) says: "Lux
Toilet Soap is our official beauty soap. It keeps skin
always softly smooth, and youthfully fresh."

Lux toilet soap • 3"а tablet
This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

TL 546-195
**ON THE SCREENS NOW — Continued**

Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Dorothy Tennant, while the love interest, such as it is, is in the capable hands of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

**SMOKY**


**VICTOR JORY** Clint

**BETTY KING** Mildred

**FRANK CASSELL** Jeff Nicks

**LEW BUCK** Roy Mason

**LEADER SWEGOFF** Jack

Wallace James author of the book and narrator.

Directed by Eugene Fowler.

There is a certain amount of novelty about this story of a horse which is thin in substance but well presented. It contains some excellent scenes of breaking-in wild horses, and the range settings are picturesque.

Smoky, a wild colt, is taken from a herd by Clint, a broncho buster, who breaks him with kindness. Later he is stolen by a half-breed, but escapes. He is eventually caught and his spirit broken in rodeos; he ends up by pulling a junk cart.

As his owner is about to send him to the slaughter-house he is recognized by Clint, who saves him and gives him the freedom of the open range.

The human element plays only a small part, but Victor Jory is good as Clint, and Irene Bentley an attractive heroine.

Where dialogue is not required a running commentary is supplied by Wall James, who is the author of the book on which the picture is based.

Detail work is good, and the picture represents fair average entertainment of a refreshing nature.

**THE FORTUNATE FOOL**


**HUGH WALKER** Jim

**JOAN WYNDHAM** Helen

**JACK BAIN** George

**ELIZABETH JENKS** Mildred

**ARTHUR CHERRY** Besty

**SARA ALGOOD** Rose

**HORACE COMBES** Marlowe

**MARY MAVRENE** Mrs. Falconer

Directed by Norman Walker from a story by John Tintervanger.

Simple tale of a quixotic novelist who goes to the Embankment for copy and finds romance.

Too much dialogue and slow development militate against wholly satisfactory entertainment in spite of some pleasing sentiment and a good human touch here and there.

As a matter of fact things are kept going chiefly by the efforts of Hugh Walkerfield as an amiable author and philanthropist, and Arthur Chesney, as an incorrigible thief whom he picks up on the Embankment together with an attractive typist down on her luck.

Joan Wyndham plays this latter rôle quite well, and the supporting cast is sound.

**POLICE CAR 17**


**TIM MCCOY** Tim Conlon

**ELVA LYN KAY** Helen Bogan

**WALLIS CLARK** Dan Regan

**BROOK BROMLEY** Bumpy O’Neill

**HAROLD HUBER** Johnny Davis

**EDWIN MAXWELL** Big Bill Standish

**CHARLEY WILT** Harry Jack Long

**DORIS JENNINGS** Anne Boyle

Directed by Lambert Hilliver.

An artless melodrama in which Tim McCoy once again breaks away from Westerns and puts up a lively performance as a radio patrolman who saves a police officer and a girl from a ruthless bandit.

Does he win the girl? I should say he does.

Action is well speeded up with hectic situations and not a few rousing knuckle fights, but otherwise the development is very obvious and the plot ingenious.

**KING FOR A NIGHT**


**LENNY MORRIS** Bud Gloves

**HELEN TWELVETREES** Lillian

**ALICE WHITE** Evelyn

**JOHN MILLAN** Douglas

**GRANT MITCHELL** Rev. Gloves

**GEORGE E. STONE** Hynus

**GEORGE MEKES** John Gloves

Directed by Kurt Neumann from the story by William Anthony McGuire.

Highly melodramatic story in which a boxer, assuming the guilt of his girl who shoots a man with whom she has had an affair, is sent to the chair.

There is much too much mock heroism to make it convincing, and the dialogue is very reminiscent of transplant drama.

Chester Morris does his best to draw a realistic character as the boxer, but Helen Twelvetrees strikes an artificial note as the heroine.

Alice White puts over her tough girl act effectively, and Grant Mitchell appropriates what acting honours there are as the boxer’s father.

Boxing sequences are up to standard.

**THE FUGITIVE**


**Rex Bell** Joe Reyes

**Celesta Parker** Georgia Stevens

**George Hayes** Judge Childers

**Robert Kortman** Dutch Walton

**Tom London** Foreman

**George de Maurer** Nicholson

**Phil Dunham** Cook

**Theodore Lorch** Barker

**Dick Dickenson** Red

**Earl Dwire** Spike

**George Nais** Smith

Directed by Harry Frazee.

Old-fashioned plot put over with plenty of punch and fisticuffs. Very ordinary production generally.

Rex Bell is adequate as a secret service agent who goes to gaol to try and discover the perpetrators of a mail robbery.

He is supported by Cecilia Parker in the small rôle of the heroine, and Robert Kortman as a crook from whom he gets information.

**FOOTBALL COACH**


**Dick Powell** Phil Sargent

**Ann Dvorak** Claire Gore

**Pat O’Brien** Coach Gore

**Arthur Byron** Dr. Philip Sargent

**Lyle Talbot** Buck Weavers

**Hugh Herbert** Banter Williams

**Nat Pendleton** Petrovski

**Philip Faverham** Editor

**Charles D. Wilson** Hauser

Directed by William Wellman.

American football story the intricacies of which mean little to a British audience. It resolves itself into a fight by college trustees and students to keep out of the hands of professionalism.

There is also a love interest introduced through the love of an unscrupulous coach’s wife for her husband.

Pat O’Brien is good in the latter rôle and Ann Dvorak sympathetic and sincere as the wife.

Dick Powell and Lyle Talbot are quite effective as two young footballers.

Football sequences are pictorially well handled.
YARDLEY

BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET...
To women who covet the elegant, wellexercised appearance of costly Beauty Parlour treatments, Yardley offers a range of the finest quality preparations for a Beauty Treatment at home, which is simple and efficient.

First a cream: Yardley English Complexion Cream, three creams in one—at night for cleansing and nourishing, and by day as powder foundation. It protects the skin and assists rouge and powder to adhere lastingly. It is ideal for dry skins, whilst for the 'not so dry' skin there is Yardley Foundation Cream. Next, Rouge foundation cream... The Rouge Cream is in two delightful jars, for day and evening use. The Compact (dry) Rouge is in a neat platinum-finished case. Both are made in shades for day and evening—for blonde and brown..

...The Foundation Cream, three creams in one—night for cleansing and nourishing, and by day as powder foundation. It protects the skin and assists rouge and powder to adhere lastingly. It is ideal for dry skins, whilst for the 'not so dry' skin there is Yardley Foundation Cream. Next, Rouge cream... The Rouge Cream is in two delightful jars, for day and evening use. The Compact (dry) Rouge is in a neat platinum-finished case. Both are made in shades for day and evening—for blonde and brown.

Yardley English Complexion Cream 2\pound...

Powder 2\pound proof. With a special tint for every complexion and in the newest shade, English Peach, which imparts a warm youthful appearance. And for the final touch of vitality in make-up—Lipstick.

Lipsticks, Propelling 2\pound...

Manicure 1½ each, 4\pence stand complete and a deeper, ruby shade. Enamel and Remover can be bought singly, or together.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS AND STORES

YARDLEY
33 OLD BOND STREET

There's many a bedtime story being told of 'Celanese'... of new-style Panties... of slim-fitting cami-knickers... of new nightwear and wide-awake Pyjamas. There's the charm of Movie-undies in the garments made from 'Celanese'—movie-undies for every-day wear at workaday prices. Before you choose, be sure, by asking "Is this made from 'Celanese'?"

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE, WEAR 'CELANESE'
The MADHOUSE of MOVIES

Frenzied finance—Where Independents Score—Fine work on “Monster” Picture—Professor Seymour Hicks—New Directors

In all this mad-house, this Heartbreak House, this House of Cards that we call film-production, there is hardly any feature madder than film economics. If I go into a shop to buy a pair of socks, I don’t expect to have to pay more for them because a job in the factory had to be found for the managing director’s nephew—or because the wool-buyer and the designer of patterns couldn’t agree, and the works stood idle while they argued it out—or because it took longer to knit the socks than someone (with no previous experience) originally estimated.

I would call the shopman crazy if he suggested such a thing; yet that is what happens when we buy a film—that is, when we pay to enter a cinema. Film-going is far more expensive than it ought to be, just for that very assortment of reasons... and a number of others no more creditable.

Too Much Money

The trouble is that, in the spelter years when everybody went to the pictures (especially in America) as a matter of course, producers had so much money to spend that they began to lose their sense of the value of money altogether.

If all the money applied to making films were spent reasonably, wisely, the spenders knowing the exact effects they wanted to secure and going about it in the most economical way, films could be made for about two-thirds of what they cost to-day.

It is largely a matter of experience and organisation; and in these two essential items of equipment the much-despised “independent” companies are frequently the richest.

An independent company is one that has no studios of its own, no chain of theatres, no distributing organisation. It makes films—cheaply, as a rule, but that is certainly not to say badly—for sale to the larger companies. Its main problem is to make a £15,000 production look like a £25,000 one.

Nancy Whispers

Needless to say, with a budget like this, you can’t stand by while the star takes a fort-night’s holiday in the Dolomites; he would be leaving his unit in the Doldrums if he did. Any hitch, however trifling, assumes the proportions of a catastrophe... unless you happen to have that organisation I was talking about a few lines back.

Now here’s a case in point, and, in my opinion, a deeply interesting one. If you don’t agree with me, skip the next two paragraphs at least.

This week little Nancy O’Neill (notice my heart miss a beat then? funny) woke up one morning to find herself with no voice to speak of—just an odd little husky whisper, as much use to the microphone as a pair of pulse-warmers would be. “Doctor, doctor,” she cried pathetically, “what’ll I do? My big scene in The Secret of the Lock comes on to-day.”

“No big scene will you be after doing this day,” said the doctor, forgetting that Loch Ness is in Scotland, not Ireland.

Shrapnel

The producer, Bray Wyndham, the director, Milton Rosmer, the assistant director, Ben Scotten, and the art director, J. Elder Wills, went into what is technically known as a huddle, which lasted about half an hour.

Then they hurtled in four directions, like an explosion of shrapnel, and each fragment attended to his own business (which so seldom happens in a film studio as to be remarkable; there is nearly always at least one person who doesn’t pull his weight).

They worked all night; and the consequence was that by nine o’clock next morning the cameras began to turn on one of the most elaborate sets in the film, which hadn’t been in existence twelve hours before.

That’s good work—perhaps even better than it sounds. For not only had a complete Scottish Court of Justice to be built, but the crowd in court—jury, clerks, reporters, onlookers—had to be cast and called, and in addition (most ticklish of all) a solicitor conversant with Scottish court procedure had to be found and engaged to stand by and watch for those errors which you are so (Continued on page 32)
PICTUREGOER, produces address shampoo. full-size stamped a simple, dye, full-size

**LASSITUDE**

**DEPRESSION**

**NERVOUSNESS**

*regularly be?*

IS NOW preparation, nerve troubles, Zam-Buk, ensure recommended Zam-Buk

DOCTORS our nerve pain, or Zam-Buk, is remarkable.

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fear deprives you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders.

If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send one of the list and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symptom</th>
<th>Suggestion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Depression</td>
<td>&quot;INFERIORITY COMPLEX&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lassitude</td>
<td>SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insomnia</td>
<td>WEAK NERVES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depression</td>
<td>GROUNDLESS FEARS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lassitude</td>
<td>MORBID THOUGHTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insomnia</td>
<td>WORRY, ETC.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1

---

**NERVOUSNESS**

---

**SCILMA VANISHING CREAM**

Jars

1/3, 9d.

Tubes

6d.

---

**NO MORE ACHING FEET**

*Doctors Say This Nightly Treatment Stops Headaches Too*

It is really surprising that your feet give you so much trouble when you have to be on them from morning till night? Is it astonishing to hear doctors say that headaches and even indigestion can be traced to foot troubles, which are "telegraphed" along the nerves up and through the rest of the body?

Why go on enduring torture from your feet when a little Zam-Buk brand Ointment rubbed into the soles and between the toes nightly and morning will soon make you as comfortable as can be? Rub Zam-Buk in thoroughly and regularly to restore the tissues to healthy vitality. Zam-Buk, which is a refined herbal preparation, is good not only for all foot troubles, but for swollen ankles, painful joints, and nerve pains. No other ointment is so soothing, so cooling, or so gratefully healing.

Free Sockets—Send the cardboard carton inside the tin of Zam-Buk and obtain a pair of our free sockets, stating size. These sockets can be worn by night to help the liberal dressing of Zam-Buk to soak in, or by day for hiking, or to ensure extra foot comfort at your work. Strongly recommended by Mr. George Cummins, the World's champion walker. All chemists sell Zam-Buk at 1/3 box, or 3/- (family size), but send for your free gift direct to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2.

---

**Nusheen Vita-Color Hair Rinse**

*renews the life, colour and lustre of dull or faded hair, and covers up unwanted grey hairs. Not a dye but a harmless vegetable product. Add "Nusheen" Vita-Color to the rinsing water after a shampoo.*

Send a stamped addressed envelope, for free trial sample, 10—


---

**REMOV E THAT SHINE FROM YOUR NOSE & FACE**

**DULLA** is a new fluid preparation which acts as a charm on one's complexion. It eliminates as if by magic—the shine, not only from the nose but from the whole face, producing a very soft bloom. It is simple to apply, either with the fingers or the small brush supplied with each bottle, and almost instantaneous in action. It produces a wonderful and much admired soft texture finish to the complexion.

Of all hairdressers and stores. If any difficulty write to address below.

---

**Men! Sensitive Skins need special care**

**The Emollient and Medicinal Properties**

---

**NERVOUSNESS**

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

---

**STOP WASTING MONEY ON CHEAP QUACK REMEDIES AND USELESS PATENT MEDICINES**

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1

---

**NO MORE ACHING FEET**

*Doctors Say This Nightly Treatment Stops Headaches Too*

It is really surprising that your feet give you so much trouble when you have to be on them from morning till night? Is it astonishing to hear doctors say that headaches and even indigestion can be traced to foot troubles, which are "telegraphed" along the nerves up and through the rest of the body?

Why go on enduring torture from your feet when a little Zam-Buk brand Ointment rubbed into the soles and between the toes nightly and morning will soon make you as comfortable as can be? Rub Zam-Buk in thoroughly and regularly to restore the tissues to healthy vitality. Zam-Buk, which is a refined herbal preparation, is good not only for all foot troubles, but for swollen ankles, painful joints, and nerve pains. No other ointment is so soothing, so cooling, or so gratefully healing.

Free Sockets—Send the cardboard carton inside the tin of Zam-Buk and obtain a pair of our free sockets, stating size. These sockets can be worn by night to help the liberal dressing of Zam-Buk to soak in, or by day for hiking, or to ensure extra foot comfort at your work. Strongly recommended by Mr. George Cummins, the World's champion walker. All chemists sell Zam-Buk at 1/3 box, or 3/- (family size), but send for your free gift direct to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2.

---

**Nusheen Vita-Color Hair Rinse**

*renews the life, colour and lustre of dull or faded hair, and covers up unwanted grey hairs. Not a dye but a harmless vegetable product. Add "Nusheen" Vita-Color to the rinsing water after a shampoo.*

Send a stamped addressed envelope, for free trial sample, 10—


---

For a complete trial Beauty Outfit containing tubes of Icima Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, two boxes of Icima Face Powder (Naturelle and Realife), a full-size 3d. Icima Shampoo, and a full-size 4d. Icima Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icima (Depts. 2972), 19 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Cont.

fond of writing to your favourite film magazine about.

You're Telling Us

For instance, you, Mr. Roy M'tavish of Ballachulish, would have been down on poor Bray Wyndham like a ton of peat if he had put twelve good men and true in the jury box instead of the customary seven. Would you imagine the squall that you, Miss Kirstie M'Pherson o' Tighnabruich would have raised if the advocates had been put in wigs like barristers instead of just gowns like the solicitors they are. (She's a terrier, is Kirstie.)

So that, boys and girls, is an achievement worth mentioning at some length. It's because it argues the possession of two highly important qualifications for the making of films—intelligence and energy.

By the way, here's a few interesting people in this court scene—besides the principals, who include Seymour Hicks in a very clever make-up as the elderly professor who believes firmly in the existence of the monster.

Important People

For instance, the judge (or provost, or bailie—my Scotch is getting a little rusty) is one D. J. Williams, a clever character actor whom I last saw as a Cornish thief in The Admiral's Secret. Watch for him—he's one of those adaptable people who look as if they had never played or could never play any but their current role.

Then there's the foreman of the jury; he is Wallace Bosco, who, not so long ago, was playing an important character role in almost every film produced in British studios. He has been missing from the British screen.

As a matter of fact he has just returned from Latvia (you know Latvia, of course? Come, come!) where he has been playing in the Gaumont Ufa film Forbidden Territory.

And at the reporters' table there is a solitary sub-sister, played by the handsome Elizabeth Jenss; I have a shrewd idea that she is only there (in what can't possibly be more than a bit) because she has just been placed on contract to Basil Dean, who has an interest in that studio; but she tells me she has an important part in Java Head, the next film to be made by A.T.P. at Ealing Green, in which Anna May Wong will star.

A Hotbed

New directors are bobbing up here and there, most of them not very impressive. So City has been a fertile breeding-ground for them lately (producing John Baxter, W. P. Lipscomb, John Maddy, Missors, Anthony Kimmis, and Ivar Campbell).

Of these, Lipscomb has been an experienced man of films, having been one of the best scenarists in British studios, so it was no matter for very great surprise when he turned out a good film in Colonel Blood. The other one of this bevy (or perhaps one should say huddle when it's a bunch of directors) to make a very good impression is John Baxter, who directed two very workmanlike pictures in Days House and Brunswick.

Lately he's moved on to Twickenham (they say there's nothing like travel for broadening the mind), where he is directing a film of musical-hall life called Say It With Song.

Yes, you're quite right, Buddy, there was a film of music-publishing life called Say It With Music, and a film of Crockney life called Say It With Flowers; and you needn't be surprised if an engineering film is produced called Say It With Spanners, or an electioneering film called Say It With Eggs.

A slick idea like that for a title is too good to waste on just three or four films.

He Finds 'Em

The chief peculiarity of Baxter is that he conjures up film actors out of the empty air, as it were—stage veterans whom no one in the studios has ever heard of before.

The secret is that Baxter was once a variety agent, and knows practically everyone in the music-hall world; and when he conceives a character he has (from long practice) an immediate inspiration as to who will best fit the part; and then he gets hold of the player in question, even if he or she has never done a day's film work before.

I regard him and Bernard Vorhaus as the two most important directorial find's of the past year—not excepting a number of the Continental importations to our studios.

In this current issue he has George Carney (who did a very good job in Night Club Queen in these same studios lately); Helena Pickard, who in private life has just been made over from Mrs. Hardwicke to Lady Hardwicke, which must be pleasant; Ben Field; Mark Daly, Wally Patch, playing a commissaire this time, and effectively concealed behind a luxuriant moustache; John Turnbull; and the same D. J. Williams I was talking about a few paragraphs back. He obviously also believes in travel.

The Whole Show

Debroy Somers and his band figure in the theatre sequences in this film. As far as I can remember, the last picture I saw them in was Piccadilly. But this time they are supported by a complete variety programme—Macari's Accordian Band, G. H. Elliott (the Chocolate Coloured Coon, in case you've forgotten), the Parkington Quintet (in case you haven't listened in lately), Chester's Dogs, the Sherman Fisher Girls, and others, including eighty operatic singers.

This is partly back-stage, partly front-stage (in case there is such an expression); and John Baxter is on such familiar ground—to him that I have every hope of its being quite as good entertainment as his previous pictures.

Bearded Director

We have another new director—new to England, that is—at Teddington, in the person of Ralph Ince.

I was amazed when I saw him at work, because I thought Monty Banks was the only director who refrained from shaving during production of a film, and here was Ince with not only several days' growth of face-fuzz, but also a pair of the grubbiest white duck trousers I've seen for years and a shirt to match.

However, I remembered he was playing a part as well as directing this film—No Escape.

He's a pleasant guy, vastly more agreeable than the gangsters he's been playing in the last few years. He's portraying one of them now—and lobbed into a hot and dirty Malayan goul in the process.
Both said... “only the best will please me”

But OH, the difference in their washing...

She fondly fancies she washes perfectly, but a little dirt gets left behind each wash-day and gradually her linens look grey and drab.

She makes certain of perfect whiteness because she uses Persil’s safe oxygen-charged soapsuds. You can’t keep linen perfect any other way.

Even when you think you’re getting perfect results with ordinary washing fine dirt gradually gets left behind deep down in the weave of the fabric and bit by bit your linens lose colour.

Only Persil’s unique action brings perfect whiteness, because Persil is good mild soap made active by oxygen. Use Persil alone there’s no need to add anything else to get perfect results.

The Amazing Oxygen Washer

World’s Premier Honour’s for Hair Waving at Home

First Prize and Diploma (Paris Hairdressing Exhibition) Awarded to the Elma Home Hair Waver

There is an Elma for every style of hairdressing. It cannot fail to do all we claim for it, that is to give every purchaser complete satisfaction in the shape of perfect hair-waving at home, whenever it is used.

Its operation is so simple—and you will observe by the illustrations, so naturally effective, that even the most inexperienced can use it with immediate success. Just place the Elma with combs extended over the damped hair, tie tape under chin, then gently press combs together. The latticed combs move in opposite directions to make the desired natural wave formation. One Elma waves the whole head, and makes deep or shallow waves as desired.

When you think of all the time and expense which the Elma will save you and how well your hair can look at all times, without any further expense, you will realise why so many thousands of women use it...

Get yours to-day!

The price is but 7/6 post free.

You can order direct from

Elma Manufactory Ltd. (Dept. 3)
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3.

Stocked by Boots, Taylors, and high-class chemists and stores.
REMOVAL
this pleasant way.

Arms and legs and underarms should always be hair-free...smooth and lovely.

Odomo Cream Depilatory leaves your skin smooth as velvet without a trace of stubble. It's a pleasant, white cream, with no lingering odour. And unlike a razor it doesn't encourage regrowth of hair. A product of the famous Odomo Laboratories, and only 1/6 for a full-size tube.

ODO-RO-NO

DEPILATORY

THOUSANDS
HAVE WAITED FOR THIS

Many thousands have welcomed the news that the world-famous Dr. Williams Pink Pills can now be obtained at Is. 3d. a box. Many sufferers who have previously not been able to afford this treatment now have it brought within their reach.

These pills have built up a remarkable reputation for the outstanding cures they have effected. It is often said, in fact, that the benefit following the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually, it is quite natural, for these pills create new, rich blood, and this new blood coursing through the system gives new life and energy to the whole body.

So if you are a victim of ill-health, if you suffer from Anaemia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, or any disorder due to weak, impoverished blood, start now to take

DR. WILLIAMS
PINK PILLS
Is. 3d. a box

(Triple Size 3s.)

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

ON THE WAR PATH
Feminine Fan's Bloodthirsty Programme

MAY I congratulate Malcolm D. Phillips on his very interesting series—'Open Letters.' He has been writing just the very things I have wanted to say for a long time.

"It only remains for me to request Joan Crawford to lose her make-up box; Jessie Matthews to drop her affectations; Charles Laughton to forget the Scarlet Pimpernel (or rather to remember his own waistline); and beg Jeanette MacDonald to return to the Theatre, or wherever it was she came from (I am sure no one would notice)—then I should be his staunch admirer for ever."—Mary E. Grant, 21 Princes Street, Swindon, Wills.

[This appears to be a somewhat bloodthirsty programme. However, the open letter season is still on, and we will see what we can do.]

Lionel Collier is a fine actor, but he has, however, one fault. He lacks a sense of humour. He seldom picks comedies—particularly British productions. He usually finds them dull and awards them—grudgingly, I bet—one star only, whereas I often find them uproariously funny, and would give them four stars.

"I think you would be well advised to allow someone who is neither ill-informed and unsophisticated to review comedies in future. Someone who hasn't forgotten how to laugh."

That would give Mr. Collier more time to devote to more serious stuff, which he criticises so admirably."—J. A. Marsden, 63 Raymond Street, West Bowling, Bradford.

[Lionel Collier says: I should like to thank my correspondent for his kind remarks. On the score of a sense of humour I remain unpersuaded. I have no more forgotten how to laugh than I have to cry, but I must admit that some British comedies are inclined to affect my tear ducts rather than my visible faculties. I think your correspondent is rather sweeping in his assertion that I rarely rate comedies highly; a glance through some past release lists should dispel that idea.]

Ten Minutes with the Stars

"Can we not see and hear our favourite film stars via the screen, yet entirely disunited from their appearances as players in specific pictures?"

"We all have our screen-star weaknesses, and both British and American movie magnates might do much worse than make a series of 'ten-minute talks' embracing each individual star. Just a day in the life of a prominent player—from rising to bed—his or her home: family life; chief characteristics; pleasures and pastimes—concluding with a few cheeky words from the subject of the picture to the assimilating audience: 'Apart from the fact that such shorts' would be an assured success, being bright and original, think the first-link in the stars own some such 'personal' appearance to their public.'"—Robert W. Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

["Screen Snapshots", and one or two other shorts present "intimate" personal life peeps at the stars, but I pass your idea on to the powers that be.]

A Close-up Complaint

"I often wonder whether there are clauses in film contracts which lay down the number of 'close-ups' a star is to be given! In Double Harness, for instance, a dramatic highlight occurs when 'Valerie' blurts out that 'Fletcher' was tricked into marrying 'Joan.' Each of the characters in this particular scene is equally important, yet we are given alternate close-ups of Joan and Fletcher, the stars, with an occasional shot of Valerie.

In Henry VIII, too, Charles Laughton is allowed to 'stand out' in scenes in which the other characters are equally important. I believe that this destroys much of the dramatic tension."

—Irene Talmadge, 476 Katherine Road, Forest Gate, E.7, who wins the first prize of £100.

[This is, I think, a justifiable complaint, although the 'close-up' is not nearly so overworked to-day as it used to be.]

Mae West

Mae West is definitely one of the most talked about stars to-day, but is she wise in making pictures portraying her as a one-character star?

"Personally, I think Mae West is a fine actress who could play innumerable parts, whereas she is gaining the same reputation with which Jean Harlow once unwittingly found herself saddled. 'Jean has only recently managed to fight her way back to the limelight as a real all-round actress.'—S. Beveridge, 7 Maple Avenue, Hastingdon, Rossendale, Lane.

[Personally, I doubt Mae West's ability to be a sensational success other than as a one-character star.]

How refreshing, indeed

"How refreshing to see a film where: 'Typists did not display lingerie to make real life look more exciting,' and a lack of typiness equally impossible. The detective does not advertise himself by looking and acting the part of the time. 'No telephone is used—or, a wrong number sometimes given. 'Serves, policeman, and persons of the lower order' are permitted to speak ordinary everyday English, with all 'itches' present, and in their proper place. 'The heroine's father is not wholly contemptuous of the hero for half the film, and speechless with admiration for the other half. 'Dialect is used with a smattering of correctness. 'I suppose it could be done?"—Bernard Heath, 40 Hereford Road, Brightling, who wins the second prize of 10s. 0d.

Sweet Sixteen

I look with disgust upon the photos of the young film stars who are labelled 'starlets,' 'Wampas Baby Stars,' and many other names which mean they are young.

"Their ages are given as sixteen to eighteen, yet they look older than twenty."

[Ida Lupino is made to look at least twenty-five, yet she is only sixteen. Her clothes are too old for her, so are the parts she takes.

Why can't they film a story about a girl of sixteen with a girl in it who looks sixteen and not a dressed-up doll?"—E. Orms (sixteen), 5 Hart Street, Carlisle.

[1 must agree with you to a certain extent, but perhaps it makes up for the actresses of forty-five who try to look sweet sixteen.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting letters for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
A BEAUTIFUL SKIN
IS A CLEAN SKIN!

A 'oxygen' bath is a complete beauty treatment—it makes your skin softer . . . clearer . . . and finer than you have ever known it!

Try one to-night! Crumble a Reudel Bath Cube in the water. Your bath becomes fragrant as a flower garden—luxuriously soft and supercharged with refreshing, beautifying oxygen. Soap and dirt are held in solution so that they cannot wash back into the pores. Rest awhile in its caressing embrace—you will find your skin is made delightfully soft . . . smooth as satin . . . and altogether lovely. Have a Reudel Bath every night. The frequent "beauty treatments" will work like magic!

REUDEL
OXYGENATE YOUR BATH
BATH CUBES

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT
REMOVES WRINKLES

Any woman may now try this great Skin Specialist's amazing discovery in her own home for a few pence. Wrinkles are caused by the loss of a certain nourishing element from the skin. This precious substance—"Bielce"—can now be restored to the skin by the daily use of Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. The results of even one or two applications are amazing. In hospital tests on women over sixty, wrinkled disappeared in 6 weeks.

Try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood to-day. In a single night your skin is already clear, fresh and revitalised. In one month lines and wrinkles are smoothed away and the skin has regained its youthful firmness and freshness. Any woman of 40 or over can make herself look 10 to 15 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed with Tokalon Biocel Skinfood or money refunded.

PROMO FREE SAMPLE
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE
REUDEL TETLOW & CO., LTD. (Dept. P.)
61, EAGLE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

There is one safe, sure and exhilarating method of slimming without dieting, in the privacy of your own room.

INJUDICIOUS SLIMMING IS DANGEROUS—Read the warnings of the medical profession

"A DIRECT CAUSE OF MUCH TUBERCULOSIS." A well-known medical authority speaking at an important conference recently, said: "A great increase in tuberculosis amongst women, especially of the ages from twenty to twenty-five, is directly due to improper dieting with the object of slimming."

"PATIENTS—ESPECIALLY YOUNG WOMEN." And here is another warning by an equally highly placed doctor. "As a result of injudicious slimming, the consulting-rooms of many doctors, particularly in the West End, were visited by patients, especially women."

IN THE AUTO EXERCISER

The Thor Electric Auto Exerciser gives you the full benefit of expert massaging, the safest method of removing superfluous flesh. It is an ideal substitute for the most invigorating outdoor exercises. Stimulates circulation, skin and nerves. Removes excessive abdominal fat. Slenderises and beautifies the figure generally. Banishes constipation, liverishness, sleepiness. Assists digestion. Very helpful in cases of rheumatism and acidity, lack of exercise, excess of eating, drinking, etc., stiffness after unaccustomed exercise. Wakes up sleepy tired bodies to new vim and vigour.

HURLEY MACHINE CO. (ENGLAND), LTD.

Send particulars of Thor Electric Juvenator, and your "Pay as you use terms." The voltage of my electric supply is:

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS __________________________

Magnetic, Alluring EYES

Mrs. Shirley's Loreley Eyes

Send for FREE copy of "Magnetic, Alluring Eyes" booklet. A wonderful new discovery which rapidly eliminates nearly three-quarters of eyes so ugly. A beautiful substitute for bad eyes. For all conditions—blue, brown, hazel, small, unaccustomed, etc. Also adopts the famous Loreley Method. Write—Mrs. Lionel Hurley, Dept. P.9, 36 Dean Street, London, W.2.

6, 7 & 8 Old Bond Street.

Sew COMPLEXION
MILK

THE PERFECT COSMETIC. Easily applied with cotton-wood, handkerchief or even finger without soap washing afterwards. Is absorbed by the skin leaving a pleasant feeling. A FINE POWDER BASE, removing all impurities and skin grease. Contains Olive Oil, which prevents chapping. 12 per Bottle at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.

HOLBOURNE FASHIONS LTD.
6,7 & 8 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

AUGUST 14, 1934

PICTURESQUE Weekly

Beautifying CURLS
MADE AT HOME QUICKLY & EASILY

Rail a deep curl of hair around finger and fix clip until dry. From Hairdresser, 6d., 2 clips, 1d., per card of 5 clips. 4d. for 5."

The Lady Jane CURL-CLIP

DR. A. P. GUTHRIE

35
IF YOU WANT HIM TO ADMIRE YOUR HAIR

SIMPLY USE

AVA

the wonderful

NEW SHAMPOO

that contains no soap

Whatever your hair is like, AVA will make it lovelier. Brighter, silker, more abundant-looking. Easier to set.

AVA is the latest scientific discovery—completely different from any other shampoo you have ever tried. It contains no soap and the rare ingredients really cleanse the hair, with never a sign of the dusty film so often left by soap.

Try AVA to-night. No need for any special rinse or setting lotion with AVA—and even in hard water it does its work to perfection

AVA Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4


RENEE LANVIS (Sheffield).—Dennis King was born on November 2, 1897, at Coventry, England; tall, brown hair; blue eyes; married Edith Wright. Films include "The Rich Are Many," "Paramount on Parade," and "Fra Diavolo." Address him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

G. L. C. (Cardiff).—Ruby Keeler was born on May 15, 1915, the daughter of Al Jolson. Write to her, c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

MYRTLE (South Ashfield).—(1) Eric Linden played the role of the leading man "Fred." in Big City Blues. He was born in America twenty-three years ago. Write to him, c/o RKO-Radio Studios. (2) Joan Blondell will be twenty-five on August 30.

D. M. R. (Darlaston).—(1) The cast of Sally in Our Alley included: Sally—Gracie Fields; George—Bill Hunter; Sam—Bob Hope; Ben—All Cop; Fred Groves; Florence—Florence Desmond. (2) Karolyn Hammond is married to Ronald George Leon, and is the daughter of Sir Guy Stanier, the actor. Her pictures include Fantasia, Out of the Blue, Carnival, A Night in Montmartre, Almost a Divorce, A Night Like This, The Warner, Nine Tall Sins, Sally Bishop, Yes Madam, Love and Hate, and Britannia Rules the Waves.

KEVIN A. W. (Londonderry).—Born 1916, the son of Mrs. Karloff, c/o a Universal Studios. The postcard for "Vetter's America" in the U.S.A. The first ounce. His latest film is The Last Patrol.

J. H. (Plumstead).—Buster Crabbe was born in 1910 and is 6 ft. 1 in. tall. Write to him c/o Paramount Public Studios.

J. C. (Bucks).—Address Cleary Court Diamond c/o Gaumont-British Studios.

INQUISITIVE (Co. Durham).—(1) Baby Looby’s real name is Lenny Weekesbrunter. He lives with his widowed mother. (2) Norma Shearer portrayed both the character of "Moonooyen Clara" and that of "Kathleen" in Smilin' Through. Take your best shot for your good wishes.

PADDY (Leeds).—(1) John Bolles’ birthday is October 27, 1919. Address him c/o Fox Studios. (2) Players move from one studio to another occasionally when their contracts expire, or if they are loaned to another company.

EVE—Try your local music shop; they will be able to give you a list of records such as you require.

JACOB (North-in-Craven).—Write to the following stars: Tom Brown, c/o Paramount Studios; Peter Lindon and Bert Kelton c/o RKO-Radio Studios; Spencer Tracy, Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor, and Lilian Harvey c/o Fox Studios; Ronald Colman and Loretta Young c/o United Artists Studios; Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro, and Greta Garbo c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios; Ruby Keenier and Dick Powell c/o Warner Brothers Studios. You will obtain pictures of your favourite from the

AVA Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

4 P E R  P A C K E T (i n  U. K. only) Obtainable from all Chemists

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 14, 1934

Let GEORGE Do IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or beauty hints. Write to them both c/o The Picturegoer Weekly. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.


X. Y. Z. (Glasgow).—The film Service was made in America.

SCOTTY—(1) Eric Linden is a native of America and is 23 this year. Pictures include: Are These Our Children? The Crown, Hours, Young Bride, Venus, Roadhouse Murder, Big City Blues, The Sitter Card, The Flying Devils, and Bird of Prey.

(2) Dick Powell celebrated his birthday on November 14 and comes from Mountain View, U.S.A. Pictures include Gold Diggers of 1933, 42nd Street, Footlight Parade, College Coach, Streetcar Named Desire, and Coogan City. (3) Drives Eric Linden c/o RKO-Radio Studios and Dick Powell c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

Studio Addresses

BRITISH STUDIOS

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wembley Park, Middlesex.


British and Dominion Imperial Studios, Boreham Wood, Herts.

British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Eelers, Herts.

British Instructional Studios, Walsyn Garden City, Herts.

Gainborough Studios, Poole Street, Islington, London, N.7.


Nettlefold Studios, Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames, Middlesex.


Sound City Studio, Littleton Park, Shanklin, Middlesex.

Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret’s, Twickenham, Middlesex.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1588, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Columbia Pictures, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.

Goldwyn Pictures, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Paramount, Public Studios, Hollywood, California.

Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Universal Studios, North Hollywood, California.

Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

United Artists, 101, N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Universal Studios, Universal City, California.
Why I Use A "Non-absorbent" Face Powder
by a Bond Street Beauty Specialist

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugly shine for a few minutes. Then the powder itself becomes shiny. This is because ordinary powders absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste like wet flour. Chemists have devoted years of study to finding a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded finally by blending with the powder a new ingredient called "Mousse of Cream." This process has now been patented by Tokalon.

Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse of Cream, c-not suck up the skin's moisture. Poudre Tokalon avoids all pinking and patchiness. It gives an even smooth "dull finish"—just like the bloom on a fresh peach.

The Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry—like ordinary powders do. Poudre Tokalon stays on five times as long as ordinary powders. It clings to the skin in all weather and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. It is the one powder that prevents ugly skin shine all day long but itself never becomes shiny. 6d. and 1/- a box.

STYLES THE STARS WEAR

There are the latest styles the film stars are wearing offered to you at special bargain offers. Send a postcard stating size, height and waist of choice required, and a list of single samples will be sent on approval to your own home. Send in for your own personal choice of printed slacks, trouser suits, dress suits, etc. Simply return without obligation if not satisfied. You will be delighted when you see them. Write to-night.

WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

A VOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley reducing-belt-supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over slips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, laces or fasteners. For MEN OR WOMEN, this garment is made from strong webs Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders. 7½ ins. £2 11s. 6d. 8½ ins. £2 11s. 11d. Add 3½ for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality £2 11s. 6d. Fine Silk Elastic 14 ins. deep, 12½/4d. 0.5 s. 3½ extra. Postage on all orders 3d. extra. It is exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send for Catalogue. BEASLEY BELT Dept. 405 12 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON W. Two sizes 6° & 1°.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

From soup to sweets—from wine to coffee, everything you eat and drink leaves some kind of stain on your teeth. Yes, even the simplest foods. White bread, for example, can eventually cause a stain that dulls teeth. All told, seven kinds of stains discolour teeth.

Most toothpastes—because they have only one cleansing action—fail to remove all these stains. For all stains will not yield to any one cleansing action. So it may be that you're not getting your teeth as lustroously clean and sparkling as they can be.

Try Colgate's. All seven stains yield to Colgate's—completely yield—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions—not one. An emulsive action loosens some of the stains and washes them away. A safe, gentle, polishing action polishes away the more stubborn stains, leaving your teeth bright, gleaming—beautifully clean.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Two Sizes 6° & 1°.

Made in England.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—Colgate's removes all seven.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—Colgate's removes all seven.
Leave IT to ANNE

SELF your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, whether it is related to beauty or domesticity. Send along your query accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope if you desire a quick reply by post.

T MAY seem unbelievable to the girls who weigh too much, that I have just as many letters from girls who weigh too little and are anxious to put on a few pounds and a few curves.

While present-day fashions are unmerciful to the woman who bulges in the wrong place, they are by no means flattering to her sister who is as thin as a lath. If only I could change the two about a bit, all would be well.

What can be done to acquire that extra weight? Mainly, it is a matter of diet and exercise. A diet that is fuller in flesh-forming foods is required, and the first of these things is milk. But please do not suddenly try to take a quart of milk a day or too much cream, or other foods. That will give you indigestion and probably a bilious attack. "Take haste slowly" is a proverb that applies very well in this case.

We make an entirely new start, by partially fasting for a day. This will clear your system of accumulated waste matter. Take plenty of water and as much fruit juice as you can. Then you can start the fattening diet.

Milk Comes First

Excellent food though it is, milk needs to be imbibed carefully, and slowly. Sip it, don't drink it as if it were water. If you can afford the extra cost have Grade A milk. Better still, have dried milk such as is sold for baby's food. This is absolutely pure and very rich in cream. In fact, if you can digest it you know nothing of more fattening. On the tin, you will find instructions for the quantity of water to be added to make the dried milk the equivalent of fresh milk. If you find that proportion a little too rich, increase the amount of water.

This milk also has an advantage for girls who live in lodgings or in circumstances where it is difficult to obtain and keep their supplies. The dried milk keeps good for a long time in its air tight tin.

There may be some who dislike the flavour of milk. A few drops of vanilla added will disguise it and make it palatable. Of course milk is not restricted to beverages. It may be taken with puddings, sauces, and cream soups. However, it should not be drunk in a caserole, and cream can accompany the fruit.

Halibut, turbot, herrings, and sardines are nourishing among the fish menus. Do not have the white fish boiled so that all the nutriment is thrown away with the water. It should be cooked in the oven with butter and milk. And the potatoes that accompany it should be mashed with butter and milk also.

Well cooked sponge puddings and steamed suet puddings are fattening too, and you can eat them to the envy of all your friends who are slimming. Egg yolk is pure fat so you may take as much as you can digest. You may also eat bacon, cheese, soup, and all the pulse foods, fat meat if it doesn't upset you, bananas, prunes, figs and dates.

Let your butter be thick as your bread.

Rest and Exercise

Rest awhile after meals. This is imperative if you are too thin. Generally speaking the thin ones are those who rush around, and are inclined to worry and fret about everything in general and nothing in particular. Forget a naughty world for at least half an hour after meals. Relax body and mind so that digestion may be helped. For if food is ill digested you cannot obtain the maximum nutriment from it.

Exercise and massage for excessive thinness demand a whole article to themselves and I propose to follow up the subject next week.

There is just one thing to remember. The regime outlined here must be followed for months if it is to show results. So many readers, whether they are slimming or fattening, write after three weeks to say that they can see no improvement—and of course they cannot. It is after the passing of three months that you can begin to look for results.

Answers to Correspondents

EDNA M. (Leicester).—Thorough cleansing with a good soap and bath mixture with a little four oatmeal in the palms of your hands will help to get rid of the greasiness. Use Light Pompeian Bloom, Rambelle Powder and Medium Pompeian Lipstuck.

WORRIED MAY.—Try massage with Olive oil. Apply with a gentle rotary movement.

CARRIE (Whistable).—Massage your legs with a well soaked loofah, dry and rub with cold cream. Do this daily. Massage with a greasless reducing cream will improve your calves and ankles. You must send a stamped envelope for the address from which the cream may be obtained.

JEANETTA (Blackpool).—I am afraid chicken poults scarers are possible. They will tend to fatten a little with time. All scarers do. Afraid your suggested remedy would not help, the marks go deeper than the outer skin. So, to be absolutely sure, anoint your skin with sun tan oil before exposing it to the sun.

B. M. (Birmingham).—Always thoroughly cleanse the skin before massage. Use the pads of the finger tips, working with an upward, spiral movement. All facial massage should be in an upward and outward direction to counteract drooping muscles. Lines should be followed and no rubbed across.

A. A. (Tooting).—Half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in water is a good remedy for heartburn. But do not make a habit of it. Cure the condition by taking only light food and avoid greasy and indisgestible foods.

NEXT WEEK

A TREAT for all admirers of Grace Field—and who is not?—in the shape of a full photographe supplement which gives you real insight to the star's worth and personality, including the full story and details of her latest picture "Love, Life and Laughter.

Place your order early to avoid disappointment.
Specially made for Betty

OH! I HATE THE OFFICE.
WHY, BETTY, WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER?

WHEN YOU DO
THE SAME, AND YOUR SKIN IS BEAUTIFUL.

KNIGHTS CASTILE WILL PREVENT TIRED SKIN?

ABSOLUTELY. YOU SEE IT IS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE.

IT’S RUINING MY COMPLEXION.

AND ARE YOU QUITE SURE
KNIGHTS CASTILE WILL PREVENT TIRED SKIN?

BUT YOU DO
THE SAME, AND YOUR SKIN IS BEAUTIFUL.

YES, BUT THEN I USE
KNIGHT’S CASTILE MY CHEMIST RECOMMENDED IT.

KNIGHT’S CASTILE is specially made for
you too. Its gently active lather will
keep your skin young and fresh. Or
if grimy trains and stuffy offices
have already taken
toll of your looks it will help the overworked
glands beneath your skin to restore youth
and beauty to your complexion. The rich,
heavy tablet only costs 4d. Indulge in this
inexpensive luxury to-night.

Knight’s Castile
TOILET SOAP

John Knight Limited - Soap Makers Since 1817


Smooth, petal soft skin... fine
textured and radiantly clear...
with such a glorious possession any
woman would be happily sure of
her charm over men. So care for
your skin with fragrant, non-greasy
Snowfire Cream. Let it bring out
hidden beauties... improve the
texture... restore youthful
clearness.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream

What we can do for YOU in 30 days.

In thirty days
you are going to see such a change in your
appearance that you will scarcely believe your
eyes! It does not matter how underdeveloped you
may now be. We GUARANTEE to add ONE
INCH of solid muscle to your arms and TWO
INCHES to your chest. We’ll give you a strong
erect neck, broad square shoulders, a fine
straight back. You’ll look and feel ALL MAN!

We’ll put life into those internal organs, too, for we build
both inside and out. You’ll know what real fitness and vitality
are. You will gain new nerve strength. Your entire system will
be alive with abundant health and energy.

In ninety days we’ll complete the job properly. What a trans-
formation you’ll see! Your friends, particularly the ladies, will
marvel. They will look at you with an interest they may never
have shown before. Yes, you will indeed begin to taste the pleasure
of life when we start putting your body into shape! Remember
we do not merely promise these—WE GUARANTEE
THEM.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

"How to Build Muscles" is the name of a book that
will put you on the road to mighty muscular power.
It will open your eyes to the
marvellous changes that can be worked on
your body with only 15 or
20 minutes’ work a day.
This book is FREE. Cut
out the coupon and send
it NOW.

TO THE DYNAM INSTITUTE,
89 Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1.
Please send me a copy of your FREE BOOK, "How to Build
Muscles." It is understood that this request places me under no
obligation to you. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

Name

Address

...
The Best of this Spring's Fashions

EACH OFFERED ON APPROVAL FOR JUST A SMALL DEPOSIT

LOVELY new frocks, carefully chosen by people of taste from the latest Spring styles. An ideal foundation garment proved by its consistent popularity.

Send the small deposit to-day and try the model that appeals to you most in your own home... on approval.

THE AMBRO EASY PAYMENT TERMS COST NO MORE

In Uncrushable Crêpe

K.345.—This delightful model—Fashion's latest in style and fabric—is yours on approval for just 1/6 deposit. Refunded unless you are more than pleased. We have trimmed the neck jabots and vandyked sleeves with sand crêpe to tone, while box-pleats back and front of skirt provide fullness.

WX. 1/6 extra. O.S. J/- extra.
Balance 2/6 monthly.

Bargain Price 13/11

An Ideal Foundation for Modern Frocks

BC.—You cannot imagine the difference the Ambron Belted Corsette makes to the line of your figure. Dresses hang perfectly with this as a foundation. It combines Corset and Brassiere in one. Comfortable, too. Elastic insets at hips. Six adjustable suspenders. Continuous spiral supports down the back. In fine striped crecille—Pink or White. Try it in your own home on approval for 1/- deposit. Balance 2/- monthly.

Reduced from 15/11 Now 10/11

K.346.—Quite the smartest Dress you ever had, giving the latest wide shoulder line. In heavy-quality art. silk pebble crêpe. Set off with velevet on the smartly cut sleeves, revers, and belt. Elegant fan-pleated skirt with metal buttons.
On approval for 1/6 deposit. Balance 2/6 monthly.
In Black, Dark Saxe, Nigger Brown, Cranberry Red.
WX. 1/- extra; O.S. 2/- extra. Exceptional Bargain Price 10/11

AMBROSE WILSON LTD.
273 AMBRO HOUSE, 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD
LONDON, S.W.1

K.345 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR
K.346 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR
K.345 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR

Please send me, on approval, garment requested at present Bargain Price. I enclose necessary deposit together with 6d. for postage (Corsette 4d.), and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the termly instalments. If not satisfied, and return the Garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit. Enclose coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / 1. Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

AMBR0SE WILSON LTD.
273 AMBRO HOUSE, 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD
LONDON, S.W.1

K.345 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR
K.346 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR
K.345 DETAILS
SIZE
LENGTH
COLOUR

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODECO PINT LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered as a Newspaper. Post Free all over the world: 13s. a year, 6s. 6d. for six months, 3s. 3d. for three months. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: G. & J. Gough, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency. Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Sons, Ltd.'s bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Brussels, and Macmillan Proprietor, 13, Rue A. Pichon.
Still another reason why

'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-.

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d.

20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS + 30 FOR 1/- + 60 FOR 2/-
PICTUREGOER

1062 PAGES
8000 ADDRESSES
300 PICTURES

HOLIDAY HAUNTS
1934
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
SIXPENCE

When Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are used.
All mothers should know that when little ones are sleepless, fretful and cross because of pimples, rashes, irritations and chafings of infancy and childhood Cuticura will quickly soothe and heal. Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry, and gently apply Cuticura Ointment.

STORK MARGARINE 8D per lb.
Here's the way to make Happy Families FREE!

Cut Out This Coupon And Get a Copy Of The Stork Recipe Book
Fill in your name and address, cut out this coupon and post it to Van den Berghe & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 491, Unilever House, London, E.C.6.
Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

Let corot of bond street supply you with your new outfit on the most practical of instalment plans. Come along to-day to the delightful showrooms and choose a costume or ensemble, coat, afternoon or evening gown, the variety of models is irresistible and the prices are reasonable, or post the coupon below, for latest corot fashion guide and full particulars.

"who's who" woollen weave cardigan suit with stuffed self rouleaux trimming on jacket. 13/-6d.
monthly
"chocolate sundae" printed art. crepe frock with organdy collar and jabot. tie belt of self. 6/-
cash 2 gns. monthly

33 old bond street
London, w.1.
Regent 0234.

Snowfire FACE POWDER
SHADES — NATURELLE, RACHELLE & PÉCHÉ
Loose in attractive boxes 2d., 3d. and 6d. Flat compacts 6d.

Goes on so smoothly!
Silk-sifted again and again to wonderful fineness — no wonder Snowfire Powder goes on so smoothly. And stays on for hours. Keeps a becoming matt finish. And how its delicate fragrance enhances your charm!

Uses Snowfire Cream too — it's the perfect powder base and it keeps your skin soft and lovely.
Handbag containers 3d. Tubes 6d.
A CLOSE-UP
OF LOVELY HAIR

AFTER USING
AVA
the wonderful
NEW SHAMPOO
that contains no soap

AVA is a remarkable new discovery—a shampoo that contains no soap and really brightens your hair and makes it silky-soft, easy to curl and set.

Don’t lose time—try Ava to-night. Its special ingredients cannot leave a dull film on the hair as soap is so apt to do. All the natural colour and sheen of the hair is brought out with Ava—no need even for a lemon rinse or a setting lotion.

Light hair or dark, fine or not-so-fine—AVA suits them all.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA Ltd., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

How Joan discovered a Beauty Tip

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

Also keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy to shut out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors say it is a perfect protection. Cheseborough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.
**STAY AWAY from HOLLYWOOD**

**DOOR to Extra Ranks Shut—Why Jean Harlow Rebelled—**

Could've Saved on £300 a Week—Big Money for Cameramen—

Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat"—"Hunchback of Notre Dame" to be Revived—Irving Pichel for Chaney role.

The sóng of you who are contemplating going to Hollywood in the hope of breaking into film fame via the extra ranks—and, judging by my correspondence, there must be a great many earnest and optimistic young people, who think they will succeed—would be well advised to postpone the trip.

Have you ever seen a dream walking? Well, quite a lot of disappointed people have just seen that dream of emulating the Janet Gaynors and Clark Gables walk right out and lock the door behind it.

There has never been less chance of qualifying for electric lights and a marble swimming bath through crowd work than there is to-day.

**Impossible to Register**

With the signing of the N.R.A. motion picture "code" the "extra" ranks are absolutely closed to newcomers.

It is now impossible to register any new applications for work through the Central Casting Bureau and equally impossible to obtain work except through Central Casting.

There are some fifteen thousand names on file there at the present time—three times as many as the studios can ever use.

To protect all "extras," a rotation system has been put into effect, making favouritism or actual merit of no consideration. No longer can directors call for specific people.

They must take those available in rotation. The Code demands such procedure and even though you are a bosom pal of all the big shots in the business, they can do nothing for you if you weren't registered previous to the signing of the Code.

Jean Harlow's £500 a week

It now transpires that after her recent two months' revolt Jean Harlow is now receiving £500 a week.

Jean's case throws some interesting sidelights on stellar salaries.

Before the famous walk-out she used to get 1,500 dollars in her pay envelope on Friday nights. Ten per cent., she declares, had to go to her business agent. Another 175 dollars had to be spent on the salary of a secretary and the maintenance of her fan correspondence, while her general business expenses totalled an additional 80 dollars.

A large proportion had, moreover, to be put aside for taxes.

On the balance of 450 or so dollars a week she had to live in the style which the fans expect from their favourites.

And although her personal needs are simple, a star's living expenses are so much greater that according to Jean's story at 1,500 dollars a week she was practically losing money.

**Croesus of the Camera**

That screen stars are not the only highly paid workers in the studios is revealed by the fact that Jean's husband, Hal Rosson, earns up to £250 a week. Rosson, of course, is one of the studio's ace cameramen.

Lee Garmes, who photographed Zoo in Budapest and most of the other recent Jesse Lasky successes, is probably the highest paid of all the cameramen.

His contract calls for 1,100 dollars weekly. If Joan Blondell ever drops out of pictures, her husband, George Barnes, should be able to keep the big, bad wolf from the door. He takes home a cheque for 750 dollars every seven days. So does Hal Moore and one or two others. There are several cameramen working in British studios who approach those earnings.

**Thalberg's Big Plans**

Irving Thalberg seems likely to be a big force again in film production within the next few months judging by the programme I had from the Culver City studio this week.

Following Rip Tide and The Barretts of Wimpole Street—both, of course, starring Norma Shearer—he is to produce The Merry Widow. After that he is scheduled to do Michael Arlen's Green Hat with Constance Bennett in the lead, and then in order:

Biography, featuring Ann Harding; Three Weeks, which brings Gloria Swanson and Clark Gable together as a team.

Mutiny of the Bounty, with Gable, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery; And Tish, for Marie Dressler.

"Hunchback" Revival

The Green Hat, of course, was done some years ago. It should provide a good rôle for Connie.

Revivals are booming again. One of the most interesting proposed is The Hunchback of Notre Dame, which Universal has on its production schedule for the 1934-35 season.

Irving Pichel is being mentioned as a candidate for the Lon Chaney rôle.

In the meanwhile, the latest news from the "horror" department at Universal City is somewhat alarming. As I told you here some time ago, it was decided to team Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff in The Black Cat.

The experiment has proved so successful that they are now talking of creating an even bigger

and better "horror" team by adding Lionel Atwill to the duo in The Suicide Club.

**Zeppe Retires, but . . .**

I learn that there is a possibility that the Four Marx Brothers may not be four any more.

Zeppo has retired from the stage partnership of the quartette and has gone into the agency business. He has bought an interest in one of the best-known Hollywood firms.

Zeppo states, however, that he may continue to play in pictures—if he has time.

"Slim" Goes Dramatic—Nearly

The tradition that movie comedians are doomed to exclusion from the better and nobler things of the screen art is illustrated once again by the news that M.-G.-M. has found it necessary to postpone its production of The Thin Man because of the casting department's inability to find an actor to play the title role.

For years ZaSu Pitts has been denied the opportunity to demonstrate for us her very (Continued on page 7)
PEARL ARGYLE

Expressing all the glamour of the East, this clever stage dancer appears in the role of "Marjanah," the slave girl in "Chu-Chin-Chow." Pearl Argyle has had an extensive career as a danseuse. Her first screen appearance was in "London After Dark," in which she played the lead. Born in Johannesburg she came to England at the age of one and was educated at Torquay. She studied ballet dancing under Mme. Rambert.
Intelligence Tests for Choruses

Filmland’s latest great thought is intelligence tests for chorus girls.

How many marks do you think you would score in this examination paper set by Professor Lew Brown, the Fox producer, who requires candidates for his ensembles to answer the following nine questions before they are considered for a camera test?

1. In what year did the World War end?
2. What does "CWA" mean?
3. What is the capital of New York state?
4. Who is George Bernard Shaw?
5. Describe the Darwinian theory in one word.
6. Who is vice-president of the United States?
7. On what date does Decoration Day fall?
8. How many licence plates are required on an automobile in most states?
9. When it is noon in New York City, what time is it in Pacific Coast cities?

Of the set of Stand Up and Cheer, 19 gave correct replies to each question and 14 missed only one. None who missed more than three was accepted.

I should imagine that "G.B.S." himself, quite apart from other considerations, would probably be "ploughed" on most of those purely American questions. However, the idea has possibilities. I am now standing by to raise the Phillips hat to anyone who institutes intelligence tests for producers.

From Garbo to Durante

Going rerenely from the sublime to the ridiculous and from two consecutive pictures, is the experience of Ponce and Dito, the two beautiful great Dane dogs, who must have captured many fans in "Queen Christina." They had just finished serving as bodyguards for Greta Garbo in that picture when they were called upon to form part of the retinue of Jimmy ("Snoozlize") Durante in radio's Strictly Dynamic. Are they mortified?

The Week's Best Wisecrack

The award for this week's best wisecrack goes to "The Man in the Front Row," who pointed out during the production of "Napoleon" that the movie ought to have a happy ending.

"They're giving it one," Cortez retorted. "They're letting Napoleon win the Battle of Waterloo."

Short Shots

It seems that The Dark Tower will introduce five newcomers to the screen, Margaret Dale, Harry Tyler, Bobbe Yearns, John Eldredge and Arthur Aylesworth—Charlotte ("Alice") Henry appears in George Arliss' new film Head of the Family—Victor Jory has been cast for Sheik Up and Cheetah. While Paul Muni is so pleased with the success of Hi, Nellie, that he wants more humour and less blood and tears in his future roles—Jane Murfin, the well-known screen writer, has been appointed the first woman supervisor—Ian Keith, who stole the masculine honours from John Gilbert in "Queen Christina," has been assigned the role of Octavian in Cleopatra. Within a fortnight of Francis Lederer playfully announcing that he always fell in love with his leading lady, the studio received 20 applications from feminine fans for the job—The Herbert Marshalls have been busy denying divorce rumours—Alice Faye looks like a winner to me—Although Marlene Dietrich does a lot of moving with her own, she is moving along with her wherever she goes—not unlike your own cat.

Bringing Back the Ex-stars

Pandro Berman, The Radio chief, who has been visiting London, tells me that the studio is in False Dreams, Farewell, a current New York stage hit, to make the interesting experiment of casting a number of former stars in the principal parts. The vehicle, which is a melodramatic story set on a ship, offers sixteen equally important roles which will be distributed among veteran players who have not had a chance to retain their popularity in talking pictures.

The idea is intriguing but I hope they will change that title. Under the circumstances it has an ominous ring.

Another Chance for Former Favourites

There seems to be a determined move at the moment to bring back the old-timers.

While unknowns are fighting for recognition, Educational Studios announce a series of farce comedies which will bring back former great names of the screen. Featured players are loath to appear in short comedies, as it affects their standing on the major lots. But when they are definitely "typed" in casting offices they are often never considered for roles they might capably enact.

So E. H. Allen, of Educational, this week signed Betty Compson, Robert Warwick, Dorothy Sebastian and Don Alvarado for a light comedy called for the moment, Breakers Ahead.

If the public accepts these people, others who have not found any too receptive ears in the casting offices of the major lots will be signed. Mr. Allen feels that the venture will not only bring the former figures to the eyes of the producers, but will greatly raise the standards of the two-ree field.

A Bouquet for Madeleine

I have in the past, as you may recall, had occasion to criticise Madeleine Carroll’s apparently superior attitude towards films, and it is consequently particularly gratifying to hear of the good work she has been doing as an ambassador for British pictures in the American movie capital.

Madeleine has made a host of new friends in Hollywood, not only for herself, but for the British industry.

"I am only sorry I delayed going to Hollywood for so long," she tells me. "No actor or actress in the world, however important, knows so much that Hollywood cannot teach him or her a great deal."

A "Murder Chair"

It occurred to me in a meditative moment the other day that there is a small fortune waiting to be picked up in films by anyone with a flair for mechanical gags.

Most of the big studios have "freak" departments which regularly turn out strange inventions for use in comedies.

One recent contraption was a "murder chair" for W. C. Field's new feature, You're Telling Me. It is a smooth-working affair that immediately "clubs" any person sitting on it. Fields uses it to discourageburglars.

The custard pies sometimes thrown in comedies are made in this department of a special preparation of glucose. A whistle valve that will make automobile tyres blow out at any desired moment is another ingenious device.

One attempted invention which failed was a collapsible opera hat that would open and close of its own accord. Had this been perfected, it would have been used in the recent Marx Brothers' film Duck Soup.

Kinema Couples

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to David D. Jolly, 27, Queen Street, Forfar, for:—

Behind the Make-up
Our Modern Maidsen

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to N. P. Fay, 175, Blenheim Street, Hull, for:—

Papa Loves Marna
But the Flesh is Weak

Miss M. Dean, 8 Cleveland Road, Hawley, Staffs, for:—

The Man I Killed
Should a Doctor Tell

Bunty Joyce, 30 York Street, Falkirk, for:—

No Marriage Ties
Lucky Devils

Miss J. Cator, Garage Cottage, 309 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, for:—

Meet My Sister
Hello Trouble

There are no rules to this contest except that all attempts must be sent in on postcards, marked "Couples," and addressed to me, 6/0 Picturgoer, 93 Long Acre, W.C. Envelopes will not be opened.
Changes I have seen
by Betty Balfour

Thousands of fans are eagerly awaiting the chance to see "Betty" on the screen again.

The world of kinema-goes is familiar with the amazing change in the quality and standing of its pictures during the last ten years, but few of that vast number of people have any conception of the astounding difference between the modern studio, and the studios of silent days.

I do not wish to lay claim to the glories of a pioneer, nor to sneer at the work of modern screen artistes, which I greatly admire.

On the other hand, I am bound to say that the artist of to-day has a "push-over"—to use an appropriate American term—compared to the lot of most of us only a few years ago.

Perhaps the most remarkable technical change next to sound, is to be found in studio lighting which, naturally, has a considerable effect on the artistes.

In the days before this change came about, lighting was a terrible problem, and the players had to make themselves up almost like Red Indians in order that the camera could record their normal appearance.

The greatest care had to be taken in the selection of clothes, for many colours were quite unsuited to the camera, under existing lighting conditions.

It does not need much imagination to conceive the harassed state of an actress constantly forced to watch the colouring of her gowns.

Only after considerable experience, including some study of camera work and lighting, would she really be sure of what gowns she might wear without incurring the wrath of her directors.

Although we were always happy, and keen on our work in the studio of a few years ago, film conditions took a great toll of the health of the workers.

I have a vivid recollection of one experience of what we termed "arc-eyes," caused by the strain of working under the studio lights.

This ailment is intensely painful, and puts one on the inactive list for several days.

The complaint was quite common, and most film artistes suffered from it at some time or another. To-day, with the changed lighting in every studio, "arc-eyes" are practically unknown.

In the modern studio little more make-up is needed than is essential for the stage, while dress colouring plays an unimportant part compared to what it did only a few years ago.

Moreover, working conditions in the studios have improved in a hundred ways which have made for greater efficiency, as well as a much less exacting time for all concerned in the production of a film.

When I first entered films, it was a case of artistes and directors having to do a dozen different jobs which are now attended to by others.

The industry was far behind what it is now, and many angles of screen work which are now the prerogative of experts fell to the lot of men

One of the most popular stars of the silent days, who is making a "come-back" in "Evergreen," discusses the revolution she has witnessed in the screen world.

The star as she appeared in "The Brat," one of her most popular successes.

One thing I am certain, and that is that what is now considered as the typical Englishman and the typical American in both countries will disappear.

As the film begins accurately to portray the various national types, English people will cease to regard all Americans as rascally-voiced toughs, and Americans will realise that the typical Englishman need not necessarily wear a monocle.

I think that certain British films which have had notable success in America have already done much to counteract this impression, while one or two outstanding American pictures have given the people of this country a clearer illustration of the real American.

I also believe that the interchange of artistes will do much to give other nations an opportunity of appreciating the talents of their neighbours, and that finally the moving pictures, cradled in years of war, may become a lasting factor for peace.

In any case, the amazing revolution which has taken place in pictures during the two and a half years I have been away from the studios, convinces me that the picture of the very near future will be a work of art such as no previous civilisation has known.
George Raft and Carole Lombard, who appear in "Bo-lero," do their daily good deed by collecting Gloria Swanson's autograph on a silk patchwork quilt for an "extra" girl.

Katharine Hepburn on location for her new picture "Spitfire." The man behind the spectacles is the director, John Cromwell. Round the table from the left are Mrs. Robert Young, Robert Young, Adalyn Doyle, the star, Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Ralph himself, and George Nicholls, the film's editor.

Jackie Cooper puts in a hard hour's "work-out" every day in an outdoor ring provided for him at the M.-G.-M. studios. His instructor is Mike Cantwell, who trains Max Baer.

Vivien Tobin wears this simple oyster-white linen suit with its blouse and tie of striking Roman stripes in "Transient Love." The bow is laced through slits in the cape and the skirt has a high waistline converging to a point in the centre. A brimmed hat of rough white wool completes the ensemble.
MUNI—A FUGITIVE

THE eminent film critic presents you to the real Muni, the man as well as the actor. His views, aspirations, hopes and ambitions are revealingly depicted in this striking pen portrait.

As the star appeared in the sensational prison drama, "I'M A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG."
world of Helen Hayes. Caro in *Queen Christina*—that's something grand. I'm very anxious to see Elizabeth Bergner in a picture, and Mr. Milder is showing us *Dreaming Lips* this afternoon. We saw her in the theatre last night, and, frankly, I was a little disappointed and a little angry with her. She's a lovely craftsman, theatre-wise. She's back from her farm trip, but, I wonder, is she anything more than theatre-wise?"

The steak and blooters having diaclined me towards deciding Bergner's exact place in the hierarchy of the stars, I side-tracked Muni with a question that has never yet failed to get results.

"What do you think of Katharine Hepburn?"

I was right. It didn't fail.

"Hepburn? Oh, yes, she'll be big some day. There's no one to touch her among the younger actresses—the only one approaching her is Margaret Sullavan, but she's soft, charming, lovely, she hasn't got Hepburn's drive.

"Katharine Hepburn is going through the bad stage of her career right now. She's had too much boosting before she was ready for it. She'll have to fight to get somewhere, but she'll make it all right. She thinks—she plays with her head. And her acting's got guts.

"How did she come to flop so badly in *The Lake*?"

"Oh, that's easily understood. Everything was stacked against her. She came back to New York, immature, without much experience of acting technique, but skyrocketed to the heavens with Hollywood ballyhoo. New York was like a mad-house on her opening night. The whole town went hysterical—headlines in all the papers, hordes of Press photographers, mobs in the streets, nobody talking of anything but Hepburn, it was a crazy premiere. And then came the show. It wasn't a good play. The part didn't suit her. She's a much more real theatre knowledge as her supporting cast. The critics were all set to pan her if she gave them a chance. And she gave it:"

"Will it do her any harm on the screen?"

"It's likely to be the best thing that could have happened to her," he answered earnestly. "There's nothing in the world more healthy for an actor than a grand flop. If he can take it, and doesn't let it discourage him. And I think Hepburn can take it.

When Muni talks about the theatre, his odd, dark face lights up with a kind of passion. For twenty-seven years he has lived with the smell of the greasepaint in his nostrils and the glare of the footlights in his eyes.

He has hacked through every part in the theatre routine, known the grind and disappointment, seen the mobs and bloaters, and how to handle them—is still a fugitive. His quick brain is always driving him from experience to experience, trying to learn how the rest of the world lives, what the rest of the world feels, worrying and fretting at his own success.

He has a horror of falling into a rut, becoming a "type" actor. He nearly worried himself sick over the heavy dramatic parts he was getting in pictures, and forced Warner Brothers to cast him in the comedy rôle of *Hi Nellie*! almost at the point of a gun.

Acting isn't just a profession with him. It's life—and he lives it nervously, vividly, passionately. He can't keep away from the theatre. Wherever he goes, he spends his afternoons and evenings watching other folk act. In Moscow he saw fourteen plays and pictures in a week. In London he saw nine in four days. When he watches acting, he's like a child. He gets enthusiastic—excited—he wants to rush behind the scenes and embrace the artists that please him. Frequently he does.

Yes, acting is Muni's passion. But he has another—an odd one for a fugitive artist. I discovered it quite by chance, towards the end of our luncheon party. We were sitting smoking cigarettes—what American paper told you that Muni didn't smoke!—and discussing the stars of the moment.

"What do you think of Fairbanks jun.?

"Muni asked me.

I told him.

"Well, I guess that goes for Paul Muni and a lot of others," he answered.

And then there came an interruption. The bell rang, and a page boy ushered in a messenger from one of the big shipping offices. Muni excused himself and went across the room to talk business. Bella Muni turned to me.

"We're trying to get steamship reservations for to-morrow," she said. "Muni's housekeeper. He wants to get back to our farm, in California."

"I thought you were staying much longer on this side," I said.

"Well, we were. But”—she hesitated, and then added in a burst of confidence—"Well, I guess it was the dogs that did it."

"The dogs?"

"Yes. We've got two, you know, and we're simply crazy about them. A foxhound and an Airedale. Our home just belongs to them. We sit anywhere, on the floor generally, and they take possession of the furniture. When we were in Moscow, I heard that the Airedale was sick. I didn't dare tell Muni at first. I knew he'd want to pack up and go right home."

I sympathized, as dog-owner to dog-owner, and asked for the latest bulletin.

"Oh, he's well again—we had a cable. But somehow that decided it. We were sitting over supper on our last night in Moscow, and we got talking about the dogs. We were all fixed to go on to Leningrad the next day, our rooms booked at the hotel and all our plans made. Then Muni suddenly said to me, "What's the use of a week in Leningrad, Bella? The same theatres, just the same as here in Moscow. There's nothing new to see. What do you say we go home to the farm?"

"So we turned around and came here to London, and planned to book our passage on the first good boat that was sailing for New York."

She stopped, and Muni came across the room, waving a bunch of papers in his hand. His eyes were shining. He looked like a kid on breaking-up day.

"Bella!" he cried. "It's all fixed. We're really going home. The baggage has got to be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning!"

And so I left them to their feverish packing, fugitives even from a three-weeks' holiday.
In spite of his "he-man" appeal, Victor rarely "gets his girl" on the screen. He fails in "No More Women," and again in his latest picture, "Warf Angel," in which he appears with Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell. In "The Lost Patrol" he is once again a hard-bitten sergeant—there are no women in this film.

Off stage, of course, he is a happy husband and a proud father.
AN OPEN LETTER TO JOAN CRAWFORD'S SOUL

Joan Crawford's Soul,
Exhibit A Dept.,
Any Hollywood Magazine,
At all News-stands (10 cents).

DEAR JOAN CRAWFORD'S SOUL,

DO not in the ordinary way go about writing letters to people's souls. I strive to restrain the urge.

But I am afraid that I was at a considerable disadvantage, right at the outset in penning this humble offering. "New, nobler and more complex Joan Crawfords" succeed each other on the motion picture scene with such bewildering rapidity these days that I was not at all sure whether by the time this letter reached Joan Crawford I should be addressing the Joan Crawford I started to write to or half a dozen other girls from the celebrated and extensive Crawford repertoire of Joans.

The regularity with which the bare Crawford soul appears for inspection in all the Hollywood movie magazines, however, suggests one frail straw of permanence at which the poor, floundering, less versatile mortal may clutch.

The Joan Crawford soul, moreover, is at the moment so much in danger of becoming more important than Joan Crawford that something ought to be done about it.

Not, if I may say so, because of the real importance of the current journalistic editions of Joan Crawford's soul, which is open to question, but because of the importance of Joan Crawford.

We are interested in Crawford as a screen actress, not as a pathoesthetic case, or as a walking collection of all the Freudian theories.

Screen actresses should create their new characterizations on the screen, not by psycho-analysing themselves weekly for the sob-sisters.

That soul-unburdening interview about "driving alone in the hills far into the night" which heralded the first of the new Joans in 1927 may have been a good story at the time.

After seven years' constant use it is perilously near becoming ridiculous.

Ardent Crawford admirers here have watched the performance with increasing irritation or incredulity—or both.

Perhaps that is why my post-bag barometer just now is showing some indications of a slump in Crawford prestige.

Perhaps that is why I, who once made the welkin ring as one of the most enthusiastic cheer-leaders of the Joan Crawford Admiration Society in this little neck of the woods find myself increasingly faced with the unpleasant duty of being critical of Joan Crawford both on and off the screen.

It is, I suggest, sufficiently probable for you to consider it.

Now, because what I have to say is far removed from the higher planes in which the Crawford soul soars, let us assume that Joan Crawford and her soul are one and the same.

You see, Joan Crawford, that the growing suspicion that you do most of your acting at newspaper interviews has made it very difficult for the faithful not to regard your sincerity on the screen itself as suspect.

Some of them are even beginning to wonder if there is a Joan Crawford. As one of them recently put to me: "I believe it's all a film fake, like King Kong and George Raft's high heels. There isn't any Joan Crawford. It's just an M.G.M. mirror trick."

She went on to add that it might be a good idea to step out and take a curtain call as yourself, "just to reassure your audience that you're real before they start walking out on you."

The suspicion, may I add, is not helped by a tendency to introduce the act into your screen characterizations.

You even had to be soulful in Dancing Lady, and while soulful chorus girls are a novelty in screen musicals, and heaven knows that screen musicals need novelty, I could not help wishing that you had taken the opportunity afforded by that picture to restore to us the captivating uninhibited Crawford who first won our acclaim. What irritates the Joan Crawford fans more than anything is the fact that no actress in Hollywood has less reason to pose than Joan Crawford.

There is something fine and worth while in the story of how you cheerfully battled your way to success from the chorus.

After that the soul-exhibiting posturings are really unimpressive.

I know that from your screen earnings you keep up four wards in a Hollywood hospital and that the people you have helped personally are too numerous to count.

I know that you have joined the fan clubs of several of your professional rivals and that you still keep up personal correspondence with the writers of the first fan letters they received.

And I know that the humber studio workers are among your most ardent admirers.

That is the Joan Crawford we want to meet on and off the screen.

In other words, Joan Crawford, be yourself.

Now in the latest effusion I see you are saying that "Growth is my goal."

I for one cannot believe that the procession of new Joan Crawfords is merely a pectivity "line" or even an affection.

I prefer to think that they are the outcome of the fact that you have always nailed the "We aim to please." slogan on your dressing-room door.

It is merely that the motive is mistaken. The Bernhardts, the Duses, the Ellen Terry's and other legendary figures of the acting art whom it is reported you are striving to emulate did not go about the place talking about their restlessness, their moodiness, their superhuman energy, their emotional tangies, and their burning ambitions, and generally baring their souls for the benefit of anybody who had ten cents to buy a newspaper.

Perhaps it had occurred to them that art and ambition are not achieved by the shouting of hackneyed psychological text-book jargon, and that growth is not attained by the application of the lipstick, even if it does give the illusion of enlarging the mouth.

According to the latest outpouring you are now adding a study of history to your activities and accomplishments. You have given up philosophy now. "When I was so miserable I could find no help in books, in others' thoughts," you state. "All answers must come from within." it goes on. "Need manifests self; an inner urge directs me; instinct is never wrong. Logic and reason are not the reis that control. When I feel I know."

We can only hope, I suppose, that some inner urge will direct you into "feeling" that even after the history course we do not want any more "new Joan Crawfords," and that the time has come to reinstate the old.

You may not believe in logic and reason, but the particular brands of logic and reason asserted by the box-office have up to now been sufficiently effective to put reins of control on most screen actresses.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.
My LIFE STORY by CLARK GABLE

IN response to numerous requests, PICTUROGEOE has secured for its readers this intimate autobiography, written in conjunction with Eleanor Packer, of one of the most popular masculine stars on the screen to-day.

Beginning this week, he will tell you in his own characteristically frank manner the romantic story of his battle for fame.

Clark Gable chats with Elizabeth Allan between scenes of his latest picture, "Men in White."

His business of writing a life story certainly makes you regard yourself from a new angle. The average person goes along year after year, taking things for granted, far more concerned with the future and the present than with the past. Then when you suddenly sit down to put into words the events of that past, you find yourself looking at yourself with different eyes.

It's a great experience. When you've finished, you understand things much more thoroughly. Events which, at the time of their happening, seemed of vast importance, become meaningless, while apparently small things take on a new and desired importance.

For instance, I have always been vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of homesickness, of depression, of a queer sadness whenever I have smelled the spicy odour of cooking tomatoes. I never bothered to wonder about it.

Then, all of a sudden, while I was talking and thinking about my childhood, I remembered a dreary, rainy September day, when I sat on a stool in a big farmhouse kitchen while I watched my grandmother stirring a kettle filled with old-fashioned tomato ketchup.

I must have been about four at the time, and as I sat and listened and smelled the warm, spiced steam from the kettle, my grandmother talked to me.

"You can be as big or as small as you think you are, Clark," she said.

I haven't thought of that afternoon or those words for years. But now, remembering them, I realise what a deep and lasting impression they made on my consciousness.

There are two kinds of life stories. One is a mere statement of events, set down in the order of their happening. The other is a more or less emotional history. But when you start to write about yourself you get confused between the two.

I was born in Cadiz, a small Ohio town, on February 1. But the first thing I really remember is watching a blinding snowstorm through the window of a Pennsylvania farmhouse. One lone chicken, lost in the snow, was squawking frantically as it tried to find its way back to the coop. I can remember begging my grandfather to bring it into the house.

Both my father and my mother were of German parentage. My mother, Adeline Hershelman, was born in the very farmhouse in which I spent the first five years of my life. She had studied art and I still have sketches and water colour paintings, carefully treasured as a memory of the mother whom I never saw.

My father, William Gable, was an oil contractor, working in the oilfields of Ohio. I was born in a white farmhouse on a quiet street of the little town, which only means to me the last resting-place of my mother, who died seven months after I was born.

Father sold the white house and took me to the farmhouse of my mother's parents in Pennsylvania. It was a beautiful rambling old place, running along the shore of a lake. My grandparents loved me and scolded me, rocked me to sleep and spanked me when necessary. In fact, they did everything in their power to do the right thing for the only child of their only daughter.

There weren't any little boys near our house, so I grew up without playmates. I followed my grandfather around the farm, sat with my grandmother in the kitchen by the big coal stove, lay on the grass under the maple trees, chased squirrels in the woods behind the house, learned to swim in the cool waters of the lake, hunted for eggs and slid down the warm hay in the big barn. But best of all I liked the cold, winter days when the snow was deep on the ground and when my breath made smoke in the air. I can still remember the red cap and mittens which my grandmother knitted for me.

Every Sunday we drove to a neighbouring town to church. Grandfather and Grandmother were as strict in their religious duties as they were fair and just to the motherless little boy who had come to live with them.

Then, when I was five years old, Father married again. Naturally he wanted me to live with him in his new home. And my grandparents agreed with him. I shall never forget the day when my father came to get me.

It had been very exciting, packing my clothes and my toys and saying good-bye to the farm. But when the moment for saying good-bye came, all the excitement left me. I didn't want to go. I clung to her and begged Father to let me stay with her.

I shall always see my grandmother as she
stood against the white pickets of the fence by the road, waving to me while grandfather drove us to the station.

I liked my new mother at first glance. She was young and pretty and sweet. She knew just the right way to treat a homesick, little boy. No real mother could have been kinder or more affectionate and understanding than she was to me. She was never a stepmother. She was just Mother.

My new home was in the little town of Hopedale, Ohio, a village of five hundred people. There, for the first time, I learned to play with other boys. My best friends were Holly and Tommy. We grew up together, sharing each other's troubles and fun.

I started to go to school when I was six years old. Every summer during holiday time, Mother took me back to Pennsylvania to visit my grandmother. One year we took Holly and Tommy with us and we had a grand time on the farm.

When I was eight years old, I had firmly decided to be a doctor. One day while playing in the street, I had been run over by a heavy-wheeled wagon and my head was badly cut. The family physician and I became great friends during his daily visits.

There was so much exciting mystery about him and the little black bag with all its bottles of pills and its sharp instruments. Mother and the doctor agreed with me that it would be a wonderful profession. From that time on my one all-absorbing ambition was to study medicine until the stage bug crept into my blood.

I was always large and rather awkward, but I was fairly good at athletics. When I was in the eighth grade, they allowed me to play in the secondary school football team. There weren't any conference rules in the small town. Both the grammar schools and the secondary school were small, so I played in all the teams—baseball, football, basketball, and track events.

School was all right, but I was never particularly fond of it. I guess I wasn't much of a student. I found mathematics difficult, but I liked languages and history.

As a social light I didn't shine very brightly. I was an awkward, overgrown boy who was never quite sure what to do with his hands and his feet. I liked girls but I was afraid of them. I used to envy the fellows who could walk up to girls and laugh and talk without blushing and stammering.

I guess that I never was what you would call a "good mixer." I always had two or three close, intimate friends, and I'd rather spend my time with them than with a crowd. And I was always secretly in love with some one girl. Most of the time no one knew it, least of all the girl herself.

During my junior year in secondary school Dad decided to give up the oil business for farming. He bought a beautiful place in another town. I hated to leave Hopedale and all the boys, but after a few weeks I liked the farm. Mother liked it, too, and there were lots of things about it which reminded me of the other farm in Pennsylvania.

Dad gave me a Ford to drive the six miles to school. That was grand. I used to drive back on Saturday to Hopedale to see my friends.

When I received my diploma, Father and Mother and I had a long talk. I wanted to go to college and study medicine. I certainly did not desire to be a farmer. But I realized that I would have to earn my own way through medical school.

With all the enthusiasm of sixteen I was willing and anxious to tackle anything, and to earn my way through school seemed a very simple matter.

Finally, I persuaded my parents to let me go to Akron, Ohio, to get a job. Two boys from Hopedale were planning to do the same thing, and we decided to go together.

I shall never forget the long talk Mother and I had that last day at home while we packed my clothes. The advice which she gave me, the simple, understanding way in which she talked to me, influenced my entire life.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed in Akron. I had arranged to meet the boys from Hopedale at the station, and my train reached there an hour before they arrived. That hour in the strange station was one of the longest in my life. After all, I was only sixteen, and it was my first trip all alone away from home.

The three of us found rooms at the hotel and spent the evening wandering around the town. Not one of us would confess to the others that he was scared to death. It had been easy and thrilling to talk about going out on our own, but it was a pretty serious business to be there.

**NEXT WEEK—**

**I Started as a Call-boy**

In next week's installment Clark Gable tells you of his early struggles to earn an education, the dramatic ups and downs of life in a stock company, in which he first made his appearance as an actor, or rather a call-boy, and of the time when he worked in the oil fields.
TO EARLY HOLIDAYMAKERS

WHO WILL TRAVEL BY RAIL WITH PENNY-A-MILE "SUMMER" TICKETS

Everything is in your favour for a wonderful time. The seaside and inland resorts of the West Country, at all times unmatched for natural beauty and holiday attractions, are at their best in the Spring and early Summer months. Not only that, but the days are longer with hours more sunshine; accommodation is cheaper; and there is no waiting for a game of tennis or golf. In fact you are to be congratulated if you have to go away early.

It will be a pleasure for the Great Western Railway Company to afford you all possible assistance, but just as a suggestion, think over the possibilities of Devon and Cornwall—the Channel Islands, where you get the flavour of the Continent whilst still under the protection of your own country—mountainous Wales—Somersetshire—Dorsetshire—Herefordshire—or the many other shires of the West Country. What a marvellous choice!

"Holiday Haunts" price 6d. will describe their attractions in detail, whilst giving you a selection of 8,000 addresses. Moreover, Holiday Season Tickets will be available in most districts to give you unlimited travel over a wide area for a modest 10s. a week. Any information will be gladly given at Great Western Offices and Agencies, or, if you prefer, write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, and your requests will be attended to immediately.
April 21, 1934

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

A DIFFICULT DIVORCEE

Heading for a Fall—De Mille Bans Yachting—Garbo in Disguise Again—Warner Baxter Becomes Autograph Addict—Now the "Blonde House"

CERTAIN feminine star has become very difficult since her recent divorce. She objects to leading men assigned to her films and is most particular in avoiding executives of whom she does not approve.

Only the lady herself can be sure an extra, but the dizzy heights to which she has climbed have evidently affected her judgment.

The alienation of many old-time friends is likely to mean the beginning of her fall in popularity.

Lupe re Lupe

The best analysis of Lupe Velez was one I received from Lupe herself.

I interviewed her at the studio between scenes, and found the usually tempestuous actress enjoying a quiet rest. She admitted she was tired.

"I never stay tired," she told me. "Vacation when this picture is finished? Lupe never had a vacation. I go from one job to another. If it isn't a picture, it is the stage or personal appearances. I don't mind. I like to work."

"I have been poor and I have had plenty of money, and I have been just as happy one time as the other. I got the same laughs and the same pleasures from life when I was poor that I do now. Certainly I like to make a good salary, but money—it really is nothing. If I make it, I spend it and have a good time. If I do not have it, I do not spend it, but still I have the good time!"

Lupe, it is evident, is quite a philosopher.

De Mille's Decree

The recent narrow escape from a possible watery grave by Warren William, when he was lost at sea on a yacht with a dead engine, has caused Cecil B. De Mille to lay down the law to his cast for Cleopatra, his next picture.

No seafaring or flying until the picture is finished, was the dictum of the famous director.

Warren William, who plays the role of Julius Caesar, a casting task which took several months. After an even more hectic search, Harry Wilcken was imported from England to play Marc Antony.

Garbo in Disguise

Attendents at Garbo's new Chinese Theatre have been given the interesting fact that Greta Garbo has attended showings of her Queen Christina film several times during the engagement.

On various occasions theatre ushers have noticed a girl who wore dark glasses, a wide-brimmed drooping hat and a gabardine trench coat. This person was finally identified as the star herself.

A Golden Dream

Hollywood's first "blonde house" has started a new rage that will probably keep builders, upholsterers, and interior decorators busy for the next year or two.

The "blonde house" belongs to Carole Lombard, and every room, every piece of furniture, and every yard of drapery was selected as a setting and background for the golden hair and white skin of the actress.

Fighting Back

All mature film fans will remember Baby Marie Osborne, who was a popular child star.

Time certainly flies, for little Marie is now married and has a baby. Her husband is not over blessed with the world's goods, so Marie has been trying to get back in the films.

Ginger Rogers has given the former child star a helping hand and she is now Ginger's "stand-in."

This expression means a double, who stands in the set for an important player while the lights and cameras are being adjusted.

A Handy Man

A number of miniature airplanes made from folded pieces of paper were required for a scene in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were to throw them from a plane to Shirley Temple during the production of The World Is Ours, at Fox Movietone City.

Nobody at the studio could fold them and the property men were in a quandary until someone happened to recall he had seen James Dunn making them. Dunn was located and he did the job with neatness and dispatch.

Two Friends

Despite reports of rivalry among Hollywood's actresses, such a charge cannot be brought against Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay.

The two girls became fast friends when working together in Fuddy and, when Margaret was stricken with appendicitis, Janet was solicitous itself. She spent all her spare time with Margaret at the hospital.

Margaret is convalescing at Janet's beach home.

An Autograph Enthusiast

After ducking autograph seekers more conscientiously than any star in Hollywood, Warner Baxter, of all people, has succumbed to the disease himself.

Baxter proposes to build a small movie theatre in his new Bel-Air home, and thought it would be a good idea to have a panel of autographed screen stars' portraits around the walls; hence his pursuit of his fellow players.

Learning that Madeleine Carroll, the famous English star, was in the portrait gallery for a few minutes, he borrowed an office boy's bicycle and pedalled madly over to secure her autograph before she got away.

A Trying Experience

ida Lupino, hailed by Hollywood as a coming star, possesses a loving mother, a big house, a swimming pool, and many friends, but she has her trouble like all of us.

It chanced that a day came when the little English actress was not needed at the studio. She decided to devote her holiday to inspecting her wardrobe. A winter coat appeared to be of little use in sunny California, so she took it to a closet. As she placed the coat on a hook the door, which has a snap lock, closed, and she was imprisoned for over an hour.

When her mother, alarmed by her absence, opened the closet door, Ida was unconscious.

Richard Dix had a similar experience a few weeks ago, when he was detained overnight in the cellar of his mountain cabin.

Sylvia Can Take It

Sylvia Sidney showed her grit during the filming of a scene for Thirty Day Princess.

The scene, which took place in a restaurant, called for a fight between Cary Grant and George Baxter. George was supposed to launch a lusty blow at Cary, who was instructed to duck. The actors tried to follow the instructions of the director, but, unfortunately, George slipped as he lunged at Cary. The latter side-stepped and the blow landed on the chin of Sylvia, who was seated at a table.

For a few seconds Sylvia saw more stars than there are in Hollywood, and was her chin sore? Speedy first-aid was administered to prevent a swelling upon her face.

She made no complaint, for she is a plucky little girl.

A Lucky Actor

It is not news that Leo White is to appear in Sadie McKee, Joan Crawford's new picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

For White, an Englishman—he was born in Manchester—appears in every picture Joan makes. He befriended the star in Pretty Ladies, her first film. Since then she has insisted that he be cast in all her pictures.

He will appear as a comedy waiter in Sadie McKee.

White's theatrical history goes back to the years when he played with Wallace Beery in the Sweezy comedies. Later he was the famous French Count of Charles Chaplin's pictures.

Hollywood Says That—

— Ann Sothern consumes six chocolate ice cream coronets daily.
— Grace Moore has nine cats, all but two of which came as mendicants to the door of her Beverly Hills home.
— Irene Dunne has moved for the fourth time in a year. She moves more than any other star in Hollywood.
— Ann Harding finally hired a chauffeur, wearing livery and everything.
— Neil Hamilton has 1,500 tulips in his garden.
— Alice White is studying toe dancing.
— Frances Drake is an excellent pistol shot.
Vallee from his stage partner, played by the newcomer, Alice Faye.
The ensembles, like the rest of the piece, have their inspiration in the theatre, but although there are no Busby Berkeley waterfalls, they are quite effective, while the film has a more than usually generous quota of good song numbers.
Despite its technical shortcomings, it is, in fact, quite a bright little offering. Rudy Vallee has improved immensely as a talkie artiste and has some moments of comedy that reveal that America's crooning Boy Wonder is almost human after all. The bulk of the comedy is in the capable hands of Jimmy Durante and Cliff Edwards. George White impersonates himself with great gusto, while Gregory Ratoff is seen at intervals.
Miss Faye, who stepped into the breach when Lilian Harvey walked out of her part, is one of those very golden blondes. She has only one big number, but she puts it over with a charm and vivacity that suggest that she will be a likely candidate for a movie colony mansion with swimming pool.—M. D. P.

Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi in "A Man of Two Worlds."

Schnozzle Durante becomes romantic with Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals."

I Believed in You
A drama which finds expression by presenting you with the conflicting views of life expressed by the Socialist and the Capitalist. It is somewhat biased in favour of the latter, but generally keeps clear of acrimonious controversy. Instead, it concentrates on the experiences of True Merrill, a young idealist who represents the socialist viewpoint of the pseudo-intellectuals, with Jim Crowl, an agitator and Michael Harrison, a millionaire philanthropist.
The dialogue is good and pointed, and the picture has an intelligent outlook which takes it out of the rut of conventionality.
It is well acted, too. Rosemary Ames is sincere and convincing as the impressionable True, while John Boles and Victor Jory are effectively contrasted as the millionaire and the agitator respectively.
Good contrast in atmosphere is also obtained by the Greenwich village and lavish apartment settings. Understanding treatment, sound characterisation and human appeal make it worth while entertainment.—C. K.

George White's Scandals
Despite the fact that one eminent critic has discovered in it the "first real screen revue," this is technically a throw-back to the all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing shows that brought in talkies in 1929.
It is frankly a photographed stage "musical," with the principals doing their stuff in front of a back-cloth most of the time. What plot there is concerned with the attempts of Adrienne Ames, as a wealthy play-girl, to steal the affections of Rudy
PICTUREGOER

April 21, 1934

It is an amusing little plot, however, and not lacking in characterisation. Zasu is the owner of the local haberdashery, who has waited ten years for El Brendel, the local barber, to propose. This long denied event is accelerated by the arrival in town of a "red hot mamma," the star of a second rate touring show who gets stranded in town. Pert Kelton plays this part excellently and is just about as hard-boiled as you could wish her to be.

Other sound comedy performances are given by James Gleason as a man who falls heavily for Pert Kelton and by Skeets Gallagher as a high-speed salesman who tries to cut him out, but fails. Altogether an amusing little picture which has just that touch of real life sincerity which is always an invaluable asset in comedy.—L. C.

Harmony Row

Australian films have not so far been notable in quality or material, but in this picture there is a comician, George Wallace, who appears to me to have distinct possibilities. He appears here as a policeman in a tough district and indulges in some amusing slapstick and back-chat. Both his facial expressions and his actions are amusing and he has in him the real essentials of a clown. The picture itself is far too drawn-out, it has the appearance of an elongated music hall sketch, but there is gusto, a good deal that is humorous and entertaining in it, and if it were cut drastically it would be very much improved as a laughter maker.

Production qualities are adequate but stagey in effect; the whole thing relies on the ability of George Wallace to make you laugh and I think he will do it successfully.—L. C.

It's a Cop

If comic constables had their hey day in an earlier period of the screen's development, faithful followers of Sydney Howard will have little cause for disappointment in his latest contribution to the gaiety of the nation. He appears here at the top of his form as P.C. Spy, and the story of how, more by good luck than good management he brings to book a gang of crooks, comprising Garry Marsh, Donald Calthrop and Dorothy Boucher, is familiar Howard stuff developed on familiar Howard lines. The captious critic might fault the piece on its slight story and production values, and a tendency by Director Maclean Rogers to rely too much on the star slows up the pace at times and gives little opportunity to the other players, but admirers of the comedian will not quarrel with it for that and it has some really bright moments for non-Howard fans.—M. D. P.

Master and Man

Wallace and Barry Lupino have the makings of a very good comedy team and there is the germ of a very good idea in this picture where the former's sudden wealth has made him virtual dictator of the latter, who is at his best as the "pride" of the telephone department of "Ozozo," who comes to work in the big city.—M. D. P.

Rolling in Money

Just another British comedy, with another gadget of some kind—some contrivance inheriting money from a rich uncle in Canada and mixing with high society.

Production and direction, I note, are credited to A. Parker. This is an improved form of my own method of solving problems, and judging from this effort he has yet completely to conquer local studio conventions. Either Parker is on the point of overcoming the notorious "reserve" of our actresses, or more probably of overcoming the inherent staginess of a script of which he has made a charac-
teristic to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.—L. C.

The Lost Patrol

Not a picture for the squeamish, but I recom-
mend it for those who like stark tragedy and grim drama.

The officer of a patrol in the Mesopotamian desert is shot by an unseen Arab. The sergeant takes charge and admits that they are lost, since the officer kept the map. They strike an oasis. The first night the sergeant is killed and the horses are stolen. We then see the reactions of this little group of men; each is a type. One by one they meet death. Only the sergeant is left when the relieving force has not, however, been well expelled. There are some amusing situations accruing from the pair's attempt to stop a fire which they had accidentally-as done nothing better but sarcastic and unduly overlonged and the slapstick lacking in originality.

On the other hand there is a real attempt at characterisation and the interplay between master and man is definitely very amusing. Given better material and keeping these same roles, Wallace and Barry Lupino could well become a character-steam to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.—L. C.

Looking for Trouble

The Twentieth Century company's contribution to the current cycle devoted to the kinematic glorification of the American telephone mechanism turns out to be one of those good, old-fashioned comedy melodramas which, while adding little to motion-picture history, succeed in being reason-
ably entertaining for an hour or so. At least it cannot be faulted on the grounds of lack of action.

About the only major cataclysmic possibility Producer Darryl Zanuck and his staff appear to have overlooked in this chronicle of life among the telephone wires is the Flood.

However, if you were to Peggy with an earthquake, a fire, a million-dollar burglary and a murder, of which that charming young actress Constance Cummings is wrongly accused, to say nothing of the hectic activities of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie in the cause of finding and making the real culprit confess, you may waive that and consider that you have had your money's worth.

If Looking for Trouble has a moral at all, it is that Mr. Tracy and Mr. Oakie should be seen more often as a team like. The sense of rugged strength and dependability conveyed by the former provides the ideal foil for the blundering seduction and the screen melancholy of the latter, who is at his best as the "Norwegian" of the telephone department of "Ozozo," who comes to work in the big city.—M. D. P.

Evelyn Venable, left, one of the coming stars, looks up at Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday," which will be fully reviewed next week.

PTEX WEEKLY

A New "Disney"

One imagines that it will be a long time before Mr. Walt Disney hits upon so ingratiating a character creation as his now famous trio of pink porcine heroes, but he has turned in a worthy successor to The Three Little Pigs in his latest Silly Symphony, The Grasshopper and the Ants.

The new film, which at a private show the other night, is, of course, based on the fable, and like its predecessor, preaches the moral of preparation for the future. The characteristic of the film is its use to describe the changing seasons which almost bring death by starvation to the frivolous grasshopper, who has played all the summer while more industrious inhabitants are at work storing food. He is such a gay fellow, however, that one feels grateful that Mr. Disney has taken pity on him and given a happy ending. The ants provide him with food and shelter and he is converted to a better and nobler life.

Although so amusing as some of his others, this is one of the cleverest symphonies the cartoonist has done.—M. D. P.
It Happened One Night

A frigid first meeting in the bus between Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

This film brings time on the screen and Clark Gable's spiky headstrong who tames her. A special Capra, the director was.

Clark prepares breakfast—so charming Their relationship has been purely fantastic.

The all-night bus has had its stop, and the adventure begins in real earnest.
A study of Claudette dressed as a bride for the man she doesn't marry.

A fond father (Walter Connolly) persuades his daughter to follow the dictates of her heart.

No standing on ceremony. But the skating on the thin ice is done most discreetly.

ether for the first time Claudette Colbert is the story of a who meets a man old idea, but exquisite humour and excitement make it a picture well worth seeing.
Gus Winterbottom, sometime known as a missionary, convulsed the clerk of the court by rolling a penny from finger to finger, finally making the coin disappear altogether.

"Six cigars," he added genially. "Removing the Corona from his mouth, he inhaled, took a drink, frowned, took a pull from a bottle withdrawn from his pocket, and emptied the contents of the water-jug on the judge's stand to the floor. "What have you to say?" roared the judge.

"Well, your honour, we were having a friendly game of poker and Mr. Newington's deck contained five aces. Ever heard of a pack of cards containing five aces?"

A juror, who had been hawking at the wooden box with a penknife, completed a severance with suddenness, causing pandemonium resulting from the abrupt displacement of eleven pairs of feet. Above the confusion, the judge's voice rose stentorian.

"My judgment upon you, Augustus Winterbottom, is that one hour from now any citizen of Nashville is authorized to plug you as foul as you can hold. The court will adjourn."

Gus retired to pack. He was closing the lid of a bulging portmanteau on his top hat when a countryman handed him a letter. He tore the envelope and read aloud:

"Dear Sir,—Owing to the death of your lamented brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Summers, we beg to inform that you are one of the beneficiaries (Gus pronounced it 'beanfisheries') of his estate.

Yours truly,
Phineas Pratt."

"Well, I'll be darned!" observed the countryman. "Where you going now, Mr. Winterbottom?"

"Danville. In other words, this is where we take the bull by the tail and so on to fortune in a letter."

Thus it was that Gus's portly personage, of which his deft fingers so versed in sleight-of-hand, were but the outward signs of an inward power of deception, passing belief, occupied the entire space in front of the ticket window at Nashville Junction. He had thought then of his wife, and seldom did memories of Tillie

Sillie and Gus

The Story of the Film by Marjory Williams

Winterbottom trouble him, unless in connection with unpaid alimony, he might have surmised that she, being sister to Ed Summers, might also be a "beanfishery" of his estate.

As a matter of fact, Tillie Winterbottom, who ran an unsuccessful night club on the Shanghai waterfront, had gambled away the premises to her biggest creditor, a gentleman who admitted he owed his fortune to dice specially made for him by an Alaskan, named Gus Winterbottom.

Swallowing which irony, Tillie took fond farewell of night-club life and repaired to the offices of the Christian Mission, looking, in her black costume and plain felt hat, as though dice, loaded or otherwise, had never swung into her ken.

"You are a missionary?" inquired the helper in charge of the travelling bureau.

Tillie raised her eyes. "Yes, that is to say I bring strangers out of the darkness, fill them with fresh spirit, and relieve them of their material burdens."

"How interesting. Please sign here. This entitles you to a ten per cent. reduction on your ticket."

When Gus, occupying the space in front of the Nashville Junction ticket office, turned round and saw the wife, whose alimony he had conspicuously failed to pay, he started, lost his hat, and remarked with a composure he was far from feeling.

"Hello, my little turtle dove, my sweet! What brings you in these parts?"

"Did I hear you ask the clerk for a ticket to Danville?"

"You did, my love."

"My destination. May I ask what you're doing there, Augustus?"

It transpired that Tillie also had received from Phineas Pratt a letter announcing her as beneficiary of her brother's estate. Visions of future fortune brought a glamour to the meeting of husband and wife. They travelled to Danville on the same train, in the same car—nay, occupied the same seat. Further to cement their amicable relationship, Gus, aided by Tillie, who stood near the card table uttering concealed hints, "brought in the sheaves," as he expressed it, from three passengers in a friendly game of poker.

"It's my belief," Tillie remarked, as they left the train and were nearing the house of their late relative, "that Phineas Pratt is a crook. He always used to be, anyhow. Trust a family lawyer like him to butter his bread first."

The lawyer in question received them in a parlour crowded with furniture and knick-knacks a century old.

"Where is my niece, Mr. Pratt?"

Tillie inquired. "I understood she and her husband, Tom Sheridan, inhabited this house by my late brother's will."

"Sit down, Mrs. Winterbottom—" you, too, sir. It's rather a long story, I'm afraid. You must understand, when the debts were paid, the estate had absolutely no assets. The only property accruing to Mary and her husband was the derelict ferry Fairy Queen. Useless, it was, of course, and Mary made an offer of five hundred dollars for the barge and Tom turned it down. I only made it to help the deal."

"No doubt. I've known you too long, Phineas Pratt, to inquire into your motives. May I ask why you appear to be living here?"

"For the best of reasons. The house was mortgaged to me years ago. In default of payment, I'm Pray be careful, sir. That vase is worth five hundred dollars. Your stick strikes me as painfully near."

"Well, I hear the lunch gong. I must wish you good-day."

"Gus rose in the grand manner."

"Good-day, Tillie, my dear, as this gentleman evidently doesn't wish for our company, we will visit Tom and Mary on the ferry. Come, my love."

Dexterously knocking the five-hundred-dollar vase from its stand and ignoring the pieces, Gus and his lady departed.

The yellow shadows drooping over the bank of the Potomac nearly hid the moribund ferry as they approached the gang-plank. The Fairy Queen was a double-decker craft and looked in need of a coat of paint.

Standing with his back to the pseudo-missionaries as they got on board, with nothing between his diminutive self and the river, a pair of leather reins girt about his middle, was a child of perhaps two.

"What are you doing here?" Gus inquired.

"Don't be silly. Can't you realise a child of that age doesn't talk? corrected Tillie.

A young woman, wearing an organdi blouse and smart little hat, applied herself from the cabin and snatched the infant to her skirts with "King, how could you?"

She was bearings him away when she stopped.

"You're Mary Sheridan, Tillie announced. "Don't look bewildered. I'm Phineas Pratt and you are my Aunt Tillie and this is your Uncle Gus."

"Auntie! Uncle!" Mary held on to a young man who had emerged in shirt sleeves from behind. "This is my husband, Tom. We are glad to see you. You see, we weren't in time to let you know before there was no money from poor Dad's
estate. Please, go right into the cabin and sit down while I fix lunch. Tom, you take King back to bed.

"Sentimental idiots, both of them," Tillie opined five minutes later, again in Gus's hearing.

"Seems so. All the better for bringing in the sheaves, my dear." Seated at the lunch table, a doubtful look crossed Mary's charming face.

"Auntie—Uncle—"you're both missionaries, isn't one of you saying grace?"

In the end they made her say it. Gus had already got his teeth into corn-on-the-cob when called by Tillie to an outward show of devotion. Also he was grateful for uncle and aunt's safe arrival here," interposed Mary with bent head.

Tillie coughed and utterly failed to share her ceremony on finding at the blessing's conclusion, that a tame duck, which obviously had free run of the cabin, had made a meal of his corn-cob, which he had thought to conceal under the table cloth.

After all, it was King who finally worked Tillie's motherly heart, inducing her to transfer her antipathy from the "sentimental idiots" to Phineas Pratt, whom she suspected more than ever of sharp practice.

One summer evening she had finished bathing King, whose playful habit of removing the chain and plug from his tin bath, had all but floated away in Fairy Queen's deck, when Gus called.

The tall, round-shouldered figure of Phineas Pratt, oily-complexioned, with dark moustache, was accompanied on deck by a stranger, wearing a trilby.

The River Commissioner, my dear," introduced Gus, with a wave of his stick. "The gentleman's trying to tell us the Fairy Queen's unseasworthiness. Not a bit of it, I assure him. Sound as a bell. Every part's in good repair."

To prove the last, he leaned his bulky frame against the ship's rail, which was a long way, but nearly all the same. With great presence of mind, Gus tugged back the falling portion, which fitted neatly into its original position, exhibiting few tell-tale splinters.

"Very handy device for facilitating the meeting of the life line," he emphasised and continued to tour the deck, Pratt, the commissioner, and away Tom and Mary in his wake. Arrived at the stern, the party was brought up short. To four people at least, the apparition before their eyes was new and startling. Docked a hundred yards downstream was a brand new ferry.

An up-to-date contrivance for a woman's paddle wheels, manifested itself in a Heath-Robinson-like contraption between the two upper deck houses of the new craft. On her stern, glistening with fresh paint, was the name in bold black letters, Keystone.

"I see it all," Gus spluttered venemously. "Who does that ferry belong to? You, Phineas Pratt? I thought it was Black cap. You, Pratt, are trying to oust the Fairy Queen from the river, just as my nephew has got her engine working. You're no gentleman, sir!

"Maybe," Pratt returned equably. "Don't worry. The Fairy Queen will never do service on these waters again; no sir. The barge is about fit to live in, that's all."

"That's not true," Mary burst in. My husband is a splendid engineer. He's been working night and day ever since we came here to get our engine going. It does go. I should like to show the Commissioner sometime."

"You will have to, ma'am."

The somewhat staid individual in the trilby, who so far had not exercised his privilege to speak, produced a form from a leather case.

According to this document, which I am to ask you to sign, the Fairy Queen's franchise is to be cancelled from next Monday, unless her owners can prove to my satisfaction that she can ply for trade as a ferry.

"Unless her owners can prove—"

"Tom took up the argument. "Well, they can prove it."

He threw a glance over his shoulder. "I'll take Keystone on its face; from any starting point you, Commissioner, like to name, ending at the dock here. If I win I retain the franchise. If Keystone wins I lose it. How's that?"

"Over a papa on deck with his nephew, Gus at first seemed extremely gloomy on the subject of the race, the details of which the Commissioner had consented to draw up. As the evening wore on his thoughts took a more rosy hue, smoothing creases out of his plump face and allowing him to enjoy the flavour of the weed.

"Augustus," Tillie remarked as she searched for her ample wrapper in the locker. "You must have some plan by now to bring home the Fairy Queen."

"Quite so, my little turtle-dove. Your co-operation to-morrow, being the night before the race, is needed. I also require a diving suit."

Bad in a macintosch, nervously winding the handle of an apparatus, whereby Gus, enclosed in a diving helmet and wading in the dank water by the ferries' moorings, was receiving air, Tillie sat on a remote corner of the quay, whence the race was to start. She did her best to avoid suspicion, even going to the lengths of covering the apparatus with her coat and sitting on it when the Keystone's captain, a noted-too-bright individual, strode that way.

She soon dismissed him and assisted Gus out of the water. "I hope you've tied the right boat to the dock," she observed sternly as she noted her soul-mate struggling, breathing hard, out of his helmet.

"I've tied up the Keystone, taken out a few bolts, locks and bars, and generally dismantled her," he said cheerily. In accordance with his character, Gus had over-rated the thoroughness of his achievements.

The following day he was up early, attiring himself in a monkey jacket and peaked cap, confident of steering the Fairy Queen to victory. It was a perfect morning. Beyond the peaceful stretch of river, two miles above Danville town dock, the rugged lines of hills shimmered in blue mist.

Tillie had got herself out for the occasion, discarding her habitual trim coat and skirt for a summery voile, most unsuitable for her amplitude, and floppy hat that caught every gust of wind. The entire local populace had turned out for the occasion, swarming on the river banks, and especially the departure quay, where they clamped vainly to be taken on as passengers in either ferry.

The starting gun went and the...."
Dentists recommend

Cool tooth paste

because it contains Peroxide for whitening the teeth, Para-Esters, which are the finest antiseptics, and Chlorates for strengthening the gums. Specially triple-milled for safeguarding the delicate enamel of children's teeth.

6d 

in tubes

6d 

TILLIE AND GUS—Continued

Fairy Queen was off, making a gallant start, her paddles churning the water at her stern.

Gus, who had undertaken to keep Tom supplied with the needful wood for stoking the engine, lingered on the stern deck to crow over the inanity of the raft on which Tillie, the Keystone to leave her moorings.

Meanwhile the distance between her and Fairy Queen was pleasantly widening. Gus was smoking a cigar in mouth, to make sure the pile of logs, lashed to the deck ready to be sent through the hatch below, was still there, when Tillie's shout recalled him to the bridge, where she and Mary were to take alternate charge of the wheel.

"Gus," she gasped, "they've got away! Keystone's got away, somehow. I always said you couldn't tie knots."

"Maybe, but observe, my little turned-overh, how the Keystone revolves in circles, as it were. Don't forget I dismantled the rudder."

In support of his triumph, he indicated Phineas Pratt, who was staring in amazement at the steering wheel, which, like the teacup under the cleansing influence of the traditional charlady, had "come right to pieces in the sand."

"Augustus, did you dismantle both wheels?" Tillie inquired, as on the Keystone's second revolution fifteen yards from the quay, Phineas and the captain could be seen, deserting the prow for the stern of the vessel.

"I'm afraid not, my love. Phineas is one up on me, but never fear."

"Gus! Gus! More wood!" came the urgent shout from the hold. Running nimbly down the deck, Gus lifted a couple of logs, balanced them on one shoulder, shouting encouragement to Tom, regardless that the ends of his burden were in contact with the weakest portion of the ship's rail.

Outwards it fell, dragging with it most of the piled up timber.

By the time Gus had delivered his first consignment through the hatch, the entire wood reserve was gently floating away in the Fairy Queen's wash. Meanwhile the Keystone, with her more powerful engine, having righted herself under guidance of her captain at the stern wheel, was fast gaining on her rival.

"More wood!" came Tom's entreaty from the hold. Nothing dismayed at his carelessness, Gus started to hurl everything on deck, whether fuel or not, through the hatch. He had pushed through a whisk broom and was following it with a couple of deck chairs, when his arm was seized:

Tillie, white-faced, goggle-eyed under the enormous hat, was pointing astern: "Look—over there—King!"

Sitting in his tin latch, which had been attached for safety by a cord and weight, the child was surely and steadily gliding out to meet the river. The weight had fallen overboard with the last disappearing log. Gurgling with pleasure, King was being lowered in his personal craft to the Potomac.

"Get the raft!" shouted Gus. Tillie rushed to the upper deck to obey, flung herself too far forward when loosening the ropes that bound the raft to the rails, and fell with it into the stream.

Having his last load of fuel, a box which was marked "Roman Candles," through the hatch, Gus rushed headlong for the boat, lowered her too hastily, missed his footing, and was precipitated into the current.

A minute later he was striking out for the raft on which Tillie, a marvellous figure in sodden voile, had managed to clamber. Padding furiously, they reached King, whose bright idea in removing the bath plug had brought him within an ace of drowning, in safety.

"They're all on board!" roared Phineas, glancing on his bridge. They were not all. Tom, in the hold, was flinging everything on which he could lay hands into the furnace. Gus had been responsible for the numerous boxes containing "Catherine Wheels," "Rockets," "Pin Wheels," "Squibs," ranged in a corner of the hold. Almost without looking at, certainly without thinking about names or contents, Tom crammed one box after another into the furnace.

The result was staggering; the Fairy Queen's pace increased with a sudden spurt that brought her within view of the dock well ahead of the Keystone. The emissions from the Fairy Queen's funnel were so explosive and extraordinary as to hold the eye of every watcher on the quay.

Blandly by ferry sparks, stars, and red-hot ash issuing from that funnel, Phineas vented his wrath on the Keystone's similarly-blinded captain, and with such ferocity that he, too, lost his balance and without dignity was precipitated into the Potomac.

"The Fairy Queen! Three cheers for the Fairy Queen!" came from a myriad throats on the packed quay.

Supported by the crook of Gus's walking-stick which, like the Chinnaman's umbrella, had failed to leave him, even at a crisis, Phineas struggled to board the raft.

"No you don't!" Gus announced. "Not till you've acknowledged Fairy Queen's sole right as ferry on these waters, and yielded to house you have fraudulently come to, by its rightful owners, Tom and Mary Sheridan. Will you do it?"

"No!" gasped Phineas, with head just out of water.

Submerging him for a full minute, Gus relentlessly hauled up his poor fish. "Now will you?"

"Yes." Gus extended a hand. Danville's inhabitants saw no stranger sight that day than Phineas Pratt, lawyer, scrambling and spluttering from raft to quay.

As Gus, in the words of his favourite song, put it to a combined audience of Tillie, Tom, Mary, King and the tame duck, reinstalled in the home of their forefathers, the half-drowning of Phineas Pratt, was only a just method of "bringing in the sheaves."

...removes stains and tartar without damaging the enamel"
Variety in Nail-Tips

the Choice of
Smart Women

CUTEX — bright or natural tints —
Just suit your colour to your frock

"Tinted nails or natural — which is your choice?" — this is the question we asked smart women in Society.

"Both bright and natural tints" was their answer. The whole point is not to be monotonous with one shade of nail polish all the time, but to vary your nail tint with the colour of your gown.

For the correct nail tint with each costume, insist on Cutex — the Liquid Polish that goes on so smoothly and stays on, without cracking, peeling or fading. Its 6 perfect shades — Natural, Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby and Colourless — are as smart as they are lovely.

For the perfect manicure: Cutex Cuticle Remover — to keep the cuticle smooth. Your favourite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish — two are enough to start with.

CUTEX
THE LONG-LASTING
LIQUID POLISH

AND EVERYTHING FOR LOVELY NAILS

Entrust your Charm to nothing less sure than ODO-RO-NO

Her ignorance was anything but bliss . . . for she proclaimed a condition REPUGNANT to all her Friends

WHAT a shock to any girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repugnant to every man and woman she meets.

And what a tragedy that those who most often offend can rarely detect their own offence. Shame . . . humiliation . . . and social defeat.

For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

But Odorono, a physician’s formula, protects you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending. And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains.

ODO-RO-NO IS SURE

For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Follow the directions carefully and use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator. Both in 1/6 & 2/6 sizes.

Odo--ro-no’s sure protection.

Enclosed is 4d. in stamps for samples of Instant Odorono, Odorono Regular and Deodorant Creme Odorono.

NORTHAM WARREN, LTD.
(Dept. P.4), 215, Blackfriars Road,
LONDON, S.E.1

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
On the Screens Now
by Lionel Collier

The PICTUREGOER’S quick reference index to films just released

***BLONDE BOMBSHELL
**BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE
***TILLIE AND GUS
*HOOP-LA
*NOTORIOUS BUT NICE
+GUN JUSTICE
+cTHE MAN FROM MONTEREY *OLSEN’S BIG MOMENT

What the asterisks mean—**** An outstanding feature. *** Very good.
** Good. * Average entertainment. +c Also suitable for children.

Clara Bow—the “It” girl as she appears in her new film “Hoop-la.”

RACIE FIELDS’ latest picture, Love, Life and Laughter, is the subject of our special sixteen-page pictorial spread this week with the PICTUREGOER. In it you will find all you want to know about the star and her work; for this reason, we have refrained from dealing with it in these columns. Do not miss seeing Blonde Bombshell; it is great entertainment to the boxoffice and a triumph for Jean Harlow, whose versatility is shown to further advantage in it.

The new comedy team of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth will give you a good laugh in Tillie and Gus; otherwise, the week is not a remarkable one.

**BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Jean Harlow...Lola
Lee Tracy...Space
Frank Morgan...Pop
Francis X. Bushman...Pop
Frank Chin...Alison Skipworth
Polly Brown...Tillie
Una Merkel...Mae
Ted Healy...Junior
Ivan Lebedeff...Mark
Isodore Jewell...A Girl Friend
Louis Beavers...Last Leaf
Leonard Carey...Wusters
Mary Forbes...Mrs. Mr. Middleton
C. Aubrey Smith...Mr. Middleton
June Brewster
Directed by Victor Fleming from a story by Carolyn Francise and Mack Crain.

This is one of those pictures in which Jean Harlow claims your attention as a versatile actress as distinct from a blonde menace. She gives a brilliant performance as a temperamental star. It is a cynical study, excellently balanced, and with a certain truth beneath its satirical exterior. Hollywood can laugh at itself, which is a very healthy sign indeed, and in Lee Tracy we have the ultimate in publicity agents who tries to boost his charge as a “blonde bombshell,” and has his plans upset time and time again when he first of all decides to go domestic and later to “find her in the studio.” However, he finally triumphs and wins her back to the studio by a somewhat heartless ruse, your enjoyment of which I will not spoil by elucidation.

His performance here is one of his best. The quick tempo of the comedy suits him admirably and he fires wisecracks with his usual, inimitable approach.

Frank Morgan is very good as the star’s usually inebriated father, as is Franchot Tone as her “society lover,” who proves the cause of her return to the studio.

As his father and mother, Aubrey Smith and Mary Forbes give sound performances.

Una Merkel is well cast as the star’s opportunity-seeking secretary and Pat O’Brien most amusing as her equally temperamental director, who occasionally imagines himself in love with her.

**TILLIE AND GUS

W. C. Fields...Gus Winterbottom
Alison Skipworth...Tillie Winterbottom
Baby Le Roy...The King
Jacqueline Wells...Mary Sheridan
Clifford Jones...Tom Sheridan
Clarence Wilson...Philip Pratt
George Barrows...Captain Fogg
Barton MacLane...The Commissioner
Edgar Kennedy...The Judge
Ivan Lebedeff...The Swede
Directed by Charles Marquis from the story by Rupert Hughes, adapted by Walter De Leon and Francis Martin. (For the story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams see page 22.)

A most amusing piece of fooling, which introduces us to a new comedy team in the shape of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth.

I do not think the combination is wholly satisfactory—Edna May Oliver would have proved a better foil for Fields—but the production, as a whole, has a number of laughter-plenty of wisecracks, and quite an amusing plot.

W. C. Fields, as the crook gambler who comes from Alaska to share in a will left by his brother-in-law, is in his element. Alison Skipworth is good as his equally tough spouse, who is summoned from China, where she is running a gambling den, to share in the same will.

The opening scenes are riotously funny; there is a rough-cut-of-justice scene, where Fields is hailed for cheating at cards, which is brimful of humour.

Equally hilarious is the scene in China, where his wife is cheated at a dice game, with dice made by her husband; he, of course, was an expert in such matters.

The domestic comedy scenes, when the pair arrive in America and find that their niece and her husband, who own a ferry, are being swindled by a rascally lawyer, are not quite up to the opening scenes in humour, but they are funny enough to keep you extremely well entertained.

A race between two rival ferry boats provides excellent slapstick and Baby Le Roy supplies the “Oh, isn’t she sweet,” element.

*HOOP-LA

Clara Bow...Lina
Prescott Foster...Lofty
Richard Cromwell...Kitty
Herbert Mundin...Jerry
James Gleason...Murry
Newman McHugh
Directed by Frank Borzage from the story by Leatrice Joy and Kenneth Harper. (For the story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams see page 22.)

This uninspiring and drawn-out romance, with its theatrical dialogue and unconvincing sentiment, does not help Clara Bow at all on her road to a “come-back.”

In the opening sequences she displays a Mae West touch which suggests she could compete successfully with that star, but otherwise she does not seem to be able to enter at all successfully into her role of a tough circus performer who wins the love of an unsophisticated boy in spite of his father's opposition, reforms herself and helps him to succeed.

Prescott Foster as his father, a tough “barker” who does not want his son in the same circus racket, is magnificent. He is unable to control his youth under a middle-aged make-up.

Herbert Mundin brings a little humour to the affair and Frank Lloyd has succeeded in catching the fair-ground atmosphere well.

*NOTORIOUS BUT NICE

Margaret Leighton...renice Jones
Cecil Cook...Betty Compson
Virginia Gilmore...Mildie Sprague
Harley Petrie...Dick Harwood
Nell O'Day...Mae Benson
Directed by Frank Lloyd from John Cyril Richardson’s play The Barker. (For the story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams see page 22.)

Machine-made drama dealing with the vicissitudes of an orphan typist who falls in love with a wealthy young man and is discredited by the trustee of his estate, who wants him for his own daughter. The strong cast do all they can with very conventional and artificial material.

+GUN JUSTICE

Ken Maynard...Ken Lodge
Cecil Carr...Ray Harrelson
Arthur Lake...Sam Buckett
Walter Miller...Chris Hogan
Jack Rockwell...Hank Rivers
Francis Ford...Denver
Fred McKay...Imposter
Bill Dox...Red Hogan
Jack Richardson...Sheriff
Ernst Stube...Jim Logan
Bill Gould...Jones
Directed by Richard Thorpe from a story by Aubrely Lattrack.

(Continued on page 28)
YARDLEY LAVENDER

As clean and fresh as the windswept countryside.
No other perfume accords more tastefully with every hour of the day: When you are light-hearted and gay, Yardley Lavender adds a winsome charm to your mood ... And when you are wearied, Yardley Lavender restores and revives.

Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6. Larger sizes up to 2 guineas.

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

Lavender Soap—The Luxury Soap of the World”—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Powder 1/9, Complexion Cream 2/6, Compacts 2/- and 3/-, Lipsticks 2/- and 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, Talc 1/2, etc.

YARDLEY J J OLD BOND ST. LONDON W

5/81

Look for the name on the selvedge. It is your guarantee of good service.

Spring and summer frocks remain charming and distinctive when made with lustrous "Sparva" Taffeta-de-luxe—the popular and low-priced economy fabric. Silky in appearance as well as cozy in wear, "Sparva" is excellent for all ladies' and children's clothing. There is a huge variety of smart plain colours and printed designs. COLOUR-FAST IN WASH OR LIGHT, SEA OR SUN. "Sparva" is in large demand for new Casement Curtains.

Sold by Drapers and Stores everywhere. If any difficulty, write for Shade Card and name of nearest Retailer to "Sparva," 14 "Sparva" House, York Street, Manchester.
CHILD and puppy...equally happy...equally fit. Mummy gives careful thought to the feeding of both those “precious pets,” puppy as well as child. She feeds him on Spratt’s Ovals, those dainty morsels of tasty nourishment, each of which is a perfect doggy diet in miniature. And when she buys them, she asks for them by name, and looks for the name on the bag. Then she’s sure they’re the genuine SPRATT’S OVALS.

Send for free copy of 100-page “Guide to Dog Management,” which will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. Spratt’s Patent Ltd., 58 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

Be Your Own Beauty Specialist

There is one specialised beauty treatment which is so simple that you can apply it with your own deft fingers, in the privacy of your own room. That is the Buty-Tone method of home beauty culture. The inventor has made a gramophone record explaining its secrets and how to apply them with complete success.

GET THIS FREE GRAMOPHONE RECORD

Send 3d. for postage and this record comes to you free. Follow the simple directions and see how quickly your skin takes on a new, delightful bloom of youthful loveliness. The Buty-Tone aids to loveliness which guarantee this result are sold everywhere at 2½ each (except in I.F.S.). If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct to ROBEL, LTD., 109 Jermy Street, London, E.W.1

SPRATT’S OVALS

PICKETGOER Weekly

ON THE SCREENS NOW—Continued

C. THE THRILL HUNTER


Dennis O’Keefe, Bob Crosby, Dorothy Revier, Marjorie Lane, Edna Le Saint, Marie Prevost, Frank McHugh, William Farnum, W. C. Handy, George Meeker, Tony Perusso, Bud Luckey, Harry Hines, Charles King, Edith Fitzgerald, and Jack Barty.

Directed by George S. Childs froma story by Harry G. Hoyt.

Buck Jones is in very good form in this entertaining little picture which has part of its action in the wide open spaces and part in a film studio.

He plays the role of a boastful Westerner who meets a film star and her husband, a race aviator and racing motorist. His bluff is called when he is asked to appear in a picture, but his plans are upset later by saving the star from bandits.

Dorothy Revier is good as the heroine and Robert Ellis a convincing villain.

THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY


Directed by Michael Powell, from a play by Roland Pertwee and James Hastings.

Another of the "spit the murderer" type of pictures, adequately handled, but lacking in ingenuity and wildly incredible in the denouement.

The mystery is very slowly developed and the acting fair.

OLSSEN’S BIG MOMENT


Directed by George Renyolds.

A bold plot rendered fairly amusing by the team work of the comedians, El Brendel and Walter Catlett, the former in his usual simple unassuming vein and the latter alcoholic. The humour is of the slapstick variety, and the fooling is widely incredible. The complexities of the plot render the whole thing rather confusing at times.

THE MAN FROM MONTEREY


John Wayne, Joel McCrea, John Litel, Robert Frazer, John Dall, Joe Sawyer, Fred Kohler, Young Bowers, William Post, and Robert Lowery.

Directed by Joe Morgenstern.

A young American pilot who is sent by the Government to California to persuade a Spanish landowner to register his property under a new act.

He overcomes his opposition and saves the landowner from having his claim to the land cancelled.

There is a good deal of knockabout of a slapstick variety, which, if not taken seriously, is very amusing. Tempo is fast and the cast adequate.
Nature intended you to have beautiful white teeth. Why then let them become discoloured? . . .

Eucryl Tooth Powder fulfils all modern scientific requirements for cleaning and preserving the teeth. It contains seven ingredients, each one selected for a specific purpose. Eucryl removes all stains, leaves the teeth white and sparkling, disinfects the mouth, and makes the breath fragrant.

"... a properly compounded powder is preferable as a cleansing agent to a paste," says The Lancet.

Eats Anything after "living on fish"

Here is a letter from a lady, a lady who wants every reader of this paper to know how she found relief.

"My case," she writes, "was of most stubborn indigestion and colitis. After suffering great pain for 12 months I heard of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder from a friend who was saved an operation for duodenal ulcers. I must write and express my gratitude. I have gained in weight and after having had only fish and ............'s Food can eat an ordinary diet. I recommend Macleans wherever I go."

And Maclean Brand Stomach Powder can do as much for you if you suffer from indigestion of any kind. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

It is not sold loose but only in 1½, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Youthful beauty means a youthful skin, and 20,000 beauty specialists say that only natural means suffice to keep skin young. "Soap and water," they urge, "night and morning, for deep cleansing—provided the soap is an olive oil soap... Prolanvile 1"

Prolanvile Soap takes its natural, soft green colour from the Olive and Palm oils from which it is blended; takes, too, its rich and abundant lather, powerless to irritate the most delicate skin tissue—but powerful to cleanse, to soothe, to beautify. Powerful to preserve in all its loveliness your most precious possession—that Schoolgirl complexion."
"WHO hath sight so clear and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?"

Demanded the poet—or words so much to that effect as to reflect great credit on my memory. Equally vainly we might expect to follow the flight of a rumour—and yet, more by luck than perseverance, I have succeeded in tracing one to its origin.

No fewer than three separate acquaintances of mine told me recently that they had seen Monty Banks, considerably under the "affluence of incohob," as some cheerful idiot put it, strolling about in the middle of the traffic in Fleet Street in the rush hour.

They were certain it was Monty. They would swear to it. Monty was unmistakable—and so on and so forth, until I began to think there must be something in it after all.

But there are some people who attract rumours as Garbo attracts audiences, and Monty is one of these; he is alive, dynamic, colourful, and whatever he does is talked about and distorted and exaggerated so as to bear little resemblance to reality.

Mix Thoroughly

Knowing this, I decided to investigate, and this is what I found.

For certain sequences of Church Mouse, which Monty has been directing for Warners at Teddington, it was necessary to take shots of Laura La Plante running about the City and West End, going in and out of telephone booths, jumping on and off buses, and generally becoming thoroughly mixed up with London’s teeming millions—probably (and this is a solemn thought) some of you among them.

Lurching After Laura

They decided to do this properly on the spot or spots, instead of trying to reconstruct it in the studio; and as it was essential that the Great General Public (you) shouldn’t be aware of what was going on, they did everything they could think of to conceal the camera.

All went well until it came to a certain shot showing Miss La Plante leaping from a bus and running across the street and into a bank. She did it beautifully, but it was just a rainy Monday to the cameraman, whose view was completely obscured by traffic coming in the other direction.

Well, you can do a good deal in the sacred cause of film-production, but you can’t stop rush-hour traffic in the City of London.

That is to say, you and I couldn’t. But Signor Mario Bianchi (Monty Banks to you)—ah, that is another kettle of spaghetti altogether.

Well, did, the second time they shot the scene, to turn up his coat collar—why do people always imagine they will be recognised by their necks?—and jazz-walk, or stagger into the middle of the traffic just behind Laura.

Of course, the wonderful London traffic (hats off, everybody, please!) pulled up on its haunches, especially a motor-bus whose driver had quite a lot of ideas on the subject; and how he expressed them was anybody’s business.

Of course, Monty’s immediate future might easily have been the Ambulance Corps’ business, but there is a little churlish (rather short and plump round the middle) who sits on a cloud and looks after Monty when he is doing his harebrained stunts; and all went well as usual.

An Eyeful

The cameraman secured his shot, Monty hastily explained to the bus-driver that they were making a film ("Lumme!"") murmured the bus-driver, marvelling), the traffic resumed its normal way, and the mad makers of movies moved along to another location.

I’ve only known Monty come to grief during one of his reckless stunts after screen effects. That was in his very first British film, Adam’s Apple, in which he had a ding-dong battle with the "heavy," an American actor named Colin Kenny. They fought in a ship’s gymnasium (reproduced at Elstree) with paper mâché Indian clubs; and as they pelted each other with these weapons the knobbled handle of one of them caught Monty in the eye—and not all the combined efforts of the make-up department could put Monty-dumpy together again in time for the afternoon’s shooting.

A Lying Jade!

Of course, the rumour went round that Monty had been fighting with Alfred Hitchcock, with whom he had a regular feud of ragers—they would throw plates on each other’s set in the middle of a shot. But this was just as much "all my eye" as the latest canard about Monty being half-seas-over, afloat in the flood of Fleet Street.

Don’t you believe half the stories you hear about the stars. Why, even in Hollywood they all have their bowl of bread-and-milk at 8.30 and are comfortably tucked up in their little white cott by 9. Sez Will Hays.

We haven’t heard very much about Alfred Hitchcock lately. That is to say, I’ve heard a great deal, but I haven’t passed the information on to you, because what’s the use of leading you up the garden in pursuit of all the wild geese I get wind of?

Hitch’s Chance

There were all sorts of well-authenticated rumours about "Hitch" directing a film for Alexander Korda—and what happened? He directed Waifs from Vienna for Gaumont.

Film-criticism is no part of the business of these pages of mine, which, perhaps, is just as well in this case.

Anyway, perhaps you will see that film and form your own conclusions as to whether it justified the fine reputation which Hitch has built up.

If (mind, I only say if) he makes the film—again for Gaumont-British—that he wants to make, I think it will be very much more in his line and will afford him a better chance to "recapture that first fine careless rapture" of his early efforts.

Sidney Street Again

Once upon a time—nearly a quarter of a century ago, and gosh, how time does fly!—there was a stirring little battle in Houndsditch, London, between three criminals called Peter the Painter, Fritz Svaars, and "Joseph" (no one knew his other name) on the one side, and the British Army on the other.

The latter was represented by a detachment of Scots Guards, who lay on their tummies in the mud of Sidney Street for four or five hours and sniped at the windows of the house in which the enemy had barricaded themselves. Finally, the house caught fire, Peter, Fritz, and Joseph became charcoal, and the Scots Guards lived happily ever after.

The Tale of a Hat

But the cream of the whole situation was the sight of Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, personally supervising the siege, suitably attired for the occasion in a top hat.

(Continued on page 32)
Protect health and beauty with Wright's! Only toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. Wright's—in its new maroon-and-yellow packing—offers you the saving of a larger tablet at the former 6d. price.

**WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP**

*SIXPENCE PER TABLET (U.K. only)*

**A Sympathetic Figure Support**

Beauty of figure line is always assured with perfect comfort, if you wear a KEMPAT, the brassiere that stretches two ways. For, wherever you may be, at a party, a dinner, or a dance, the sympathetic KEMPAT adjusts itself to every movement of your body. It is never slack and never tight, but always just right! moulding the contour into lovely natural lines without a hint of a cutting strap.

**The KEMPAT Secret is Patented**

It is the little ring at the back which makes the KEMPAT fit so snugly. It makes all the difference in the world!


Designs for day wear in everything from fine mercerized lawn to pure silk edge satin with lace insets from 2/11 to 14/11.

**KEMPAT BACKLESS Evening Brassieres**

Indispensable beneath the lowest creation, from 5/11 to 15/11. All models available in size 30 in. 42 in., even only from all Stores and Drapers.

KEMPAT, LTD., KENILWORTH HOUSE, MARGARET ST., LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

---

**BARRY'S THE FAMOUS MAIL ORDER TAILORS**

**GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY BY POST**

**COSTUME OR 42/- TOPCOAT**

**MADE TO MEASURE SAVINGS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL**

Our new Spring ranges, now ready, comprise a wide selection of attractive fancy tweeds, worsteds, serges, etc.

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

Send postcard for Free Patterns, which will be forwarded by return, together with booklet of London's latest fashions and our unbiased self-measurement chart. Customers may also be assured in our showrooms.

---

**S. A. BARRY & Co.**

(P. Dept.), 21 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.1.

---

**THE MAN WHO COUNTS**

Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. How many sound teeth have you? Your dentist will tell you. He will probably also tell you to use EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE and so guard your teeth against dental decay germs. 1/3 from all Chemists. Free sample first by filling up the coupon.

---

**Euthymol TOOTH PASTE**

**KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COUPON</th>
<th>To Euthymol (Dept. 144 D/20), 90 Cheek Street, London, W.1. Please send me one week’s free supply of Euthymol. I want to test it.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>tel. (1) stamp affixed if envelope received</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**PICTUREGOER**

April 21, 1934

---

**PICTUREGOER**
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

It must be immediately obvious to everyone that no film of the event could be considered complete without that hat; but who is to wear it?

Since the regrettable incident of the law suit concerning Rasputin the Mad Monk, all sorts of recent-history films which were about to be put into production have been hastily reconsidered. "Winnie" was a winsom young man of thirty-five when the Battle of Sidney Street was raging; now that he is nearly sixty, will he consider a reconstruction of that hat 'to be a slight to his dignity?"

A Neat Solution

That is the problem that is bringing lines and creases into Hitch's boyish brow; and not only Hitch, but other directors are growing all furrowed-up by the same knotty problem.

For example, there is The Great Defender, which is on the tapis at Welwyn at the moment. The film is based on the life of a famous advocate, and the question that is bothering certain executives is whether the relatives of the late Sir Edward Mar—that is to say, whether the relatives of any deceased barrister will recognise their distinguished relation and come down on B.I.P.

I think B.I.P. have got over the problem very neatly by casting Matheson Lang for the rôle, because there is no possibility of ever mistaking him for anybody else, in any circumstances.

The Ringing Tone

At Elstree, B.I.P. have three films under way. First, Give Me a Ring, in which at least two members of the cast of the recently-completed Freedom of the Seas will figure; these are Clifford Mollison and Zelma O'Neal, and there are also Naddie the March, Olive Blakeney, Bertha Belmore, and Jimmy Godden.

I haven't seen Nadine March in a film since London Wall. Zelma O'Neal is the American wife of the English Anthony Bushell, who was "Charles, his Friend" to Charles Bickford in Red Wagon. Zelma is a quaint and cheerful person, with a leaning to the grotesque.

Meet Miss Blakeney

I don't think you've met Olive Blakeney. Allow me! Miss Blakeney is a clever and charming actress, the wife of Bernard Nedell. It's high time we had her on the screen.

This Give Me a Ring is all about telephone-girls. They'd better be a bit smarter at film-acting than they are at getting wrong numbers for me, or I'll give them such a slating they'll be sorry I've been troubled as the locale of the story is Sweden. I dare say they'll spend all their time getting engaged; I've been told everyone makes matches there.

Leslie Lost

Then there is Lost in the Legion, and if you are a Leslie Fuller fan you will give vent to little gurgles of joy at hearing that this is a Leslie Fuller picture.

If you are not a Fuller fan—and there is no halfway house in the matter—take comfort in the fact that there are also Renée Houston (who can say the most matter-of-fact things and be really funny about it) and Betty Fields, a younger daughter of that same Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield of Rochdale, Lancs., who are the father and mother of "Ower Graacie."

I rather suspect that "Ower Betty" is being given a trial gallop in this film to determine her suitability for the lead in The Lastie from Lancashire, which this company is to produce shortly, and which is reported to be "based on the famous song." All the same, I hope there will be a little story mixed up in it somewhere—just a little.

This film might be described as being full of Fullers, for in addition to Leslie Fuller, there are also his brothers, Ernest Fuller and Donald Fuller.

There is also Hal Gordon, who will have to be watched; he came precious near to stealing the last Fuller epic—The Outcast. And with Alf Goddard, Bromley Davenport, James Knight, and Mike Johnson, we have all the regular Elstree "support."

Only the director is different. Instead of Norman Lee we have Fred Neueneyer, late of Hollywood.

What's In a Name?

The third B.I.P. effort at Elstree is Blossom Time, in which Richard Tauber—he of the golden larynx and platinum vocal chords—will play the leader.

Lilac Time, if I remember rightly, was all about the life of Schubert. So this is one.

Paul Graetz, the German actor who was the circus proprietor in Red Wagon, is again a proprietor—but this time of a dancing academy. His daughter falls in love with Schubert. You know what nitwits these daughters are.

Anyway, it will give everyone concerned an opportunity of peacockling round in fancy-dress; and, all being well, we should have some luscious throat-music from Herr Tauber.

Harking Back to Hats

Talking about hats—well, we were, you know, in the paragraph about Winston Churchill. Or did you skip that bit?—you should have seen what I saw this week at the British & Dominions studio at Elstree.

Come to that, you probably will—on the screen; and it should be almost as effective there.

It was a Hat ... oh, but a HAT. Winston Churchill could have watched a whole war in it and felt he was doing full justice to the occasion.

Anne Grey wore a pretty considerable lid in Colonel Blood, and got away with it very gracefully; but it was a beret compared with the "enormousness" adorning Anna Neagle in a Drury Lane sequence in Neil Gray.

Twelve feet in diameter; just imagine it! If I had a hat this size I would take it off to Anna for her courage—and keep it off for my own comfort.
5 REASONS
Why I Use
"DULL FINISH"
FACE POWDER
Because it...  
1. Prevents Ugly Shine
2. Gives Smooth Peach Bloom Finish
3. Stays on all Day
4. Clings in spite of Heat, Wind & Rain
5. Does not dry up the Skin

"Dull Finish," the latest fashion in face powder, is the Tokalon secret; the result of the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. That is why Poudre Tokalon alone can give such a lovely soft, peach-bloom to the skin. One application prevents all trace of shine all day whatever you are doing.

If you would have the "Dull Finish" complexion which is all the rage to-day, get a box of Poudre Tokalon. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders. Every woman will envy, and every man adore the fascinating beauty it gives you. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Avertissement
beauty for all
the venus beauty company has pleasure in announcing the opening of the new beauty salon, at 5, harelwood place, w.1, where nothing is over five shillings

---

**Announcement**

---

**Thoth**

HURLEY MACHINE CO. (ENGLAND), LTD.
Please send particulars of Thor Electric Auto Juvenator Exercise.

**Thoth**

Slim safely, without dieting, in the privacy of your own room. Send the coupon today for particulars of the Thor Electric Auto Juvenator Exercise.

---

**Avertissement**

---

**ALLUHR BANISHES HAIR**

The Alluhr way is the only safe and certain way to remove all unwanted hair painlessly and quickly in 3 to 5 minutes. It amazes the growth of new hair. It is economical too, lasting five times as long as ordinary depilatories. Unlike many other depilatories, Alluhr has a delightful perfume and leaves the skin as soft as satin.

**ALLUHR**

6d., 1/- and 2/6
all include Spots.

The 2/6 size contains four times as much as the 1/- size and special fibre brush.

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Woolworths and hairdressers everywhere. If difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. to Alluhr Ltd., Dept. B, 1 & 2, Harrow Street, London, E.C.

---

**Wonderful Recipe Book FREE!**

Cut out and post the Stork Coupon on page 3 and get a copy for yourself.

---

**LASHES that ALLURE**

MARGARET BANNERMAN USES
**LONGLASH**

the medically approved Lash Cream. Shades: Midnight Blue and Copper Beech. 3 months' supply in dainty container, price 1/. Special Brush 4d.

**POST FREE.** When ordering direct ask for book "NATURAL BEAUTY."

**LACLEE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS**

are sold by all Leading Stores, Hairdressers, Chemists and ALL BOOTS' BRANCHES

Created and personally supervised by

ADELAIDE GREY

Beauty Specialist: 27 OLD BOND ST, LONDON W 1.
LADIES, you may smoke ... if you use

6d
Amd 1/-

Actual size of sixpenny tube

Women who smoke need not fear for their teeth if they use the exquisitely flavoured Milton Dental Cream. It whitens without harm to the enamel; and its delicious flavour refreshes the mouth and clears every taint of tobacco from the breath.


sample tube FREE

What Do You Think? Letters from our Readers

Where are the COMEDIENNES?

A Fan's Brickbat for Feminine Laughter Makers

Do women make good comedy stars? At the present time we have several with pretensions to being laughter-makers, but in a ballot for the most popular comedy stars I think they would be well down the list as a really good film, but to my personal, while I can be convinced by the comedy of nearly every male from the august Chaplin down to the Taxi Boys and Charley Chase, I hardly raise a smile at the efforts of Cicely Courtneidge, Zasu Pitts, Thelma Todd, etc. I like Gracie Fields, but only for her singing.

I am very appreciative of witty dialogue issuing from a woman's lips, but her attempts at bufoonery leave me cold. It needs a peculiar kind of genius to play the fool in an amusing manner and, so far, I have found it a male comedy star's prerogative. What do others think?

Top-heavy Openings

When film producers realize that the opening scenes of a film need to do more than merely create "atmosphere,"

Of four films I recently saw, three took twenty minutes to give me any suggestion of a plot—and I pride myself on being fairly representative of the average audience.

The remaining film brought enlightenment in fifteen minutes.

One of the pictures opened by showing practically every member of a hotel staff before it even introduced the man who really mattered in the story. Any film play which requires a sixth part of its length to create "atmosphere" is definitely not worth filming.

Five minutes should suffice to hold the audience's interest and provide a reasonable knowledge of what the film is about, but preliminary photographic capers before getting down to the real plot is fatal to the successful reception of many films to-day—W. Maskell, 41 Wellhead Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham, who is awarded this week's £1 is od. prize.

Top-heavy openings in the average type of film.

A Memsaib Writes

I have just seen Maurice Chevalier for the first time, in Love Me Tonight. I have never seen anything quite so vulgar, and I am sure the censor cannot realise the harm such films can do to British prestige in India, where the audience is fifty per cent. or more native.

It gives them a thoroughly misleading impression of the life of everyday Europeans, and it is not to be wondered at; to find they are lacking in respect towards us, particularly to the women out here. This is by no means the only undesirable film I've seen out here, but one of many, and I would like to see all films, whether American or British, more carefully censored before they are sent East.—(Miss) L. M. Richards, c/o Major J. C. Pyper, C.M.S. Residency Surgeon, Srinagar, Kashmir, N. India.

[Having lived in parts of the Empire where there are similarly large native populations, I can appreciate your point of view. The remedy, however, surely lies with your own authorities.]

Stars in "Bits"

The array of stars in the film Night Flight led me quite unable to separate myself from the whole thing. Clark Gable sat in a plane throughout the film, and spoke about twenty words. Robert Montgomery (my favourite actor) had no opportunity to speak at all. I am sure Lionel Barrymore could easily have been left out of the film. Performances such as these will not do the stars any good, and I fail to understand why they consented to play such degrading parts—E. H. Lewis, 21 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13.

[Picturegoer's review of the film would have spared you your disappointment. This picture is another instance of cashing in on stellar, rather than plot, value.]

Too Much of a Good Thing?

Otto Kruger is, we read, Hollywood's latest find, and I suppose we shall be as tired of him in a few weeks as we are of all these stars that we get wished on us every time we pay a visit to the cinema. I saw two films the other night in which he starred, and I am afraid when I came out that the two films were so muddled up in my mind that I really was unable to separate the two stories.

Why is it that the producers will give us too much of one particular star for a while, until everybody is quite tired of him or her, instead of letting us have these new people in small doses; it is my opinion that their popularity would last a great deal longer, which would surely be to the advantage of everybody concerned. I always feel sorry when I see this in some of the cases the star is really very good and people would enjoy a fresh face in one film, but feel rather antagonistic if too many of the current releases carry the same name.—G. H. Mathews, 20 Wellbred Road, Bocking, S.E.4, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.

[Rising young stars are usually kept busy in order that the public may get to know them. The fact that you can Otto Kruger twice in the same programme is merely an unfortunate coincidence.]

A Bouquet for Brisson

I read with interest recently that Carl Brisson is now visiting Hollywood. Incidentally, I think he is the only actor who can fill the role of Prince Danilo. Especially as he is so familiar to him. Jeanette Macdonald with her marvellous voice and Handsome Carl with his personality! Well, who is there in filmland who would make an equal success of it?

Please, some fan, do let me know your opinion.

—Doris Herbert, Monarch, 3 Amphil Hill Road, Southampton.

[I am afraid this is a forlorn hope. Maurice Chevalier is the chosen Danilo. Judging by all accounts, however, you will be seeing and hearing a lot about your favourite in the near future.]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly, £1 15. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and five, for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed two pages. Address to "Thinker," The "Picturegoer Weekly," Long Acre, W.C.2.
I COULDN'T WIN A HUSBAND
until I discovered this amazing secret

I never knew why men did not ask me to go out with them until one day I read that all men prefer a girl with white, clear soft skin. My skin was not good, so I asked my chemist what to do. He said:

"Get Crème Tokalon, both white and rose colour, and in a short time your skin will be clear and attractive." Crème Tokalon is the one skinfood guaranteed to contain beauty-making and skin-tonic ingredients found in no other products, no matter how much you pay. In three days my skin cleared like magic, and now I have the kind of skin that men love. If you want to attract men, if you want to be married, follow my advice and start using Crème Tokalon to-night. No matter how bad your skin, you will be amazed and delighted with the results. Success is guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

Lovely CONLOWE

You can wear Conlowe, too — beautifully embroidered or lace-trimmed silky undies — for they cost so little it is almost unbelievable.

Conlowe fabric does not ladder and Conlowe Underthings will last for years, withstanding any amount of wash and wear.

F R E E. Write for Conlowe Style
Brochure showing latest Underwear fashion and for name of the nearest "Conlowe" retailer to CONLOWE, Ltd Dept. E, 47 Congleton, Crewe.

Make one of these charming Spring Models yours NOW—

On modern easy payment terms

First monthly payment secures delivery. No Deposit. No Extra Charge for Deferred Terms. No Referencing. No Formality. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

ONCE again Holbourne (fashions) Ltd., pioneers of DRESS-OUT-OF-INCOME, offer the well-dressed woman all that is most attractive in the new season’s styles. The models illustrated afford an idea of the unsurpassed value we are offering. You are cordially invited to visit our Showrooms and inspect our complete range.

If you cannot call, send this coupon for a free copy of For the Better Dressed Woman, our beautifully illustrated new season’s catalogue.

HOLBOURNE (FASHIONS) LTD

4, 6 & 8 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
and at 322 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, Portsmouth and Plymouth

POST TO-DAY

Please forward a free copy of For the Better Dressed Woman and details of your Modern Easy Payment Terms.

Name_______________________________________
Address_____________________________________

P.G. 11
When you go straight from work to the football ground...

When you've been swimming in the lunch hour...

Buy a 1/4 lb. block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate and get as much nourishment as...

A GLASS OF MILK AND TWO POACHED EGGS ON ONE LARGE SLICE OF BUTTERED TOAST and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is real satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast.

**CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE 1/4 lb. 4d. a very nourishing food**

Let GEORGE DO IT!

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter anything connected with household or handy hints. Write to them both c/o THE PICTUROGER WEEKLY. When a reply by post is desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

FROLAND (Cheam).—(1) Jack Holt was born on May 31, 1888, at Winchester, Virginia. He is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes. Married, Margaret Wood and has three children. Latest pictures include: *The Woman Tamer*, *The Wrecker*, and *Man of Men*. Write to him c/o Columbia Studios.

(2) Jimmy (Schouwine) Dwane is a native of New York. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Married. Recent films include: *What a Liars*, *Meet the Baron*, *Hollywood Party*, and *Patsie.* Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

A. W. M. (Inverness).—(1) Eddie Cantor built from New York and was born on January 31, 1923. He is 6 ft. 11 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. He is married. (2) Vivienne Segur played opposite Alexander Gray in *Viennese Nights.*

SCREEN FAN (Liverpool).—(1) Ages this year as follows: Greg Garbo, 28; Helen Hayes, 32; Claudette Colbert, 29; Robert Montgomery, 30; Warner Baxter, 41; Myrna Loy, 23; Ben Lyon, 19; Lucille Ball, 23; Lucien Ercoli, 49. (2) Helen Hayes pictures include: *Lullaby*, *Arms and the Man*, *The White Sister*, *Son-Daughter*, *Night Flight*, *Another Language*. Her next is *Every Woman's Dream* addressed to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Mickey S. (New Hampshire).—(1) Herewith the result of the *Quiet from Spain*: Eddie Cantor; Rosalie—Lyda Roberti; Ricardo—Robert Young; Angi—Ruth Hall; Pancho—John Miljan; Alona Gonzalez; Naul—Connie; Carol Nash; Crawford—Robert Emmet O'Connor; Jose—Stanley Fields; Gonzalez—Paul Fornas; Dauloues—Julian Rivero; Mariva—Oliver Thomas; Alexander Watson; Dean—Walter Walker; Red—Ben Hendricks, jun.; Sidney Franklin—Sidney Franklin; Chief Danger—Gregg Peck. (2) Elysa Landi is addressed to J. C. Lawrence, the English barrister. Thank you for your good wishes.

CURLEY LADIES (Stockport).—(1) The rôle of "Culdene" in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was played by Robert Donat. Donat was born at Withington, Manchester, on March 18, 1907. He is 6 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes. (2) Alan Mowbray took the part of "Count de Sartor," Voltaire's enemy, in the screen version of *Futurist.* Mowbray is an Englishman. Address him c/o Warner Brothers Studios.

HEFT (near Rakin-manworth).—The cast of *Night Flight* is: Yul Brynner, 25; Rudolf Berken; Fredric March, Theresa Phoebe Foster; Countess—Alison Skipworth; Alfred—Alan Hale; Father Vincent—Hubert Drue; Mrs. Berken—Katherine Emmet; Spectre—Ors Herder; Rosenbach—Clarence Derwent; The Matron—Joan Rankin.

IGNORANT (Glalm).—The film *Hoppla* starring Clara Bow will be generally released this week. For the full cast and Lionel Collier's criticism of this picture see page 26.

AMAMI (Sunnyside Gardens).—(1) Alexander Craig and Bernice Chevrel did appear in *Moonlight and Melody* the following is the correct line. —1. Lt. Col. Salt—Mary Brian; George Dwight—Roger Pryor; Powell—Herbert; Easton—Lillian Miles; Berto—Bobby Watson; Mack—William Frawley; Alby and Danny and his Orchestra, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Mary Lang; Stor—James Cagney; John Hendley, Richard Keene, Doris Cassie, Frank L. Hill; Richard Hardeen. The Four Iron Boys, Geraldine Dvorak, and a chorus of 30 show girls. (2) Johnny Arthur played the rôle of "Bunny Kid" in the film *Evelyn Bays* starring. —3. Thor Akrou—Warwick Ward; Harry Witherby—Paul Richter; Fred Unger—Sun Darrell. (3) The following is the cast of *Sing, Sing, Sing*: Yul Brynner—Thor Akrou; Walter Hard—Paul Richter; Fred Unger—Sun Darrell. (4) Johnny Arthur played the rôle of "Bunny Kid" in the film *Evelyn Bays* starring. —3. Thor Akrou—Warwick Ward; Harry Witherby—Paul Richter; Fred Unger—Sun Darrell.

Studio Addresses

**BRITISH STUDIOS**

Associated Sound Film Ind., Wemby Park, Middlesex.


British and Imperial Dominion Studios, Boreham Wood, Herts.

British International Studios, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire.

British Instructional Studios, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Gainsborough Studios, Poole Street, Isleworth, London, S.W.1.

Gaumont British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

人们的府邸, Studios, Desert Grove, Poole Street, Ixmdon, Middlesex.

London Film Co., 22, Grovesnor Street, London, S.W.1.

Sound City, Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middx.

Twickenham Studios, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middx.

AMERICAN STUDIOS

Columbia Studios, 1342, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Educational Studios, Santa Monica, California.

First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

MGM-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California.

Radio Studios, 780, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

United Artists Studios, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

United Artists, 1041, North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Quezy (Reading).—Cast as follows: (1) Lucia Amory—Adrienne Allen; Barbara Amery—Miss Amy; Marthe Marie Wright; Hostess—Leila Page; Sir David Amery—Richard; Miss Amery—Philo Strange; Captain Hastings—Richard Coop; Doctor Carelli—Dino Galvani; Ray—Michael Shepley; Inspector Jagg—Michele Cooper; Dicky—Ivan; Graham—Henry D'Amo; Trelawley—S. A. Cookson; Arris—Austin Trevor. (2) *The House of the Arrow*—Hamsad—Peter—Michael Shepley; Sally:—Betty Harlow; Enita Hume; Mrs. Harlow—Barbara Frott; Froebel—Richard Cooper; Anne Upton—Stella Freeman; Webers—Wilfred Fletcher; Verone—Tom, Lange; Gretry—Oliver Carter; Francke—Bette de Malere. (3) The Last Trail—Tom Daley—George Ekhoven; Patricia—Annie; Next Olsen—Elö Brewstone; Louise McCann—Matt McHugh; John Rust—J. Carroll Nash; Japonica Jones—George Reed; Mrs. Wilcox—Marcella Lo.—Sally Olsen—Ruth Warren; Pedro Gonzalez—Lain Alenhi; Judge Warner—Edward Le Seale. (4) Dennis Nelson-Terry who played the part of "Hamad" in *The House of the Arrow* is dead. (5) Write to Richard DIX c/o RKO-Radio Studios.

Buckley Building (London).—You can obtain a photograph of Jackie Cooper from the Picture Post Card Saloon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d. Write to Jackie Cooper, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I do not know if he would charge for a signed photograph of himself.

Thur, D. (S.W.4).—Your request has been duly noted and a picture of June Clyde will appear on this page in the April 28 issue of PICTUROGER.

CONSTITUTION GONE!

THANKS TO THIS DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE

BROOKLAX did it—the amazing discovery of British science which brings new health over-night. Within 12 hours this delicious chocolate laxative had rid her system of poisonous waste. She feels younger now than she has done for years. Let BROOKLAX do the same for you. It’s pleasant, gentle, and non-habit-forming. Doctors recommend it for adults and children. 2d., 6d., and 1s. 6d. from all chemists, including all branches of Boots, also Taylors.

Our confidence is indicated by an invitation:

TRY BROOKLAX AT OUR EXPENSE FREE

Post this coupon to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 9), 4-12 Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

NAME ..........................................................
ADDRESS ..................................................

BROOKLAX BRAND

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

PV 269 9-228

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them).

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW USERS

Twelve assorted Lilia Towels, together with a new adjustable, narrow, elastic suspender belt which has been medically approved, and one pair modern style protective knickers, for 3/-d., post free, in plain cover. Belt and knickers, 2/-d. Towels alone, 1/-d.

Medical Handbook by a lady doctor enclosed in every package.

Write : Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. P.1), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5. Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

HOW MODERN WOMEN AVOID “OFF DAYS”

"There is no reason at all," says a woman doctor attached to one of London’s famous hospitals, "why any normal woman should now be handicapped by nature’s disabilities. In these days of scientific sanitary protection she should be able to enjoy the freedom of full health at all times, her energies quite unrestricted by physical discomforts and anxieties. Women who take advantage of the new hygienic methods score heavily, both in business and in social life, over those who still cling to their old-fashioned habits—they have no off days.”

Lilia Towels embody all the newest ideas and highest principles of scientific sanitary protection, and therefore assure you of the fullest freedom. They enable you to escape all the outward physical discomforts you have previously experienced; and, by reason of their unrivalled powers of absorbency, they assist the natural functions of the body.

Lilia Towels are made from super-absorbent cellulose, aseptic and deodorant, and will not chafe under any circumstances. Another point to bear in mind is that there is no disposal problem—after use Lilia Towels are simply flushed away in the lavatory.

Lilia Towels are made by a well-known firm of surgical dressings manufacturers who keep in touch—through a woman doctor whose services they retain in an advisory capacity—with the intimate problems of women’s health and the latest discoveries of medical science for their alleviation.

EVEN WILLIAMS

SHAMPOO

...gives a degree of beauty to the hair that is inimitable...and is always SAFE

- "Ordinary" Grade for Dark Hair in Blue Packet.
- "Carmomile" Grade for Fair Hair in Blue Packet.

WAVES LAST LONGER

FEATURE IS IMPROVED

LUXURIOUS GROWTH ENSURED

FREE... AN INTERESTING AND USEFUL BOOKLET ON HAIR BEAUTY.

Write for free copy to—

EVEN WILLIAMS LTD., (Dept. P.W.)

FREE TRAIL SUPPLY

To Modern Health Products, Ltd., 68 NateX House, Langham St., London, W.1. Please send Free Trail Supply of NateX 5 and the NateX Health Book, 2d. stamps enclosed for postage.

Name ............................................................................
Address ...........................................................................

NATEX 5 for REDUCING

DONT REDUCE YOUR LOOKS WITH YOUR WEIGHT?

from Ugly Fat to Slim Beauty in 3 weeks

Reduced 6 lbs. a week, yet ADDED to diet.

(From one of hundreds of testimonials to be seen at any time.)

A tasteful NateX Capsule before each meal will subtract ounces a day from your weight by correcting faulty gland function—the chief cause of excessive fat. Yet NateX 5 is entirely free from drugs and gland extracts. It adds to your meals the vitamins and organic mineral salts which make such rapid weight reduction safe and beneficial. And you don’t reduce your looks, as with so many reducing treatments.

Recommended by "Woman and Beauty" for 3 years.

NateX 5 is recommended by hundreds of doctors and beauty authorities, including the Editors of "Woman and Beauty." Ask for NateX 5 at all branches of Boots, Timothy White & Co., and other Chemists and Health Food Stores. 2/-, 5/6 and 9/6. Or post free from address.

POTTLECOOLER Weekly

If you want something original—distinctive—ultra-fashions but not too expensive—let West End Modes Ltd. dress you. Their convenient installment plan enables you to be perfectly turned out in the very latest fashions without disturbing your bank balance.

Pay a visit to their showroom or write for illustrated fashion list. FREE on request.


10/6 Monthly

WEST END MODES LTD.

37
Leave IT to ANNE

WHATEVER your query, whether it belongs to the beauty or the domestic category, I am delighted to answer it. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. I can give you more space in a letter than can be spared in this page.

LAST week we talked about diet for the too slim. This week we will consider exercise as a cure for the same trouble.

These exercises aim at a better all-round development, while there are many others—far too numerous to mention here—that aid in the development of special parts of the body.

To improve the appearance of the upper arms and fill out those ugly hollows known as salt cellars, practise the following. Hand easily with arms outstretched at the height of the shoulders, palms facing downwards.

Completely turn the arms from shoulders to fingers, so that elbows and palms are uppermost. Repeat ten times.

With both arms outstretched, swing them in as wide circles as you can, both outward and inward.

Next, with arms bent at the elbows, and held as a runner holds them, rotate the shoulders.

Push them backwards and forwards, trying to make the shoulder blades touch.

This is a ball exercise for improving the arms.

Stand with a ball held in the right hand, the arm extended level with the shoulder.

Simultaneously bend the elbow and bounce the ball on the upper arm, catching it again with the hand.

Repeat several times with each arm.

Chest Development

The actual size of the bust is a matter over which we have very little control.

But the girl who is too slight for real beauty can aim at a better general development of the chest. The improved carriage and posture thus gained goes a very long way to make up for the deficiencies.

A walking stick or a cane should be used. It must be about 4 feet long.

Hold it behind the shoulder blades. Push the cane to the right by straightening the right arm and to the left by straightening the left arm.

Then raise with both hands above the head and return to the original position.

Repeat this exercise with a regular rhythm several times.

Those of you whose school days are not far behind will recognize this as one of the elementary exercises. It is very good, nevertheless.

Here is another excellent exercise for chest development: Lie flat on the back.

Put the right leg of the left leg till at right angles with the body, and at the same time throw up the right arm till it touches the body above the head.

Repeat with alternate arms and legs fifteen times.

Sit on the floor with feet straight out and knees unbent. Raise the arms level with the shoulders.

Twisting the body to the right, try to touch the right ankle with the left hand, stretching the arm backwards as far as it will go. Repeat with the other hand and ankle.

Improving Leg Contours

There is nothing like vigorous kicking for improving the shape of the legs.

It is best performed while holding the back of a chair with one hand, while the other hand is placed lightly on the hip.

The kick should be backwards. Next, lie on your back on the floor. Make large circles with each leg alternately.

Stand with feet together, hands on the hips.

Raise the body on the balls of the feet. Sink to original position. Repeat ten times.

Massage with olive oil will also help develop the legs.

The oil should be warmed by standing the bottle in a basin of hot water.

Place a little oil in the palm of the hand, and beginning with the knees, massage the legs downwards to the ankles.

Continue the rubbing with quick rotary movements for about five minutes.

General Massage

Oil may be used as a general feeding massage.

If you dislike the odour—and, personally, I do—substitute a feeding cream.

I have given the recipe for this on many occasions on this page.

But of all the ways of taking yourself in a warm, soapy bath.

If your water supply is hard, use some soap, and make the bath thoroughly pleasant.

Having opened all the pores, dry on a soft towel and then rub in the warmed oil or the cream.

Rub in all over the body till all has been absorbed.

Massage the neck with tissue oil or cream, rubbing it in with a kneading movement.

If you can, face later on, and for goodness sake don't use olive oil, lest it help to grow hair.

Tend your hands just as carefully, and again your feet, too, paying special attention to the fingers.

Hands that are too thin invariably look old and withered before their time.

Answers to Correspondents

Lizzie (Wimbledon).—You may eat meat, without fear. It is the fat of butcher's meat that should be avoided. But while you are slimming, do make pork or bacon. Take fish steamed, boiled and grilled, but never fried. Take clear soup, and don't thicken, and reduce butter to a minimum. Eat plenty of apples, redberry, spinach, watercress, cashew, cucumber, tomatoes.

M. B. (Walkhamstow).—Barley water is an excellent spring beverage for clearing the skin. Take it make it from patent barley, or more easily still from barley kernels. Also, take a cupful of the water in which green vegetables have been cooked. This purifies the blood.

A. L. M. (Hove).—Bitter noodles are generally associated with a tendency to rheumatism and its allied complaints. Avoid the nightshade, and take a course of mineral water. Any of the above will recommend you to a suitable one.

May (Christ Church).—You can obtain the Butty-Tone gramophone record from Roberts, Ltd., 109 Jienns Street, London, S.W.1, by sending 3d.—the cost of return postage. This record explains an entirely new method of home beauty treatment, and should meet with your requirements.

M. J. A. (Liverpool).—Sorry your query is too long to answer in detail here. In the February 10 issue of this paper, page 20, Jean Harlow gives an excellent exercise for the cure of your trouble.

M. S. (Liverpool).—You can buy suide reviver at any shoe shop.

Worried Girl (Liverpool).—Wear a thin strap during sleep. They can be bought from all large chemists.

Billie (Liverpool).—As you have given up the bad habit, Nature will soon straighten the lip.

Jane (London).—Massage your ankles with a reducing cream. Always walk upstairs on tip toe. A court shoe is probably the most slimming. Have moderate heels. Extra high heels tend to aggravate the trouble.

Nom 4-6 Plum.—Peroxide of hydrogen may be purchased from all chemists. Price approximately a shilling. It bleaches the hair, and tends to weaken the skin. You can't digest it. Only electrolysis will do that.

Send your order now to:

PICTUREGOER, WEEKLY

SALON

85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

April 21, 1934
The PINK of PERFECTION

When Dame Fashion decrees that finger-nails shall resemble blossoms in variety of tint and that they shall glint bewitchingly in the light, we must be sure to use a polish which will not fail to compass admiration—and quite the best for this is "Kraska" Nail Polish, which has for long been a favourite with smart women. "Kraska" is economical, easy to apply, and water-proof. Every bottle includes brush.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER. Just brush on nails and wipe away. 1/-.

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER, with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/9.

NERVOUSNESS

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING BOOK ON NERVOUS DISORDERS GIVEN FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS!

There is no greater obstacle to health, success, and happiness than a nervous disposition created by morbid fears. Nervous fears deprive you of the ability to reveal your real self; to develop your talents and make a headway in the battle of life. Fear robs you of the joy of living, and causes more misery and suffering than many acute physical disorders. If you are suffering from any of the following nervous symptoms send at once for this book and learn how to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you.

DEPRESSION  "INFERIORITY COMPLEX"  GROUNDLESS FEARS
LASSITUDE  SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS  MORIBID THOUGHTS
INSOMNIA  WEAK NERVES  WORRY, ETC.

Stop wasting money on cheap quack remedies and useless patent medicines and send for this absorbingly interesting book, which describes a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment. A copy will be sent in a plain sealed envelope without charge or obligation. Write NOW and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, rounded personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. P.G. 31) 40, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.

and they lived happily...

Eight years since we were married
— and you look as young as ever

Well, darling, it's just over eight years

— since I started using Knight's Castile

Years will make no difference to your beauty if you use Knight's Castile. For Knight's Castile doesn't give "Tired Skin" a chance to work its harm on your complexion. Mild and creamy, its lather penetrates right into the pores, nourishing the delicate glands under the skin and keeping the complexion soft and smooth in spite of town grime and stuffy atmospheres. Fourpence per tablet.
"Every woman wants to look dainty. No woman wants to be extravagant. But there's a solution to this problem," says Irene Dunne, radiant young Radio Pictures star. "I've found that washing pretty things in Lux keeps them like new so very much longer. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after every wearing — it protects colours and fabrics so wonderfully. Also I find stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Dainty lingerie, exquisite blouses and frocks, stockings of cobwebby fineness — they need and they deserve the gentlest, safest care you can give them. Why not take Irene Dunne's advice — wash them always in rich Lux lather. Delicate fabrics are never harmed — they last and look lovely so much longer. There's no soda in Lux. Colours safe in water alone are safe in Lux. Get a BIG packet from your grocer or dealer — it costs only 6d. Also 2d and 4d sizes.

A LEVER PRODUCT

"Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures — yet they look new," says WALTER PLUNKETT, wardrobe director of the R.K.O. — Radio Studio (shown here with Gladys Baxter). "Lux makes a great saving in cleaning bills and cost of replacements, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."

OFFICIAL IN ALL THE BIG STUDIOS

"The secret of lovely things staying so very much longer," she says, "is Lux. Lux is so gentle."

always so beautifully dressed — always exquisitely groomed — fascinating IRENE DUNNE now gives away her secret. "There's one way to make sure that lovely things stay lovely so very much longer," she says, "by giving them Lux-care always. Lux is so gentle."
WARWICK DEEPING on SEX and CRIME

ELIZABETH BERGNER

April 28, 1934
Still another reason why 'Mine's a Minor'

I can now get 30 De Reszke Minors in an oval decorated tin for 1/-

In quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large —big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

5 FOR 2d. + 10 FOR 4d. + 20 FOR 8d.

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

Sole Distributors: Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

AND IN TINS * 30 FOR 1/- * 60 FOR 2/-
Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers in Radio’s “Rafier Romance.”

The loveliness of a skin cared for by Snowfire Cream enchants every man. For who could resist the charm of the velvety smoothness, and flower-like texture that fragrant, non-greasy Snowfire Cream gives? From to-day let Snowfire Cream begin beautifying your skin—let it keep you radiant always.

Snowfire Vanishing Cream
Dainty Handbag Containers 3d., Tubes 6d., Opal Jars 1/3d, British Made.

Couldn’t Eat Without Awful Pains
One Bottle of Tablets ends all pain
What would you say if you had suffered from indigestion and gastritis so badly that for 17 years you couldn’t eat anything and then one bottle of stomach tablets ended all your pain?

Yet that’s the story of Mr. W. Wooton of Snaefell Road, Blackburn. These are his own words—“After 17 years of suffering with indigestion and gastritis Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets have done me more good than anything previously. I was wounded and gassed in December, 1916. Since then I have been troubled with a bad stomach. I could not eat anything and had awful pains day and night. A few weeks ago I purchased a box of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets and now I feel a different man altogether—the pains have gone! They are a godsend.”

You, too, can get this blessed relief from the pain of indigestion, even if you have suffered a lifetime. Simply go and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets, the remedy which is restoring hundreds to health and happiness, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature “ALEX. C. MACLEAN.” It is not sold loose but only in 1½, 2/- and 3/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Beautiful CURLS
MADE AT HOME
QUICKLY & EASILY

"Lady Jane’s" CURL-CLIP

Try it 1/- & 6d.

Now try
“My Secret” Rouge fin

THE best rouge you ever used because it does not go into the pores causing after effects such as blotchiness and redness. “My Secret” rouge is absolutely pure and safe to use, being made of the very finest ingredients by Lesourd Pivert of Paris and London. It gives just that desired delicate tint.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

the corot early summer collection
is now complete

call at the showrooms and see the lovely models at modest prices, and by instalments too, or post the coupon for the corot early summer fashion guide and full details of instalments.

“i’ll be there”
ensemble of printed art crepe dress and toning light weight woollen coat.
cash 4/- gns.

13/6 monthly

corot
(dept. p. 440)
33 old bond street
london, w.l
regent 0234

—post this coupon to corot today—
corot ltd., 33 old bond st., london, w.1

free
please send, without obligation, corot early summer fashion guide and full details.

name ..........................................................
address ..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

..........................................................

......................................................
YOUR HAIR
NEEDS NO COAXING
IF WASHED WITH
AVA
THE
New Soapless Shampoo

You can do anything you like with your hair after washing it with an AVA Shampoo — for AVA makes the hair really manageable.

This remarkable scientific discovery is something entirely different from anything you've tried before. It is a shampoo that contains no soap! You can use AVA Shampoo in either hard or soft water, and it never leaves a dull sticky film so often found with soaps. Neither does it require any special rinsing afterwards. AVA Shampoo suits every kind and colour of hair, bringing out the natural beauty and leaving it soft and rich-looking, easy to handle, and lovely to see.

AVA Shampoo has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

AVA MAKES HAIR BRIGHT, HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL

AVA LTD., 9 Park Hill, London, S.W.4

AND NOW

THE DUCHESS
OF LEINSTERT

The Duchess of Leinster tells you how to give your skin new allure

"What do I use for my skin? The simplest beauty treatment in the world!" says the Duchess of Leinster — Ponds. It is so marvellously inexpensive that an exquisite skin nowadays is within the reach of every girl...

The beautiful Duchess of Leinster tells you in her own words exactly how she uses Pond's: "First," she says, "I smooth Pond's Cold Cream over all my face, neck and arms so that it gets out all the dirt and softens the skin. Then I wipe off cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, and pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the skin and close the pores." "Lastly, before powdering, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I find it a perfect protection against dust, and it gives my skin a lovely velvety surface to which powder clings for hours."

Other distinguished users of Pond's
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON • THE COUNTESS HOWE • THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK • THE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY

PRICES FROM SIXPENCE

refine the skin and close the pores."
ROMANCE
BEHIND ISLAND
FILM

Secrets of "Man of Aran"—how Flaherty came to make it—Penetrating the great Garbo silence—Hollywood's new device—Greta's story against herself—Spencer Tracy and Warner Baxter promoted to stardom.

R
OBERT J. FLAHERTY, whose long-awaited Man of Aran is having its London premiere at the New Gallery, reveals that if it had not been for a casual shipboard acquaintance the film would never have been made.

It is nearly three years since the idea was born, he tells me. "I had just returned from the South Seas at the time and was crossing the Atlantic in the Berengaria on my way to Germany. Abroad the liner, I fell in with an Irish motor engineer.

"It was this man who told me of the wild magnificence of the Aran Islands and of the struggle for life ceaselessly carried on by the islanders. We met and talked once or twice on the voyage; but I have never seen him again and I have even forgotten his name. I should like to meet this Irishman again, for had it not been for those talks we had aboard the liner, there would be no Man of Aran film to-day.

"I spent five months in Germany. The stories that the Irish engineer had told me were always in the back of my mind, and when I came to England and met Mr. Michael Balcon, Production Chief of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, he was impressed with the idea and sent me off to Aran."

Fish Shed as Laboratory
P
robably no other talkie has ever been produced under such strange conditions as Flaherty modestly describes.

The first problem was to find a water supply—because fresh water sufficient for the needs of a film-production unit is scarce on the barren ledge of rock that is Aran.

A suitable spring was eventually discovered and an old stone shed near by, used in the ordinary way for storing fish, became their laboratory. Developing tanks, drying drums and printing apparatus were installed there.

A tiny petrol engine was brought over. This developed just enough electricity to provide...
Veronica Rose

Born in Edinburgh and educated at St. Georges, Ascot, and Lausanne, this charming newcomer was "discovered" by Tom Walls—they met whilst hunting. She appeared in "The Cuckoo in the Nest," "Turkey Time" and will appear as a nurse in "Cup of Kindness." Veronica studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and has had stage experience.
You will probably recall the scene where she kneels at "Christina's" feet. The incident passed like a flash on the screen, but it took all day to make.

Another Legend Exploded

Miss Barondess, of course, got a twelve-hour close-up view of the world's most famous feet and as a result shatters another Hollywood legend.

She was so impressed by the injustice of the charge that Greta's toespins are on the big, indeed, that she decided that her statement should be reflected in a complaint that: "It's evident that your feet aren't as large as your public!"

Garbo, she relates, "laughed right out loud," and proceeded to tell the following story about herself:

"Three days ago," Garbo said, "I dropped into a store on Hollywood Boulevard to get some sports shoes. The manager saw me coming and waited on me himself.

"Was it sports shoes I wanted? Yes, he had a splendid collection. And in a moment he appeared with a dozen assorted styles—but all—what do you call them—canal boats.

"There were sizes eights and nines and one pair was larger, maybe a ten. Perfectly enormous!" So I said they were too large, and I slipped out of one of my pumps and put my foot into one of his shoes, where it rattled around almost like a peanut in a shell.

"The man looked down almost startled. And then this manager said, 'Excuse me, I thought you were Miss Garbo...'."

Mae West's Visit

So Mae West, who, I note with interest, is now being officially publicised as "The come-up-and-see-me-some-time girl," is coming to England to see the Derby.

Some months ago I predicted here that Mae would take a holiday in Britain as soon as her production plans permitted.

The star expects to be here at the end of next month.

"Just tell 'em I've never seen an Englishman who could accept in Hollywood,..." anyway, I haven't seen 'em in their native haunts; but I'm goin' to see 'em right away..." she says in a letter to a London friend.

"I've always sort of had a weakness for Englishmen," added the Paramount actress, "because they're so strong, I guess. And I like the accent..."

Great Discovery Department

My American colleague, Irving Hoffman, throws some new light on the vexed question of those studio "signature tunes."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he says, symbolises its product by featuring Leo the Lion before the title. Radio has its wireless code spelling out, "This is a Radio picture."

And we have just discovered how Warners identify their product. They use Guy Kibbee some place in each picture.

Beery—Song Bird

The "musical" boom continues in full swing.

The latest big star to join the ranks of the song-birds is—believe it or not—Wallace Beery.

In Vita Bella he sings what is described as "a new sentimental number" called "Madre Mia," and accompanies himself on the guitar.

The combination of Beery, a sentimental song and a guitar should alone be worth the admission money.

Short Shots

Elizabeth Young, who played the ing ë n t h e picture, burst into print with her story recent and now Barbara Barondess gives us another secondhand view of the mystery star at work.

Barbara, who a year or two ago was a sob-sister on a New York paper, played the part of the maid in the inn, where Garbo and Gilbert shared a room in the picture.

"Sob Sister" Screen Actress

Elizabeth Young, who played the in g f the picture, burst into print with her story recent and now Barbara Barondess gives us another secondhand view of the mystery star at work.

Barbara, who a year or two ago was a sob-sister on a New York paper, played the part of the maid in the inn, where Garbo and Gilbert shared a room in the picture.

Certain, but she made light of the danger afterwards.

"You will get some idea of the sea hereabouts from the fact that last winter three men in a currach tried to land on the island but were driven away by thirty miles to Galway itself. The same winter a whole farm man in the west was driven from the cliff-top by the seas, which were sweeping right across the island, a mile wide, on the wind."

Sad Parting

The unit was on the island for nearly two years—"It was a sad parting when we finally left," the producer says wistfully.

"We had great times. We used to give dances on Saturday night. The information from them, there was always a leg of porter handy at the end of the day's work.

"We got our supplies from the village four miles away, and we were swept by two-wheeled jaunting car—no motor cars are allowed on the island—and by weekly steamer from Galway."

"We had a wireless set and a gramophone and a library of books, and after a time we installed a half-size billiard table in the cottage, where great tournaments used to take place."

Two New Official Stars

A note from Movietone City officially announces the "definite elevation" to stardom of Spencer Tracy and Warner Baxter.

Most filmgoers will, I think, be pleased. Baxter's promotion, it is stated, "is the result of his fine work in White New Sleeps."

That is good publicity for White New Sleeps, but the fact is that he has been turning in good performances in practically every picture he has made in for years.

If all the ballyhoo had not been concentrated on the, in my opinion, much over-rated Ruby Keeler, his work in 42nd Street alone would have gained him recognition.

Life of Pasteur

Baxter is celebrating the event by collaring the leading role in the studio's latest contribution to the biographical boom, Humanity First, based on the life of Louis Pasteur, the father of modern scientific research and one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

The same studio announces Maximilian and Carlotta, to swell the still rising tide of costume pictures.

It is the story of the adventure launched by the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, backed by his brother, the Emperor Franz Joseph, and Napoleon III, France to establish a European Empire in Mexico.

Apart from films which have been completed, there are now at least twenty pictures in production or scheduled for early filming which are concerned with the past.

Telling on Garbo

Hollywood has discovered a new way of overcoming the Garbo silence act.

The latest expedient is to pick up hitherto unconsidered tribes of information from the minor artists who play in the Great One's pictures.

Actors like Lewis Stone, who has appeared in more Garbo pictures than anybody, have occasioned the fear and at the request of the publicity department, come forward with a diplomatically worded tribute to the star's consideration for other working in a picture or her enthusiasm, but in the main little has been allowed to leak out from the carefully guarded Garbo camp.

Queen Christina, however, has produced a crop of published impressions from those who could claim "I acted with Garbo."

"Sob Sister" Screen Actress

Elizabeth Young, who played the in g f the picture, burst into print with her story recent and now Barbara Barondess gives us another secondhand view of the mystery star at work.

Barbara, who a year or two ago was a sob-sister on a New York paper, played the part of the maid in the inn, where Garbo and Gilbert shared a room in the picture.

PictuGoer Weekly

Kinema Couples

This week's half-guinea prize is awarded to Miss G. Seabrook, 122 Leathurst Road, Lewisham, S.E.13, for—

Trouble

Ever Since Eve

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to—

D. R. Peddy, 126 Nelson Road, Gillingham, Kent, for—

Song of the West

I'm No Angel

Miss V. Gurney, St. Mark's Vicarage, City Road, Norwich, Norfolk, for—

Husband's Holiday

 Escape

Mary Gordon, 9 South Annandale Street, Glasgow, S.2, for—

Platinum Blonde

By the Hand?

Mrs. Robinson, 142 Lower Cambridge Street, Castleford, Yorks, for—

The Girl from Maxim's

Ann Vickers

Will new readers please note that all attempts must be sent in our postcards—no envelopes will be opened—marked Couplets and addressed to me/c/o PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to this contest.

MALCOLM D. PHILLIPS

Larry Ross, hailed as a rival to Bing Crosby, as he appears with the Gale Sisters in "Melody in Spring."
ARE SEX AND CRIME ENOUGH?

asks

WARWICK DEEPING

I was at Broadway, in the Cotswolds, when Jack Raymond and his unit were doing location work on Sorrell and Son. Most of the cast of the picture were also there, and an interesting discussion arose one evening when someone asked H. B. Warner why he had come specially to England to play the part of Sorrell in a British production in spite of the fact that Hollywood was still capable of offering him all the parts he needed. His reply was direct, and to me personally a little flattering.

He said that it was simply the thought of re-creating the part of Sorrell which had brought him to England—and in explanation he said that he relished the prospect because the story was “different.” He felt it was worth while to travel eight thousand miles to appear in a film which did not pivot upon a situation arising from sex or crime or neurosis.

His remarks made me conscious of a fact which I had not previously noticed—that the world as reflected in films is a place very limited in its activity and emotions.

Why are not film producers more catholic in their choice of subjects?

When I wrote Sorrell and Son I did not say to myself, “This is different.” It seemed to me that the selfless love of a father for his son was a human emotion worthy of being written about, and capable of offering scope for realistic dramatic treatment.

I confess to being rather amazed at the narrow limits within which most film subjects fall. I will leave aside such particular species as the musical spectacle, the supernatural or horror film, and the newspaper melodrama. But when it comes to serious drama based on the emotions of human beings, the film story seems to be almost exclusively pre-occupied with sex and crime, relieved perhaps with rare excursions into the realms of neurosis and insanity.

Admittedly sex and crime are the obvious raw material of drama. Any writer or scenarist seeking a ready-made plot need actually look no further than the pages of a certain type of daily or weekly newspaper. There he will find an abundance of material straight from life. The very ease with which such material can be gathered is an incentive to regard it as the only subject matter worth bothering about.

In consequence, the love tragedy, the crime, the romantic, the “wrong turning” story, the downfall of the social butterfly, the ruin of the financial twister, the gory end of the professional killer are all familiar—too familiar—to those who visit the cinema.

It may be argued that the very fact of such stories being reflected in newspapers as part of everyday life is excuse enough for their introduction into film fiction. But I remember the words of Beverley Nichols, who, speaking over the radio a few weeks ago, said that a fortune awaited the newspaper which could make news of the great and decent things of life.

So I believe it is with the cinema. The time has come when the cinema should look for its inspiration beyond the newspaper headlines—should look, perhaps, into the very existence of those millions of people who form the film public; study their problems and the dramatic difficulties with which they are often faced; extract from their lives the humour, pathos, comradeship and humanity which are there in plenty: dramatise these things and offer us a picture of that kind of reality upon which society is truly based.

My attitude is not that of the self-righteous critic who suggests that the subject matter of
THE famous novelist gives his views on screen material, which, he says, should look for its inspiration beyond the newspaper headlines, in an interview with a PICTUREGOER representative.

Films is degrading, immoral or injurious. On the contrary, it is my opinion that the majority of films are well constructed, entertaining, educative and more moral than probably any other form of art.

Precisely for these reasons I would like to see the film drawn upon life more widely for its stories.

Consider the lives of great men—pioneers in the cause of science, discovery or empire; musicians, artists, great reformers. There is rich film material in each of them. I believe a film based on Cecil Rhodes is contemplated. Why not make films about Edison, Shakespeare, Wilberforce, Beethoven, Livingstone and the scores of others who come readily to the mind? Richer drama could not be found anywhere—and as for characterisation, nothing more magnificent could be required.

There are sentiments in life unconnected with crime and romance which are legitimate film material—the ambition and power which raise a man from the gutter to the heights of success, the sympathy and fellowship (seen at their most potent in war time) which engender unselfish sacrifices, the devotion of a man’s life to a religious principle or political ideal.

I cannot be persuaded that such emotions could not form the basis of interesting pictures. In fact, I have precedent on my side since some of the most outstanding films of recent months have been just those which have neglected the ordinary story motives in favour of those I am advocating.

Gabriel Over the White House was one such film. It was an enthralling production, yet its “sex interest” was incidental and its main thesis was that the inspiration of one great man could save a nation.

Luis Trenker in his film The Rebel painted a portrait of a patriot of the Tyrol, who died rather than surrender his country to the overwhelming armies of Napoleon.

Cavalcade was the biography of an English family through many years of history.

Lady for a Day was a beautiful production based on the fellow-feeling of a group of beggars on Broadway.

There are other examples which the filmgoer will be able to provide for himself. Each of these films dealt with aspects of life outside the common range of film subjects—yet their success was above the average.

The inference is obvious: the film public, like the play-going and novel-reading public, is more catholic in its taste than the producer is apt to realise. Sex and crime are not enough. There are other factors in life and other emotions met with every day and understood by all which can yet be fashioned into attractive screen entertainment.

If Sorrell and Son contributes one such subject I at least shall feel pleased and proud. I believe that the filmgoer needs and welcomes a change from the conventional or stereotyped story—and I hereby make my plea, as a member of the film public, that the film producer shall go metaphorically out into the world and give us more pictures based upon the great constructive emotions of life and less of those which reflect the police court pages of the press.

Above, left to right, Warwick Deeping, H. B. Warner and Jack Raymond, the director.

Right, Winifred Shotter and Hugh Williams, who provide a tender love interest, fortunately free from sex.
It is eighteen months since Norma Shearer charmed us with the romance of "Smilin' Through." Now she changes her key and presents us, in "Rip Tide," a picture whose philosophy of life is out of tune with her husband's until they both come to realise that their love is capable of infinite expansion.

Her rendering of this part is as human and sensitive as was her performance in the former picture; in it Norma Shearer consolidates her claim to be considered one of the finest artists on the screen to-day.

The title, which may not convey much to everyone at first glance, is as a matter of fact aptly chosen—it means the rough water caused by opposite tides, which are in this case the husband, loyal but too ready to be jealous and suspicious, and the wife, inclined to run into dangerous situations in a light-hearted manner; neither realising the nature of the tide and he makes an ideal leading man for disaster which seems irreparable staves them in the face.

In essentials Edmund Goulding's story—he also directed the picture, by the way—is a simple marital drama.

Mary, an American, meets Lord Rexford in an unconventional manner in New York; they fall in love and marry although Mary had confessed to a "past."

Five years of happy married life follow, although Mary finds no little story at times. Then he goes on a business trip to America while she goes to Cannes with her aunt Hetty. There she meets Tommie, an American man about town whom she had known previously.

She is indiscreet in her flirtation with him and public scandal is caused when he falls from a balcony whilst trying to reach her room.

Rexford takes the yellow-press scandal quietly but Mary feels he is not sure of her and gets Tommie to come to see him.

This leads to a further breach and finally divorce proceedings are set in motion. Mary, caring nothing at the moment for Tommie, goes to Cannes to see her aunt.

Meanwhile, Rexford has discovered that his suspicions were unfounded and asks her to come to him. She goes, meaning to confess all and leave him, but his love is so potent that she is afraid of hurting him and remains silent. Eventually the affair comes out and once again divorce proceedings are instituted and this time completed.

But when the time comes to say good-bye the husband and wife are unable to part—they have at last understood each other thoroughly and plumbed the depth of their mutual love.

I found all my sympathy with Herbert Marshall as the husband. Mary's behaviour scarcely deserves any and she completely loses it by bringing the partner of her escape to try and explain that she was innocent. As Rexford remarks, "It is in the wonder of taste," but more than that it was a solemism a woman like Mary would not commit.

Herbert Marshall's performance is sincere and natural but none the less it is an ideal leading man for Norma Shearer. As Tommie, Robert Montgomery admirably suggests the care-free, generally inebriated waster and invests the part with a charm which makes Mary's relation with him more credible.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose every utterance has the hallmark of the great actress, has not been given the opportunities she should have had. As the worldly Aunt Hetty she should have acted as a sort of commentator on life; a Greek chorus as it were, to the marital mishaps of the leading players. As it is, she makes her part an outstanding feature of the picture and dominates the leading roles and the drama.

George K. Arthur gives a very good performance as Mary's protege, but Skeets Gallagher is wasted in the slight role of Tommie's harassed friend.

I noticed Helen Jerome Eddy in a tiny part; it is a pity she is not given better opportunities.

A unique setting came with the appearance of Liliyan Tashman as Mary's sister; a part which was unfortunately to be her last.

Edmund Goulding's direction is very good generally, but the development errors on the slow side and the picture as a whole would benefit by the excision of quite a thousand feet of film.

---

**Let our Film Critics who really see the Pictures Guide You**

One of the main troubles is that there are logically only two alternative endings, one of which would obviously be unsatisfactory. Either Mary will eventually be happily reunited with her husband, which does happen after two divorce proceedings, or else she will fall genuinely in love with Tommie. Dismissing the latter, since Tommie's character is such that any move in that direction would lose all sympathy for Norma Shearer, you are left with the former and there is always a rather impatient feeling that they would bow rather more rapidly to the inevitable.—J.C.

**Death Takes a Holiday**

Paramount have displayed courage in presenting Alberto Carrella's play as a film, for its appeal appears to me to be limited.

It is a macabre romance in which Death assumes human form and lives in our world for three days.

During that period his contact with a pure, spiritually-minded girl proves to him that love is stronger than himself and when he returns to his task of guiding souls through the veil he takes her, at her own will, with him.

Such a theme needs very delicate handling and I feel that Mitchell Leisen has been rather heavy-handed. It lacks the spirituality that it needed to make it wholly satisfactory and the grim humour is at times perilously near farce.

---

On the other hand, it contains a sound philosophy of life and it attempts, not unsuccessfully, to banish the fear of the unknown.

It is difficult to believe in Fredric March's conception of Death; he is of the earth earthy and yet displays a singular lack of knowledge at times of what happens in theJorhins den world of which he is the reaper.

He delivers his dialogue very well, however, and at least impresses you with a sense of dignity which did not need an eyeglass to emphasise it.

As the Italian landowner on whom Death forces his presence with dire threats if he exposes his real identity to the house party he is giving, Sir Guy Standing is excellent.

He gives the impression that he really is terrified and trying to control his fear, and he is convincing although the director has now and then given him comedy scenes with his unwelcome guest which appear somewhat out of place.

Evelyn Venable, whom you will remember for her delightful performance in "Cradle Song," gives a spiritual and delicate rendering of the young girl who, renouncing her fiancé, gives herself up to Death.

It is a fresh, unsophisticated performance which makes one believe wholeheartedly in the girl's renunciation.

The reaction of the other characters to this strange visitation is equally well shown and the roles are all well enacted by a cast which includes Katharine Alexander, Jack Patrick, Helen Westley, Kathleen Howard, Kent Taylor, Henry Travers, G. P. Huntley, jun., and Otto Hoffmann.

The morbid humour of two of the girls of the house party flirting with Death is well brought out and ends on a chilling dramatic note when he reveals himself to one of them who has asserted that she would make any sacrifice for love.

The romance between Death and the young girl has significance and a great deal of beauty of conception which lifts it above the rut of the commonplace which has a habit of intruding in the fantasy as a whole.

A grotesque note is struck by a series of scenes which show terrible disasters in which no lives are lost—they could not be while Death was on holiday.

Picturesque Italian mansion and garden settings form a picturesque background and the camera work is excellent.—J.C.
Below: Five hundred dollars worth of paper and ink! Jean Hersholt with his much-prized first edition of "David Copperfield." Hersholt, of course, is one of Hollywood's best known collectors. "David Copperfield" is to be filmed by the M-G-M Studio.

Through Our Lens

Left: Anna May Wong, kept busy on the "Chu Chin Choo" lot, keeps up to date on the film news by reading "Picturegoer."

Right: Just to the waistline comes this new sweater with clever puffed sleeves, worn by Muriel Evans. The skirt is of white flannel.

The secret is out. Jack Oakie is a clarinet player. And "he's got rhythm," according to Duke Ellington, the famous dance band leader, who almost added him to his soloist performers in "Murder at the Vanities."

This stone cutting machine was made specially for Jack Hulbert, whose favourite hobby is making souvenir nick nacks in stone and granite for his friends. The machine is the smallest of its kind in the world.
OUR AWARD

And the actors: —

1. Clive Brook, Cavalcade, 13 per cent.
2. Ronald Colman, Gynara, 11 per cent.
3. Gary Cooper, Farewell to Arms, 6½ per cent.
4. Conrad Veidt, I Was a Spy, 6⅔ per cent.
5. Paul Muni, I Am a Fugitive, 6 per cent.
6. Leslie Howard, Smilin' Through, 6 per cent.
7. Walter Huston, Gabriel Over the White House, 6 per cent.

9. John Barrymore, Bill of Divorcement, 5 per cent.

One of the most noticeable things about these results is the preponderating weight of votes for Norma Shearer, which everyone will agree is fully deserved. She has nearly double her nearest rival, who, in turn, has almost twice as many as Madeleine Carroll, who comes in a good third, and well above Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

One conclusion can be arrived at in these circumstances, and that is that the lack of good material can very quickly change the order of merit. For however good a star may be, it is impossible for her to make bricks without straw.

Marie Dressler, for instance, who won the gold medal last year for her performance in Emma, is well down the list, and is not even among the first seventeen, and no one can doubt her position would have been higher if she had had a better vehicle than Prosperity on which her chances lay.

Joan Crawford, too, has had nothing like the number of votes she was given in our previous election where she was rated sixth with 6 per cent. of the total votes recorded.

This year the first ten have received a big majority of the votes, the runners up being Jessie Matthews, Good Companions; Elissa Landi, The Sign of the Cross; Marion Davies, Peg o' My Heart; Jean Harlow, Hold Your Man (her votes were divided between that picture and Red Dust, which puts her lower than she would have been if there had been unanimity of opinion).

The same thing applies to Katharine Hepburn, who goes into seventh place at first bound. She had a good deal of support for The Bill of Divorcement as well as for Christopher Strong.

Continuing the list of

Greta Garbo in "Grand Hotel."

Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard photographed at the annual dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

The latter was voted third place in the Academy's ballet and second in our own.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 28, 1934

A replica of the design of the obverse side of the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal.

OUR readers' response to our invitation to record their votes for the stars and the performances they considered to be the best in the 1933 releases has been even greater than last year.

Over thirty thousand postcards have been received, and the majority voting has awarded the gold medal to Norma Shearer for her performance in Smilin' Through and to Clive Brook for his fine acting in Cavalcade.

We have asked Mr. Sam Eckman, the managing director of M-G-M. over here, who is visiting America, to take Norma Shearer's medal. And arrangements are being made to have both hers and Clive Brook's suitably presented.

The results have been arrived at on a percentage basis in order to simplify matters, and hereunder is a list of the first ten actresses and actors with their respective percentages: —

1. Norma Shearer, Smilin' Through, 37 per cent.
2. Diana Wynyard, Cavalcade, 19 per cent.
3. Madeleine Carroll, I Was a Spy, 10 per cent.
4. Greta Garbo, Grand Hotel, 9 per cent.
5. Marlene Dietrich, Blonde Venus, 5⅔ per cent.
6. Anna Neagle, Bitter Sweet, 4 per cent.
7. Katharine Hepburn, Christopher Strong, 3½ per cent.
8. Kay Francis, One Way Passage, 2 per cent.
9. Cicely Courtneidge, Soldiers of the King, 1½ per cent.
10. Sylvia Sidney, Madame Butterfly, 1½ per cent.
runners up, there are Helen Hayes—another star where opinions were divided between her work in *Farewell to Arms*, *White Sister*, and *Son of the Dawn*—and Ruby Keeler, another newcomer, in *42nd Street*.

It is interesting to note that there are four British artists in the first ten as compared with two last year, and only three of last year's leaders—Garbo, who was third in the previous poll, Dietrich who was fifth, and Norma Shearer who was fourth.

In the actors' section the voting was much less concentrated, practically every well-known player receiving at least a few votes.

As with the women artists, the fact that some of last year's leaders are not included in the first ten is noticeably due to lack of first-class material. Emlyn Williams and Ricardo Cortez are outstanding cases in point. The former was fourth last year for his performance in *Frightened Lady* with 8 1/2 per cent. of the total votes, and the latter deservedly second for his brilliant performance in *The Melody of Life* with 17 per cent.

A surprise, but not a very big one considering the films in which he has appeared, is the comparatively weak support for Ramon Novarro.

It will be noticed that there are five British actors in the first ten, which is the same number as last year, and that there are only three of last year's leaders—Ronald Colman who won the medal for *Arrowsmith* with 21 per cent.; George Arliss who was fifth with 8 1/2 per cent. for *The Silent Voice*; and Walter Huston, tenth with 4 1/2 per cent. for *The Wet Parade*.

Of the leading ten the actor who seems to have attracted in every picture he made is Conrad Veidt, who while receiving a preponderating support for his work in *I Was a Spy*, was also well supported in *Rome Express*, *F.P.1.*, *Rasputin*, and *The Wandering Jew*, a fine tribute to his ability and popularity.

Leslie Howard's votes were also split between *Smilin' Through*, which won him his position, *The Woman in His House*, and *Secrets*. While John Barrymore also received votes for his work in *Topaze*.

The runners-up were, in this order, Franchot Tone—very hot on the heels of Edmund Gwenn,—Spencer Tracy, William Powell, Lionel Barrymore, Nils Asther, Wallace Beery (eighth last year), Charles Laughton, Gordon Harker, Fredric March (third last year), Clark Gable, Gene Raymond, and Jack Buchanan.

Stars who have had votes recorded for more than one picture are Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton—who, incidentally, won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for *Henry VIII.*, a picture which did not come into our purview—Fredric March, Clark Gable, and Jack Buchanan.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our readers for their support in helping us to make the *Picturegoer* Gold Medal a thoroughly representative award.

It has been our aim to make it a really worth while tribute to the artists who win it, and we feel we have succeeded in our object.

Leslie Howard, who was voted sixth, and Norma Shearer, first, in *Smilin' Through.*

Gary Cooper, who was balloted third for his performance in *Farewell to Arms,* with Helen Hayes.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE & JAMES DUNN

The latest Fox child actress of whom great things are expected. She is seen here with James Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer," which picture, according to advance reports, she "steals" completely. Most infant prodigies incline to precociousness, but little Shirley is said to have the greatest gift of all—that of being natural.
Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot From Hollywood

**STAR’S “MISSING FORTUNE”**

Mary Astor Sued by Parents—Miriam Hopkins to Leave Hollywood?—Million-Dollar Cinderellas—Joan Crawford Starts a New Fad—Harry Wilcoxon as “Samson”

WHAT has become of the $500,000 which Mary Astor says she gave to her parents since she entered the films in 1920? Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke, the parents, have sued their daughter for non-support.

Mary claims that she has supported her parents since she entered pictures in 1920, and that up to three years ago her father handled all her earnings and she was allotted only one-fourth of her salary after living expenses for her parents and herself had been deducted.

Three years ago, she says, she realised that her earnings were diminishing, and asked her parents to retrench and give up their expensive home in the Hollywood hills. They refused, so she took an apartment by herself, offering to pay them $1,000 a month for a full year to enable them to accustom themselves to a more economical mode of living. This they refused to do.

The Langhanke home, valued at $200,000, is a nine-room house, with landscaped grounds and a swimming pool. It is one of the show places of Hollywood. However, it is encumbered by a large mortgage, which Mary feels she is unable to assume. She offered her parents a home in San Francisco, but they declined to leave the movieland capital.

The parents claim that for some time past their daughter has not contributed to their support.

Miss Astor, the wife of Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Hollywood physician, is the mother of a small girl.

**Foiling Kidnappers**

Bing Crosby has cancelled plans for a yachting trip, because of a report that kidnappers were planning to seize his nine-months old son, Gary Evan Crosby. The Crosby home is watched twenty-four hours a day, and radio cars patrol the vicinity at regular intervals.

Mae West, who recently was menaced by gangsters, is also under police guard.

**Good-bye, Hollywood**

The film colony was flabbergasted when Miriam Hopkins purchased a house in New York, gave up her Hollywood home, and announced that she would live in an apartment while making pictures in California.

Miriam recently appeared in a New York stage play, and is scheduled to play “Delilah” in Samson and Delilah for Cecil B. De Mille, and will spend all her leisure time in New York.

**To Them That Hath!**

The Biblical saying, “To them that hath shall be given,” is constantly fulfilled in Hollywood. Virginia Peine Lehman, Chicago heiress, arrived in the film capital, and almost immediately was signed to a Warner contract.

Merry Fahreny, heiress to more than $100,000,000, also from Chicago, has been engaged by Cecil B. De Mille for a role in Cleopatra.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels III, whose husband is a member of a millionaire California family, has taken a screen test, and appears certain to be given a film contract.

Meanwhile, hundreds of girls who arrive in Hollywood practically penniless find the road to fame exceedingly difficult to traverse.

**Was Her Face Red!**

Two little extra girls were chattering gaily at a counter in a studio restaurant. On an adjoining stool sat Leslie Howard, effectively disguised by dark glasses.

One of the little extras proudly told her companion that she was a great friend of the Leslie Howards. Isabel Leslie extra girls sometimes have of “putting it on.”

Suddenly the “friend of Leslie Howard” recognised the actor who, by the way, did not know her from Adam!

Leslie was equal to the occasion. He asked after the girl’s family, and was so “sporting” that the girl’s companion was convinced that her friend really knew the Howards.

Later the girl met Leslie on the set and apologised.

**A Popular Playhouse**

Invitations to Joan Crawford’s theatre, located at the star’s home, are at a premium.

The little playhouse accommodates about thirty persons, so only Joan’s most intimate friends will be able to attend.

Joan and Franchot Tone plan the production of one-act plays, and will select the cast from friends who have won fame in the films.

This clever idea is likely to be emulated by other celebrities. Soon a star’s home will not be complete without a little theatre.

**Paying the Piper**

The next time Clark Gable takes a vacation, he is going into the middle of the Gobi Desert! Samson, two dozen practically new silk handkerchiefs, twenty-seven coat buttons, and one sleeve of a dress shirt, he returned to Los Angeles after a “holiday” in the East.

He left most of the coat buttons in New York, most of the handkerchiefs in Baltimore, and the sleeve of the shirt in Kansas City, in all of which cities he was mobbed by enthusiastic fans.

Evelyn Kelly, one of the eleven most beautiful Broadway chorus girls whom Earl Carroll selected for “Murder of the Vanities.” Her face is well known on the poster hoardings in America.

**Poor Joel!**

Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee, are two of the most likely people in Hollywood, except among members of their own fraternity.

I was chatting with Joel recently. He was telling me with enthusiasm about the swimming pool he is building at his ranch, when Frances, his beloved wife, appeared and reported that thieves had looted the home of jewellery valued at several thousand of dollars, among them being the engagement ring he had given her.

It is the second robbery they have experienced in a month. The last time bandits held them up while they were en route to their home in Brentwood Heights, and took several hundred dollars away from Joel.

**Young Love**

Although she does not want to marry an actor, Dorothy Dill, who is under contract to Paramount, and is headed for stardom, after her performance in What’s a Angel, sees no reason why a man should not marry an actress, but she is not so sure about how happy a girl would be if married an actor.

“The actors I have known are too self-centred for a happy married life,” she told me. On the other hand, there are few actresses who would not gladly give up their careers for a home and the right man. And even if she continued acting, her home becomes her primary interest.”

Douglas Montgomery, who is only a few years older than Dorothy, declares that romance has a poor chance in Hollywood, because publicity ruins the chances of love-making.

Cupid has hard sledding in Hollywood.

**A New Star on the Horizon**

Harry Wilcoxon has justified Cecil B. De Mille’s fondest hopes. His performance of “Mark Antony” in Cleopatra, which is still in course of production, has convinced Cecil B. De Mille that Harry is one of the finest young actors he has ever directed.

So young Wilcoxon will play “Samson” in Samson and Delilah, which De Mille will produce as his next super-picture.

This young English actor has only been in Hollywood a few weeks, but he has made greater strides in film favour than many other actors have done in as many years.
Continuing THE STORY OF MY LIFE
by CLARK GABLE
"They MADE ME a CALL BOY"

During this time my mother died. With her death I lost the best friend I had. A short time later Father sold the farm and went west to Oklahoma, returning to the oil business. He stopped in Akron to try to persuade me to go with him, but the theatre was in my blood. I wanted to stay.

Dad wrote me constantly, telling me of the opportunities for young men to be found in the oil business. He offered me a good job. I felt that I owed it to my father to join him. After all, there were only two of us left and we ought to stick together.

This week the famous star, who dealt with his boyhood days in the previous instalment, tells you how he struggled against odds, that would have deterred a weaker character, to achieve his ambition of becoming an actor. Starting as a call boy without pay, he gradually achieved the status of a crowd player, only to be summoned home by his father who planned a different career for him.

This week he made a little money by saving up enough to enter the regular university classes.

At that time Akron boasted a very popular stock company. Every week, when I did not have classes in the evening, I went to the theatre. It fascinated me.

Now and then I'd see several actors on the street and they seemed wonderful people from another world. I was only seventeen, and working in a rubber factory all day and going to school five nights each week, makes you hungry for a little excitement and glamour.

One evening I happened to be sitting at the same table in a restaurant with two boys from the company. We drifted into a casual conversation (that is, I pretended that it was casual while I was so excited that I could scarcely eat), and they invited me to go back stage with them. I spent that evening in the thrilling places behind the footlights instead of in a classroom. And that evening I decided that I'd rather be an actor than a doctor or anything else in the world.

From that time on I visited the theatre as much as possible. I met all the members of the company and spent long hours listening to the stories of their travels and experiences. Finally, I mustered enough courage to ask the manager for a job. I got it. They made me a call-boy without salary. But money meant nothing to me so long as I could be in the theatre. I kept my job at the rubber factory and gave up my night school without a moment's hesitation.

Everything about that little theatre was filled with glamour. I was all eyes and ears, amazed at everything. But during those first few months I learned a valuable lesson, the unwritten code of the theatre: "See and hear, but say nothing."

Gradually, I began to play lineless parts. I walked on the stage as part of the mob or as a butler. I played every kind of a person with all kinds of make-up.

I worked very hard during the daytime in order to earn enough money so that I could afford to have my nights at the theatre. I learned how to put on make-up and how to walk across the stage without falling over my own foot. I also learned to love the feeling of an audience on the other side of the footlights.

The story of my life, by Clark Gable
"They MADE ME a CALL BOY"

During this time my mother died. With her death I lost the best friend I had. A short time later Father sold the farm and went west to Oklahoma, returning to the oil business. He stopped in Akron to try to persuade me to go with him, but the theatre was in my blood. I wanted to stay.

Dad wrote me constantly, telling me of the opportunities for young men to be found in the oil business. He offered me a good job. I felt that I owed it to my father to join him. After all, there were only two of us left and we ought to stick together.
I think of the long story of varied acting experiences which I told the manager. It was just my luck to strike him when he needed a general character man who was big and strong and husky and who would work for ten dollars a week.

For two years I travelled with that company through every state in the west. And I wouldn’t give a million dollars—if I had it—for that experience. We played in opera houses, in tents, in churches, in barns, in every kind of a place.

Sometimes we were penniless and didn’t know where we were going to eat or sleep. Sometimes we were riding high and living on the fat of the land. I played every kind of a part except juveniles. It was too big and clumsy for roles of that kind.

The leading woman of the troupe was the manager’s wife. She was a woman of about forty-five who had lived in every part of the world. To me she was the most fascinating person I had ever met. She taught me dozens of tricks in the business of acting and encouraged me, even though the other members of the troupe insisted that I’d never make even a poor actor and advised me to go back to the oilfields.

Everything was a grand adventure to me. I didn’t have a care in the world, and I was doing the thing I liked best—acting, if you can call it that. I liked to play in the small towns and be pointed out as a member of the company playing at the opera house. It seems to me now that I was perfectly happy in those days.

I remember once when we played in the lumber country of northern Washington. A sign on the theatre door read, “Calks Not Allowed.” The play that night was Corinne of the Circus. I was the old ringmaster in a crêpe beard. In the midst of the dramatic death scene where Corinne died in my arms, four big lumberjacks, totally disregarding the sign on the door, came tramping down the aisle in their called boots. The noise was deafening on the uncarpeted floor.

Being a very grand actor at the time I stopped dramatically in the middle of a speech and waited until the men had found seats, while poor Corinne remained dying in my arms.

When the curtain was lowered, I received one of the worst lectures of my life from the members of that company. A great deal of my importance and grandeur left me that evening. I learned (never to forget it) that individuals do not count, that the show must go on in spite of everything.

Business went from bad to worse. Finally the company was completely without funds. One cold, bitter March day we were left completely stranded in Montana. I stood on that windswept railroad platform and wondered whether in the world I could turn.

My sole possessions were two years of invaluable experience and one good suit of clothes. In my pocket were two dimes, a nickel and one penny.

It’s a funny sensation to find yourself completely alone in a strange place with only twenty-six cents between you and the world; especially when you’re very young and when a March wind is spraying you with sleet. And if there is anything colder than a Montana wind in March, I’ve never found it.

If I could manage to keep my head, it might be comforting to know that the experience I had with that company was so bad that I would never go back to the oilfields or a store in some little town. I couldn’t admit to my father that I had failed. After all, I had told him with all a boy’s bravado that I was capable of taking care of myself.

I remained at the station until evening. Then I boarded a freight train and started for Portland, Oregon. A few months before I had met some people from Portland, and I knew that they went directly to the telegraph office to send out calls for help.

I thought of my father and the security of the life which would be waiting for me in Oklahoma. I wrote a wire to Dad. In fact, I wrote several wires, trying to make them very casual and unobtrusive. Then I tore them all up.

I knew that I could never go back to the oilfields or a store in some little town. I couldn’t admit to my father that I had failed. After all, I had told him with all a boy’s bravado that I was capable of taking care of myself.

I arrived in Portland at three o’clock in the morning, slept in the station until a reasonable hour, and telephoned the people on whom I had pinned all my hopes. They had left the week before for New York.

**NEXT WEEK**

**I Get a Job as an “Extra”**

Continuing his struggle to gain stage honours, the author takes any and every job that comes his way between his stage engagements. He tells you of his marriage and his first arrival in Hollywood.
Andreas Steiner had a soul above mere inn-keeping, and delighted his clients by his brilliant harp playing.

An adaptation by Basil Dean of the romantic play by C. L. Anthony, which he produced at the Lyric Theatre, London. It is notable for its beautiful settings of the Austrian Tyrol which is the locale of the story. Fay Compton appears in the role she originally played on the stage, while Ivor Novello takes the part which Francis Lederer originated.

Andreas comes to the mountain shrine of the Virgin, where for a brief space he and

Jenny Gray (Fay Compton) had won the hearts of the infant class it was her duty to teach in a Manchester girls' school.

Striding through the autumn crocus, Andreas comes to the mountain shrine of the Virgin, where for a brief space he and
Autumn Crocus

Fay Compton (below) as Jenny, the little schoolmistress whose brief romance is shattered when she learns that her lover is married.

Alaric (Jack Hawkins) and Audrey (Diana Beaumont) two guests at the inn, who glory in proclaiming that they believe in free love.

Andreas takes Jenny to show her the sombre mountains which she loves. An idea of the scenic beauty of this pro-
Go
toward the land. It was natural that they should increa-

IKE the curate's egg—excellent in parts, but, none the less, permeated by a sense of rottenness—was the home-comings of Chris Martin, colleague, after a year spent in Europe, to an Oregon farm.

It was good, driving from the station, to see once again the broad acres of wheat, the golden harvest of the Middle West. Good to see the school house draped with bunting and the banner announcing "Welcome Home, Chris!" fluttering above the cart track.

Ellen Martin, in shirt sleeves, coming away from the sheds after seeing the reaping machines stored for the night, was an emblem of cheer as she shook his son's hand.

"Hullo, Chris! Glad to see you back."
"Glad to be back, Dad. Where's Walt?"

"Taking the hands on in turn with the pitchfork. That kid brother of yours is turning out a first-rate farmer, Chris."

"You bet he is." But I'll show him. Come on, Dad."

Rounding a corn, they came upon Walt and a bull-necked reaper who was vainly trying to lower a pitchfork, the other held high head, in both hands, parallel with the ground.

Throwing off his black coat, Chris entered the contest. Grappling, he essayed to lower the pitchfork against his opponent's will. Chris won. Yes, it was good to be home.

Unthinkingly, Walt reminded Chris of the element he dreaded.

"Ellen'll be pleased to see you, Lydia, too. My word, what those two have done since we had your last letter! You always did have a way with women."

Chris flushed. He didn't want to be reminded just then of Ellen, whereas Lydia, termed the farm girl, though she would never see forty again, caused him no misgivings. Plain, homely Lydia had a sentimental preference for Loopy Lou, the hired man, whose unempt head she metaphorically snapp'd off twenty times a day.

Chris had a Paris frock for Lydia, complete with a box marked "Lafayette," an offering he knew would gladden her heart, while the stitches and material held together. But Ellen, the daughter of Judge Goodhue and true daughter of the soil—Ellen with smooth hair, golden as the ripened corn on her father's field—she could make Chris feel that life was rotten.

Deliberately, Chris switched his thoughts from her and gave Lydia her present. She didn't want it at first, wouldn't take a gift from him at any price, though she had fastened him into his first knickerbockers.

But when the box was unisted, and sheer silk and fine lace were raised to nestle against her sallow cheek, she gave in. That was Lydia all over, to deny herself at the outset, the very offering for which her heart ached.

An hour later Lydia, guessing, from the raised voices in the parlour, that something serious was afoot, listened with Loopy Lou at the crack in the door.

"You see, father," Chris announced, delivering his bombshell, "I feel right down mean saying this, but I don't want to stay here on the farm. I belong to the city. I want to go to Chicago and make my way there."

"Son, don't think I'm angry, but you're foolish." Eben Martin, with his white hair, and kindly, weather-beaten face, was trying to behave magnanimously under a cruel blow. "I've been a farmer all my life and I know the money's to be made in property... in land. The only true wealth comes out of the soil."

"Not nowadays, dad. Not with wheat the price it is. No self-respecting man wants to farm to-day. Conditions are against him."

Eben pointed to the wall map, where the clear surface of Oregon was shaded red at one point covering a goodly area.

"There's our farm and land, Chris. Part of that land accrues to you the day you come of age, part to Walt. Walt's ready to be a farmer."

"That's so, dad. I was cut out for it, I reckon. I can't do anything else."

"I can." Chris was vehement.

"I don't like getting up at four in the morning and going to bed at sunset with the cows. I prefer the town and the stock market." He robbed a sample of wheat, from the specimen jar on the writing table, through his uncalled fingers.

"I'll have what's coming to me in cash, if you don't mind, father. I'll make good in the city, and when I've proved it you can join me there."

Eben Martin was no tyrant. When Chris exchanged the air of the parlour, heated in more senses than one, for the coolness of the lawn under silver birches, he had his father's concession, if not his blessing.

Ellen, all in white, moonshine on the smooth loveliness of her hair, must have been waiting for her to come forward and took his hands.

"I heard you talking to Mr. Martin and didn't want to interrupt. Remember the promise before you went away that we'd wait for each other, Chris?"

"I'm a rotter, Ellen. I've been wanting to tell you, but couldn't in my letters. I've changed my mind about being a farmer. I don't want to settle for a year or two. I'm going to Chicago to make a start. Will you release me?"

"Of course." The girl's eyes were bright; not with tears. Walt had stroked up, saying, with a start.

"Sorry if I'm intruding."

You're not." Ellen's hand went to Walt. Chris didn't guess her affection for his "kid brother" was being openly shown for the first time. "You see, Chris, Walt and I are engaged. I was going to ask you to release me."

Too overjoyed to notice Walt's expression of surprised happiness, Chris pump-handled his arm.

"Good for you, old man. Congratulations! It was I was for worrying about Ellen when you and she..."

With the rottenness of home-coming swallowed in a ferment of excitement, Chris left for Chicago. Not to sow wild oats, as Lydia gloomily prophesied, but to master the intricacies of the wheat pit.

He roomed with a laugh easy, a cheery lad who imparted the sign language of the wheat speculators to Chris and taught him to understand the fine points of buying and selling in the hubbub of the market's most active moments.

Chris's experience as a farmer stood him in good stead. He could estimate with accuracy the quality of the grain samples on the sellers' tables. The weather, not so dependable as the feel of wheat, was an enormous factor in financial success, he soon discovered.

Eben Jackson, a Chicago music critic, astounded Hugh by striding up and down their office twenty blocks from the pit, reciting in a strong crescendo:

"Rain, rain, why do you stair? It's going to rain. It must rain."

"Well, it won't rain because the little pig won't, the matter? Wheat prices rising?"

"Soaring. Nothing doing unless it rains."

An hour before closing time, Chris, unable to stand inaction, waited before the father's air in the bathroom spray and bespincrking his trilby, strode into the crowded pit. The commotion caused was immense. When Chris announced his father's entrance the sale of wheat was practically at a standstill, now a hundred pairs of hands were raised indicating their owners wished to purchase.
Messengers scribbled on fair sheets of paper, telephones rang, the whole business world of the stock market revolved like a giant machine suddenly set in motion. Above the din of shouting and the pandemonium of wheat speculators, a doubting Thomas in the form of a trader's clerk threw open a window and gazed down the distance of four stories. The street below was innocent of a drop of fallen rain.

"I'll tell them, thatodge of yours," Hugh remarked, clasping down papers in a file as Chris re-entered the office. "Be careful, you great big bear, or you may come to grief."

"Ain't no use, I tell you it is going to rain," Chris declared. A sudden clap of thunder and the rattle of heavy rain on the leads, occurring at that very minute, would have convinced any sceptic that the age of miracles was not over.

Three years passed and Chris made his pile, none the less successfully because gloomy letters reached him from home. Eben reported defaulted payments on mortgaged land. "Can't you get us a better price for our wheat? It's you speculators who are ruining us," he pleaded in the fine penmanship fashionable forty years since.

Chris was not malleable. He had met with moral, if not practical, opposition from his father and wanted to convince him he was right. "The only thing for you is to come and join me. I always told you farming was a mug's game," he wrote.

Ben and Walt had been married for over a year; so far, Chris had felt no inclinations that way. Then, lunching one day with Hugh at the Metropole, he met the not impossible Miss Aristocrat, without doubt, she entirely graced her severe two-piece, muslin crinoline, a single row of perfectly matched pearls, and a hat with no trimming. She was lunching with an elderly lady. Hugh introduced her.

"You pick well, Chris, I must say. That's Cynthia Flint; Harry Flint, the dairy manufacturer's daughter. You must have heard of him. As for her, she's not only society's cream, she's a cream-corn. I believe a man once kissed her coming home from a dance and got frost-bitenn." Chris produced a gold pencil. "I'll give a shot at warming her up." He wrote on a card: "There's a man in the room who'll probably marry you some day," and gave it to the waiter, accompanied by a tip the magnitude of which had the desire to impel him on leaving her table. Cynthia stopped to have a few words with the young man who had been gazing so intently at her. She was perfectly beautiful and she spoke to Eben, his father, who had married a girl who had been calmed down only when Chris led her towards a shallow pond gleaming like a jewel under the moon. "Let's wake," she begged. In midstream she stumbled; he caught her in his arms and impressed the very breath of Hymen, made love for the first time.

"Wait, Dad, all of you, great news! Cynthia's promised to marry me.

The family, forgoing the in the parlour for a glass of cider before bed, received Cynthia delightfully; but, as Chris surmised, their former gaiety had been trumped up for the wedding.

At last Eben was gloomy. Good crops, but poor prices for wheat. Everywhere was the same tale and general poverty was on the increase. "You speculators are ruining us, Eben maintained. "You're making a fortune at our expense. Chris. With the bottom out of the price of wheat, we can't make good."

Not my fault. It's yours. You farmers produce too much wheat. Walt ought to realise that. Can't he do something about it if he means to stick to the land. Oh, I've seen your map—up to date. You needn't tell me that your property's mortgaged up to the hilt, Dad. Better quit while you can decently."

"No," Walt spoke for Eben, whose face was in his hands. "We're farmers, not business men. If we can't stick to our job we're not worth anything."

Chris shrugged, acknowledging the

(Continued on page 22)
All day long... she keeps her early-morning freshness

**USE Icilma Vanishing Cream every morning and your complexion will be just as perfect at half-past five as it was at nine o'clock.** For Icilma not only makes your powder cling, but it tones up the skin, and keeps it soft, smooth and free from blemishes.

**VALUABLE BEAUTY OUTFIT**

For a COMPLETE TRIAL BEAUTY OUTFIT containing tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept.29D) 45 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

---

**GOLDEN HARVEST—Continued**

impasse. During the fall and early winter, thoughts of home were in abeyance, kept down by the pressure of work as much as by the preparations for his marriage with Cynthia. Harry Flint, who from the first had liked Chris, was glad to have him for a son-in-law, sponsoring him in more than one financial deal, which Chris's knowledge of Wheat brought to a successful issue.

The wedding, necessarily a smart one, took place by the lake. The cake had been cut and Chris was chatting to guests on the way to change, Cynthia having already left the crowded room in bridal white, when a servant touched his arm.

"A Mr. Martin to see you, sir."

Walt, in a baby-soft voice, rose apologetically from a chair in the library.

"Sorry to butt in on you at a time like this."

"Not so much of the batting in. How is it The of you turned up to see me get married, anyway?"

"Couldn't, Chris. Things are bad at home. Lydia was too and Loopy have had to sell up. Couldn't even get started on their own. Their stuff was auctioned last week, and what did it fetch? Not enough to keep in blankets."

"I know. I could see it coming." Chris ran a manicured finger round the edge of his glared collar. "I'm damned if I know how to help you."

"Something had to be done. I've got the farmers on strike. Lock, stock and barrel, the men round home have agreed not to sell, not to produce, until prices go up."

"You have? Now you are talking. Now, maybe I can get things going. I'll see you, too, and in the good strike on hand the price of wheat will start soaring. Walt, you really mean it?"

"Sure, I mean it. I've been holding meetings all summer. When I saw every farmer was idle."

"Good. You'll keep them idle, whatever happens. As Martín to Martin."

"As Martin to Martin."

The brothers gripped hands.

"Come in, Walt. You'll need a drink."

"No, thanks. I must get back. So long, Chris."

"And Mr. Flint if he'll see me in the library for a minute," Chris said to the servant in the hall. Harry Flint, man of business, topped his son-in-law's explanation of the strike with: "Listen. We've got to get down to this here and now. You must stay in town a day or two."

"And my honeymoon, sir?"

"Put it off."

"But Cynthia——"

"She's got sense. This is the greatest thing that's happened in years. If we pull it off, we'll get a deal and save the farmers as well. Now for a list of supporters we can count on. Got a pencil and paper?"

Ten minutes later an agitated Cynthia, in civie ensemble, opened the library door.

"There you are, Chris. Why, you haven't even changed! Had she known it, she'd enlist his handy and suave confidence in her by saying, as he stammered his apology for delays:

"Never, Elleen's version of business first. I understand."

"Maybe I can help the home folks at last, Cynthia. I know I seem to have been a hog so far."

"That's good. You know, Chris, it's an old saying, but it's true. I thought I married a gentleman and I didn't marry something better—a man."

"Biting her lip, she went out, Chris hardly seeing her as his thoughts ran on the list of the chosen who would support his scheme.

Even for the stock market the ensuing weeks were hectic. Wheat prices rose day by day. Day by day, Walt, Harry Flint, and their colleagues, by having purchases, ensured the next day's rise.

Walt kept his brother posted with news. Told of the inquiry by the Agricultural Commission from the city, of their pleas to the farmers to resume work, of the latter's determined refusal.

Christmas came and went. With March, arrived another letter from Walt. The farmers were growing restive. Food prices were no lower because wheat in Chicago was selling at exorbitant figures. Spring had arrived. The instinct in the farmer was to plough and sow. The habit of years could not be forgotten. Idleness, discontent. Walt's letter of a week later seemed to Chris, sharing the writer's knowledge, as a full of the creak of rusting and disused machinery brought into action.

"Goodhue and Longton and Patterson." Walt informed, "have sown seed and reaped harvest for twenty years, men and boys, and nothing I can do or say can stop them."

In spite of Chris's efforts, the news leaked out. Prices on the blackboards of the wheat pit began to drop. Chris tried to buy, though even Harry Flint, also a persistent buyer, commenting on the turn of the tide, bided his time to sell while there was time. Chris's blood was up. He had given his word to Walt, and he would abide by it till his last penny ebb away.

The commotion in the pit was so intense on the day before Christmas that for a moment Chris was unaware that the double doors opening on to a balcony of the room of speculators had opened. The hubbub immediately died down, and the frock-coated individual who had come out to speak announced:—

"Gentlemen, you are asked on behalf of the committee to do no further business with Christopher Martin, as he is hereby declared insolvent."

It was a gay defeat. Martin to Martin, the brothers had stood together and lost. They had also won. To their concerted effort, the government grant to farmers and the curb placed on wheat speculation becoming law during the winter, the farmer must very largely be said to be due.

We make our bow to Chris, now his father-in-law's partner, and Cynthia, about to start on their deferred honeymoon.

Meanwhile the afternoon sun gilds the golden harvest of the Oregon fields, waiting for the reaper. Eben Martin, on the charte-longue, busy with a telegraph, no longer an object in red the redeemed property, with which he is starting in life all over again. Ellen's letter was sprawled over her as their youthful eyes survey grandfather's pencil moving on the tinted paper, outlining the plots of land reserved for them when they grow up to be farmers.
PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 28, 1934

PLAYER'S
CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS

10 FOR 6p 20 FOR 11½
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
are also packed in handy
little cartons of 5 for 3d.
Ideal for the lady's handbag.

EVERYWOMAN
The Super Magazine for Women

No. 3 of EVERYWOMAN sparkles with even more brilliance than ever. Packed with unique features, aglow with fashion plates, it will be a delight and an inspiration to all.

The contents of this third great issue of EVERYWOMAN include fiction by Michael Arlen, Beverley Nichols on "First Love," The Sheik of Abdullah on "Secrets of the Harem," and the Alfred Lunts on their Swedish home.

In addition, No. 3 of EVERYWOMAN contains a Free Presentation Voucher entitling every reader to a Free Pattern—up to the value of Is. 6d.—of one of the sixty odd glorious creations depicted in this superb issue.

MAY ISSUE
ON SALE
Saturday, April 28th

KHASANA
Blush Cream 1/6.
Trial Size 9d.

Lipstick 1/6 & 2/6.
Trial Size 6d.

People called it
"Personality"

She was so natural, so
different, so alluringly herself. Yet she was
one of the crowd until
KHASANA Blush Cream emphasised her
own individual colouring.

You too can bring out all your natural beauty with
KHASANA Blush Cream—its discreet colouring gives
just that added charm which is so essential to every
woman. Its cold cream base protects the skin and makes
it easy to use effectively.

In the same way KHASANA Lipstick gives beauty to the
lips, emphasising their natural shape and colouring,
absolutely kiss- and water-proof and non-detectable.
Be a KHASANA Girl and always look your best.

KHASANA

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland). Ltd.
The PICTUREGOER's quick reference Index to films just released

- **GOLDEN HARVEST**
- **SORELL AND SON**
- **THE WORLD CHANGES**
- **SON OF A SAILOR**
- **ADAM OF ACES**
- **COLONEL BOYS**
- **BRIEF MOMENT**


**THE WORLD CHANGES**

Paul Muni ... Orin Mordaith, jun. Virginia Gilmore ... Mrs. Peter Mordaith, jr. Booster Nilsson ... Mrs. Peter Warner. Vaclav Norek ... Paul Paul McMahon ... Mrs. Peter Poffer. marryann作战 ... Mrs. Tollid. Toby, son ... Ellen Kolker. J. Peter Mordaith ... Henry Kolker. Vinton ... Robert Young. Arbor ... Mayor.

The reason why this picture merits two stars is due to the acting of Alene Mahon and Paul Muni. Otherwise, it is a melodramatic affair, tending to be artificial and theatrical.

There is, too, an absurd caricature of the role of the sailor, which the unfortunate Alan Mowbray has to interpret and insanity scenes which could well have been left out. To return, however, to the reasons for seeing the picture. Paul Muni gives a great performance as Orin, the son of a pioneer, who rises to great power in the cattle business, only to find that wealth brings him to the brink of social cliques. He has a raving lunatic and his two sons prove utterly worthless, while he himself eventually commits suicide.

He seems to live the part and captures the psychology of the character to perfection. Aline Mahon, as his pioneer mother, who turns up in the later stages to help right family entanglements, is also brilliant, although her make-up as an old woman is not all that could be desired.

The story covers an interesting period of American history and introduces Buffalo Bill; the period covered is from 1865 to the Wall Street crash of 1930.

Settings and spectacle are exceedingly good.

**SON OF A SAILOR**

F.N. "By the Sea"... a Farce—Comedy. Runs 73 minutes.
Joe E. Brown ... "H guessing"
J. Peter Mordaith ... "Cast"....

You ought to get a very good laugh from this comedy, which, while not startlingly original, puts over the old gag very well and has plenty of action leading up to an hilarious climax, in which the hero captures a crook who is trying to escape in an airplane with valuable plans.

Joe E. Brown is on top of his form as "Handsome," the most conceited sailor in the U.S. Navy, who thinks himself irresistible to women and gains promotion by the aforesaid capture.

He has, too, a most amusing scene in which he boxes the champion of a rival ship.

The naval background is very good, and the nonsensical plot and slapstick are put over with a will.

Jean Muir is very good in an important role and support comes from Johnny Mack Brown and Arthur Vinton.

**AS HUSBANDS GO**

Warren Baxter ... Charles Lingard. Helen Vinton ... Lucille Lingard. Warner Oland ... Hippolite Lomi. Catherine Doughty ... Rosamond Lingard. C. P. Hayworth, jr. ... Ralph O'Connor. Frank ... Roy Barcroft. Eileen Lyn ... Peg Sylva. Margaret Gilmore ... Virginia Dwyer. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden from the play by Ralphe Cooper.

The old story of the attractive married woman becoming temporarily infatuated with a handsome young man is well staged and acted.

It savours rather of the theatrical, but the psychology is sound, and the treatment sophisticated and intelligent.

Warner Baxter, who seems to enter fully into any part he is given to play, is admirable as an understanding but staid husband, while Helen Vinton admirably portrays the restless and childless wife.

J. P. Huntley, jun., is adequate as the Englishman she meets with whom the glamour of a visit to Paris makes her believe she is in love.

**ACE OF ACES**


Continued on page 26
DANDERINE insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave, Danderine will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings and oily tonics, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean, but that it really looks clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's no trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/6 and 4/6.

It's
'Celanese'

THAT
EXPENSIVE
WAVE

Is it worth a penny to save it?

DANDERINE

FOR THE HAIR

MAKE UP
WILL NOT
HIDE
IMPERFECT
SKIN!

CRAEMS and powder will only partially disguise a blanished skin. The only perfect base for make-up is a charming, spotless skin. D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a sure remedy for enlarged pores, spots, pimples, as well as for disfiguring Eczema, Rashes, Chilblains, or other skin diseases. A few drops of this marvellous preparation give instant relief. Buy a 1/3 bottle to-day at any chemist.

D.D.D. BRAND
PRESCRIPTION
BANISHES SKIN TROUBLES

SPECIAL
FREE OFFER


For Beauty's Sake, Wear 'Celanese'

They're talking 'shop'... they are giving YOU an inkling of what you yourself will find. Almost every shop in the land is showing the newest Lingerie made from 'Celanese'... fabrics that hold glamour in every fold. New Pantie-stylings, brief as never before—new Vest and Knicker Sets—new Cami-Knicks... and with 'Celanese' as your certain "buy-word" there is no end to their faithful wear.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 28, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 28, 1934
The central idea is a good one; an attempt to present a drama on the psychological changes which take place in a man when he exchanges his civilian clothes for those of a soldier. It is swamped, however, by the spectacular aerial thrills and war scenes in a manner which suggests that the director got rather frightened of his theme and pandered to box-office conventions.

Richard Dix as a sculptor idealist, who turns into a ruthless militarist, is good as the latter, but hardly, suggests the other side of the complex personality.

Elizabeth Allan is adequate as his fiancée, who taunts him with being a coward and is terrified at the change she has wrought in him.

Technical qualities are excellent.

**COLONEL BLOOD**

*(British)*

*Adventure melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.*

**CAST**

Frank Cellier...Colonel Blood

Anne Grey...Lady Castlemaine

Mary Lawson...Sue

Allan Gray...Charles II

Hay Petrie...Harry

Hilda Tewell...Mrs. Edwards

Anthony Corney...Mr. Pepys

Stella Arbenis...Mrs. Pepys

Debbie...Pam

Robert Darragh...Desborough

Anton Goulart...Tim

Percy Stansfield...Duke of Guernsey

Garmey...Osmy

Peggy Evans...Jane

Eva Hermon...Jane

Vivien Leigh...Arthur

Taeorre...Chaslick

Directed by W. A. D'Oyly from his own story.

Founded on the story of Mr. Blood, an Irish adventurer who, in order to pay his debts, attempts to steal the Crown jewels, this picture is rather slight in material and never quite makes up its mind whether it intends to be serious or comically inclined.

It has, however, colour and a strain of romance which are pleasing.

Frank Cellier is inclined to make Colonel Blood too much of a humourist rather than an adventurer. His humour is sometimes unexpected, and fails to gain the full sympathy the part should entail.

Anne Grey is attractive as Lady Castlemaine, to whom Blood pays his attentions, but her performance lacks warmth.

Fan Petrie is very good as Charles II; the best performance of them all.

The rest of the cast fail somewhat in subordinating their individualities to the exigencies of their parts.

### "BRIEF MOMENT"

*Columbia.*

*American.*

*"U" certificate.*

*Marital drama. Runs 95 minutes.*

**CAST**

Carole Lombard...Abbey

Gene Raymond...Rodney

Monroe...Mekinley

Donald Cook...Franklin Deane

Marc Lawrence...Mr. Deane

Theresa Maxwell Conover...Mrs. Deane

Florence Britton...Kay

James Thomas...Prince Otto

Directed by David Burton from the play by S. N. Behrman adapted by Brian Marsh.

Conventional story of the cabaret girl who married a wealthy young man and is ostracised by his family, and finally is forced to break with her husband, who turns out to be a complete idler.

How he makes good and wins her back provides a thoroughly artificial denouement.

Gene Raymond admirably suggests the weak man about town, while Monroe Owsley is well in character as the friend who aids and abets him.

Carole Lombard is physically beautiful, but strikes an artificial note as the wife.

### "WALTZES FROM VIENNA"

*Grosset.*

*"U" certificate.*

*Romance with music. Runs 85 minutes.*

**CAST**

Ray Compton...The Countess

Robert Han ...The Prince

Betty Houtley Wright...The Lady's Maid

Tony Grove...Madame Fouchet

Cyril Smith...Secretary

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock from the play by Harry Reherst, D. A. M. Welliner and Ernst Marischka.

Leisurely sentimental romance, dealing with the rivalry which apparently existed between the senior and junior Strauss and the love affair of the latter with the daughter of a wealthy pastry cook.

The main attraction lies in the artistic settings, the music, and the clever technical work of the director. For these reasons the picture is well worth seeing.

It is folly with this point in the issue of March 17.

Esmond Knight's portrayal of the younger Strauss is excellent, but Edmond O'Brien hardly convinces one as his famous composer father.

Ray Compton is badly cast as a countess who takes a fancy to the hero's daughter because she is somewhat expressionless and cold—while Jessie Matthews is right out of her depths as a romantic ingénue—she shines occasionally in her comedy moments.

A good straight-comedy sketch comes from Frank Vosper as the countess's jealous husband.

Cameras work is outstanding.

### "THE HOUSE OF TRENT"

*Butcher, British.*

*"U" certificate.*

*Drama melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.*

**CAST**

Anne Grey...Rosemary

John Stuart...John Trent

Wendy Barrie...Angela

Peter Gawthorne...Lord Fairburn

Nora Barnes...Barbara

Moore Marriott...Peter

Dora Gregory...Mary

Estelle Winwood...Charlotte

Hay Plumb...Foreman of Jury

Directed by Norma Walker from the story and scenario by Bilston Bridston and Charles Bennett.

Quite a good homely story, dealing with a mother's personal sacrifices for her son and how he repays her love and affections nearly leads to tragedy.

It is told in a straightforward, unostentatious manner and contains quite good characterisation.

Anne Grey is sympathetic as the mother and John Stuart does well in the dual role of her son and her husband.

Wendy Barrie displays intelligence and attractiveness as the girl in the case.

### "UNDER SECRET ORDERS"

*Butcher.*

*"A" certificate.*

*Adventure melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.*

**CAST**

John Stuart...Lord Rolleston and his half-brother

A. Bromley Davenport...Lord Edmore

Alan Jayne...Lord Mallow

Michael Hogan...The Hon. Patrick Lafone D. G.

Jack Cowl...Mr. Pomfret

C. Clare Greet...A Landlady

Herrita Watston...Lady Anne Rolleston

Vic Fair...Mr. Sorrell Directed by George Pearson from the novel by "Rita."

John Stuart is again seen in the dual rôle—that of a nobleman and his half-brother who tries to dispose of his relation in order to gain the title.

He manages to make both rôles quite convincing, although, as a whole, the production is tiptop with theatricality and somewhat out-moded.

The action alternates between the English countryside and the African jungle, where the hero had gone on a hunting expedition.

### "TAKING WAVES"

*Universal.*

*British.*

*"A" certificate.*

*Crack comedy. Runs 45 minutes.*

Leonard Morris...Light-hearted Freddie

Daisy Cookley...Flash Kate

Harry Terry...Basher

Wendy Barrie...A girl

Directed by Charles Farrel and Victor Sher.

Slow-moving comedy, dealing with the theft of a pearl necklace by a crook posing as a man about town.

It is thin stuff, helped out by song and dance numbers of the music-hall type.

Acting is generally weak and, though the crooks are not too badly drawn, they are rarely given a chance to exploit their characterisations.

### "THE FEAR SHIP"

*Paramount.*

*American.*

*"A" certificate.*

*Maritime drama. Runs 66 minutes.*

**CAST**

Edmund Willard...Jack Atwright

Cyril McLaglen...Ivy Bywaters

Dorothy Bartlam...Ivy Bywaters

Directed by Jack Conway.

Edmund Willard is sound as the brutal first mate of a schooner who tries to force the captain's daughter into marriage and antagonises the crew.

Cyril McLaglen gives a virile performance as the second mate, a drunken derelict, who defies his superior officer and eventually wins the girl.
Men dislike to see a woman constantly dabbing powder on her nose. But many girls think there is no other way to prevent their skin from becoming shiny and glistening. I have found, however, that when a good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder, it stays on all day in spite of wind, rain, or even while dancing in a warm ballroom.

Besides being adherent and invisible, Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder is a splendid skin tonic, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. The man who recently proposed to me says it is my lovely skin and complexion that first attracted him. You will only need to powder once a day—for Poudre Tokalon does stay on.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturer, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of 'Tokalon Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Clinte Tokalon Skincare for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 329 N), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

ALLUHR

THE PROVEN HAIR REMOVER

Don't hesitate to use this certain aid to beauty. Alluhr gives you that liveness of the Screen Stars, it not only removes, but destroys the arch enemy of womankind—superfluous hair! Perfumed, Practical, and Positive.

Each re-growth of hair is slower than the last. Shaving establishes growth—Alluhr retards it! Rid yourself to-day of unpleasing hair with Alluhr—the safe hair remover.

ALLUHR

6d 1/- and 2/6
all include Spanish.
The 2/6 size contains four times as much as the 1/- size and special fibre brush.
From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Woolworths, chemists and hairdressers everywhere. If difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. to Alluhr, Ltd., Dept. 8, 13 Hardwick Street, London, E.C.

9A.M...

... no need to powder again today!

# ASPRO’ IS OF THE GREATEST SERVICE DURING THE CHANGE OF SEASONS

The change of seasons means petty illnesses for numbers of people. Many complain of nery complaints during this period. Sleeplessness and irritability are other troublesome conditions. Headaches are much in evidence and ills and chills are prevalent. Take 'ASPRO' and you can banish these troublesome conditions quickly and effectively. Irritability is soothed away and refreshing sleep takes the place of sleeplessness. You awake refreshed and vigorous. Your headaches, too, can be banished definitely in a few minutes by the 'ASPRO' method. Your nerves are calmed and a feeling of ease and comfort experienced. Remember 'ASPRO' does not dope, deaden or drug. There are no harmful after-effects because 'ASPRO' is completely eliminated from the system a few hours after you have taken it. Do not confuse 'ASPRO' with cheap and impure aspirin. Remember, 'ASPRO' harms neither the heart nor the stomach. It represents quick service—purity—safety—healing power in tablet form.

READ THESE LETTERS:

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stone.
Lawford, Essex.

I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and one lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

Your grateful,
C. MAUTHORN.

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

 Worcetter, Cape Province.

Dear Sir,—I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I’ll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.

Sincerely yours,
P. A. WILLIAMS.

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

69 Oliphant Street, Queen's Park.

Dear Sir,

I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism, my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO'. It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.

Yours truly,
J. WISEMAN.

PRICES 3d. 6d. 1/3 2/6

"ASPRO" COSTS MORE THAN ASPIRIN — IT DOES NOT HARM THE HEART NOR STOMACH

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA, HEADACHES

SLEEPLESSNESS

OR INSOMNIA

NEURALGIA

SCUTOCE

COLORS

LUMBAR MUSCULAR

MYALITIS

NERVE SHOCK

TOOTHACHE

RHEUMATISM

ALCOHOLIC

PAINFUL NEURALGS.

TO WOMEN

MALARIA

ASTHMA

EXTRA TABLETS FREE

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is the 1/- packet which contains two extra tablets.

ASPRO RESEARCH LTD.
GIVING US the AIR

Boom in Radio Pictures
—Filming the B.B.C.
—John Grierson's Big Job—Hush-hush B.I.P. Production—Victor Varconi as Author and Star

by E. G. COUSINS

BRITISH film production is growing ever-mindful.
This will come as a surprise to some cynics, who profess grave doubts as to British production being mindful at all; they will also point out that ether is a powerful amanesthetic and British production does not need one.
I am referring, however, not to the dentist's friend, but to the kind of ether that so obligingly takes charge of the ripples of sound, sense, Claghorn, Dwyer, and their other spots of bother as they are expelled from Broadcasting House, and delivers them safely and free from atmospherics, distortion, and morse code to your cat's whisker or whatever. (My technical knowledge of radio extends to turning the larger black knob the wrong way and getting Whipsnade, but I am informed by a learned and spectacled friend, aged eleven, that that is what the ether is for.)

Hollywood Does It

British film production, then (to moisten the lips and start again) is growing, shall we say, ether-conscious, since that is such a delightful contradiction in terms.
No fewer than three films are being made at the moment, or are mooted, dealing with the engrossing subject of broadcasting. Of course, we have been surfeted for years with films from America (northern half, western quarter) featuring "radio," from which we have, I hope, firmly grasped the fact that no American broadcasting microphone is ever without either (a) murder or (b) Bing Crosby.
Did I understand a gentleman at the back of the hall to remark that these terms are synonymous? Allow me to press your hand, sir. I sometimes long to say these things myself.

But a mere handful of films have been made about the B.B.C. or its resultant cacophony; so we are to have some more.

Offishle!
With my conch-like ear to the ground I can hear, as I have said, of three mooted at the moment. (Did the lady with the ear-trumpet think I said "muted"? Leave her to enjoy her moment of misplaced optimism.)
First—no, as we are dealing with broadcasters, who are notoriously a proud, haughty race, we had better put them in any kind of order. Anyway, one of the three is a highly official affair, made with the full sanction, and co-operation, of the B.B.C.
Seriousness apart, however, this film (which is to be the documentary film to end documentary films) is a highly important matter, because (if for no other reason) John Grierson is directing it.

Band of Hope
You know John Grierson, of course. He is one of a small band of believers, including Paul Rotha and Ivo Montagu, who hold the quaint opinion that the box-office is not the be-all and end-all of cinema; indeed, they go further and harness the mighty giant to the purposes of documentation, education, and propaganda.
Whenever Grierson is mentioned, someone says, “Ah, yes—Drifters”—just as though he had never made any other film.
Actually, of course, he has made a considerable number for the Empire Marketing Board, but Drifters (a picture of our fishing fleets at work) was one of the first British films to employ successfully the principles of cross-cutting, tempo, montage, and so forth as prescribed by Pudovkin for the delectation and enlightenment of the Proletariat. (“Proly” to us Neo-vorticists.)

A Mouthful
I enjoyed Drifters along with an audience (very red, oh, very) who had gathered in the Scala Theatre in London to see The End of St. Peters burg. Drifters aroused as much enthusiasm as the Russian effort, which fact planted a lofty and waving feather in the hat of Britisher John Grierson.
Well, Grierson has bitten off a tremendous mouthful in undertaking to put every aspect of British broadcasting on the screen. We are to be shown the inner workings of Broadcasting House, from (presumably) Sir John Reith sitting on the Woolsack issuing his morning's batch of

ukases, to a charlady being smuggled out through the coal-chute after broadcasting her views on the political situation to an anxious world.
Every type of entertainment, from economics to coming will be shown oozing up through the holes in the roof near Sir John Reith's famous chimney, wriggling out into the ether, and darting, with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon, to your aerial. (If you are one of the snobbly, upper-class people who dispose with an aerial, forgive that last asperation.)

And You!
Even you, who pay for all these scientific miracles and will presumably pay to see it reproduced on the screen, are to be shown fiddling with your wireless set and trying to disentangle Macdonald of Lossiemouth from Potter of Hogsmead; and in addition we are to have Children's Hour, Wireless in Schools, a spot of television, an S.O.S. or two, and so on.

A Watt at Ohm
Another of the trio of B.B.C. Cinematics is to be made by B.I.P. at Elstree. It has not, so far as I can ascertain, been definitely assured a director, but the story is by Reginald Purdell (a familiar figure in all the best loud-speakers) and John Watt.

A Better Twiddler
I knew John when his knowledge of broadcasting was limited, like my own, to knob-twiddling; but he was the better twiddler, and look where it has planted him—slap in among the hierarchy of broadcasting.
We called him Peter in those days, and in the bosom of his family he is that still; but "still" can John Watt supply us with another contradiction in terms, for he is never still for a moment.
In fact, he reminds me of a dynamo—restless, humming with ideas, immensely energetic.

Softly . . .
This is a hush-hush production—no title, no players (yet), "no ladder, no mudler, poor little orphan," as the bootblacks in Cairo used to describe themselves, and, for aught I know, still do.
In passing, it was Reginald Purdell who, teamed with Davy Burke, picked together the component parts of the British Lion film, On the Air, which began and finished in Broadcasting House. That was easily the most successful attempt so far to put British Broadcasting on the screen; it also taught us that not more than ten views of the same saxophone should be seen in one feature-length film intended to appeal to adult intelligences.
The third new production dealing with this (Continued on page 30)
**THE BATH IS THE FIRST LESSON IN BEAUTY LORE**

That’s why the famous beauties of history made such a ceremony of bathing—they realised that it was the essential part of every beauty treatment.

But while Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Psyche and others used costly cosmetics, the modern woman bathes luxuriously in water which is supercharged with beautiful oxygen by a ‘Reudel’ Bath Cube.

Oxygenated water holds dirt and soap in solution so that they cannot wash back into the pores. It cleanses the skin as ordinary water cannot—for it dissolves away all dust and grime from deep down in the pores. A ‘Reudel’ bath is an external cocktail—it makes your skin soft...fragrant...and aglow with health and beauty.

---

**PERMANENT WAVE**

Your Own Hair at Home with the “MINERVA”

**Permanent Waving-Outfit Complete 21/- Posting 1/-

Comprising MINERVA Electric Heater, as used in the professional P.W. salons. Clubs, Factories, etc., and Electric Set, Letters as supplied by the leading Hairdressing Houses. LACED IN SOLUTION OBTAINABLE AT ANY TIMES—LASTS A LIFETIME. The “Minerva” P.W. Outfit fulfils exactly the requirements of the latest and most modern methods of wave waving and is guaranteed for 5 years. Send for full particulars.

DEPT. M, MINERVA PRODUCTS, 61-65 Fleet Street, Liverpool.

---

**Elfrida POWDER CREAM...AMAZING VALUE...OUSTANDING QUALITY...AND IT COSTS ONLY 3d OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS**

---

**styles the STARS WEAR**

*NEW!* DIFFERENT!

Hollywood SHOE CO.
110 North Street, Leeds

---

**20 MINUTE WAVE-SETTER IN USE AT HOME**

These wonderful Clips will wave your hair quickly, or reset your perm. They are fitted with SPECIAL TEETH which gently grip the hair and automatically press it into the most natural-looking waves. 1½ per card of 2 clips from Hairdressers, Stores, Boot’s, etc. In difficulty write to Garrett, Rainford & Leighton Ltd., Birmingham.

---

**Meal-time everywhere is STAINING-TIME for teeth**

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—

Colgate’s removes all seven

When you part your lips and smile, is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? ...Nonsense!

Your teeth are stained—discoloured by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth daily. And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolourations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with two cleansing actions. Most toothpastes, you see, have one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate’s Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolourations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

Don’t resign yourself to dull teeth. Do the obvious thing. Get Colgate’s and use it at least twice a day.

---

**THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH**

1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
7. Tobacco smoke.

---

**WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM**

Avoid doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt—Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. For MEN OR WOMEN, this garment is made from strong wovem Elastic webbing. Women’s model has four suspenders. 6 ins. 4/11 11 ins. 5/11, 12/11. Fine Elastic 14 ins. deep, 19/11. O.S. 1/- extra. Postage on all modes 8d. extra. Refunds exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send 2d. O. In. 

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 405 12 Conduit Street, London W1. Furnished by Belt Supply through Approved Stockists. Fitting rooms at 21 Cher- ing Cross Road, London and 274 Birmingham, Manchester, and until 8 p.m., etc.
ON THE BRITISH SETS—Continued

subject—or, more correctly, the first, since it is just about to "take the floor" at Sound City—is The Radio Pirate.

If you imagine this is a blood-and-thunder romance dealing with a pirate king who carries out his nefarious exploits with the aid of wireless, you miss your guess.

Topical Talkies

A radio pirate is a person (usually wearing spectacles) who rigs up his own unauthorised broadcasting station and sends out mysterious broadcasts.

Such a one has lately occupied considerable space in the news, and the Sound Citizens are cashing-in on the attendant publicity by making a story round this occurrence.

With the recent speeding up of releases—that is to say, the elimination of the former enormously long period between the completion of a film and its general release—it has become worth while for British studios to go in for topical subjects. Sound City did this with Song of the Plough, which dealt with the tithe troubles. Wyndham Films are doing it with The Secret of the Loch, dealing with the notorious Loch Ness monster (and, heaven forgive me, I referred to this film some weeks ago as The Mystery of the Loch, thereby pains its good sponsors grievously, so kindly make a note of this correction).

Bang ! Bang !

That will be all for to-day concerning broadcasting, thanks very much; but I warn you, I shall have to refer to the subject again—and again—and even again, if the threatened cycle of radio films really does set in with its expected severity.

The current Sound City opus is called Menace, and here is the blood-and-thunder thriller to which I referred obliquely a few paragraphs back.

It's all about a brilliant engineer and explosive expert who has become slightly deranged on the napper, during the war, by a chunk of ironware propelled by a puff of that same explosive which is his hobby. (Chorus of Pacifists: "Aha! You see!"")

Railway Smashes

He is called in by the Government to help to investigate a series of terrible outrages which have been horrifying the country—a success of railway smashers in which hundreds of people have been killed.

Finally he discovers that the murderer is—no, I'm blown if I'll tell you. You never tell me anything, except that you are a constant reader of my page and would like to know how to get on the films.

So now you'll have to see the film, which will be no hardship, considering that it's directed by Adrian Brunel.

Cut and Dried Methods

Brunel used to be a highbrow director. But of late he has devoted his very considerable talents to the successful production of commercial films.

I know of few directors who have achieved so much with the money at his disposal. Most of his films, even those with the most modest production allowance, show signs of imaginative treatment.

I'm an Explosive, attracted very favourable attention and made a lot of money.

Rather a coincidence that he should be mixed up with explosives again, but this time in a melodrama! Brunel prides himself on having everything cut and dried before he comes to the floor, which is the way to make good films, let me tell you for the two hundredth time.

Incidentally, he is the author of one of the most practical books on film production for amateurs, "Filmcraft," which I recommend highly to any one who contemplates entering the ranks of movie-makers.

I like the cast of this Menace; it includes Victor Varconi, who played in that fine German-made film, The Rebel (as the French officer), and also opposite Bebe Daniels in The Song You Gave Me.

Gwyneth Lloyd, a charming Gaumont British junior star, appears this evening flock of pastel blue organza in the Gainborough film "Wild Boy."

He also wrote the story. I like him very much.

There is also the beautiful Joan Maude, whom we last saw in The Wandering Jew. I hope Brunel gives us a lot of her. I can stand it.

---

SPECIAL BRITISH NUMBER

An Unparalleled Feat in Film Journalism

Next week PICTUREGOER proudly presents an eighty-page paper at the same price as its ordinary issues.

It contains an outstanding thirty-two page British supplement which deals exhaustively with all aspects of the film industry in this country.

It is in full photogravure, and will form a permanent souvenir of the position our studios have obtained in this year of grace 1934.

No effort has been spared to make this remarkable supplement unique in film annals.

In addition to messages of good will from overseas from various notabilities, there are articles by leaders of the film world in this country.

There is a full list of British films which you will be seeing shortly at the cinemas and numerous illustrations of British stars.

The demand for this unique publication is sure to be enormous, so, in order to avoid disappointment, place your order early.
**Films and the Navy**

"Ludicrous" Treatment in "Jack Ahoy"

HOW wise the Admiralty authorities were in stating that they accept no responsibility for the treatment of naval procedure in Jack Ahoy.

After seeing it, I wonder who was responsible for such tosh. The sight of battle cruisers firing salvoes from their heaviest armaments at a submarine bearing no distinguishing number, and therefore not readily recognizable as one in enemy hands, was too ludicrous for words, whilst from the manner in which "Jack" took command and bullied the Admiral I felt sure that the whole business would eventually prove to be a part of his dream.

Did the crew of a flagship ever look like the assorted misfits who were paraded to hear of "Jack"'s heroism? And in what navy would our Hero be allowed to saunter off parade?

Oh, what's the use! Keystone did this sort of thing much, much, much better years ago—H. L. Nicholas, 464 New Cross Road, S.E.14. [The show's constant readers' views on this subject, we seem determined to make ours look ridiculous. Whatever else it does, the scene of the bombing of the submarine in "Jack Ahoy" was a bad idea—a good advertisement for the Silent Service's marksmanship.]

**Cry from the Heart!**

It has occurred to me that the films are responsible for many of the quarrels, separations and divorces of young married couples. I accompanied my wife to a cinema, and the leading role was taken by a popular handsome actor. I saw my wife was struck by his make-up, also the beautiful dresses worn by the actress.

When we arrived home, fireworks began to fly. She started to make comparisons between her idol and me.

Why couldn't I make love to her, and give her lovely dresses? Why was I not in the pictures? I must admit my temper began to rise, and I wished the films and all its people to a warmer region.

I showed her the readers' views on this subject, as I am sure I am not the only husband who has gone through the hoop after a visit to the movies. C. W., Denham. [Well, what about it, you film husbands?]

**The Immortals**

It is impossible to infer from the recent prize-winning letter of just what Mr. Jakins means by "greatness." Does he use the term in connection with popularity or as a synonym of histrionic ability?

Garbo will certainly pass on to posterity, but whether she is or will be remembered as a great actress is a matter of opinion. Valentino achieved "greatness" as a Latin lover and, as such, his name still lingers on; simple sentiment and Mary Pickford's fame will not outlive each other; for his inimitable clowning Chaplin deserves a niche.

The term is appropriate; Hepburn is only an ultra modern personality; Crawford lacks nothing but the ability not to overact; Chatterton is a true artiste—badly treated; the Dietrich criticism is unjust to Garbo.

Mr. Jakins' last paragraph contains an error of fact: Arlanis can, and only has, played one role—two exceptions that of Mr. Arliss. I would advise Ernest to see performances of Muni, Jannings, Bergner, Veidt. They are the only great artists on the screen to-day—if acting is the deciding factor—and consequently are the only future immortals. Edwin Stone, 3 Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11, who wins the first prize of £1 10. td.

**What's in a Name?**

I read in the Picturegoer that Jean Parker's real name is Mae Green, and that her friends call her Robin. Since Miss Parker has changed her name for film work, it is evident someone named her; but why Jean Parker?

Why should publicity men rarely make mistakes when it comes to names. They generally hit on something apt and original (see Greta Garbo, Theda Bara, etc.), but in this case I believe they missed their point. If they were looking for a name, why not Robin Green? It would have been unusual (unusual names are always remembered), and would have expressed Miss Parker's quaint, elusive personality. (Miss) M. E. Morgan, 47 Cum Celyn Road, Blaena, Mon., wonders if the name was chosen for the film, or if it is an Americanism? (I cannot explain the mysterious workings of the minds of publicity departments, but I agree with you.)

**A Bouquet for Bing**

May I venture to protest against the way Lionel Collier speaks about Bing Crosby. He says, "I have not had much use for Bing Crosby as an actor apart from his crooning, which is a desperate pain in the neck."

What is the matter with Mr. Crosby? He says he has not acted because Mr. Crosby seems to think more of his voice than handling the ladies. He says that Bing's crooning gives him a pain in the neck. Then I think that Mr. Collier must have a perpetual pain if he has been to see many musical films.

Bing Crosby acts naturally, croons wonderfully and is a superb evening's entertainment himself without any of the others, and I think it would not hurt one or two of the so-called actors to try and follow him. - Eva F. Rose, 87 Allens Road, Soho, Birmingham, 18.

**Back to "Berkeley Square" Days**

May I say a few words in praise of the film Berkeley Square. I do think that such films as this should inspire in the woman of to-day the desire to cultivate that same gentleness and sincerity which surrounded the lives of the females of the eighteenth century. Helen Pettigrew was indeed wholly beautiful, and, on returning to the present world, how coarse and empty did the modern girl appear to me.

I am quite convinced that films have a very great influence over this generation. If directors of to-day would introduce to us more often those who lived in that "old world," that we may become closely acquainted with their refreshing ways and habits, we should, perhaps, in the near future recapture the quiet charm and dignity which was theirs. (Miss) Kathleen M. Hewston, 18 Victoria Avenue, Hull. [This looks like another controversial issue.]

**Your Views Wanted**

What you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion, briefly. £1 13. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the most meritorious letter, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 200 words. Address to "Thinker," The Picturegoer Weekly, Long Acre, W.C.2.
LET GEORGE DO IT!

H ow much do you pay for your postcards of film stars? Did you know that you can get the very finest postcards in the world at a liberal discount by joining "The Pictoraro" Postcard Club? Members on joining are presented with a 35. Postcard Album FREE, bound in handsome art, leather and lettered gold. It's so easy to join: simply send an order for twelve or more of the famous "Pictoraro" sepia gloss postcards at the regular rate of 25. per dozen, and, with the cards, you will receive an official membership card. This entitles you to full club privileges and cards at a considerable saving.

Choose your Cards from the list below. 25c doz.—35c each. On sale to members and non-members alike. Full list on request.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>P.O. No.</th>
<th>Amount</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Addams, Adolphe</td>
<td>Arthur George</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, Madge</td>
<td>Eton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, George</td>
<td>Superb</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, Harry</td>
<td>Wyndham</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, John</td>
<td>Walsingham</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, Law</td>
<td>Norwich</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ade, Regis</td>
<td>London</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To "Pictoraro" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of "The Pictoraro" Postcard Club, and send me membership card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, say 30s., value 6s. 8d. per dozen. Please include my order number on Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name:

Address:

"George" and "Anne" are your enquiry departments. The former will be happy to answer any query regarding films, the latter any comment on your household or beauty hints. Write to them both to "The Pictoraro Postcard Club." Mail orders are best by post as desired a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

SCHOOLBOY FAN (Cambridge).—(1) Henry Knight, 3rd of May Avenue, Jankin Street, Cambridge. Educated at the City of London School. Has 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes. His hobby is music. Made his stage debut in Tommy Atkins at the Lyceum in 1914. (2) Wendy Barrie was born on April 19, 1923. An English Film Production. Has cast of "The Mummy." Im-Ho-Tep. Boris Karloff, H. A. Saint Low. Frank Whemple—David Manners; Professor—Julian Edward van Sloan; Sir Joseph Whemple—Arthur Byron; Norton—Brasfield Wells; Norton—Nicholas Johnson; Professor—Pedro Bernard; Leonard Mingle—Fred Muller; Katharyn Byron; Doctor—Eddie Koster; Doctor—Mary Moster; Maarten Crane; Knight—Arnold Grey; Marion; Harriet Kirkland; Gary Cooper—John Chisum; (4) The cast of Doctor X—DoctorX—Lionel Atwill; Lee—Lee Whiting; Fay Wray—Rita Johnson; Elliot Foster; Dr. Rowitz—Arthur Edmund Carew; Diana—Maxine Hare; David—H. A. Saint Low. Haines—John Wray; Otto—George Roseman; Mollie—June Stebbins; Beverley—Mae Brians; Warlock—O'Halloran—Willard Robertson; Eileen—Margaret Jackman; Harry Holman; The Sheriff—Tom Dugan: Nora—the Nose Bag. R. G. Bailey. The cast of Prince of Persia: Prince of Persia—John H. Wray; Earl of Sinaram—Topaz—Princess—Ipsa Lupino; Queen—Annie Edge; Bodyguard—Pat Watsonton. Detective—Dennis Warren.

YOUNG FAN (Morley, Leeds).—(1) Sally Ely. Began her career in pictures in 1915. Write to her c/o Fox Studios. (2) James M. Clow. Actor. Address him c/o Fox Studios.

TWO SISTERS (Chester-le-Street).—(1) Florence, who has been a leading star for 21 years. She is tall, good-looking, has dark hair and eyes. She is not married. Writes to: Mrs. C. J. Evans, 6 Castle Street, Chester-le-Street. (2) Victor Varcohn holds from Kiswara, Hungary, and was born on April 31, 1906. He is married. Brown hair and eyes. Has been writing to the following artists: George Arliss. His cast of Sound City Studios, (3) Clark Gable. His cast of Fox Studios, and (4) Robert Alden. His cast of Gaumont-British Studios, (5) Josephine Dillon; (6) Rita Langham. Hobbies are riding, golfing, swimming and gardening. Address him c/o Sound City Studios, 3 Clark St., London, E.C.2. (6) W. Oliphant Page. His cast of Hollywood, California. Address him (a) Paddy of the Powderhall Inn, 136 (b) Bank Park, (c) London, E.C.2. (d) 30 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. "Life of Eileen" played the role of "Eileen" in Paddy the All-Brighten.

LILY (Bethnal Green).—(1) Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are appearing on the stage of an important London show. Write to them c/o Fox Studios asking them if they will sign autographed photographs of themselves. They may make a small charge. (2) You can write to Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and Benita Hume asking them to sign autographed photographs of themselves. Address him c/o Sound City Studios, 3 Clark St., London, E.C.2. (3) S. A. Lang, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d. W. H. (Cyrus).—Write to Ray Francis c/o Gaumont-British Studios, and ask him for the first 2 numbers of the pictures included: Gentlemen of the Press, Henry V; The Beautiful, a Picture of the Life of a Princess, made in the U.S.A., The Magic Lantern, La Monarche of the Court, The Fools Gold, The Famous Fugitive, Fast Companions, Brown of Brooklyn, Liberty, The Cotton Comes to Life, House of the Seven Moons, and Wild Birds. He is not married.

He is still appearing in films. Address him c/o RKO-Radio Studios. You can get a picture of him from the Picture Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 3d. M. E. Manchester.—Jan Kiepura is in England and is making A Song For You for Gaumont-British Studios.

Kay (Liverpool)—A letter takes about ten days to reach Halton. If you do not know if Janet Gaynor will answer your letter herself, she probably employs a secretary. If she attended to all her fan mail personally she would have no time for her film work.

S. J. (Edmonton).—(1) Herewith the cast of Mayor of Hell: Charles Farnum; Dorothy—Madge Evans; Manolo—Rudolph Davids; Jim—Jimmy—Frank Durkin; Jim—Frank Durkin; Jim—Frank Durkin. (2) Mrs. Smith—Dorothy Pearson; John Marton; George—Charles Cane. (3) Frankie Darro is sixteen this year.

Girl Crafty (Headon) Garden Bridge, dates as follows: 1 Am Samoe—May 14, 1924. Eight Girls in a Boat—July 10, 1924. The Trouble with Tom—July 16, 1924. Miss France of the African Road— September 2, 1924. The Grift—September 21, 1924. The In-Hotel—September 29, 1924. In a Happy Family—August 6, 1924. Cup of Kindness—Not fixed at the time of going to press. In a Happy Family—August 11, 1924. The Invisible One—Claude Rains; Flora Studio; "Flora's house and garden are beautiful. This is the place of the Search for Beauty: Don't neglect it."

Buster Crabbe; Barbara Hilton—Ipsilup—Laurie Williams—Beverley—Evelyn Knapp; Dan Healy—James Gleeson; Newspaper Reporter—Ronald Karn; Mrs. Grimes—Toby Wing; Jean Strange—Gertrude Monarch; The Garrett—Barrie Rev. Doctor Rankin—Frank McFay; Sr., Miss ——; (2) Little Cecilia; Mrs. Hill—Virginia Hammond; Adolph Kanneberg—Sandy; the Housemaid.

KAROFF FAN (Norfolk).—(1) Boris Karloff is the Law Patrol of his first film with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. Owing to the retouching of this film, it should have not yet been fixed at the time of going to press. Send for it: 780 S. Figueroa St., 2nd Fl., Hollywood, California. "The Invisible One—Claude Rains; Flora Studio; "Flora's house and garden are beautiful. This is the place of the Search for Beauty: Don't neglect it."

Buster Crabbe; Barbara Hilton—Ipsilup—Laurie Williams—Beverley—Evelyn Knapp; Dan Healy—James Gleeson; Newspaper Reporter—Ronald Karn; Mrs. Grimes—Toby Wing; Jean Strange—Gertrude Monarch; The Garrett—Barrie Rev. Doctor Rankin—Frank McFay; Sr., Miss ——; (2) Little Cecilia; Mrs. Hill—Virginia Hammond; Adolph Kanneberg—Sandy; the Housemaid.

To "Pictoraro" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of "The Pictoraro" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, say 30s., value 6s. 8d. per dozen. Please include my order number on Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

To "Pictoraro" SALON, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of "The Pictoraro" Postcard Club, and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen Postcards, say 30s., value 6s. 8d. per dozen. Please include my order number on Postcard Album. I enclose 1s. extra to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name:

Address:

P.O. No. | Amount
--- | ---
Norwegian reader should include 1s., value 6d. for costs of carriage and postage,
from P.O. No. 2 to "The Pictoraro."
Captured by her BLONDE Hair

A confirmed bachelor, but one day he saw her golden hair. He was captivated. No wonder, for beautiful hair has that irresistible allure. That is why so many blondes keep their hair radiant with Stablond, the wonderful new secret formula shampoo, which not only corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) in blonde hair, but brings back to even the most faded blonde hair that golden beauty of childhood, but absolutely prevents the hair from darkening. Depigmentation is caused by coal dust, grime in the atmosphere and faulty diet. Stablond corrects this. Even with one shampoo your hair is lighter, slimmer and more beautiful. It makes the permanent wave last longer! Stablond is also known in many other countries as Blondex and Nutblond, and is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Wonderful for children. Not for women who wish to bleach their hair. Stablond contains no henna, camomile, dye or injurious bleaches. Made in England. Sold everywhere at 6d. Stablond Laboratories, Ltd., Acton Lane, N.W. 10.
Side Distributors: Fasset & Johnson, Ltd.

STABLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

New Scientific Discovery GETS RID OF WRINKLES

This skin has lost Elastcity because of the loss of BIOCEL.

Science now knows that the skin becomes wrinkled and old-looking through the gradual loss of Biocel. This is the vital element which preserves the elasticity of the skin. You can restore this precious Biocel simply by applying Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. After two or three applications you feel the skin becoming more soft and supple. In a few weeks lines and wrinkles begin to disappear. In two months any woman of middle age can obtain a youthful beauty that many a young girl would envy. Successful results are guaranteed in every case with Tokalon Biocel Skinfood or money refunded.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT TO-DAY

Call or write for Catalogue of Ladies’ Latest Fashions, also Men’s Catalogue, sent post free.

Six Wave-Sets for 6d.

AMAMI WAVE SET
THE GREATEST SUCCESS SINCE AMAMI SHAMPOOS...

YOUR TEETH WILL SPARKLE—IF YOU’LL LET THEM

No teeth can be beautiful that are covered by Film. Run your tongue over your teeth... you can feel Film, a slippery coating. It is dangerous; it stains teeth and harbours germs. Film hardens into tartar.

Ordinary ways of brushing teeth fail to remove Film successfully. So dentists advise the special film-removing dentifrice, Pepsodent, which contains a special polishing material twice as soft as those in common use. It removes every trace of Film and at the same time polishes teeth to sparkling brilliance.

Get a tube from your chemist today.
MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS, the famous Gaumont-British Film Star, writes: “During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter and Moore’s Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. “It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration.”

You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish. Just a little on the tip of the finger is all that is required.

On sale everywhere—in all popular shades.

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

SEIZE your pen without further delay, pass that puzzling point on to me. I shall be delighted to help you, but enclose a stamped-addressed envelope and wish for a reply by post.

THE whole art of make-up is to improve on nature, but so naturally, that the beholder says “What a marvellous complexion,” or—doubting such perfection—Is it so?

I know that you are going to tell me that there are numberless film stars and many more smart women whose make-up is the last word in artificiality. But I remain convinced that the result is anything but beautiful, and what is more, so do most men. I have yet to meet the man who really likes lips like a scarlet gash and cheeks like a painted doll.

Fortunately, present-day tendencies are toward a more natural make-up. This began with the passing of the thin plucked eyebrow, and with the large range of tints in creams, rouges, lipsticks, and powders that are now available, there is no possible excuse for the girl who fails to match her cosmetics.

Applying Lipsticks

So many girls seem to think that a beautiful mouth implies a Cupid’s bow. This is far from the truth. Though a Cupid’s bow may be attractive on the right kind of face, there are mouths that are more beautiful because more character is shown in them. A large mouth is often a lovely mouth with its full underlip and its long fine upper lip.

If Nature has made yours that way, don’t try to paint it into a staring bow. But maybe you must improve Nature a little because she has given you lips that are too thin. Then carry the lipstick just beyond the natural lines. But practise till you know where to stop. Exaggeration can go too far.

If on the other hand your lips are thick, their apparent size may be reduced, by treating them with foundation cream and powder before the lipstick. Use very little lipstick of an unobtrusive shade—you might try the one known as invisible, and even then keep it away from the edges.

Talking of powder before lipstick reminds me to tell you, this is a good tip to make lipstick stay put. It is less likely to come off on your tea cup or your glass if you powder your lips before applying the lipstick. And powdering again afterwards gives a conservative and natural appearance.

Cupid’s Bow.

Now to get back to that Cupid’s Bow. If Nature started to give you one, and then seemingly repented, you can shorten the appearance of the upper lip by placing a spot of cream rouge in the little depression that runs from nose to upper lip. A dusting of powder afterwards will prevent it from looking obvious.

Then if you want to define the bow, colour the upper lip more heavily than the lower one, and place a touch of brilliantine on it afterwards.

Manufacturers of beauty preparations give their own names to the various shades but roughly lipsticks may be divided into dark, bright, medium, orange, and light. Whatever you choose according to your colouring, let your lipstick tone with your rouge, and bear some relation to your clothes.

Applying Rouge

In applying colour to the cheeks, it is not only too starting a shade that must be avoided, but too hard an edge. The girl who is inexperienced in make-up will probably find a cream rouge easier to apply than a powder.

General speaking, a blonde needs a much smaller surface of colour than a brunette. The fair girl should keep the colour slightly higher to enhance the colour of her eyes and to leave a sufficiency of creamy fair skin to contrast with her lips.

Even though the darker skinned girl can take a larger amount of colour, too much and too dark a tone results in artificiality. The colour should be blended out towards the cheeksbones, making it slightly deeper towards the outer edge.

See that the tint of the powder is warm enough for the tone of rouge. If too strong a contrast is made, that startling “clown” effect results. If your face is too long, give the chin a touch of rouge; if too narrow, try showing the ears with a touch of rouge on the lobes.
Well, Anne, Persil has washed your frock beautifully

Hasn't it, Mummy? Have you always used it for woollens?

A. Not always. I'd thought for years that it was for boiling only.

Q. How did you learn it wasn't?

A. I saw a demonstration and then tried for myself. I know now that Persil washes every sort of fabric that can be washed.

Persil is more than soap—it's soap made active with oxygen. This gives it extra cleansing power, which not only washes far more thoroughly but more safely too—since it saves rubbing and cleanses in coolest water. There's no need to add anything to Persil. There's all the soap you need in it for every type of washing.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Hygienic...Handy and Best


Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

DON'T REDUCE YOUR LOOKS WITH YOUR WEIGHT!

A tasteless NateX Capsule before each meal will subtract ounces a day from your weight. NateX adds to your meals the vitamins and organic mineral salts which make such rapid weight reduction safe—and it doesn't reduce your looks! Send for Free Trial Supply to-day.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

To Modern Health Products, Ltd., 64 NateX House, Langham St., London, W.1 Please send Free Trial Supply of NateX 5 and the NateX Health Book. 2d. stamps enclosed for postage.

Name
Address

NATEX 5 for REDUCING

Change to GIBBS!

PICTUREGOER Weekly

April 28, 1934

PICTUREGOER Weekly
SAY 846 OF THE
LEADING 857 STARS IN ENGLAND
AND HOLLYWOOD

"NO WOMAN is really attractive unless she
has lovely skin. She may have gorgeous
hair, fascinating eyes and a pretty mouth... but
all these are worth little if her skin is
not youthfully beautiful."

This is a beauty secret on which film stars
agree — and what they don't know about
beauty isn't worth knowing. Let Joan
Crawford (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) tell you
in her own words how she keeps her skin
always smooth and fresh.

"Smooth skin is irresistibly attractive,"
she says. "I've used Lux Toilet Soap for
years to keep my skin lovely."

Official beauty soap in all the
great studios

Film stars must keep their skin youthfully
smooth and lovely, and 846 of the leading
857 find that the regular use of Lux Toilet
Soap is a sure method of doing this. For
years they have insisted on it as the official
soap in the studios.

You can keep youth and beauty in your
skin if you use Lux Toilet Soap regularly
as the film stars use it. Its quick rich lather
thoroughly cleanses every pore — its deli-
cate perfume is so refreshing. A pure white
tablet — an attractive wrapper — it costs no
more than ordinary soaps. Splendid for
your bath and shampoo as well. Buy it
from your grocer or dealer.

JOAN
CRAWFORD
(M.G.M.) has
"used Lux Toilet
Soap for years."

IRIS BAKER
a rising British star, uses Lux Toilet
Soap, "it is an excellent beauty care."

BETTY ASTELL.
seen in British films, says "it keeps my
skin so fresh and clear."

JUDY KELLY
(Twickenham Film Studios) loves "its
freshness and rich lather."

PHYLLIS CLARKE
appearing in the British film "Aunt
Sally," uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly.